

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"Unfamiliar ideas are usually disturbing; that is their great merit."
—"Manchester Guardian",
(Editorial 18/12/54).

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Threepence

CYPRUS OBJECTS

WHEN the Suez agreement was signed between Britain and Egypt, it did not require any deep analysis to know that Cyprus was going to be the next hot spot for the British in the Middle East.

For the British Government had decided, without of course consulting the Cypriots, to turn Cyprus into the main base in the Eastern Mediterranean for British forces. By some of Winston Churchill's own particular brand of logic, it was recognised that the A- and H-Bombs rendered Suez incapable of defence as a major base, but, somehow or other, Cyprus was going to be all right.

This beautiful little island then, fought over so bitterly during the last war, is going to be turned into a Number One target in any future war. Add to that pleasant prospect the statement issued by the Colonial Office that there is not prospect of Cyprus ever being given independence from Britain and one can only be surprised at the restraint shown by the Cypriots in their 'Enosis' campaign.

This restraint cracked a little last week. The patience of the people of Cyprus had been appealed to because the matter of their independence was due to be raised before the United Nations, by Greece. Like many peoples unversed in the ways of power politics, the Cypriots—and possibly the Greeks—thought of the United Nations as an organisation where, the rights of man and small nations being declaimed, justice was to be dispensed.

Alas for such innocence! when the matter was raised at U.N.—the issue being one of self-determination—it was promptly shelved, it being an internal affair within the British Commonwealth, and therefore unsuitable for discussion in such a public place.

The Greeks proposed, not Enosis (unity with Greece) but self-government for Cyprus. The British have just introduced a new constitution for the island which, they claim, is a step in this direction. None of it, however, seems to satisfy the Cypriots, who last week kicked over

the traces with violent riots in Nicosia and Limassol (where troops fired at and wounded demonstrators).

The riots were mainly the work of students, but there was also a 24-hour general strike called by both Left and Right wing trade unions. The Governor, Sir Robert Armitage, appealing for order, asked every parent and teacher to explain to their children the virtues of self-control.

For sheer smug hypocrisy, such a speech takes some beating. A people is put into perpetual bondage and its home turned into a target, without so much as 'by your leave'—and they are asked to show self-control when they protest.

We have no sympathy for the cry of 'Enosis'. Unlike the Communists we do not denounce the Greek Gov-

ernment for its fascist nature and then urge for more people to come under its domination. The very Communists in Cyprus, demanding 'Enosis', are asking for persecution and suppression of their unions, as has happened in Greece—for the sake of jumping on to a popular band-wagon.

We want the people of Cyprus to be free. Which they will not be under Greece any more than under Britain. Or under a government of Cypriots seated in Cyprus for that matter. Cypriots will be free and their island rid of fear and hate when they are rid of government altogether. In that course, their struggle is ours, and indeed, inasmuch as the same government rules both them and us, struggle against the British ruling class here is helping the Cypriots too.

Labour in the Doldrums

IT seems to be fairly widely accepted throughout the Labour Party to-day, that if there is a general election in the early months of next year, the Party hasn't a ghost of a chance of getting into power.

The right wing of the Party—the staunch followers of Messrs. Attlee, Morrison and Gaitskell—which is the side blessed with the support of the trades unions, blames the Bevanites for having spread dissension among the ranks, and thus presenting the electorate with a confused and divided party in which they can hardly be expected to have confidence.

The left wing, the Bevanites themselves, blessed with the conditional support of the many factions within the party concerned with pegging away at their own little lines—the Stalinists, the Trotskyists, the Pacifists and eccentrics in general—naturally put the blame on the official leadership and point out quite rightly that on present policies and practice there is no good reason why anybody should choose the Labour Party in preference to the Conservatives.

Faced with this situation it is small wonder that the rank and file has become bewildered and apathetic. Gone completely is the enthusiasm of 1945. In nine brief years the high-riding, dynamic organisation that swept to power in that first post-war election has drooped and faded, until to-day it is like a punch-drunk old ex-champ, blindly hitting out in all directions and stumbling on without knowing where it is supposed to be going.

No Ultimate Goals

The recent crises inside the Party—that over German re-armament, for example—are not so much causes of discussion as symptoms of the underlying trouble. This is in part the fact that the Labour Party has never thought in terms of ultimate goals, and therefore there has never been the idea of continual progress in any direction fundamentally different from that of the Con-

servatives, away from the pattern of society that we know.

Both the Labour Party and the trade union movement, in being 'practical' and reformist, have limited themselves to operation within the authoritarian society. They are as terrified of 'Anarchy' as they are of capitalism—more so in fact, for they have adjusted themselves to capitalism and in the process of administering a capitalist economy, have learnt the limitations of their own alternatives. Then, instead of extending their alternatives, of going further in opposition to what capitalism stands for, they have fearfully looked backwards. The same fate has thus overtaken the labour movement as overtook Lot's wife.

It would be easy at this point simply to blame the leadership—and the right-wing leadership at that. This is what the Communist Party is doing. Day after day the *Daily Worker* denounces the right-wing leadership and, either by implication or directly, indicates that if only the Party would get itself a left-wing, progressive leadership, all would be well. And behind much of this line lies the assumption that the rank and file is progressive, class-conscious, libertarian, being betrayed by its present leaders.

Closed Minds

This just is not true. The power the Labour Party has enjoyed; the power the trade unions enjoy, has gone to the heads of the rank and file no less than of the leadership. Anybody who has tried to sell FREEDOM outside a Labour Party meeting will have discovered that its supporters have minds just as closed as the adherents of any totalitarian doctrine.

The gradual strengthening of the leadership of the Labour Party and the emergence of the rigid bureaucracy in the Trade Union Congress has robbed the rank and file of any initiative it used to have. Loyalty has become more im-

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT!

WEEK 50

Deficit on Freedom £750

Contributions received £766

SURPLUS £16

December 10 to December 16

London: W.C. 10/-; Maidstone: E.B. 5/-;
Austria: G.A. £1; Birmingham: W.H. 10/-;
Luton: J.L. 2/6; Birmingham: A.R.L. 3/-;
Rossendale: W.G. 3/-; Sheffield: G.P. 5/-;
Liverpool Group: per C.D. 12/6; Hayes:
M.S. £4/3/0; Shepton Mallet: E.H.S. 5/-;
London: A.N.G. 8/-; Hertford: H.T. 3/-;
Bletchley: W.S. £1; Wembley: P.R. 3/-;
London: R.J.B.A. 2/-; London: J.S.* 3/-;
Leighton Buzzard: A.E.S. 3/-; Wakefield:
A.F. 1/6; Chelmsford: C.A. 1/6; Manches-
ter: T.W.B. 3/-; Parma: H.P. 18/9

Total ... 11 5 9

Previously acknowledged ... 754 17 7

1954 TOTAL TO DATE ... £766 3 4

GIFT OF BOOKS: London: A.W.U.

Who Should Pay the Union Man?

IT is always foolish to make a move out of power. The British European Airways engineers at London Airport clearly did that last week, when trying to force the management into an unlikely decision without the strength necessary to push it through.

Whoever thought up the ill-conceived action that the men took has done them considerable harm, for not only have they not won the gains they tried for, but have quite possibly lost the shop-steward organisation they already had.

