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"In general the art of government consists in taking as much money as possible from one part of the citizens to give it to another."

—VOLTAIRE.

Three pence

LONDON'S NEWSPAPER FAMINE

NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS

AS we go to press London is experiencing her fourth day without daily or evening newspapers. Once again our solid citizens, on the way to and from the office, face the mournful prospects of each others' faces, having no sheets of newsprint in which to bury their own.

Station bookstalls are ransacked for anything readable—however unlikely. Keeping the covers well turned in, chief cashiers and heads of departments read the correspondence from 'Anxious' in the women's magazines, while their typists look blankly at diagrams (crystal clear to a boy of ten) in journals devoted to the delights of technical know-how of making model aeroplanes. Why, even FREEDOM sold out at Hyde Park on Sunday.

By the fourth day, however, a certain relaxation is noticeable. Missing the daily dose of apprehension is clearly good for us, and the worried pucker between the eyes is tending to smooth out. A tranquillity creeps into our lives which hitherto was strongly kept down as we concerned ourselves with the important issues of the day; as we take sides at the conference tables of the world, and discuss in learned and pompous terms the intricacies of G.A.T.T. and the stern necessity for S.E.A.T.O., N.A.T.O., U.N.O. and S.H.A.P.E.

And there was something else that used to worry us four days ago—what was it now? Oh yes, the hydrogen bomb. Fancy forgetting that. Every time we used to open the papers we felt the H-Bomb was

on the point of being dropped—bang on our back garden. Now, we tend to forget it,* and our own affairs assume more importance for us than the lunatic machinations of psychopaths thousands of miles away. Even the trouble feared by 'Anxious' seems more real and urgent—and so it is for her, poor girl, and more certain, too, if she continues to be so careless.

The B.B.C., of course, does its best to keep our spirits down. And the poor old sporting fans, deprived of the essential details of Saturday's games and racing form, have had to be content with the good news, though couched in restrained terms, from New Zealand.

We have gathered from the radio that a certain M.P., during a discussion on the newspaper workers' strike, suggested that it was not altogether a bad thing for people to be without papers for a day or two, but not for too long. This Member of Parliament, whose name we missed, clearly realised what could happen.

We could forget about his existence. Not hearing about his contribution to our welfare and spirited defence of our liberties, we might tend to overlook the fact that he is there at all, so little effect does he have on the realities of our lives. Very obviously men in public affairs want to be kept before the public. It's no use their devoting their lives to our service if we don't know about it, is it? We must know who our benefactors are, so that we may vote for them next time.

He may be of the opinion that a few days without newspapers would be good for us so that we should

*But FREEDOM will continue to do its duty. See page seven.

appreciate them all the more when they start up again. But we can understand his concern that they should not be missing for too long. Not only should we forget all about him and his fellow gas-bags, but we might discover that we can live without newspapers altogether—and live more happily, what's more.

During these four days, strangers have been seen to speak to each other in trains and buses. Neighbours have actually noticed each other. People have more contact with people. And—most dangerous of all—they have been left with their own thoughts. Instead of having what they should think neatly set out for them in simple terms by their favourite leader-writer, they have been left high and dry with a vacuum—and nature abhors a vacuum.

Some thoughts must rush in where once they feared to tread, and if those thoughts are unguided by those who know what's good for us, they will be—horror of horrors—our own thoughts. And that cannot be allowed.

★

In Britain we have a 'free' Press. That is, the Press is not directly controlled by the Government. This is very useful in a democracy, where the appearance of freedom is essential and opposition (in accordance with the rules) has a useful part to play in the maintenance of the myth.

One of the real reasons, however, why the British Press is not directly controlled by the Government is that it does not have to be; it does its work admirably without that control.

All the daily and evening papers, with one exception, are owned by Press Lords or huge capitalist concerns. The one exception, the

Daily Worker, is controlled by a political party committed to the slavish support of a government. None of them, then, are concerned to develop in their readers the ability and practise of thinking for themselves. They are all committed to ramming ready-made authoritarian ideas down the throats of the public. And the public is a sitting target, ready-made and conditioned to accept this authority.

The daily dose of indoctrination is a very important part of the technique of government. When that is done with the appearance of freedom and the absence of government

control, it is a subtler technique but no less effective. The security and stability of the British ruling class is due in no small measure to the 'free' British Press.

For the public, a few days without its daily dose makes it feel at first like a drug addict deprived of his dope. But after a time a new-found sense of freedom makes itself felt. And so it should. A bond has been loosened from our minds.

It will, with the end of the dispute, be tightened again. But let us at least be aware of its restrictive nature, and be suspicious of its presence in future.

AN ANARCHIST'S NOTEBOOK HE COMMITTED MURDER IN ORDER TO BE HANGED

ONE argument used against the death penalty is that far from it being a deterrent to others to commit murder it actually encourages some weak minded people to kill in order to experience the sordid excitement of being the centre of attraction as the "law takes its course" and "justice is done", etc. Some weeks ago a man was charged with attempting to murder another man with no other motive for his act than this. Last week, yet another example of the death penalty encouraging murder appeared in the press. A man of 33 was committed for trial at the Stafford Assizes accused of stabbing another man to death in his car. He admitted killing his victim, and refused to make application for aid. In a statement he is alleged to have said:

"My wife left me on New Year's day. She went away with another fellow. I found she had been carrying on with him for about two years. I brooded over this. I made up my mind to do away with myself and bought a tin of rat poison but hadn't the courage to do it. When I saw the man in the public-house I got the idea that if I killed him I would be hung."

The advocates of the death penalty tell us that it would be unfair to the families of the victims if the murderers were not made to pay the penalty for their crimes. In this case are we to expect that the Home Secretary, as the responsible member of the Government for the death penalty, should himself be hanged for the grief caused to the dead man's family for a murder which would never have been committed but for the existence of the death penalty?

WALTER WHITE

VERY few politicians remain in the public mind for long after the spotlight of the press has been removed from them and transferred to their successors. The fame of the politician is an artificial one; it is the office he occupies rather than his personality or his actions which accounts for his fame. The men and women who have left their mark on society have done so almost always through their efforts and example. They were leaders in the literal sense, not directors; their courage resided in themselves and was not by proxy, through the law, the police and the armed forces; their voice was not law but the voice of reason and persuasion through example and conviction.

One such man was Walter White, "a blond, blue-eyed American" who was nevertheless one sixty-fourth Negro, and who could have, like 12,000 other Americans do each year, passed off as a "white" man and saved himself all the inconveniences which still attach to non-whites in America. Instead of which, for nearly forty years, until his death last week in New York at the age of 61, Walter White, was a tireless champion for coloured Americans' rights and secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People.

Of him and his activities the *New York Chronicle's* New York correspondent writes:

"But from his childhood race riots and lynchings fired him with determination to fight for the race that gave him only a particle of his blood.

His fervent cause led him—with skillful lawyers—to every place where a Negro seemed to be undergoing a framed trial.

White personally investigated scores of lynchings and race riots.

