

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

Society is the root and the tree, freedom is its fruit.

BAKUNIN

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Threepence

Reflections on a Mountain that was a Molehill

SECOND-RATE COMEDY AT GENEVA

THE "talks at the Summit" which ended last Sunday might be compared to one of those cheap bottles of make-believe champagne; attractively got-up to tempt the unwary (at Geneva, according to reports, there were some thousand or more V.I.P.'s, advisers, experts, secret-police, helicopters and limousines); which, like real champagne, bubble-up and sparkle as the cork is released with a pop (what greater cordiality and friendly feelings than the scenes that prefaced the business discussions at Geneva?). But it is when you taste this "champagne" that you realise it was only good old "bubbly" after all!

WE will not for one moment deny that the party spirit was present in full measure (even if, as Mr. Crankshaw informs us in the *Observer* our Anthony "seemed detached from the spirit of the thing and sometimes unable to smile when President Eisenhower and Marshal Bulganin smiled" and that in such an atmosphere of unity the French Prime Minister and Foreign Minister "whose temperaments are dissimilar" found it necessary to take up residence in separate houses). But is the world so stupid and gullible that it can be taken-in by this second-rate comedy, this political garden party whose aim can only be that of impressing—of impressing us with the idea that peace and prosperity in the world depend on the statesmanship, the vision and the understanding of an elite of professional politicians; that tensions have been eased because at Geneva

Molotov has been all smiles instead of indulging in anti-American vituperation and Eisenhower's 'idealism' has replaced the spectres of McCarthyism and Senator Knowland?

THE "sensation" of the Conference was President Eisenhower's speech in which he proposed throwing open the frontiers of Russia and the United States to mutual inspection by "aerial photography" and by the exchange of "a complete blueprint of our military establishments, from beginning to end, from one end of the countries to the other". What was behind this speech? We must confess that unlike Mr. Crossman, M.P.,* we were unmoved by Eisenhower's oratory, however much he sought to carry conviction with his "I have been searching my heart and mind for something that I could say here that could convince everyone of the great sincerity of the United States in approaching this problem of disarmament". Similarly we disagree with those American commentators who have described his speech as "idealistic, in the full sense of the word, rather than pragmatic"† In our speculations on Russian tactics at Geneva (*What's Behind Moscow's New Look*—FREEDOM 16/7/55) we

*In the *Sunday Pictorial* (24/7/55) he writes that he came away with "three clear impressions". (1) "Ike wants peace"; (2) "The new men in the Kremlin want peace as much as Ike does and have been convinced at Geneva of the President's sincerity"; (3) Germans must face the fact that their country will remain divided and occupied . . .

suggested that, assuming Mr. Dulles' appraisal of Russian economy being a correct one—namely that unlike America, Russian's rearmament policy was affected at the expense of her internal standard of living—the Russian bosses might well put forward a policy calling for world disarmament "and offering every facility to the United Nations for inspection and all the other safeguards which she was apparently loath to concede at previous talks on disarmament". But we added: "We do not doubt that the politicians of the West are aware of these possibilities and are prepared to meet any large-scale attempt by the Russians to call their bluff."

†James Reston in *N.Y. Times*, 22/7/55.

To our minds, this Eisenhower did, by putting the proposal forward himself. The fact that his speech was, on the whole, received unfavourably by the "responsible" American Press, would confirm the view that it was advanced, less with the idea that it might be accepted than as a tactical move to prevent the Russians from advancing it themselves, and gaining political capital thereby. In so doing he turned the tables on the Russians, and the fact that Bulganin's Proposals for an East-West Pact, that followed made no references to the problems of mutual inspection, must make us question either whether there is indeed any difference between Soviet and capitalist economy,

or whether it is simply that at this stage in the bargaining, to agree to a mutual exchange of "blueprints", Russia would be revealing more than she would learn. As a commentator of the *New York Times* points out (22/7/55), such an exchange would

benefit the United States in a strictly intelligence and factual sense. For Moscow unquestionably knows more about United States military establishments than Washington knows about the Soviet Union; this is an inescapable part of our form of government.

Whichever the reason, the fact that Russia's rulers did not react surely indicates that their lip-service to the cause of peace *per se* is just as phoney as that of the United States (plus satellites). For was not President Eisenhower's "idealistic" speech, prefaced by these remarks?