The dispute arose out of the demand by the convener of shop stewards, Jack Peters, for payment by the management for full-time attention to his union duties. B.E.A. would agree to paying Peters for only two-and-a-half hours per day. Against explicit instructions by both the management and the secretary of the trade union side of the National Joint Council for Civil Air Transport, Peters called an unofficial meeting at London Airport during working hours.

The result was that dismissal notices were handed out to all the 315 engineers attending the meeting—a number equal to about a quarter of the total of maintenance and flight inspection engineers employed at the Airport.

This was last Friday, and the weekend proved a good time for the management. Instead of being all easily accessible at work, the men were scattered at their homes, where the imminence of Christmas made a dismissal notice seem a harder blow than usual, they had the usual arguments from their wives to face, and the weekend to think the whole thing over.

For the management had announced that all the dismissed men would be taken back on Monday if they were prepared to sign a document promising to abide by all agreements arrived at by the management and the union.

Peters and the shop stewards made attempts to whip up support among the

remaining engineers—chiefly among the flight inspection men—for a complete stoppage by Wednesday. This would have led to a cancellation of all flights from London Airport, for by law no passenger plane can take off without thorough inspection.

The support was not forthcoming, however, and on Monday morning all the 315 went back to work. As far as they are concerned—and all the engineers at the Airport—the dispute has proved a dead loss, for not only have they gone back with nothing gained, but this is part of the document they signed:

... 'the complete system of agreed constitutional machinery performs all duties which might otherwise be undertaken by convenors, shop stewards, committees or watch committees, for which there is therefore no place.'

Having tasted blood, therefore, the management are clearly out to break the shop-stewards' organisation altogether. This they would find extremely difficult, for organisation at shop level is next to impossible to prevent under present circumstances in this country.

What the management will possibly do is to withdraw the arrangement for paying a convener for two-and-a-half hours a day while he attends to union duties. And who can blame them? The suggestion that B.E.A. should have paid Jack Peters for full-time application to his union business seemed to us rather fantastic from the start, for unless he was going to operate more in the interests of his fellow-workers than existing officials there was no need for his activities, and if he was, one could hardly expect the management to pay for that.

The next move should come from the engineers themselves. If they want Jack Peters or anybody else to carry out functions on their behalf, they should be prepared to make up his wages. That way they should be able to keep him working strictly in their interests.

That would be the only development of value in what has been a defeat for the workers. But, of course, the fact that the defeat had to be inflicted, that the management took the chance they did, indicated that the engineers had a strength of which the bosses were afraid. This was shown by the statement they made that they must exercise the powers of management at some stage and that if they don't they might just as well leave it to the shop stewards.

The management, then, are conscious of the growing power of the workers. Are the workers as conscious of it themselves? ANARCHO-SYNDICALIST.

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portant than reasoning, obedience has killed any drive among the membership that would have kept the movement organically healthy rather than monolithic.

We see to-day the end result of this process, but it has been going on ever since the party was first formed. And indeed before, since the Labour Party was created by the Trade Unions, which were already authoritarian and being corrupted through leadership at the beginning of this century and before the Labour Party was founded.

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THE POWER OF T.V.

WITH the exception of the *Daily Worker* which is daily denouncing the televised version of George Orwell's "1984", and has appointed itself the mouthpiece of "popular opinion" now that "the capitalist press has rallied to the defence of its darling, the late George Orwell", there has been a general swing over in the British Press. Within twenty-four hours after the protests had begun, publishers Secker & Warburg had been phoned up by no less than six newspapers all thirsting for the serial rights of the book. Orders for some 10,000 copies had been received by Penguin Books within a week of the T.V. performance, and generally, the public is becoming aware of a work which had had only a relatively moderate sale.

The scathing editorial comments of the *Sunday Times* to those who criticise the B.B.C. for putting on the play on a Sunday are worth quoting:

"It may be that public feeling on this point will oblige the B.B.C. to confine serious drama to other days of the week, leaving Sunday to parlour games, nature films and sentimental crooners. But that will not prove the public right. A serious Sunday newspaper would fail in its duty and purpose if it avoided unpleasant news, grim subjects or harsh comment merely because its issues might be read by juveniles on a Sabbath evening. The messages of Christianity

itself are not always soothing, nor can they all be expressed in terms to suit the ten-year-olds.

A simple but very important question is posed. Television is either an ingenious plaything or an important new means of communication, capable of education and perhaps of art. Which is it to be in Britain? If it is to be more than a childish toy its productions, whether light or serious, must be adult; and if they are adult they will sometimes be disagreeable."

The importance of the Television performance of Orwell's "1984" has been two-fold. Firstly it is the most daring thing the B.B.C. has done and has created a greater stir and more discussion than anything they have shown so far. But secondly the reactions to it have shown, as the *Manchester Guardian* pointed out that "television has an effect on viewers quite different from that of other means of communication".

Just as we know by bitter experience that the Press which should be a powerful weapon against ignorance and prejudice is in fact responsible for both, so this new form of mass communication, which is Television, may turn out to be an even more powerful means for maintaining the people in a state of supine obedience and deprive them of the ability to think for themselves. Their impulsive protests against "1984" can, viewed in the light, appear most ominous.

HUMAN RIGHTS

not popular in U.S.

THE principles of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights were lauded by Mrs. Roosevelt last week in a New York City Hall ceremony commemorating the sixth anniversary of Human Rights day. Speakers included Mayor Wagner.

Yet the attendance at this meeting was 250. Why so few?

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A *New York Times* special report (11/12/54) states that:

"The United States has slowly permitted Chinese students in their country to return to their homes on the China mainland. However, about thirty-five Chinese have so far not received permits because skills they have acquired in this country might be useful to the Communist Government now ruling their homeland.

Officials said to-day those being refused the right to leave were mostly professors skilled in electronics, chemistry and physics. They are permitted to go ahead with their work and pursuits in this country, but must report in writing to the Department of Justice once every three months and stay within the boundaries of the United States.

These Chinese are being detained under immigration laws giving the President authority to keep foreign nationals here under a circumstance in which their return home might aid an unfriendly or hostile power."

Hasn't this something to do with the declaration of Human Rights?

Mr. Begho Has Second Thoughts

MR. MASON BEGHO, the African temporary magistrate who earlier this year sentenced a white man to be caned ("A Wrong is Never Right", FREEDOM, 21/8/54), and who shared with Lord Goddard the view that caning acted as a deterrent appears to have changed his ideas on the subject. He was asked by Counsel in a recent case to order the caning of a defendant because he could not afford the fine. He replied: "I have decided never again to order a caning."

Mr. Begho did not explain this dramatic reversal of his previous policy. We would like to think it was a change of heart rather than pique as a result of the higher court disallowing his order to have a white man caned last August.