Once he escaped on a train just one jump ahead of the mob that has discovered the identity of the quiet, white-faced "reporter".

The symbol of White's work is that lynchings ceased in his lifetime.

Is there any doubt that generations to come will remember Walter White with affection and warmth, just as to-day the enlightened world is commemorating the centenary of the birth of an exceptional woman, Olive Schreiner, who fought for the rights of women and justice for the Africans, and against intolerance in all its manifestations? Nor have we any doubts that in fifty years time Alexander Fleming will be remembered in every corner of the earth as the man who, working quietly in his laboratory, observed a phenomenon which contributed to saving millions of human lives. If Churchill, Eisenhower, Stalin and Attlee, etc., are still remembered then, the history book may record that they "won the war" in 1939 but through the useless sacrifice of many millions of human lives.

Australian Dictatorship They Say

IN a *Reuter* report from Sydney (March 24) it is stated that:

"Descendants of mutineers are among the citizens of Norfolk Island who have petitioned the Queen for self-government and an end to Australia's administration. Norfolk Island is 930 miles east of New

Who Gets the Money in America?

THE Report by the Commerce Department in Washington on family incomes shows that of the total family income for 1954 (based on 1953 figures) of \$272,000 million, 29½ million families with incomes under \$5,000 received \$85,000 million, 17½ million families with incomes over \$5,000 and under \$10,000 received \$117,000 million, \$3 8/10 million families with incomes over \$10,000 received \$70,000 million.

Since over 40 per cent. of American families have incomes exceeding \$5,000 a year and it is also stated in the Report that 55 per cent. of all families had an income of \$4,000 or more it follows that 6½ million families in the first category are earning more than \$4,000 a year but less than \$5,000. If we take the average of \$4,500 then their share of the \$85,000 million is \$29,000 million, leaving \$56,000 million to be shared among the remaining 23 million families whose average income is therefore about \$2,400 a year. But averages do not tell us how many families earn much less than the \$2,500 a year. However, for the purpose of comparison, with the 3,800,000 families in the third category whose average income is \$18,000, the figures are revealing enough!

Translated into percentages we have that 7.5% of American families receive 25.8% for the total income; 45.5% receive 20.6%, and a further 47.0% receive 53.6%.

News in Brief

A Good Example from Oslo

A SUM of £210,000 from profits on the cinemas of Oslo has been set aside to build an art gallery to house the painting of Edvard Munch, the Norwegian expressionist-artist, who died in 1944.

Since 1928 all the 20 cinemas of Oslo have been owned by the municipality, which gives profits towards various cultural purposes.

Already over £1 million has been given to aid cultural institutions, such as the National Theatre of Norway and the Philharmonic Orchestra of Oslo, and to help production of Norwegian films.

... And one from Stockholm

MISS BANG, Sweden's best known woman journalist, has been sentenced to a month's jail for refusing to take a Civil Defence course. She is to appeal.

Service in Civil Defence is compulsory for women in Sweden and Bang—that is the pen name of 43-year-old Barbro Alving—was fined about £20 in 1953 for a similar refusal.

She told the Stockholm court which sentenced her that her attitude towards war had been "profoundly affected" by meeting some of the Hiroshima atom bomb victims.

"Many may think my standpoint illogical, unreasonable and naive," she said, "but I consider women of all countries should refuse to help to prepare for another war by not taking part in any form of national defence."

There's Money in Oil

THE financial columns of the *New York Times* (21/3/55) report on The Sinclair Oil Corporation shows that for one concern business is on the up and up. The Company's gross operating income was more than \$1,000 million (or approximately £350 millions), an increase of 5% over last year's turnover. Net income was \$74.6 million (£25 millions) and was an increase of \$6.6 million (£2.1 million) over last year's profits.

Issues in the Newspaper Strike

SIR WALTER MONCKTON came back last week from a two-month's holiday and rest in Sicily. Lord Beaverbrook spends his winters at his villa in Bermuda.

Nobody has ever suggested, however, that when the Minister of Labour and a Press Lord are away for months at a time, newspapers cannot come out. Because of course, the workers stay at work. But when a mere 700 workers in newspaper machine rooms fold their arms, almost the whole industry comes to a stop.

This happened last Saturday when, after protracted negotiations for an increase in wages, the members of the Amalgamated Engineering Union and the Electrical Trades Union who work in newspaper printing works were called out on strike.

A wage increase has been negotiated in the printing trade, and N.A.T.S.O.P.A. (National Society of Operative Printers & Assistants) had agreed to an increase of 14s. a week all round. This was accepted 'under protest' according to the union spokesmen, but the A.E.U. and the E.T.U. would not accept it for their members at all. They want an increase of 58s. 6d. a week, to bring their wages up to 125 per cent. of pre-war, which is about where the cost-of-living index is at the moment.

The employers, the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, refuse to budge above the 14s. mark. Basic wage at the moment for engineers and electricians in printing (their job is maintenance, operation and repair of power plant) is £10 7s. 6d. for days, £12 5s. 6d. for nights. Not a lot for such a wealthy racket as newspapers.

The strike first began at the *News of the World* works, but the N.P.A. has an agreement under which all newspapers

are pledged to stop if any member has a strike in his works.

All newspapers then, belonging to the Association failed to appear on Saturday and haven't been seen since, as one might say, at the time of writing. The staggering sum of 28,000,000 Sunday newspapers did not appear and provincial offices of national newspapers or evening papers owned by London firms are equally strike-bound. Some papers, outside the Association are appearing, and the union has announced that it will readily negotiate with individual papers, but so far deadlock continues.

However, by the time this appears in print (Freedom Press are not members of the N.P.A.) the strike should have been won by the unions. The newspapers are losing too much in advertising revenues, sales and influence to want a protracted strike. If the workers hold out they can win.

READER!

In the past two weeks FREEDOM'S readers have contributed a total of TWO POUNDS (\$5.60) towards the deficit incurred in its publication.

Not very encouraging, is it? Are we to take it that our readers don't much mind whether FREEDOM continues to appear or not? You know we lose £15 every week and that unless this sum is made good week after week we cannot continue publication. The decision is in your hands.

Shaw on Progress: Progress on Shaw?

IN a note dealing with some apparent anachronisms in his play "Caesar and Cleopatra", G. B. Shaw dismisses the notion that there has been any progress in the last 20 centuries as too absurd for discussion. He contends that privileged people are very much alike whatever country and century was blessed by their presence, and that the underdogs of today are showing eximious folly in congratulating themselves as better off than their ancestors of five or fifty generations ago. "Breeding, gentle nurture and luxurious food and shelter," writes G. B. Shaw, "will produce a kind of man with whom the common labourer is socially incompatible". It is at least open to doubt that plenty, idleness, self-indulgence and comfort will of themselves produce a morally or even physically finer specimen than results from average conditions of penury and toil, but "there is clearly room for great changes in the world by increasing the percentage of individuals who are carefully bred and gently nurtured, even to finally making the most of every man and woman born".