The American people are determined to maintain and if necessary increase this armed strength for as long a period as

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COMMENT

The Only Socialism that Matters

Socialism can never be anything absolute. It is the continual becoming of human community in mankind, adapted and proportioned to whatever can be willed and done in the conditions given. Rigidity threatens all realisation, what lives and glows to-day may be crushed over to-morrow and, become all-powerful, suppress the strivings of the day after.

—MARTIN BUBER.

WE met last week a Dutch friend of ours, a journalist who had come to London for the meeting of the Socialist International. She described the ageing party-men playing at power politics, jockeying for position and prestige, talking in dead formulae or in the language of vote-catching, the hollow men, the cynical who would not face the implications of their own disillusionment, the time-servers for whom the conference was just another occasion for a free trip abroad.

In this reunion of politicians, raking over the ashes of their youthful enthusiasm, there was not a spark to remind them what socialism is all about. It wasn't on the agenda. The only socialism that matters is the affirmation that men are brothers, and our Dutch friend told us a story that illustrates all too well how this instinctive socialism is crushed not by opposition but by precedent, protocol and the machinery of government, the machinery which the delegates to the Socialist International are bent on acquiring.

Her husband, J.S., a writer and a man much respected in Holland, as many of his fellow-countrymen owed their lives to him during the war, was approached by the old cabinet-maker in the place where they live. "Look," he said, "I am old and I haven't a son to take over my tools and my workshop. Couldn't you go to Munich, to one of those terrible refugee camps that you wrote about, and find some boy that hasn't a family or a future? We will take him into our home and I will teach him my trade, and when I die he can have the place." So J.S. saw the camp authorities who replied, "Yes, we have lots of young fellows who would jump at the chance." So he saw the Dutch representatives at Bonn. "What a touching story," they said with tears in their eyes, "but it would establish a precedent. You had better take the matter up at The Hague."

So he went around the Ministries where everybody said it was a beau-

tiful idea, but one which creates difficult precedents over immigration policy, and labour permits. And after all, they said "there may be in your town bitter memories which make it inadvisable to admit a German." "I was in a Gestapo prison," replied J.S., "and I don't feel like that." "Anyway," they declared, "we have a population problem, we're an overcrowded country." "That didn't stop you having the Kaiser for twenty years," said J.S. It was all to no avail. The old man hasn't found his heir, and the young man is still in the D.P. camp, serving his time for the crime of being born in the wrong place.

PROFESSOR G. D. H. COLE who is perhaps the most libertarian, certainly the most likeable of the big brains of the Labour Party has for at least five years been asking himself the question: what has gone wrong with socialism? He begins his latest ruminations on the subject with the remark that:

"Many of us have been saying to ourselves, these latter days, reflecting on what has happened since 1945, 'The Welfare State is not Socialism: it is only a way of re-distributing some income without interfering with the causes of its maldistribution'; and 'Nationalisation is not Socialism: it is only a change from one form of wage-slavery to another form'." His own conclusion on these two propositions, with which we heartily agree, is:

"In effect, both the Welfare State and nationalisation, as they exist at present, far from breaking away from the class-system, rest on its acceptance and seek only to render conditions under it more tolerable. In nationalised industry the worker is 'consulted', but he has no power or responsibility save that which he gets from his trade union and an outside pressure group; and in the social services he remains subject to a measure of class-inferiority. His contribution, and even his direct taxes, are collected from him by his employer—a method which Hilaire Belloc used to speak of as an evident hallmark of the 'Servile State'!"

Professor Cole goes on to declare that, within the structure of capitalism, they are nevertheless "real and substantial achievements which it is folly to deny or to minimise in the grounds that they 'are not Socialism'." He may well be right in the case of the Welfare State, but he advances no convincing argument to show that either the workers or the

public have benefited from nationalisation. His article, (in the *New Statesman* for 23/7/55) was impelled he says, because

"some Socialists have been speaking or writing as if my urging the need to establish a new movement for World Socialism meant that I was trying to draw men away from the everyday political struggle on the ground that it is not directed to the establishment of Socialism. On the contrary, I wish to urge every Socialist to be active in that struggle, but believe that activity will be more powerful and better directed if those who engage in it have a vision which extends beyond the immediate parliamentary possibilities in both time and space. I hold that the clue to getting a better Labour Party and Labour programme is to be found in the impregnation of the party's active workers with a sense of vision to transform society fundamentally, and not merely to lessen its abuses."