"FREEDOM'S" HOLIDAY MISCELLANY

To Live in this World

IN the middle of his essay *Civil Disobedience*, which made history more than seventy years later by its impact on Gandhi, Henry Thoreau remarked: "I came into this world, not chiefly to make this a good place to live in, but to live in it, be it good or bad." This was apparently an odd thing to say in the context of an argument for unusually decisive radical action on the part of the individual citizen. But, anarchist or utopian as Thoreau may be called, he was not a theoretician; he was simply a man of principle. His argument set forth his position at the moment. "But one cannot be too much on his guard in such a case, lest his action be biased by obstinacy, or an undue regard for the opinions of men. Let him see that he does only what belongs to himself and to the hour." He would treat the State as he thought of it, as morally obliged to treat the personal life and conscience of the individual citizen with respect as the source and end of its authority. Unlike Hobbes, he did not think the law helped men to be just and made it reasonable for them to be so: "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." . . . This idealist, this man of principle, had no theory of perfection, no touch of fanaticism. Of such is the kingdom of heaven—if one believes that utopians of all colours are the devil.

There are the cultural utopians, whose pattern of perfection is not necessarily laid up in heaven or even in their own heads, since it may be visibly there to be pointed out, in King's Lynn for example, although it is not and never will be in the hearts of the people who go to the New Towns. There are the political utopians, who know the answers because it has been revealed to them by God or History or Marx, or merely because they are good party members who manage to get along regularly every year to the party conference. There are the moral utopians, who are, for example, willing to receive China into the U.N., after probation, if and when she has brought forth fruits meet for repentance. There are others of the kind who want the wolf to lie down with the lamb and the lion to eat straw like the bullock.

Ruined City

THE maze of little streets threading through the wilderness, the broken walls, the great pits with their dense forest of bracken and bramble, golden ragwort and coltsfoot, fennel and foxglove and vetch, all the wild rambling shrubs that spring from ruin, the vaults and cellars and deep caves, the wrecked guild halls that had belonged to saddlers, merchant tailors, haberdashers, wax-chandlers, barbers, brewers, coopers and coachmakers, all the ancient city fraternities, the broken office stairways that spiralled steeply past empty doorways and rumbled closets into the sky, empty shells of churches with their towers still strangely spiring above the wilderness, their empty window arches where green boughs pushed in, their broken pavement floors—St. Vedast's, St. Alban's, St. Anne's and St. Agnes', St. Giles Cripple-gate, its tower high above the rest, the ghosts of churches burnt in an earlier fire, St. Olave's and St. John Zachary's haunting the green-flowered churchyards that bore their names, the ghosts of taverns where merchants and clerks had drunk, of restaurants where they had eaten—all this scarred and haunted green and stone, humming with insects and stirring with secret, darting, burrowing life, received the returned traveller, into its dwellings with a wrecked, indifferent calm. Here, its cliffs and chasms and caves seemed to say, is your home; here you belong; you cannot get away, you do not wish to get away, for this is the maquis that lies about the margins of the wrecked world, and here your feet are set; here you find the irremediable barbarism that comes up from the depth of the earth, and that you have known elsewhere. "Where are the roots that clutch, what branches grow, out of this stony rubbish? Son of man, you cannot say, or guess . . ." But you can say, you can guess, that it is yourself, your own roots, that clutch the stony rubbish, the branches of your own being, that grow from it and from nowhere else.

—ROSE MACAULAY:
The World My Wilderness.

All of them are possessed and corrupted by contempt for what is, not least for the men and women whom they find to exist. Not one says, "I came into this world . . . to live in it, be it good or bad." Their idealism therefore has no roots and is merely fed from the air on baseless contempt . . .

Utopia of any sort is worse than barbarism of nearly any sort, for utopia nowhere exists and is not capable of existing anywhere, whereas barbarism does exist as a going concern, unimproved and capable of improvement. This point of crude existence capable of improvement is pedestrian but capital; there is nothing to beat it. For in this soil, fed by knowledge and liking, will flourish things new and old bred by the heart out of nature, whereas in the empty air of the head there is no food but contempt and nothing is bred but fantasy and fanaticism.

If one starts with "I came into this world . . . to live in it, be it good or bad", and is not afraid to learn the truth, one can build on the further side of despair, and, if conscience requires it, one may reluctantly practise civil disobedience. For such lighted souls the sun is always there on the daily track, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, though often obscured, and they are helped by a form of politics, and even of religion, which teaches them how to improve, not escape, the basic barbarism which is the human condition, also yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow.

The Plain View, Winter 1954.

ONCE again the problems of production at Christmas and the knowledge that you will be reading this issue replete after the nation's annual eating festival, impel us to put together a miscellany of fragments from the books we have read during the past year.

We begin with some reflections from the editorial of the current issue of *The Plain View* on Thoreau's remark (in his essay on *Civil Disobedience*), that, "I came into this world, not chiefly to make this a good place to live in, but to live in it, be it good or bad." This real world, the world we are in whether we like it or not, is the subject of the rest of our miscellany. Rose Macaulay in a passage of great beauty broods over the bombed ruins of the city of London and John Betjeman considers the sociology of London's stations. Dr. Zweig, a different kind of social investigator, gives us his conclusions about women.

Mary McCarthy, an acid un-American, describes the luggage from their real world, of a party of utopians, seeking happiness in community life, and finally, for this is also the real world for some of us, Alex Weissberg tells the story of a man whose inner resources enabled him to withstand a nightmare of interrogation and accusation.

C.W.

Women's Life & Labour

ONE thing that can be safely said about all my inquiries is that the by-products are always more interesting than the central theme, and I believe that is also true in this case. The inquiry revealed to me a whole world of distinct female values, and opened my eyes to the amazing endurance and struggle against the adversities of life on the part of many married women with large families. It was not exceptional to find a mother of five small children going out to work full-time, getting up at 6 a.m. and going to bed at twelve, doing her washing on Sundays, and accepting all this with a smile as a matter of course; a woman with a laid-up husband and seven children, on whose shoulders the whole crushing burden of the house is placed; who manages beautifully to keep things going, or a woman who has an invalid husband; she is the brain, the arm and the heart of the family. Those women were an inspiration to me—as they can be to anyone who looks deeply into the turbulent waters of life. How do they find all this energy? I wondered about this as I looked at them and tried to sum up their potentialities. Or is it perhaps that we all underrate our enormous potentialities which come to the fore when the bell of necessity rings and calls us to duty. The value of the inquiry for me personally is the realisation of these enormous potentialities in man, his wonderful powers of endurance and adjustment, which I believe no other creature possesses and which are especially centred in the female.

My previous inquiries concerned with the male shattered my idea of the 'economic man'. I saw too often the irrationality of the behaviour of man, how he often wastes his money at the cost of necessities of life in a way which mocks every idea of a calculus or any rational conduct. And the male is supposed to be a rational creature who sets the standard of rational conduct! In a way this inquiry actually brought me back to the 'economic man'. Yes, the 'economic man' exists, but 'he' is a female. So the economists should speak about the economic woman, not the economic man. To the question: 'Do you believe in saving?' you will get from women practically a 100 per cent. answer: 'Of course', but not from men. Every penny is used with a plan and a forethought. While working automatically with their hands, women think about the food they are going to prepare and about their shopping, what is the best way of spending and saving, and how to economise on this and that. They are the ones who are responsible for the survival of their families. A working man who deposits with his wife what is called housekeeping money can play with the rest as he pleases, and the wife often doesn't grudge him this privilege. But she is the captain of the ship and she must take care that the ship keeps floating on the stormy waters of life. There is probably a certain amount of waste in women's spending in the working classes as well; but this is incomparably smaller than that in men's sphere. Even women who go out to work have to scrape and count their pennies very carefully, to a considerable degree more than men. Go into casual wards—or reception centres as they are now called—and you will find men vagrants displacing themselves continually, moving from place to place, maladjusted to the very core of their existence, but you will not find one woman there. The mechanism of adjustment is much finer in women and works much more efficiently. Irrational behaviour is mostly the privilege of the rational sex.