The opportunity of increasing that percentage exists not more and not less in our time, according to Shaw, than it did in the days of the Hittites, if so, the most interesting implication is that once a modicum of certainty is obtained as to where the next meal will come from, and what it will look like, the will and disposition of men will decide of the modes of production and shapes of social inequality far more than vice versa. Promptings of love, habits of fairness and principles of justice can thus in no way be the result of Progress, but the possibility and willingness to share and share alike belongs to all ages and countries, and in them it has actually materialized, not as a whole social system, but in isolated actions and vocations, in traits of discipline and institutions. Results or accompaniments of a belief in Progress are instead a confusion between biological evolution and ethical distinction, a smug complacency relegating into the future all the generosity one is incapable of here and now, the unashamed handshake with injustice and unfairness when obviously it is not yet time for

their opposite numbers to be welcomed, and finally the beaming smile and lack of compunction any sacrifice can be asked from others in view of the fruit for whose ripening all past centuries have panted and pained and which will now fall plump into the laps of those from whom sacrifice is demanded—or maybe in their children's or grandchildren's.

Opportunity to be generous, mean habits, social and cultural inequalities are not the only denominators civilizations of all ages can have in common. Conceit is another as G. B. Shaw, summing up his point, indicates. "Go back to the first syllable of recorded time, and there you will find your Christian and your Pagan, your yokel and your poet, helot and hero, Don Quixote and Sancho, Tullio and Papageno, Newton and bushman unable to count eleven, all alive and contemporaneous, and all convinced that they are the heirs of all the ages and the privileged recipients of THE truth (all others damnable heresies), just as you have them to-day, flourishing in countries each of which is the bravest and best that ever sprang at Heaven's command from out the azure main".

As leading to the crux of the matter I quote further: "There is the illusion of 'increased command over Nature', meaning that cotton is cheap and that ten miles of country road on a bicycle have replaced four on foot. But even if man's increased command over Nature included any increased command over himself (the only sort of command relevant to his evolution into a higher being), the fact remains that it is only by running away from the increased command over Nature to country places where Nature is still in primitive command over Man that he can recover from the effects of the smoke, the stench, the foul air, the overcrowding, the racket, the ugliness, the dirt which the cheap cotton costs us."

THE great popularity enjoyed by the myth of Progress is due to its flattering the fatuity of the moron that flowers in the average child and in the brightest adult alike. It is difficult not to feel proud of the human species when, hav-

ing learned to read and write you can just sit and listen to the wireless or watch the television learning all about Dan Dare or some other hero or equally popular buffoon. Our distant progenitor who first picked up a harmless stick and found he could crack heads with it even more easily than coconuts showed himself thereby to be an ape no longer, and was the first to know that exquisite feeling of lordship over Nature which we all appreciate in our moments of maximum vitality and inspiration, when opening a tin of spaghetti for example or taking aspirins to cure the headache we developed in a cinema or at a cocktail party. It is very brave and admirable of man to do the things he does with Nature, when Nature is so big and he so small. Only an ignorant and old-fashioned Puritan could object to his indulg-

ing in a bit of boasting about it. The modern learned Puritan knows that Nature is but the oldest and biggest of all mother-images, and it is most natural and healthy for him to try to impress her by the display of everything he has got as a result of the highly meritorious process of growing up.

Letting Nature go her own way as if she knew best may be the habit of a quadruped or a tree but it is not nor ever was the policy of man. But modern science, if perhaps the culmination of the contrary policy, is not its sole foundation nor is it the result of a new-fangled attitude to Nature suddenly exuded or gradually developed by science itself in the last 200 years or so. On the contrary, greatly different from magic in method and complexity as it may be, the same attitude to Nature inspires them both, irrespective of what the lower middle-brow fervently believes on this subject. Sir James Frazer (*Golden*

Bough, ch. IV, pp. 220-243) overstated and confused the issue by stating that magic rests on the law of causality and the uniformity of Nature, but if we accept Cyril Bailey's definition of magic as "seeking by charm or act or by the potency of some object or person to establish a direct control over nature and deflect the course of events to the human will" we shall have no difficulty in seeing in science a systematized and successful magic and in the modern Progress-worshipper the contemporary of the troglodyte.

As an accumulation of knowledge, apparatus and techniques Progress is so obvious that even Bernard Shaw begrudgingly concedes that "the common stock of discoveries in physics has accumulated a little". But accumulation is only one aspect of Progress; integration is another, and where integration is not possible because incompatibles wouldn't be reconciled there comes into play the third and most important factor of progress, that is elimination—of the inferior and rudimentary, of course, of the useless and obstructing, and never of anything of any value. Very few contribute to the process of integration, a few more to that of accumulation, but all can do their bit and take pride in elimination. Progress is assessed by looking backwards at what has been discarded and left behind rather than to any glory or danger that lies ahead. Magic, whatever its merits as compared with religion is itself one of those forces of darkness and superstition which Progress in its triumphal march has definitely eliminated for the greater happiness and ennoblement of mankind.

No one, for example, in this year ten of atom's grace, would dream of writing curses on a tablet and nail it somewhere with fervid faith in their efficacy. One such tablet, taken from Dessau's collection, reads: "I adjure thee, demon, whoever thou art, and require of thee from this hour and from this day and from this moment, that you torture and kill the horses of the greens and the whites, and that you slay and dash to pieces the drivers Clarus and Felix and Primulus and Romanus, and leave no breath in them". Progress has not eliminated horse races, though it has probably made horses run faster, but if a spectator or betting man should by chance find it necessary to relieve himself of his feelings he would not stupidly commit them to writing, and whatever on the heat of the moment he might wish to befall to men and horses it would never be anything so cruel as what is recorded in the Roman tablet, although it might be humiliating or gratifying according to the rider or horse, both taste and shame being matters which Progress has not yet made uniform or standardized.

Is the Bomb a Weapon?

The Hydrogen Bomb is not a weapon—Alex Comfort in a recent speech.

THE destructive efficiency of the H-bomb is indeed so great that it must have little or no strategic value, and one might ask why the statesmen and soldiers of the world are spending so much public money on such a white elephant?

One answer, of course, is given by the statesmen themselves in their official statements. The H-bomb, they say, is a "deterrent to aggression"; in the allegedly probable events of attack from outside, they intend, in spite of great cost and small military value, and in spite of some danger to themselves, to drop two or three on the enemy's territory. This explanation is accepted by many well-informed people—the pacifist M.P.s for instance—and we do not presume to suggest that it is entirely false. Obviously, whether the Bomb might be used or not, it is of some military value to persuade the potential enemy of one's intention to use it. But there is a second justification for the Bomb in the public reaction to it.

Everybody is conscious of it. The

Communists are running petitions for its abolition, for world conferences about it, for whatever they can get signatures for about it. The pacifists are advocating that "we" should give it up "as a first step to total disarmament". FREEDOM has had front page articles about it for weeks. Even people who normally talk only of football, or the weather, or sex, with each other, are varying their conversations with discussions about the Bomb.