But the only socialism that matters—"a classless society in a classless world of brothers" is the way that Professor Cole defines it—is something different not only in time and space, but in kind from the 'immediate parliamentary possibilities' of the Labour Party. Nationalised boards, National Service, German re-armament, top-level talks, hydrogen bombs—what have these to do with a society of brothers?

IT is possible to perform Professor Cole's double act, but only at the price of political failure—George Lansbury and James Maxton are two notable examples—or else at the price the devoted local party workers pay—that of seeing careerists use you as stepping stones to a seat in Parliament where they acquiesce in everything you abhor. Is it worth while? Their error, and Professor Cole's error is in supposing that a 'classless world of brothers' has anything to do with parliamentary majorities. It has to do with individual attitudes of hearts and minds. The attitude of Whitman, for instance, who wrote:

*I have loved the earth, sun, animals,
 I have despised riches,
 Have given alms to everyone that asked,
 stood up for the stupid and crazy,
 devoted my income and labour to others,
 Hated tyrants, argued not concerning God,
 had patience and indulgence towards the people,
 Taken off my hat to nothing known or unknown . . .*

Perhaps, in the end, this is the only socialism that matters.

C.W.

Inflation & Hot Air

THE anti-inflationary measures are here again. Up with the Bank Rate and down with the Hire Purchase schemes. Out come the well-worn phrases used by every Chancellor of the Exchequer since time immemorial. Worsening balance-of-payments position—symptoms of an overstrained economy—lack of confidence in sterling—inflationary tendencies—widening dollar gap. Always the same and never a hint of originality. Why does the *yen* never have an "inhibiting influence" on the price of margarine?

Considering the proportion of the national income and output which goes on maintaining armaments and other useless enterprises, it is not surprising that the country never reaches a stable economy. Imagine the vast numbers of refrigerators, bicycles and saucepans which could be made for the price of one battleship, or the amount of wheat which

might be grown by a battalion of light infantry.

Impossible say the experts; economically and politically that sort of thing leads straight along the road to ruin, the system doesn't allow it. Maybe the experts are right, so why do they not change the system? Could it be that the prospect of never repeating the phrase "worsening balance-of-payments" is too great a sacrifice to make?

Dangerous Education

STEPHEN RAMASODI is a 16-year-old schoolboy who is too intelligent. It would be dangerous for him to develop his talents any further for he might communicate some of his ideas to his fellow countrymen and this would not be in the public interest. These ideas would probably include some extraordinary notions as to freedom and equality of opportunity—the evils of slavery and the rights of men. Worse still he might be able to concoct ways and means of attaining these improbable conditions for his people.

Stephen Ramasodi is an African

He has been offered the chance to attend a school in America but the South African Government have refused him a passport so he must stay at an Anglican mission school threatened with closure by the terms of the notorious Bantu Education Act. The official reason for refusal: interruption of his education at the age of sixteen would endanger his whole future. If he had been a European there is no doubt that he would have been permitted to go.

Last year an African teacher from South West Africa, Berthold Himumuine, was refused a passport by the Union Government, having been offered a scholarship at Oxford.

Of such stuff are Iron Curtains made.

Up & Up!

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT! WEEK 29

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Beethoven in Berkshire "Freedom's" Holiday Miscellany is About . . .

I MUST have heard *Fidelio* a couple of dozen times during the last half-century, and every now and again the performance has been superb. Lotte Lehmann, Richard Mayr, Tauber, the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—could I hope for anything like it again? Well, not far from here, at a little place on the other side of the Bath Road called Hermitage, there is a music camp, where amateurs, with a sprinkling of professionals, foregather for the various holidays and live in tents round a barn; the barn being for their music making. They must have been going a full quarter of a century, but had never attempted an opera till they decided, this spring, to put on *Fidelio*. They turned the barn into a tiny theatre, holding about a hundred; they engaged a professional singer: for the rest they made do with their own resources. The performance

wasn't up to much, really, and one could have poked a hundred holes in it if one had started being critical, but as I sat in the same room there with Marcellino and Jaquino and Leonora and Florestan, as I watched the prisoners fumbling their way about almost on top of me, I was moved by an emotion so nearly intolerable that I began to doubt whether I could see the thing through. It was as if one were suddenly all mixed up with fidelity and freedom and hope, and not merely watching the symbols of them from the outside.