FERDYNAND ZWEIG:

Women's Life and Labour.

One Who did not Confess

PRISONERS who came back from the Brikhalovka told us a fantastic story about an anarchist named Eisenberg. The man hadn't carried on any counter-revolutionary or anarchist activity, of course, but he had openly clung to his old ideas. He was a Jewish tailor, and when still an apprentice he had accepted the ideas of Kropotkin and Bakunin. He upheld them now with Talmudic obstinacy. They described him to us. He was a small, wiry man with burning eyes, reminiscent of an Indian fakir. There wasn't a scrap of fat and very little lean on his body, but he was a powerful little fellow. His muscles were small and hard, but very strong. He was fifty-five but every day he did his physical exercises with great conscientiousness.

"So you're an anarchist, Eisenberg?" said the examiner at their first interview.

"That's right, Citizen Examiner." The examiner was surprised. Although they had all confessed to their crimes in the end they usually made some show of protesting their innocence at first.

"You're very wise to confess at once without making any trouble. That means you will get a lighter sentence. Who recruited you?"

"Prince Peter Kropotkin, Citizen Examiner."

"Don't make jokes here, man. This is a very serious matter. Who recruited you? Who brought you into the organization?"

"I am an individual anarchist, Citizen Examiner."

"Maybe you are, but I want to know all about your counter-revolutionary organization."

"Citizen Examiner, you seem to be new, otherwise you'd know that individual anarchists haven't an organization. We don't believe in it. That's our whole point. It's our programme. We form a community of like-minded individuals. No one is subordinate to anyone else."

"Go and . . . your grandmother with your community of like-minded individuals," said the examiner irritably. "If you don't tell me all about your organization at once I'll break every bone in your body, you counter-revolutionary son of a bitch."

Eisenberg rose and spoke slowly and solemnly:

"Citizen Examiner, you have insulted me. For that reason I shall answer no more of your questions."

The Citizen Examiner shrieked and raved. He punched Eisenberg in the face. He made him put his hands above his head and stand with his face to the wall, but it was no good. Not a word could he get out of his prisoner. Finally he began to temporize.

"Eisenberg, now you're not going to sabotage the examination, are you? That would be an anti-Soviet demonstration, and it would end very badly for you. Now be reasonable."

Eisenberg made no answer.

"Eisenberg you don't want me to call for assistance, do you? They'd beat you up so that your own mother wouldn't know you."

Eisenberg turned round.

"Citizen Examiner, you may beat me up, as you say. That's your trade. You're a policeman, and I'm a prisoner. I was seven years in the Katorga under the Tsar. They beat me up too, but they didn't insult me. I'm a human being just as you are, and I have a soul just as you have. You have no right to humiliate my personality."

The examiner kept him standing with his face to the wall for six hours. Then Eisenberg said quietly:

"Citizen Examiner, I'm tired now. With your permission I'll sit down."

And without waiting for permission he sat down on the floor. The examiner jumped up and began to punch him.

"What! You son of a bitch, you think you can resist the Soviet power! If you don't get up at once we'll beat you to a jelly!"

Eisenberg took no notice and remained sitting down. The examiner then fetched two of his men. Eisenberg still made not the slightest attempt to resist. They belaboured him for an hour and it seemed to have no effect on him at all. The other prisoners who came from the Brikhalovka told strange stories about him. They declared that he was able to make himself impervious to all feeling. Finally the G.P.U. strong-arm men noticed that his eyes were quite fixed and expressionless. This was told by one of the secretaries of the G.P.U. who was in the room at the time and who was later himself arrested and put into our cell. Then they called a doctor, who examined the prisoner and reported that his heart was perfectly sound and functioning normally but that his general physical nature was abnormal. As he seemed to be quite impervious to pain they gave up beating him and organised a "Conveyor".

This emaciated, under-sized Jewish tailor set up an all-time record in the history of the G.P.U. He survived an almost uninterrupted "Conveyor" lasting for thirty-one days and thirty-one nights. I cannot understand how that was physically possible, but since then I have been less sceptical of the stories I have heard about the performances of Indian fakirs.

With great excitement and interest the whole Brikhalovka and the whole of Kholondnaya Gora followed the battle between the all-powerful G.P.U. and this one man. The "Conveyor" was interrupted twice in the twenty-four hours and Eisenberg was sent below to a cell. There he would throw off his clothes and lie down flat on the floor whilst two of his fellow prisoners rubbed him with wet towels, massaged him and stuck a cigarette in his mouth. Then he ate his

meal and slept for ten minutes. After that he was called up again.

His examiner was in despair.

"But Eisenberg," he pleaded, "why don't you be sensible? Look, you admit the chief thing, which is being a counter-revolutionary anarchist, so why hold so obstinately over this question of your organization? Now tell me who your fellow conspirators were, there's a good fellow."

"I am an anarchist, and I always have been, but I am not a counter-revolutionary, and I never have been. I have fought and worked for the Revolution all my life. But I am an enemy of the State. I am an enemy of all States, including your State. The State and its representative system is the cause of all social evil. When the State disappears the people will be able to breathe freely for the first time in history."

"Don't be silly, Eisenberg. You can't get on without the State. That's logical. What would you do with the criminals, for instance?"

"Crime will disappear with the State." They could do nothing with him. As I see things his outlook was wrong, but he clung to it as the most important

The Road to Utopia

UP to the last minute, the colonists found it impossible to believe that society was going to let them depart with so little molestation, as if to say, "Go in peace". The realists suspected a trap, and the more intransigent members asked themselves what Monteverdi, the Founder, would have said if he could have seen that cavalcade of cars, well stocked with whisky, cans and contraceptives, winding up the mountain of Nowhere with their papers in perfect order—doubtless, he would have smiled but they could hardly smile for him, and the evocation of his fate cast, for those who had loved him, a shadow on the Utopian hillside, comparable to the shadow of Calvary upon the militant Church. Reviewing their actions, however, in the light of the ideas of the Founder, they could find no real cause for self-reproach. Thoughtout, in every decision, they had respected the idea of *limit*, which seemed to them in retrospect the very definition of his thought. Agreeing, in principle, that the machine was to be distrusted, they had nevertheless voted to use in their experiment the bicycle, the carpet-sweeper, and the sewing-machine, any machine in fact, to which a man contributed his own proportionate share of exertion and which tired him like the plough or the hoe. The bath, the flush toilet, all forms of plumb-

thing in life. *He was the only one amongst the 12,000 of us who fought for an idea. The rest of us were just unfortunate victims of oppression. He was the only fighter against oppression.*

"Some day truth will triumph," he would say again and again to his cell mates. "Our sufferings will not be in vain."

It was he who won the unequal struggle. He survived the record "Conveyor" without confessing. After thirty-one days and nights of it he had them beaten. They broke off the examination and sent him to Moscow—it was said to a lunatic asylum.