Current public behaviour towards the Hydrogen Bomb, in short, is very similar to public behaviour towards the Atom Bomb in 1945. And the Atom Bomb itself has become by comparison so harmless that Mr. Dulles could state, a fortnight ago, that certain atomic weapons are now regarded as conventional, with hardly a flicker of protest. The following information about some of these "conventional" American weapons was culled from official sources by the *Observer* military correspondent (20.3.55).

There are in Germany, thirty 280 mm. cannons capable of firing atomic missiles accurately up to 20 miles; several batteries of "Honest John" atomic mortars whose "area of explosion is wide enough to compensate for its inaccuracy" at 20 miles; and about 150 "Matador" atomic flying bombs with a range of 500 miles. The U.S. Army in Europe has about ten self-propelled launchers for the "Corporal", an atomic rocket missile with a range of 75 miles, and Britain has bought "a considerable number" of these for troop training.

If that information had been published in 1946, the popular hysteria would have been very distressing; but nowadays popular hysteria has something bigger to cry about.

"The Hydrogen Bomb is not a weapon", but it serves a military purpose, not only as a "deterrent" to scare potential enemies, but also, perhaps more importantly, as a scapegoat to divert public fear and perhaps public protest from the piling up of unprecedented weapons for real military war. And the beauty of it is, it can serve its purpose without the expense of using it.

D.R.

The Person in a Technical Society

[The following is an excerpt from an article by Paul J. Tillich in the *American quarterly magazine Perspectives* No. 8, Summer 1954. He first points out that recent upheavals, starting out as protests against the status quo on behalf of the

individual person, by moulding and adjusting the person of to-day, supposedly to secure the future for the person of tomorrow, leave the individual in a far worse position than originally.]

"[The churches] . . . emphasize the infinite value of the individual person—but they are in danger of depersonalising the person in order to preserve his infinite value.

The person is either the end for which everything else is means, or else the person becomes a means and then not only the person, but also the end is lost. There is no end, in the chain of means and ends, except the person. And if the person himself becomes a means, an endless chain of means-and-ends-and-means is established which crushes purpose, meaning and person.

But one may ask the question: Is it not the person for whose comfort and well-being the whole technical world is produced? To this one must answer that in doing so, man as a person can become himself a tool for the production of tools, and although the tool serves the comfort of man, it cannot serve the person as person, that which makes him a person. It can make communication easier. But that which makes the person is the content of what is communicated.

Western technical society has produced methods of adjusting persons to its demands in production and consumption which are less brutal, but in the long run more effective, than totalitarian suppression. They depersonalise not by commanding but by providing—providing that which makes individual creativity superfluous. If one looks around at the methods which produce conformity, one is astonished that even enough individual creativity is still left to produce these refined methods. One discovers that man's spiritual life has a tremendous power of resistance against a reduction to prescribed patterns of behaviour. But one also sees that this resistance is in great danger of being worn down by the ways in which adjustment is forced upon man in industrial society. It starts with the education of "adjustment", which produces conformity just by allowing for more spontaneity in the child than did any pre-industrial civilisation. But the definite frame within which this spontaneity is quietly kept leads to a spontaneous adjustment which is more dangerous for creative freedom than any

openly deterministic influence. At the same time, and throughout his whole life, other powerful means of adjustment are working upon the person in the technical society: the newspapers which choose the facts worth reporting and suggest their interpretation, the radio programmes which eliminate non-conformist contents and interpreters, television which replaces the visual imagination by selected pictorial presentations, the movie which for commercial and censorship reasons has to maintain in most of its productions a conscious mediocrity, adjusting itself to the adjusted taste of the masses, the patterns of advertisement which permeate all other means of public communication, and have an inescapable omnipresence. All this means that more people have more occasions to encounter the cultural contents of past and present than in any pre-industrial civilisation. But it also means that these contents become cultural commodities, sold and bought after they have been deprived of the ultimate concern they represented when originally created. They cease to be a matter of to be or not to be for the person. They become matters of entertainment, sensation, sentimentality, learning, weapons of competition or social prestige, and lose in this way the power of producing a spiritual centre in the person. They lose their potential dangers for the conformity which is needed for the functioning of the technical society. And by losing their dangers they also lost their creative power, and the person, without a spiritual centre, disintegrates.

The struggle for the right of the person under the conditions of technical society should not become a fight against the technical side of mass communications; it should not even become a fight against man's adjusting power.

The technical development is irreversible, and adjustment is necessary in every society. The person as a person can preserve himself only by a *partial non-participation* in the objectifying structures of technical society. He must join in the rebellion of person into an object. Christian action must show how the competitive society produces patterns of existence which destroy personality because they destroy community, and which increase that all-pervading anxiety which characterises our century. Man can maintain his nature and dignity as a person only by a personal encounter with the ground of everything personal."

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THEATRE

A Eugene O'Neill Play

THE Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage offers a revival of "Desire Under The Elms", by Eugene O'Neill.

The play, written in his middle period, is a rugged drama of greed, passion, hate and infanticide set in New England in 1850. The vigour of its conception holds our attention even while we become painfully aware of its inadequacy of expression. The dialogue consists almost entirely of monosyllables and a series of grunts and muttered curses. What is lacking is the grandeur of a poetry of the soil. One instinctively thinks of Synge.

Ephraim Cabot, the old farmer who has made himself as hard as the stones in his soil and who has modelled himself on a relentless God, is a tremendous creation which should dominate the play throughout even when the character is not on the stage. It is not entirely the fault of the actor that he does not. Apart from a few religious clichés which are repeated at odd intervals with little variation O'Neill has not given him a sufficiently powerful expression of speech. In this case David Garth the actor who played him was far too young and gentle to bear the weight of so much responsibility and fill in the gaps left by the author's underwriting of the part. Hence the dramatic balance was destroyed.

The play, with its hill-billy accents and almost moronic farmyard characters makes very heavy demands on the actors and upon the credulity of the audience, but its elemental force is such that even an inadequate performance is a rewarding experience. Miss Pat Sandys puts up a very brave show as Abbie. She never strikes a false note though she does not get far beyond the superficial level of the part. Like the others in the cast she is too obviously concerned with maintaining a genuine New England accent. We are always aware of this instead of losing ourselves in the stark gruesome degradation of the character. Hers is a framed miniature rather than a full length, harrowing, three dimensional portrait.

Of the others I was most impressed with an actor called Ronan O'Casey who, in the small part of Simeon got nearest to the soil and registered a genuine yokel mentality without over-doing the grunts.

The whole production was a painstaking sincere effort of a very difficult task, and with so much light-weight and negligible entertainment about, we must be doubly grateful to the Embassy Theatre for the chance of reviewing one of the giants of drama who, even when he falls short of his own tremendous creations is always powerful and stimulating.

D.

THE BOY FROM STALINGRAD

A SMALL incident, but one which tends to confirm the anarchist view that all the brainwashing and thought-control in the world cannot destroy the germ of freedom in some human beings, was provided last week by the arrival in the American zone of Berlin of a 17-year-old Russian boy, Valery Lysikov. He is the son of a Colonel in the Russian Air Force, whom he describes as a "fanatical Communist Party member with a heavy hand".