—VICTOR GOLLANCZ,
More for Timothy.

Strolling Singers

I AM a troubadour, one of the number of young and strolling singers, real singers. It is true that most of our strolling is done by bus, train or car. But we do travel and we do sing. We produce opera in any form the market will bear. We are unsubsidised, but we nearly always cover our costs, and we usually end a little in pocket. We can rarely pay fees, but there are sometimes profits to share among the impecunious.

Our organisation is loose, or non-existent, and we coalesce easily around the amateur maestros in our midst who have access to an audience. Each coalition carries a different name, the Young London Opera Group, the Strolling Singers, Opera in Camera, the Warwick Opera Group. One must have some name to put on the posters. We have entertained Chinese and Maltese seamen in an East London Hostel with *Pagliacci* and *La Bohème*, mental patients with *Don Pasquale*, training colleges with *Dião and Aeneas*, women's institutes with *The Telephone*. We have combined with amateur orchestras and choral societies to do *The Magic Flute*. Last year the Yorkshire dales and the villages of north Buckinghamshire were entertained by *The Marriage of Figaro*.

will for such an unprecedented venture.

The best audiences are always the schools. At all odds there they are, doubting, suspicious, ready to be bored, in for a dose of culture and resenting it, stuck on their hard chairs, waiting for the opera to open. Two hours later they are sent away having thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Next day they are telling their neighbours what fools they were not to go, and the maestro is counting the takings. He has paid for the hall, and the heating, and the railway fares. Perhaps he even has a bit over for next time. And when they meet the maestro in the village shop or the pub next week they will ask him, "When are you coming again? We did so enjoy it." Which is probably more than an medieval jongleur got from the lord of the manor.

—A CORRESPONDENT
in *The Observer*.

GAZOOKAS IN PORTHCAWL

FOR a few sun-soaked ecstatic months of the great strike summer of 1926 our people gazookaed their way to glory. Then, as if autumn had opened a door into limbo, they flickered out into silence. A sadness ate its way into the very bone of living during the years that followed and we did not find the vitality or the desire to re-create the almost Mediterranean intensity of carnival that we knew in 1926.

Odd people remembered. Some of us, in the warm, evocative comfort of a late July dusk would recall how the valleys, on the morning of a great jazz-band competition, would start beating like a great heart as the drummers of fifty towns from Porth to Maerdy and Blaencwm sent forth the tattoo that called members and followers to the rallying point. Some of us lived again the thrill of marching behind the bands to places ten and fifteen miles distant. If one could only see them now exactly as they were then, as they marched through the cheering sunshine of that one year, cloudbursts of genuine artistry, albeit on a simple and primitive level. The Danygraig Darkies, white suits, blackened faces, the master marchers of them all, who could have walked with ease to Swanee if it had not been for the water which begins at Cardiff; the Gelli Toreadors, entering the arena with a fearless strut that put panic in the heart of every bull in Europe.

I cannot stand on Porth Square today without hearing played by approaching ghosts 'Moonlight and Roses', the theme tune of the Cymmer Jazz Band, a throbbing spectrum of chintzy tints looted from half the parlours of the town. And those midnights when the bands returned. Near us was a long hillside street of which every house would put a lighted candle on the window-sill to give solace to their lads depleted after a day's blowing, marching, and counter-marching. Those particular performers were a 'comic' band, each character striking a note of earthy satire that made some people faint and most people applaud. All that is gone, unrepeatably gone. From so deep a sub-soil of tedium and tension something crackerjack in the way of blooms was bound to sprout quickly to perish. We shall never again see that astonishing army of gazooka blowers, clad only in the thinnest of costumes and the thinnest of gaiety.

—GWYN THOMAS
in *The Radio Times*.