—ALEX WEISSBERG:

Conspiracy of Silence.

ing they tolerated, but they opposed, at least for the time being, the installation of an electric power-plant, proposing to cook by wood and read in the evenings by oil, and to avail themselves of an old ice-house they had found on the property they were buying to solve the very stubborn problem of refrigeration. To their travelling by automobile, Monteverdi could have raised no objection (the trip had to be made somehow), and accused of inconsistency by their enemies, they could argue that they looked upon the family car as Lenin in 1917 looked upon the sealed car offered him by the German State to reach insurrectionary Petersburg—as a vehicle to the future appropriated from the past, the negation of a negation.

Everything could be explained—the whisky, the contraceptives, the collection of summer fashions being imported by a lady purist—for it was a by-law of this unique Utopia that every member be allowed to bring whatever was necessary for his happiness; he defined himself freely by his choices and could not allege social conformity as an excuse for his personal passions. And out of those loaded automobiles began to come a variety of definitions of happiness: happiness as ornament, happiness as squalor, happiness in a small suitcase, happiness

THE XMAS BUSINESS

THIS issue of FREEDOM will reach our readers in this country either shortly before or during the Xmas festivities, and it is not our wish that this column should be responsible either for taking away their appetite or for giving them indigestion! So, for those who could afford one, we hope that the turkey was tender; for those who enjoy a drink, that it was plentiful and good; for those whose Xmas is a gathering of the clan, that everyone was jolly and full of good-will, letting bygones be bygones—at least until next week.

We anarchists who believe that there should be more leisure, that the tempo of life should be slowed down so that we have time to look around us, are obviously the first to welcome those extra days away from work, and the last to have a conscientious objection to them on the grounds that they have some religious origin. Who, in any case, can honestly say that Xmas in our time has the remotest connection with the birth of Christ? Christmas is Business on a large scale and for millions of working people, shop-assistants, transport workers, post-office staffs, those three days of jollifications, have meant weeks of work at high pressure, long hours of overtime in a feverish rush to deal with probably two or three times the normal volume of goods and services.

IT is pleasant to give and to receive gifts and to exchange friendly greetings. But the very real need we all feel to express this human warmth is surely not a seasonal one, to be expressed by mass produced cards with mass produced messages in beautiful script, thought up by lonely spinster ladies cloistered away in some quiet suburbs of London. 700 million Xmas cards (and envelopes to fit) will have passed through our letter boxes in this season of goodwill. Even human warmth has been industrialised, standardised... and dehumanised. And as we all return to our jobs after the holidays, the wheels of the Xmas card industry will also start turning and churning out once more their messages of goodwill for Xmas 1955!

For weeks too the advertising wizards have been exploiting the Xmas good will. "A simple way to please the men on your mind" (ladies) is to give them Brylcreem. "Be an angel" (gentlemen) and give her Coty. We have been advised that there is nothing like Myers Rum when you get her under the mistletoe and that "there's hardly a man in the land" who won't appreciate "grip-top" socks as a Xmas box. And even Horlicks, which has by now proved its worth in every sphere of human activity (except love-making), has come to the rescue of the harassed and irritable stores Father Christmas who cuffs the kids instead of smiling benignly at them through his cotton-wool beard as he distributes those, only outwardly, exciting gifts from his sack.

Yes, Xmas is an industry all right, with every shopkeeper and manufacturer straining every nerve to get as much as possible of the extra £39 million in circulation. In fairness to the truth, however, let us mention the establishment not far distant from our office which is the most striking exception to the rule. There, every year, the austere shop front, with its varnished wood furniture, displaying only a small casket at one end, and a vase with wax flowers of a colour not-of-this-world, at the other... is transformed into the traditional scene of the birth of the child Jesus, cunningly lighted from above in blue, and complete with snow and coloured lanterns. Here indeed is a generous man, a

A Restatement of Natural Law

THE unpopularity of Natural Law among jurists and philosophers comes mainly from their sharing in the modern scientific and critical outlook which armours the mind against the awe-inspiring authority of a Nature that is found on other counts to be unoperative and therefore in-existent, and whose alleged imperatives can easily be traced to the naivety and presumptuousness of its champions. It is an easy task, on the other hand, to show that there are no rights in Nature, but simply relationships of power, and that the attempt to regulate or mitigate them is as multifarious as the social phenomenon itself, and diversely determined by a diversity of unaccountable patterns of challenge and response. A theory of Natural Law could make sense only when Nature was identified with some immanent Mind such as was postulated by the philosophy of the Stoics. It was under Stoic influence, in point of fact, that Roman jurists set about defining and laying down its claims. But an all-presiding Mind, and a universal rationality are not observable facts nor compellingly deductable from general experience. Their axiomatic and tacit validity on which all science seemed to rest is now openly challenged, and in quantum mechanics, for example, they are not retained even as a matter of useful convention.

Dealing with men, however, Natural Law has actually no need to postulate a universal Mind. All it needs is to affirm that there is a human nature, an entelechy, in Santayana's words, of the living individual, be he typical or singular, and a reason by which human nature is recognized as distinct from others, and its variety acknowledged. Reason, at the same time, must be upheld as a means or convention of understanding, together with an ideal, the more variable the less it is realized, of what is most veritably and fully human. Concerned with human nature, and at the same time its principle of articulation, reason is not a disincarnate faculty, and if it deals with abstractions it is not to abolish the concrete but to fathom the general in order that the particular be co-ordinated and understood. Reason, that is, is prompted and sustained by an effective trope, and when this is too finely stretched or broken we mistakenly sense that reason is becoming inhuman. The affective trope, or call it faith, that prompted and sustained the first efforts towards a theory of Natural Law is one of sympathy for all mankind, and towards the root and seed of its unity.

THESE premises, with a few qualifications, are generally granted. No student of Law will sharply object to a concept of human nature, or deny that reason is the basis of understanding, and sympathy a good accompaniment or corrective of reason both in the elaboration and the application of law. But he will immediately point out that there is no clearly definable general element in human nature of any relevance to law, that there are as many systems of understanding as there are people who claim to understand, and that sympathy, extremely varied in its directions and

man who puts good will before business at Xmas time!

APART from the artificiality of the spectacle of a whole nation brimming over with goodwill during a few days of the year with the ease that one turns on (and off) a water tap, there is the even more unpleasant one, and a growing habit, of having to send greetings, and gifts as well, to people who mean even less to one than great-aunt Matilda, but who for some reason or other connected with one's job or business, can, will or do have influence on its success or failure. Xmas is the time when custom decrees that a present, which you can ill-afford, is not bribery or corruption but simply a token of your appreciation for past considerations and a gentle reminder for the future.

So far as we can see, and with all the good will in the world, Xmas creates a lot of extra hard work for millions of workers and added domestic duties for all the housewives of the land: it taxes the digestion as well as the purse. It is a real treat only for children and bank managers!

motivations, can yield the most extraordinary results. Starting at least from the times of Montaigne and Pascal the study of juridical rules applied in any given time to any given society has shown that there is hardly a single action which one society did not consider a crime, and another as perfectly legitimate and praiseworthy Natural Law, as a body of necessary and immutable principles derived from a constancy of human nature and corresponding to a general destiny of man, cannot therefore be defended without the privilege of a divine revelation or some extraordinary second sight.