This was his second attempt to cross the iron curtain. On February 10 he made his first attempt and was caught by the People's Police and held in custody for two days. His father, who was in Moscow at the time, heard of this escape attempt only a fortnight ago. According to the *New York Times* report of the Press conference, Valery Lysikov was called in by the assistant director of the Soviet school he was attending at Karlschorst in E. Berlin and shown the letter that was being sent to his father. It pointed out that he was under dangerous United States influence. The school section of the Komsomol, the Communist Youth organisation, which young Lysikov had refused to join, adopted a resolution to the same effect. He also overheard a girl say that he was to be sent back to the Soviet Union.

On his second escape attempt on Friday he found an unguarded street that led into West Berlin. At first, he was not sure whether he had crossed the line. On the other side he saw policemen in shakos like that worn by policemen on the East Berlin side. But he saw planes landing behind buildings in the distance and knew that was in West Berlin. It was Tempelhof Airport, where he turned himself over to the United States authorities.

The young man said he did not know the source of the anti-Communist literature that was secretly circulated among school-children in Stalingrad. It bore the Stars and Stripes on a blue background, he said.

The leaflets told the populace not to believe Communist propaganda. They said the Soviet people should consider how hard their lives were and, if they wished to hear the truth about the West, should listen to the B.B.C. and the Voice of America.

TWO of the most interesting comments he made on life in Soviet Russia were, firstly, that in Russian schools "there were no political classes although political material was woven into other courses", (a method not unknown in the West and particularly applied in the leading Catholic schools in this country!). Secondly, a confirmation that class distinctions exist which are social as well as economic. "It is very difficult—Valery told reporters—or the son of an officer to go out with the daughter of a worker" and that his own father would have "vetoed" such a relation in his own case.

He told how he had secretly listened to the Voice of America and the B.B.C. while living in Stalingrad, and when his father had been transferred to E. Germany he was able to listen-in with less interference from jamming. He also said that in Stalingrad he had seen some anti-Communist literature. He was convinced by what he had heard and read that the propaganda of the Communists was false.

The *New York Times* report which extends to a whole column creates the impression that Valery Lysikov was influenced entirely by the democracies' propaganda. Perhaps his decision to cross the Cur-

tain was determined by the broadcasts, but we believe that in Russia itself there is some kind of opposition which does not seek the alternative to the dictatorship in the "American way of life". And some hint of this is contained in the *Reuter* report of the Press conference in a significant passage which was omitted from the *New York Times* report as well as from the English newspapers we have seen on the subject, with the exception of the *Manchester Guardian* (25/3/55). It reads:

The boy said his main reason for his revolt against communism was "the teaching of hatred towards other peoples, particularly the Americans." At the Soviet school in East Berlin, where there are about six hundred pupils, he had belonged to a group of about fifty "anarchists" who were anti-Communist. They used to fight opposing groups, set up by the teachers, of "communards" and "guardsmen," mostly drawn from the Communist Youth League. No girls were allowed among the anarchists because "they could not keep secrets," the boy said with a smile.

It would have been interesting to have asked Lysikov what he and his fellow "anarchists" understood by the word anarchism. But even without this knowledge, the fact remains that after more than thirty years during which the rulers of Russia have systematically eliminated the word "anarchism" from the vocabulary except as a term synonymous with "fascism" and "bourgeois reaction" it has survived, and has for these youngsters a meaning quite different from the official one; and judging by the reference to the exclusion of girls "because they cannot keep secrets" one can infer that some stories of the great anarchist tradition of resistance in Tsarist Russia have filtered through to some of the youth of post-Stalinist Russia (even if they are badly informed as to the important rôle played by women in that struggle!).

AS we wrote at the beginning, the case of Valery Lysikov is only a small incident. But it is one of a number of such incidents which together should act as an incitement to anarchists (and all those people who remain outside the present struggle for power in the world) to reconsider in what ways they can help any resistance movements that may exist on the other side of the Curtain. Though small compared with the forces we oppose, ours is an international movement, with many Russian, Roumanian, Bulgarian-speaking comrades dotted about the world, and groups, and pockets of resistance to authority in Europe and every country of the world who could prepare leaflets and arrange for their distribution, differing from the Voice of America and the B.B.C. in that our appeal would not be the choice between the evil of so-called democracy and the even greater evil of Soviet totalitarianism, but for the liberation of mankind from the stranglehold of power politics and for the linking of the peoples of the world in a struggle against all governments, all imposed authority.

Such a campaign requires money, energy and the willingness of a few men and women to take risks. It also requires a modesty and patience which recognises that effort even on a very small scale is preferable to the pessimism of resignation in face of the dead-end propagandist bombardments on both sides of the Curtain by the power-mongers. And, what is more, it has the added advantage that such activity contains the seed of much greater activity, whereas resignation and despair lead only to stagnation and death to ideas and to hope that a better world may one day emerge.

What do our readers think, and what do our comrades of the international anarchist movement have to say to this suggestion?

GOD BLESS AMERICA!

(Land of the Free-for-All)

THE BIG PUFF, by Thomas Whiteside. Constable, 10s. 6d.

THIS book is a collection of articles, reprinted from the *New Yorker* and other journals, on various aspects of American advertising—that fountain of ballyhoo that sprays forth 'gimmicks' and 'angles', sex and soap opera, like the speeches of Castlereagh 'in one weak, washy, everlasting flood'. And if you listen to the radio or watch TV it seems you can't help getting a good soaking. The art of the commercial is to surprise, bully or inveigle the public into seeing or hearing it. For instance, many people will switch off their sets when they see the commercial coming; but one team of writers hit on the idea of using a singing commercial which lasted no more than 15 seconds on the theory that it took at least that much time for the average listener to arise from his easy chair and switch off, thus beating the listener to the switch. The team who thought of this, Kent and Croom-Johnson, are among the most successful composers of jingles (or what they refer to as 'musical announcements'). Such gems as

*I ate too much
I ate too fast
Oh boy did I feel dismal!
It's the easy thing
For the queasy thing
Soothing Pepko-Bismol...*

have been composed by them. Needless to say, there is money in the business. Mr. Whiteside says that Johnson once estimated that various companies had invested a minimum of two hundred million dollars in the propagation, over radio and television, of Kent-and-Johnson singing commercials. It is perhaps a tribute to the power of the singing commercial that this sum exceeds by fifteen million dollars the total monies allotted in the 1953-4 U.S. Budget for federal aid in operating public schools.

THOMAS WHITESIDE writes in the dead-pan, throw-away style of factual reporting which the *New Yorker* has exploited so successfully. It is particularly effective when dealing with the merchants of ballyhoo, the confidence men whose victims are the buying public. "Out of their own mouths..."