MAKING MUSIC

IT JUST HAPPENS

AN astonishing amount of amateur music-making goes on in the British Isles without anyone knowing anything about it. There is no need to go as far as the western islands of Scotland to hear traditional music in its own setting; there are places within fifty miles of London where people still sing their own local songs on Saturday nights. Behind closed doors, the descendants of the village players in Thomas Hardy's novels still make music together whenever they can get the chance, unaware of the fact that they are officially supposed to have died out long ago. The statisticians who say that music in the 'ordinary' home no longer exists have not yet tried knocking at the right door at the right moment, or they would have been invited in to hear market gardeners playing Corelli sonatas, or to meet a farmer who manages to find time, even during haymaking and harvest, to play Mozart on the clarinet, or a postman who, having taught himself the violin, spends every Sunday afternoon conducting a fair-sized string orchestra in a small back sitting-room from which every scrap of furniture has to be removed in order to make room for the players. This sort of music-making has never been organized; it just happens.

—IMOGEN HOLST,
in *The Year's Work in Music*.

Eisteddfod in Llangollen

AND then you climb down again, in a tired tide, and over the floodlit Dee to the town that won't sleep for a whole melodious week or, if it does at all, will hear all night in its sleep the hills fiddle and strum and the streets painted with tunes.

The bars are open as though they could not shut and Sunday never come down over the fluting town like a fog or a shutter. For every reason in the world, there's a wave of dancing in the main, loud street. A fiddle at a corner tells you to dance and you do in the moon though you can't dance a step for all the Ukrainians in Llangollen. Peace plays on a concertina in the vigorous, starry street, and nobody is surprised.

When you leave the last voices and measures of the sweet-throated, waltzing streets, the lilt and ripple of the Dee leaping, and the light of the night, to lie down, and the strewn town lies down to sleep in its hills and rings of echoes, you will remember that nobody was surprised at the turn the town took and the life it danced for one week of the long, little year. The town sang and danced, as though it were right and proper as the rainbow or the rare sun to celebrate the old bright turning earth and its bullied people. Are you surprised that people still can dance and sing in a world on its head? The only surprising thing about miracles, however small, is that they sometimes happen.

—DYLAN THOMAS,
Quite Early One Morning.

... and our Theatre Review is a

Musical Medley

NOT being accustomed to attend American musicals, I was under the impression that "Wonderful Town" (Princes' Theatre), would be the height of sophistication, finesse and slickness. I found myself looking at an extremely shoddy decor, and some tasteless dresses intended to represent the typical Bohemian Greenwich Village of the '30's'. There is some naive chorus work, and characterization is of the crudest kind, the lines bawled across somewhat in the manner of a seaside pierrot show. A very loud brash orchestra was bent on making this quite the noisiest town.

The story, based on the play "My Sister Eileen" is of two sisters from Ohio determined to make a name for themselves in literary and artistic circles in New York. Eileen, played by Shani Wallis, is an irresistible charmer able to twist every man round her little finger including the entire police-force. The other, played by Pat Kirkwood, is an earnest blue-stocking who has learned to her cost that she is a natural adept at one hundred different ways of losing a man! The idea is alright, but somehow it does not really work out. The show lacks genuine charm, though Pat Kirkwood works extremely hard and efficiently. I could not believe in the irresistible magnetic power of Miss Shani Wallis. Dennis Noble makes a sympathetic hero who seems to have strayed in from somewhere else. He has a pleasant voice and sings well, but the show is devoid of any really catchy tunes. The whole effect is one of cardboard and greasepaint laid on too thickly in the colour of strawberry cream.

"WILD THYME" (at the Duke of York's Theatre), on the other hand was refreshing in its unpretentiousness. A simple, charming story about a railway porter and a famous singer who both play truant from their duties and run off together on a milk-train leaving their commitments to go hang. Together they rediscover Wild Thyme Bay in Devon (scene of the porter's childhood memories). She finds in him a pleasantly refreshing companion, and a new singing talent; he finds in her romance, though short-lived, and genuine encouragement and leaves porter's jobs behind him forever. After enjoying their adventure in this ideal haven of refuge the tired singer, jaded by the continual grind of success, realizes that the husband she has left behind, panic-stricken at the

station, though a demanding, pampered hypochondriac, is really the one that is indispensable to her. They all come together in a Devonshire pub, the singer is reunited to her husband, and the porter to the little station waitress whom he really loved all along, she having fled to her old home in Devon to forget the fickle porter. Thus all ends happily and respectably, with everyone reverting to his proper mate, and the porter landing a whale of a tenor's contract into the bargain.