Yet, realizing the absurdity of such privilege and quite aware of the objections of the relativist school, a faith in Natural Law can still remain unshaken. Although there is no general human nature clearly observable and definable that may be due solely to the fact that it has not yet been fully realized. As with the existence of God, an ontological argument can be put forward to vindicate a human general nature, and this type of argument, once perceived and embraced, has the peculiar power of recovering some of its authority and vitality, however thoroughly it may have been confuted by other arguments. But may it here be sufficient to consider how the conception of Natural Law arose at a time when many nations were brought together, and a reason which ceased thereby to be linked to national bias and interests clearly saw the inadequacy and invalidity of each particular positive law. As a fact of historical development and political convenience principles of right and wrong had to be articulated to the widest possible satisfaction of a more mixed and larger community than any for which systems of law had previously catered. In the same way as a system of law or, better still, of customs, is effective in proportion as it fits the particular human nature of the community in which it obtains, and satisfies, as it were, their particular conception of man's destiny, so with the mixing of communities a system had to be devised which fitted a less particular human nature and a less dogmatic conception of man's destiny. From there only one further step was needed to conceive the possibility of, and to try to visualize a system of law which would fit best a universal community of men.

A theory of Natural Law, therefore, may be particular to the extent in which the person devising it or the system of actual law to which it is incorporated succeeds in transcending particular bias and any other particularity of time and place. It must not, accordingly, be put on the same plane as any other historical system of law, and granting it cannot lay claim to universal validity, it can only be rejected on the basis of principles with a better claim to such validity, and not on the simple fact of contradiction between actual systems of law, natural or otherwise. Human kind has first to come together before Natural Law can be criticised on the basis of facts. While that is not the case it should only be criticised on the basis of rationality and desirability as a possible universal. The conception of this possible universal, and any sincere and careful attempt at establishing the basis of a universal law, are indispensable to substantiate both action and faith centred upon the realization of a universal society of men.

TO this re-interpretation of the basis and function of Natural Law the realist will object that among the many theories of it that have been and may still be advanced that one will prevail which happens to be endorsed by the power which will finally effect the unification of mankind. This power may be a very particular one, and its ideology as far removed from the spirit and tone of the principles most generally held by present partisans of a Natural Law as that of a Hitlerite Germany or a Stalinist autocracy. But if a theory of law has not been evolved with a view to reconciling diversities and finding ways of peaceful convivence among a diversity of interests, purposes and inclinations, then it is not a Natural Law, not in the sense I am here trying to convey, because it did not result from an effort to transcend particularity and definite human nature in terms as general as possible. If an ideology and a system of law is imposed upon mankind by the suppression and not the harmonization of diversities, then, in spite of its universality of application, it would only be the legalization of a *fait accompli*, that is of brutal force, and it would suffer from the same lack of rational validity which prompted the formulation of a Natural Law over and against all historical systems.

For the value of Natural Law is precisely this: that in contradistinction to the Hegelian outlook it attaches no rational validity to a fact simply because it is a fact, and does not recognize a state of things as right simply because it is a state of things. The view of history congenial to Natural Law is not dialectical but general: it judges the particular through the general, though, of course, intuiting the general through a careful study of the particular. It is interested in the actual, but always with an eye, and in relation to, the

potential. It looks forward to the future, and through the future it endows with meaning both the present and the past.

History is the result of the interplay, balance and upsetting of balance of forces in conflict. History is as disorderly as nature until reason imposes on it its own categories. Yet reason is seated in nature, it sees reason as being capable fully of justifying its presence by containing and finally bringing to an end the otherwise undisputed tyranny of force. Reason affords the possibility of solving conflicts without resorting to force. It seeks to establish its own hegemony but not through a centralization of sovereignty in each human group and individual.

A right that is established by force is a taking away of sovereignty from where it originally was, and just because it is established by force it is unnatural in the sense that it breaks an order of things which it is legitimate to call natural precisely on account of its priority. If reason is contrasted to force because it is pacific, any order that is established without force, although modifying a previously existing order can then still be called a natural order, and the name of Natural Law does not seem after all so inappropriate for a system of rights that is exclusive of any resulting from force.

GIOVANNI BALDELLE

LETTER

MODERN TIMES & 1984

In the current issue of FREEDOM you mention Chaplin's "Modern Times" in connection with Orwell's "1984" and the connection is a judicious one. I saw "Modern Times" last week. What a beautifully exhibited upper-cut it delivers to the pernicious authoritarian system! It was a glorious extension of that sign which is made by two fingers in the direction of all those who seek by clerical pontification, or political dialectic to persuade and coerce the mass that if only they will do this or that, they are bound for a plain heaven, or heaven on earth.

Chaplin embodies the poltergeist spirit which is essential for true anarchy. The spirit which moves men to make useful mischief, be it destructive or otherwise. If Orwell saw "Modern Times"—and "1984" has evidence that he did—then Chaplin read Bakunin—still does perhaps. One phenomenon only could dismiss the necessity of "Modern Times", or "1984" and that is for anarchists everywhere to become really effective and establish a universally free society. Some anarchists are retreating to isolated positions muttering that they are content to await a free society which is an evolutionary certainty anyway. But this conclusion inevitably depends upon the supposition that society will continue. It will not if the immoral exploitation of nuclear fission is allowed its rampant disregard of public opinion.

Walsall, Dec. 19. HARRY BRINDLEY.

MISCELLANY

The Road to Utopia Continued from p. 2

in giving (Joe Lockman's Cadillac carried presents for every family), in a French casserole or a steriliser, a kiddie-coop or a gold evening dress, Spanish shawls, books, pictures, batik hangings, porch furniture, blue jeans, garden tools, carpentry sets, a single tennis racket for ever to an unpartnered, a Greek dictionary, Homer and Plato, Elizabethan songs; happiness even arrived, somewhat later, in a moving van carrying two grand pianos and a Chinese Chippendale side-board.

—MARY MCCARTHY: *The Oasis*.

Stations and Travellers

WATERLOO is the "services" and race-goers' station—for "Pompey", "Soton", Aldershot, Epsom, Ascot. It has a rather high-class suburban connection. Civil servants who have reached C.M.G. and Knighthood stage find it near Whitehall and convenient for Esher and in pine-clad Southern Electric suburbs their wives play cards with wives of rich city gentlemen. The humbler Civil Servant uses the Metropolitan and moves onwards beyond to Rickmansworth and Northwood as his salary increases. He probably knows he is not going to reach the heights of Esher Civil Servants and there is no point in establishing a railway carriage connection on the Southern Electric. The commercial people who use the Metropolitan are in their turn slightly less-rich than the city gentlemen who use Waterloo.

The flashiest of all suburban travellers are those who travel daily from Victoria by first-class Pullman trains to Brighton. Indeed, Brighton so dominates Victoria Station that though Continental trains depart from its South Eastern Section, though many of the inner London suburbs are served by puzzling loop lines which start here and end at London Bridge, Victoria is the station of what moneyed leisure is left in London. Though it is meant to be associated with the South Coast and summer holidays, the sea is not what one associates with those who use it regularly. They do not look as though they took a winter dip in the English Channel. Warm flats, television, cocktail cabinets and bridge seem to be more in their line.