Mr. Whiteside recounts the fantastic story of the marketing of the ball-point pen. Laszlo Biro, a Hungarian, had devised a ball-point pen which was being manufactured in South America; the U.S. rights had been acquired by Eberhard Faber, one of the big pencil-manufacturing firms. Milton Reynolds, a business man with no previous exper-

ience of the pen trade, saw one of the Biro pens and immediately became interested. He checked on the U.S. patent and concluded that he wouldn't be infringing this if he could produce a pen with a different type of feed. This he eventually managed to do in the spring of 1945; at the same time his rivals, Eberhart Faber, were running into production difficulties. Reynolds realised that he must get his pen on the market within a few months if he was to scoop his rival and cash in on the Christmas market.

He hawked his single prototype pen round and obtained an order from Gimbel's, the New York store, for fifty thousand pens—at a retail price of \$7.50 each. At this time he had not even got a factory in which to make the pens. However, he found a factory and 23 days before the pens were due to be on sale in New York he started mass production. "His output that first day was seventy ball-point pens". But once the pens were on sale the public rushed to buy.

The day after the first pens were sold at Gimbel's, Reynolds received more orders than it seemed possible to him to could ever fill. "It was unbelievable," he said later. "We had only two phones in the factory, and some people who tried to call us right after the sale opened had to wait five days to get a clear signal".

However, all was not well with the pen itself. It had a tendency to leak—and dry-cleaners were unable to remove the stains from clothing. People sent Reynolds their cleaning bills and in some cases the clothes themselves. Many owners found that the pen would only write when held at ninety degrees to the paper; other defects were faint lines and fading. Parker, the pen firm, called it "the only pen that will make eight carbons and no original".

But in spite of this the net profit to Reynolds' company, after deduction of tax, was \$541,000 in the first month. In the early days, when the pens were selling at \$12.50, the cost of manufacture was 80c. Mr. Whiteside doesn't say at what price Reynolds sold to the retailers, but assuming a 50% discount (it must, of course, have been much less), this represented a gross profit of about 680%!

AMERICAN advertising has been successful in impressing the image of many trade marks on the public mind. These 'picture-slogans' that can be immediately identified with a particular product form a most important part of the technique of advertising; one of the most familiar to Americans is the Bor-

den cow. The Borden Company, which manufactures a number of dairy products, has used drawings of this semi-human cow extensively in its advertisements. So extensively, in fact, that in a 1948 public-opinion poll her picture was correctly identified by 88% of the people interviewed. This has added significance when compared with the 'recognition-rating' in the same poll of Truman—93%, and Eisenhower 83%. According to a directive issued by Borden to its advertising departments 'Elsie (the cow) is one of the strongest personalities of public life... She combines the rôle of mother and career woman'. This personalising is carried to such an extent that on one occasion when a real cow was being used to represent Elsie at an exhibition, she was put in a glass-fronted house complete with an outsized canopied bed, dressing table, mirror, cosmetics, and wall paper depicting pastoral scenes. She has 'received the keys of seventy-four cities and to five states, and other keys are still being presented'. As one Borden executive remarked... "The damned cow's on a par with Mother Goose or even George Washington". "Say," he added thoughtfully, after a short pause, "that's an idea, George Washington. I'll see how he compares in the next recognition poll!"

MR. WHITESIDE has also captured and expertly displayed other specimens from the jungle of American commerce. Little Annie—a mass of wires, pointers, and capillary pens—a machine used to analyse the reactions of a selected audience to radio and TV programmes. Teldox, that can turn a novel into a best seller. Soap operas—that are enjoyed because 'they are so true to life', so true that they 'abound in such natural phenomena as acid-throwing, throat operations (Will Nora be able to talk again?), eye operations (Will Nora regain her sight?), and brain tumors (Will Nora recover at all?). And TV advertising for Lucky Strike cigarettes: "F.E. Boone's setup for the second commercial". Lownsberry said, "We'll have him do his chant in the middle of some big Lucky Strike bang from the unfolding. A sort of abstract idea. Something like a Dali painting".

It would hardly be fair to review such a book on advertising without giving it a 'plug'. I could say that 'the book is an exposure of the idiocy of American commerce and advertising presented with ironic good humour'—or should it be 'read Thomas (wit) Whiteside's "The Big Puff" and decide "Are ad men bad men?" M.G.W.

Women and the Bomb

BERTRAND RUSSELL has said in recent years that a generation of fearless women could transform society. The interpretation put on his remarks at the time they were made was, generally, that if women refused to allow their sons to fight, war would be impossible. The assumption is that women are less inclined to war than men, even if we accept this, the interpretation further assumes that children are immune from the warlike male atmosphere around them.

But, as has been pointed out often, powerful female tyrants in history have been just as cruel, in many cases more so, than their male counterparts; in more recent times we have examples of the female monsters manning the concentration camps in Germany. These examples therefore, dispose of the arguments that women are naturally more peaceful than men. What can be conceded perhaps is that women may, at a certain stage, fiercely defend their offspring if threatened. But this is no more than they do now, and is not enough to transform our society.

When Bertrand Russell made his remarks, the private opinion (if not very serious) of this writer was, that if a generation of women refused to have children the effectiveness might be more startling.

The idea was brought to mind again on reading a motion presented to Parliament by several women M.P.'s and the realisation that women may well refuse to have children, but it will be from fear and not from choice concerning the genetic effects of radiation on future generations. The motion before the House was simply that scientists from Britain, Russia, France and America should get together to advise the world on this genetic danger. Needless to say

the motion was turned down by the official Government spokesmen who argued that such a conference would be used by Russian scientists for propaganda purposes.

Edith Summerskill, who claimed that women in the past had reluctantly acquiesced in the male pastime of war because they had been persuaded that their families were threatened, would have convinced us a little more if she had allowed her instincts to come to the fore when, for example, German rearmament was being discussed in the House.

Leaving aside for the moment the contradictory position, and the motives which give rise to them, of Edith Summerskill and the women who supported her, more and more scientists are issuing serious warnings of the effects of radiation over a comparatively short period, even if tests continue. And, even allowing for the lack of definite data, it is suggested that "There is too much at stake to risk any other approach... we must accept the most pessimistic estimate." This was said by Professor Joseph Rotblat, who was an associate of Professor Oppenheimer and William Penny at the atomic station at Los Alamos. He further states that:

"Even without a war there is a probable risk of running into genetic trouble if tests of these weapons continue at the present rate."

Seventy-five hydrogen-uranium bombs exploded every 30 years—that is, at the rate of two and a half tests every year—would double the natural level of radiation, he says. That would be the limit of safety.

Pointing out that the British White Paper on Defence does not mention genetic damage from H-bomb tests or warfare, he adds:

"Nothing is said about the dose already received by the population, or about the rate at which this dose is in-

creasing. These data ought to be known to the Government and should be published."

The American Atomic Energy Commission recommends various means of protection but hardly deals with the genetic effect, "from which one cannot see any escape, and which is made even more horrible by the fact that it is not observed immediately, although it may spell a disastrous result for the entire human species some hundreds of years hence".