The fun is heightened by two families of campers who weave boisterously in and out of the story. Dennis Quilley is completely convincing and charming as the porter, Betty Paul, with a French accent has just the right amount of sophistication, Colin Gordon is loveable and funny as the pampered impresario husband, Archie Harradine and Gwen Nelson make a delightful couple of innkeepers, Frank Duncan has fun with three different impersonations, and Jane Wenham is charming as the jilted forlorn waitress in search of forgetfulness. The tunes, though perhaps not memorable are pleasant, and one finds oneself humming them long after the fall of the curtain. The orchestra is beautifully directed by the composer, Donald Swan, who also plays the piano and the setting by Ronald Searle is delightful.

"JAZZ TRAIN" (at the Piccadilly Theatre), is an all-negro show which in the form of a revue outlines the development of Jazz from Congo to Calypso. The whole is threaded together by the engineer of the train who describes the different cars. He turned out to be pretty colourless and scarcely audible.

The Spiritual Car, The Plantation Car and the Holy Roller Car fell very flat. We have too often heard negro spirituals exquisitely sung to be satisfied so easily. Plantation Car was a scrappy mess without shape, and the Holy Roller Car a laughably inadequate attempt at a revivalist meeting. Most of us cherish memories of Porgy, Blackbirds, Halleluja or Green Pastures, to name only a few. During the evening it became painfully clear that these hard-working black artists were only second-rate performers and the audacity with which they endeavoured to conjure up for us memories of Robeson, Florence Mills, Josephine Baker and Ethel Waters left me open-mouthed with wonder. Surely this was asking for trouble!

The worst spot of the show turned out to be an atrocious conception of

NO rural district has been more markedly the abode of musical taste and acquirement, and this at a period when it was difficult to find them to the same extent apart from towns in advance of their times. I have gone to Haworth and found an orchestra to meet me, filled with local performers, vocal and instrumental, to whom the best works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Marcellino, etc., were familiar as household words. By knowledge, taste, and voice, they were markedly separate from ordinary village choirs, and have been put in extensive requisition for the solo and chorus of many an imposing festival. One man still survives, who, for fifty years, has had one of the finest tenor voices I ever heard, and with it a refined and cultivated taste. To him and to others many inducements have been offered to migrate; but the loom, the association, and the mountain air have had charms enow to secure their continuance at home. I love the recollection of their performance; that recollection extends over more than sixty years. The attachments, the antipathies and the hospitalities of the district are ardent, hearty, and homely. Cordiality in each is the prominent characteristic. As a people, these mountaineers have ever been accessible to gentleness and truth, so far as I have known them; but excite suspicion and resentment, and give emphatic and not impotent resistance. Compulsion they defy.

—MRS. GASKELL,
The Life of Charlotte Brönte.

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Soulless Message

THE Vatican appears to be slightly doubtful about the 'Scientists message' on atomic warfare. Apparently Roman Catholics cannot understand why there should have been such a great reaction to the message when so many pontifical pronouncements issued at regular intervals have hardly caused a ripple.

The *Osservatore Romano* has called it a "scientific materialist message" and considers that an appeal merely for the preservation of the species to be unworthy, and not sufficiently humanitarian. It seems that the Vatican does not care for the idea of a materialistic paradise and questions its validity in terms of human happiness.

Could it be that the Vatican is jealous of the scientists having stolen all the thunder, and seeks to explain everything away by attaching dubious motives to the message? The scientists have of course got to the heart of the matter—mankind is far more interested in remaining alive on this planet for a few years than achieving a questionable eternity for a doubtful soul.

SECOND-RATE COMEDY AT GENEVA

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is necessary to safeguard peace and to maintain our security.

That is to say that fundamentally the governments of both East and West are motivated by the concepts of force. Peace for them is as much a tactic as force. The formula they seek is that power politics shall proceed without recourse to an armed conflagration in which the whole of mankind is threatened with annihilation. How else can one interpret these paragraphs in the Russian draft proposals "on Disarmament":

"The level of the armed forces of the United States, the Soviet Union and China shall be established at 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 men for each; that of Britain and France at 650,000 men for each, while the level provided for China as well as other questions bearing upon the armed forces of China shall be the subject of consideration in which the People's Republic of China shall participate.

The level of the armed forces of all other states shall not exceed 150,000 to 200,000 men and shall be agreed upon at an appropriate international conference."

Or the proviso to the agreement on the "complete prohibition of atomic and hydrogen weapons" by four powers that

"Exceptions to this rule may be permitted for purposes of defence against aggression, when a decision to that effect is taken by the Security Council."