What a contrast is Liverpool Street! Here those extraordinary, cramped and uncomfortable Great Eastern carriages are drawn out above the East End house-tops to wide acres of Essex suburb, two-storey houses, flat recreation grounds, strange chapels of strange sects, the well-trodden commons on the fringes of Epping Forest. Here workmen's trains run early in the morning. Here the old London sulphur smell pervades and even red bricks receive a black coating. Dense streets of Tottenham, Wanstead, Leytonstone, Barking, Edmonton, you are the real London and you form a barrier between the town and the unspoiled country of East Anglia!

—JOHN BETIEMAN:
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READERS' VIEWPOINTS

Rebels and Psychopaths

THE American magazine *Time* is not exactly an enlightened publication, but in its issue of December 6th there is an article discussing the ideas of the well-known psychologist Robert Lindner, author of *Prescription for Rebellion*, on the subject of juvenile delinquency, which, so it appears, has reached alarming proportions in the United States. That such a reactionary and conformist publication as this should publish such an article is indeed remarkable, nevertheless it is a perfectly fair presentation of Lindner's ideas, and a frank facing of the facts in regard to juvenile crime in the U.S. It is to be hoped that it will help to disillusion some of the starry-eyed believers in the great American democracy.

Dr. Lindner believes that the youth of to-day, in most of the countries of the world, though what he says applies to a large extent to America, is suffering from a form of collective insanity.

"Until quite recently," he told a Los

Angeles audience, "the rebellion of youth could be viewed with the detachment usually accorded anything so common and natural. The brute fact of to-day is that our youth is no longer in rebellion, but in a condition of downright active and hostile mutiny. Within the memory of every living adult, a profound and terrifying change has overtaken adolescence."

Lindner sees two symptoms of this change. Modern youth tends to act out its inner turmoil, instead of suffering it out, as in former times, and the second major symptom is the abandonment of solitude for the gang.

Though it is true that adolescence has always been a stormy period, in European culture at any rate, the storms of the past were internal. "Lust was in

their creations, also vast and devouring if nameless hungers, as well as cosmic yearnings, strange thirsts, occult sensations, murderous rages, vengeful fantasies and imaginings that catalogue all of sin and crime. But unlike the sorry six from Brooklyn and New Zealand, in them these impulses are contained within the skin's envelope, merely felt and suffered in the private agony of a tormenting pre-adulthood."

The six people referred to are four Brooklyn youths, arrested last August for, among other things, beating an old man to death in a park. They had committed "a devil's rosary of crimes" ranging from rape to murder. And the other two, taken as examples of the sickness of youth, are the two girls in New Zealand, who murdered the mother of one of them in a savage and brutal manner, but showed little remorse.

Freudians will see significance in these crimes. The boys kill an old man, the girl murders her mother, with the help of another girl. Lindner sees these crimes as the product of a general world sickness, not confined to youth. It is not youth alone that has succumbed to psychopathy, but nations, populations, indeed, the whole of mankind. The world, in short, has run amuck.

Lindner sees the sickness as caused by the "lie of adjustment", which is particularly strongly supported in modern America. This is the idea that he is always (how rightly!) crusading against. The idea that all that is needed is to get people to conform to the pattern. This he believes does violence to the ego of each individual, and it is against this that youth rebels.

He is gloomy about the future. The psychopathy of adolescence is not a pass-

ing phase. "Mutinous adolescents and their violent deeds now appear as specimens of the shape of things to come, as modes of an emergent type of humanity."

If man is forced from within to rebel, but compelled from without to conform, he will tend to seek a compromise. To rebel within the limits of conformity, to discharge his protest within the bounds set by the social order which he allows to exist over and around him. He does not in fact become a revolutionary.

There are however certain points at which one may criticise Lindner's analysis. First of all, sexual frustration lies at the root of most of these crimes of violence, but he does not mention it. Fear of the atomic bomb has never yet caused a girl to beat her mother's head in with a brick.

In dealing with the problem of the gang Lindner is less than just. Solitude is a good thing in moderation. But it is an unhealthy symptom to want too much of it. Solitude is necessary to the artist and the thinker, granted. But no artist or thinker can afford, if he wished to produce significant work, to cut himself off from his fellowmen. A certain amount of gang-life is healthy. Lindner identifies the gang with the herd, but, although the crime-gangs in the United States may be herd-like, the gang, or small group, is the natural human unit, as far as we can tell.

It is precisely the breakup of the community that leads to the formation of the kind of gang that Lindner condemns. Man is almost certainly not a herd animal. Herds, wherein the individuality is sunk, are the products of wide plains and steppes. Man probably came into being in wooded country, where the herd organisation is not suitable, but the

Labour in the Doldrums Continued from p. 1

It is pointless then, to attack any particular leader or bunch of leaders in the party as though the present confusion and apathy were their fault. It is true that it is legitimate to attack persons who are inconsistent, dishonest, opportunistic, or whose actions and policies are in opposition to their declared aims, but just as, in attacking monarchy, one raises the personalities involved merely as examples on which to hang one's arguments against the institution, so it is the institution of leadership which anarchists denounce rather than the individuals in power, for it is part of our case that whoever has the reins, the relationship between leader and follower is a corrupting one.

Leadership is Corrupting

And it is a corrupting relationship for both sides. The leadership of the Labour Party has become swollen-headed and dictatorial (and give the Bevanites the power and they would be as bad), but at the same time the rank and file have become apathetic and have lost their initiative.

This may turn out, from the anarchist viewpoint, a good thing. Division between leadership and membership is inevitable, and if, when it comes, it leads to a suspicion and rejection of leadership in principle, it will be an advance. It is always to be hoped that people will turn their experience to good advantage. At the moment, however, we see the Labour Party only in the doldrums. A leadership divided and without a party; a membership dispirited and apathetic.

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The West Derby by-election (in which the poll was only 40 per cent.), showed that the electorate in general just do not see the point in choosing between the two major parties. This is the position anarchists take, but not through apathy. We refuse to vote because we will not support any government, because we recognise that whoever is in power—Tories, Labour, Socialists or Anarchists—must tread the same path of repression and conservation of power. Perhaps, however, apathy is the first step. It is never permanent, and we can only hope that when the disillusioned bestir themselves again, it will be in the direction of leaderless responsibility. Anarchists have an opportunity here. Can we bestir ourselves enough to take advantage of it? P.S.

The Conquest of Nature

HAROLD SCULTHORPE in FREEDOM for Dec. 11 says "... is not specialisation the inevitable corollary of mutual aid? ... with the growth of specialisation goes the growth of mutual aid and man's increasing dependence on his fellows for the satisfaction of his needs' I assume that specialisation here can be equated with 'scientific progress' as later in his letter he says 'A modern pure drug in the hands of a pharmacologist is more valuable than a crude plant extract in the hands of a tribal medicine man'. Surely specialisation in this sense inhibits the growth of mutual aid: a society in which all the latest anti-biotics and 'wonder' drugs, the fastest cars or newest television sets—all results of specialisation—are available to everyone does not increase man's dependence on his fellows. It does the opposite; he becomes more dependent on machines and less on himself, and thus less able to practise mutual aid.

In the case of drugs and other medical discoveries there is no doubt that they have done a great deal to reduce the incidence of disease and consequently of human misery; but here again man does not become more dependent on himself or his fellows but on an inanimate agent. Undue reliance on machines and drugs, which are often invested with semi-magical powers, saps man's individuality. The testing point is whether man is in control of his inventions or the inventions in control of man.