The *News Chronicle* editorial (March 23) points out that the Governments both sides of the Atlantic, and in the Kremlin are careful to make "soothing and reassuring" statements to the people, and we do not doubt that the politicians are aware of the dangers. But if this is so and they refuse to act on their knowledge, because it is considered to be against the interests of power politics, then the contention held by anarchists, as well as many non-anarchists, that we have "psychopaths in power" is not so far wrong. It remains for the majority of ordinary people to wake up to this, and all we can do in the meantime is to repeat ourselves and agitate in the hope that we might be listened to.

As far as nuclear weapons are concerned we are not alone in this agitation, and although, as we suggested in *FREEDOM* some weeks ago, the discussion on the H-bomb is tending to obscure the main issue, there is the possibility that in discussing destructive weapons and the survival of the human race, the wider issue will not be overlooked. M.

Mr. Ian Macleod, the Minister of Health, said in the House on Tuesday that the Medical Research Council has £208,000 to spend on the effects of radiation in 1955-56, but the Chancellor would favourably consider a request for more.

News Chronicle, 23/3/55.
Contrast this sum with the £5,000 millions allocated for armaments.

CONTINUING A REVIEW OF THE AFRICAN AWAKENING

MR. DAVIDSON'S book* illustrates some of the paradoxes in the social and political attitudes of the rulers of different parts of Africa. "In the Belgian Congo, Lamba and other African peoples are encouraged to acquire industrial skills; across the Border in Northern Rhodesia these same peoples are prevented from doing so by an industrial colour bar... Few Europeans in northern Rhodesia would take kindly to the idea of travelling in a railway train whose engine crew was African. And yet in the Congo across the border, all engine crews are Africans. Reversing the advantage of the comparison, Africans in Northern Rhodesia have won the right to organise in genuine trade unions, and do it with efficiency and notable effect on wages. Yet Africans in the Congo—often, be it noted, of the very same tribes—are not considered 'ready for trade unions yet'. Nor are Africans in Kenya or a number of other places. But you will scarcely find an intelligent African worker who for a moment accepts this myth; with a growing clarity, he knows that his so-called 'immaturity' is nothing more in fact than employers' fear of workers' organisation. Africans in the Belgian Congo have put nearly four million pounds into savings banks since 1951; Africans in Angola, it is said by their masters, must be driven to work, forced to work—so idle and so feckless are their habits. In Southern Rhodesia, even now they hesitate to allow Africans to own houses. And yet many thousands of town-dwelling Africans in the Congo own houses. It would seem that it is not the backwardness of Southern Rhodesian Africans which has made them unfit to own houses but the backwardness of Southern Rhodesian

Whites... One could enlarge the field of comparison. Africans certainly do. They see that their kind of people in the Gold Coast and Nigeria, and in French Africa, have shown themselves capable of voting at political elections, municipal or territorial... But can one seriously argue that a majority of these astonishingly adaptable Congo peoples are more 'primitive' than a majority of people in British West Africa and French Africa? If Africans on one side of Stanley Pool are 'fit to vote', then why not Africans on the other side of Stanley Pool?... If Native Reserves are rejected in the Congo as a policy of ruin, why do they become 'sound government' in Kenya? If passes and movement are 'necessary to law and order' for all Africans in the Congo, why can the government in the Gold Coast dispense with them? If Africans in their rural areas are really incapable of helping themselves, as Europeans generally assert they are, how comes it that Africans in the Eastern Region of Nigeria (having a population nearly half that of the Congo) have proved themselves capable of building their own rural roads, village clinics, village schools, village reservoirs, even village shower-baths?... The contrasts are not contrasts in African capacity for change, or not primarily so; primarily they are contrasts in European opposition to change."

The change that is Mr. Davidson's main theme in his description of the Belgian Congo, is one which Europeans have set in motion—the coming of industrial capitalism and the creation of an urban proletariat. In his account there are continual echoes, and some parallels which he himself draws, with the industrial revolution in this country a hundred and fifty years ago. Mr. Walter Elliot, commenting on Basil Davidson's account of this process, writes that the path on which the African's feet are to be set, "is a perilous one; it can only be said that our feet are set on it too. But the African, looking up at the chimneys, might yet come to curse the bright blue radio-active sky, the teachers that set him on this path, and the mother that bore him." And there are Africans too, who look at the money-jungle of the Congo cities, and, in Mr. Davidson's words, "doubt whether this kind of civilisation can be worth having; isn't this perhaps another occasion of Africans asking for bread and being given a stone? Instead of the higher civilisation they are asked to believe in, many Africans see in reality a Stygian mess of disbelief and dishonesty. Instead of something better they see what is certainly much worse. They see the venerated tribal links of group and kin-

ship displaced by an arrant individualism which overrides every frontier of decency... They observe that the wicked flourish like the green bay tree, while the upright are diligently fleeced." Many Europeans too, have deplored the change: "They have pointed to the virtues of African tribal life, discovered now that they were disappearing; rightly, for the virtues were considerable. This was a society which approached, at its best, the vision of community where 'thine' and 'mine' had lost their compelling power for evil. 'Looking into the world from his own home, the Bantu child knows where he may seek hospitality and succour of every kind; where also, he may of right be called upon to render assistance in case of need. The barriers of reserve shutting off human beings from one another are largely down... so that for economic assistance, for friendly counsel, in time of sorrow and in time of joy, these are the natural categories of people to turn to, the core of people with whom one is close-knit from birth in a way of reciprocal rights and duties.' This was indeed a happy barbarism. 'One of the values most stressed by the Nyakyusa', writes Monica Wilson, 'is that of ukwangela which, in its primary sense, means the enjoyment of good company, and, by extension, the mutual aid and sympathy which springs from personal friendship. It implies urbane manners and a friendliness which expresses itself in eating and drinking together; not only merry conversation, but also discussion between equals, which the Nyakyusa regards as a principal form of education.' But there is no point in arguing the case at length. Lamentation for the noble savage is futile. Once European mastery was rivetted on these lands, the choice was no longer between conserving the noble savage or degrading him to a condition of more or less servile labour. One way or another, the noble savage would disappear; for the most part, European greed and stupidity have ensured that he should disappear in the way most painful to himself."

★ THE United Nations Review of Economic Conditions in Africa points out that "The Native Reserves, being maintained as areas of tribal life, are to a large extent cut off from the direct effects of the developments taking place outside them. With practically no internal capital resources, as they become increasingly unable with their existing techniques to support growing populations, they become exporters of labour". And Mr. Davidson declares that "whole

territories, such as Nyasaland and Ruanda Urundi, have become little more than reservoirs of migrant labour; and their consequent impoverishment is visible for all to see. Nothing in all Africa is sadder to the heart and eye than the great Native Reserves of the Transvaal and the Cape Province. Out of this system there has come the convenient European fable that 'Africa is poor'. Europe has found it possible to extract large profits with one hand, and yet gesture sadly at African poverty with the other. Someone has lately calculated, for example, that the revenue of the Government of Northern Rhodesia, a notably 'poor' territory, is no larger than the annual sums of money which quit that territory for investors overseas. In 1951 the revenue of the Congo Government was 5,322 million francs; the exported profits of the Union Minière—not counting additions to reserve and re-investment—were 2,560 million francs. For the Gold Coast mining industry in 1949, a reliable official source calculates that 'of the £6.4 millions earned by the exports of gold, perhaps £3 million can be considered to have been transferred out of the country'. In 1954 the Government of South Africa cut down the money it would spend on African education; yet South Africa's big corporations are making record profits. Thus it is obvious that 'Africa is poor' not in any inherent sense but only in its social heritage of individual knowledge and experience, and in accumulated capital—'poor', that is, because the colonial system keeps it so and makes it so."

"In previous decades the European colonist who wanted African labour had generally needed to go and get it, by force, trickery, or other more or less reputable means. Coercion had come first. Afterwards, in South Africa and Rhodesia, as in the Congo, ingenuity was shown in devising money taxes for Natives who lived outside a money-using economy—who grew or otherwise produced or bartered with each other all the things they needed. Forcing these Natives to pay money taxes—defaulters being generally sentenced to penal labour—meant forcing them to go to work for money. Along with this, recruiting agents would drive around the villages with promises of bicycles and blankets—promises which were never kept once the men were safely 'at the mine': or else, in more recalcitrant cases, the local administrator would come along, too, and frighten the chief or headman into 'finding' the required number of men. Long years of more or less openly forced labour have proved necessary in all colonies before the natural resistance of tribal society is overcome, and men begin of their own accord to go to work for a money wage. This tribal resistance to wage employment is now more or less completely destroyed... Even in the 'thirties there was little need for coercive recruitment: more and more men abandoned their sorry village life, their ruined tribalism, and departed for the towns. If one can set a rough date at which this unhappy stream became an

eager flood, and changed not only in size but also in meaning, the year was 1940, the beginning of the Second World War. Since 1940 the European problem is no longer to find means wherewith to bully and bamboozle Africans into employment: it is to house and feed these huge new urban populations; and to bring succour to a deserted countryside."

★ THIS book is of great interest to anyone who thinks about the problems of Africa. The anti-imperialist will find in it a great deal of information about the past and present wrongs done to the African peoples by Europeans, and of the enormous profits still derived by European and American investors from the mining of gold, tin, lead, copper, diamonds and asbestos. The Marxist will see economic determinism at work. What will the anarchist see? I think he will see that there is little point in telling the African that nationalism is a delusion, that the vote is a sham, and that industrialism is hell. It is too much like the rich man telling the poor man that he is really much better off as he is. Bernard Shaw declared fifty years ago that "until the national question is settled, the other questions that perplex a nation cannot even be tackled; all the solutions provided by the foreign country are sterile, however well intentioned". The fact that a people in throwing off a foreign occupying power are merely changing masters is beside the point. It is the same thing with the vote. You can't decide that it is useless until you have it. And it is again the same with the industrial system. It has been forced on the African for other people's benefit and nothing will persuade the African that it cannot be turned to benefit him instead of his exploiters.

Europe has much to atone for in Africa and Africa has much to learn from Europe's mistakes but looking at the continent that produced gas chambers and bigger and better bombs the African is right to say "Don't preach at me, put your own house in order, and get off my back".

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)
APRIL 3—Tony Gibson SCIENTIFIC EVASION OF THE ARMY
APRIL 10—NO MEETING
INFORMAL DISCUSSIONS
Every Thursday at 8.15.
OPEN AIR MEETINGS
Weather Permitting HYDE PARK
Sundays at 3.30 p.m.

N.W. LONDON
HAMPSTEAD
at 27 Christchurch Hill, Hampstead, N.W.3.
Discussions Meetings Mondays at 8 p.m.
Alan M. Bain, at above address

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

The Malatesta Club
155 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.
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(See Announcements Column)
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*THE AFRICAN AWAKENING, by Basil Davidson. (Jonathan Cape, 12s. 6d.).

SHAW ON PROGRESS

Continued from p. 2
taboos means freedom, and freedom today is universally worshipped, the only god to which human sacrifices are still made on big occasions on a very big scale.

One taboo, which Sir James Frazer tells us (*Golden Bough* III, pp. 239-251) was once almost universal, is the one on human blood. Killing of men, necessary or unnecessary, made a person "awful", and cast him out of the pale of normality and humanity. To be re-admitted to the commerce of other men he had to undergo some kind of purification. Of this taboo no trace is left, and in its stead the greatest freedom to kill and to be killed has been acquired, while representational arts and their substitutes are most popular and successful when dealing with murder. This is Progress and no mistake, but is it also the result of "breeding, gentle nurture, and luxurious food and shelter"? There is a contradiction, a double-face in our civilization which makes it difficult to answer. Only a G. B. Shaw, so genially and congenially understanding the same civilization, could enlighten us on the subject.

For he is the man of whom Churchill could write that "He makes his characters talk blithely about killing men for the sake of an idea, but would take great trouble not to hurt a fly."

GIOVANNI BALDELLI.

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March 18 to March 24

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London: Anon. 3/10; London: Anon. 1/3.	
Total	12 7
Previously acknowledged	161 11 5
1955 TOTAL TO DATE	£162 4 0

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

A Little More Tolerance Please

FEW in Israel had heard of Moshe Barak till now, though now his name has become a household word. For Moshe, displaying true artistic individuality, had journeyed from the artists' village of Ein Hod in Jerusalem to protest in his own way against the lack of facilities for civil marriage. Moshe went on a hunger strike and threatened to go on till death.

Two-and-a-half years ago he had met Oria Stankovicz, a Yugoslav non-Jewess. They fell in love and decided to live together, now they wish to marry but find that under the Israeli law the religious courts have the exclusive jurisdiction over marriage and divorce. Neither Moshe nor Oria wishing to give up their own respective beliefs find that marriage is impossible.

So on the fifth day of his hunger strike Moshe in reply to a letter from the president of Israel, said that he had no desire to die, that he wished to live to paint once again the hills of Galilee and the quiet stillness of the Negev desert, but felt that he was prepared to die for a dearer reward than anything else... human freedom.

Moshe like so many others had worked and fought during the "war of liberation" always with the belief that out of the ashes something really new and idealistic would evolve. Moshe feels that the people had given up this most fundamental liberty "unthinkingly" to a small orthodox pressure group and he was protesting.

The Attorney-General of Israel has written regretting that Moshe had resorted to such action and added in his letter "Woe to any State that would change its laws because one citizen has gone on hunger strike."

But it appears that Moshe Barak has started something, for a few days ago a citizens' group was formed with hundreds of offers of support from all over the country, with the express purpose of abolishing such religious discrimination.

Many who helped to create the Jewish State with so much idealism find to-day it is just another State, and the idealism that moved it into being remains to a large degree paper collecting dust on some forgotten shelf.

Much strength to you, Moshe, in your big fight in that little country for a little more tolerance. S.F.

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