Basically this question of the use of drugs is another form of a question which arises in many other spheres. This question is exemplified in many of the arguments used against anarchist forms of organisation—does not the good work done by the U.N. special agencies (U.N.E.S.C.O., U.N.I.C.E.F., etc.) justify the United Nations? Does not slum clearance, the National Health Service and Welfare foods (all of which may be regarded as progressive measures in themselves) justify the governmental system in Britain? Does not the fact that FREEDOM can be freely published prove there is liberty of action under our government? And so on and so forth. One particular action or aspect of an institution which may be doing something to relieve human suffering or increase man's knowledge of himself is used to justify the existence of such an institution.

Drugs and modern surgery are comparable with the reformist measures of politicians: none go to the roots of the trouble. Politicians are not interested in helping to bring a genuinely free society into existence; the users of drugs are not concerned to produce genuinely healthy people. What they are concerned with is eliminating a particular disease either by inoculatory or similar measures of prevention, or by cure.

If we look at this problem from an anarchist standpoint, it is the environmental factors on which we should con-

centrate. The causes of ill-health are many and various, but there is one fact that should not be lost sight of—and that is that man is naturally a healthy animal. If men live in a healthy society where food is not adulterated, where houses are built not because they are cheap but because they are designed to be lived in, where the necessity of feeding a family is not exploited by the wage-system, where the genuine has not been replaced by the synthetic, then we are on the road to a world where disease will be naturally inhibited.

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HAROLD SCULTHORPE commends the use of ascorbic acid tablets because 'the commonest dietary deficiency in this country is lack of ascorbic acid' and that such tablets 'will make the same contribution to health as oranges'. This latter statement isn't correct. Ascorbic acid is vitamin C which has been chemically isolated from the fruits and vegetables where it occurs naturally (of which the citrus fruits are the biggest group). Commercially the tablets are produced (roughly) by the oxidation of glucose—a laboratory process. Whereas oranges are not only rich in vitamin C but also contain, in appreciable quantities, vitamins A, B₁, B₂, and some protein and carbo-hydrate. It is only fair to mention in this connection that something is being done by the authorities to rectify this deficiency, by the distribution of the Welfare food orange juice (which, for a preserved food, is of excellent quality) to expectant mothers and young children. Though the food value of the orange juice has been reduced slightly by the preserving process to which it is subjected, it is still dietetically preferable to ascorbic acid tablets: it is closer to the natural origins of vitamin C, it is pleasant to drink (which is of obvious importance where children are concerned), and it has other components besides vitamin C which are of value.

★

SCIENCE and her lusty offspring, technology, have given men many machines which are a positive aid to living. The action of the Luddites in smashing the machines that were putting them out of work, though understandable enough in the circumstances, is an instance of an attitude common to many people. They could perhaps be roughly grouped under the name of 'simple-lifers'. One of the outstanding figures in this revolt against the machine was William Morris. An interesting light was thrown on Morris's ideas on the supremacy of the hand-craftsman's work over the machine-made article in a recent talk on the B.B.C. The speaker pointed out that Morris's best designs for wallpapers and carpets were repetitive ones; if they had been reproduced by hand it would have involved the most boring and mechanical

operation for the worker—a monotonous recurrence of the same pattern over and over again. In other words they were above all designs best reproduced by machine! This contradiction between theory and practice was apparently ignored by Morris.

Men like Morris and Eric Gill have done much to re-educate us in the ways of self-reliance. In our present society we need to be made constantly aware of our potentialities; that we can make and do things that are now done for us by machines. Man's inventive genius has been exploited by our money-economy to such an extent that machine is multiplied upon machine with the sole object of increasing profits. There are gadgets made to lighten the least of household 'chores'; with the spread of public transport systems there is less and less necessity to walk (in London, at any rate!); food is prepared and preserved for us in tins—and there are many other obvious instances of this tendency to cushion our lives. Clearly there comes a stage when the machine ceases to be genuinely useful and becomes merely another means to the end of higher profits. It is the inability of some of the followers of Morris and Gill to realise that machines can usefully serve man without detracting from his innate abilities which leads them to accept the reverse of the fallacy mentioned earlier. Merely because one result of a particular system or science (in this case technology) is negative and stunts man's independence, then the whole is condemned. Unless we return to a predominantly agricultural society, which would be absurd, then some degree of mechanisation is a necessity—if only for the provision of food.

As Arthur Uloth pointed out in his original article, we must come to terms with our civilisation. A limited application to our daily life of the results of scientific progress, rejecting those that encroach on man's freedom to live his life fully, could be nothing but beneficial. This need not involve any form of censorship, but only the 'natural selection' of a society where manufactures are made for use and not for profit. Of course, some may say that drugs are not made for profit (though I think this is debatable) but for the good of mankind, and this is no doubt the thought that motivates many of the people who use them; but they are, at best, a stop-gap remedy that provides only a superficial answer to the problem of disease. The use of drugs is largely a personal matter and it is in such cases that a critical approach is so necessary. If we look at each new conquest of nature by science with a healthy scepticism, before accepting it as a contribution to human welfare, then there should be little danger of man losing his vital independence. M.G.W.

small group, or gang, is. Later on, when he became a nomadic herdsman, he himself became a herd animal, but this way of life is a highly artificial one, and not at all satisfactory. The herd pattern persists in our big cities, and the gang is created to deal with the situation, and answer the individual's incredible loneliness. If the gang itself becomes impregnated with the herd idea that is only to be expected in a predominantly herd-patterned society. But not all gangs do.

All this frustration and loneliness produce the insecurity and fear that produces the crimes. Fear of future war comes into it too of course, but mainly the fear of the atom-bomb is due to this frustration and loneliness, not the cause of it. People cannot, unless they have the imagination of an H. G. Wells, conceive of the collapse of their society, or even of themselves being dead. This last curious fact is one of the reasons why tyrants can drive people into war. The ordinary person always thinks the "other fellow" is going to be killed or wounded.

It is in the interests of the rulers to keep their subjects frustrated and lonely. Suppose that, by some miracle, quite a small number of unfrustrated individuals, with a decent community life, were suddenly to appear in our sprawling cities, or denuded countryside. The inner strength of these men and women would be such that they could shake our whole régime to its foundations. Their attitude to the bomb would be one of a healthy resistance, and endeavour to do away with the thing, not a sort of craven fear of its power, and a feeling that it would bring all things to an end.

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

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. 26—No Meeting

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

JAN. 9—Geoffrey OSTERGAARD on THE MANAGERIAL REVOLUTION

JAN. 16—Jack Robinson on Subject to be Announced

JAN. 23—Rita Milton on THE FUNCTION OF A REVOLUTIONARY PAPER

INFORMAL DISCUSSIONS

Every Thursday at 8.15.

OPEN AIR MEETINGS

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HYDE PARK

Sundays at 3.30 p.m.

N.W. LONDON

DISCUSSION MEETING AT HAMPSTEAD

Speaker: PHILIP SANSOM on "The Basis of Anarchism" at 27 Christchurch Hill, Hampstead, N.W.3.

TUES., JAN. 4th, 1955, at 7.45 p.m.

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