Aggression by one of the peace-loving Big-Four Powers?

★

WE are told that at the Geneva Conference Bulganin was convinced of the peaceful intentions of the Americans as a result of Eisenhower's impassioned speech, and that the latter after hearing the Russians, expressed his views that "the prospects of a lasting peace . . . are brighter". Both blocs, in a word, are the champions of peace. Yet they are terribly afraid to discuss the problem of Germany which at present is literally disarmed, as if the reunification of Germany would constitute some kind of aggression to peace! Must one not suspect the intentions of these two "peace-loving" blocs when they show such concern over a disarmed nation?

The fact of the matter is, as we have repeatedly pointed out, that it is not armaments, or the H-Bomb, that are the causes of world tensions; these are the weapons, the arguments of power politics. As a *New York Times* correspondent points out

The President's dramatic arms inspection suggestion to the Russians in Geneva . . . dealt primarily with the effects—not the cause—of international tensions.

The cause of tensions, and it is common to all countries, is the notion that some men have a right to employ the labour, and to regiment and dispose of the lives, of vast numbers of their fellow humans. They are the pawns with which the power politicians bargain and manoeuvre. Remember the cynical exchanges at Yalta between the Big Three. At that meeting "allied unity" was bought with the lives of millions of innocent civilians many of whom still haunt the Displaced Persons Camps of the world. At Geneva, in 1955, Molotov's smile, MacMillan's "There ain't gonna be a war" and Eisenhower's "prospects of peace" will be paid for by a few million Germans and who knows how many other victims will be sacrificed when the assistant executioners really get down to business in the Autumn.

§ "Top-level Twaddle" (FREEDOM 21.5.55 in which is reproduced the exchange of views between Churchill and Stalin on the number of Germans to kill off in occupied Germany.

Reflections on the Second International

CERTAIN disillusioned Socialists are now viewing the Second International through nostalgic spectacles. To them the Second International, for all its faults and manifest failures, appears to mark the zenith of attempts to create an international body towards which Socialists of all persuasions and nationalities could feel a genuine sense of loyalty. On this view, the First International belongs, so to speak, to the heroic phase of socialist development before socialism became a force to be reckoned with in Western Europe. Its importance lies primarily in the field of theory, in its internal doctrinal quarrels rather than in its external political effects. The Third International and the present Socialist International—to say nothing of the Fourth and other Internationals, all claiming to represent the true interests of the proletariat—belong, on the other hand, to the period of socialist 'decomposition' when divisions between Social Democrats and Bolsheviks, 'True' Marxists and Anarchists, are too deep to permit the possibility of genuine co-operation.

In truth, however, the relative—very relative!—success of the Second International was bought at the expense of its representativeness. The Anarchists were effectively excluded from its ranks—at least after the Zürich Congress of 1893. This no doubt facilitated the growth of a uniformity of outlook among the constituent sections but it also had more consequential repercussions. For an important, if not the most important, function of anarchist elements within the Labour Movement is to act as a prophylactic against bureaucracy and 'pure and simple' reformism. And at this particular stage in the development of the Labour Movement the need for this type of prophylactic was particularly urgent. German Marxism was in the ascendant and in the event succeeded in imposing its sterile and doctrinaire approach on the greater part of the international socialist movement—with tragic results in 1914. The expulsion of the Anarchists did not, of course, prevent the resurgence of anarchist ideas in the form of revolutionary syndicalism but it did prevent them combating effectively the domination of German Social Democracy with all that that implied.

On this analysis, the Second International was destined to fail almost from the start. Instead of learning the great lesson of the First International—that it was sheer folly to try to impose a rigid

programme on the national sections and constituent groups—it began by attempting to complete the abortive efforts of Marx to ostracize the Anarchists from the Labour Movement. Our contemporary Socialists, therefore, who are looking to the Second International for inspiration should pursue their historical researches a little further, for it was in the period of its predecessor that the cracks in the Labour Movement which are now yawning chasms first appeared.

Nevertheless, Mr. Joll's history of the Second International* is a welcome addition to the small but growing non-partisan literature on the socialist movement. It is not a history of European socialist parties, nor is it an essay in the development of socialist theory during the period in question. But its author achieves admirably his object of presenting 'an account of European socialism as it found organized expression in the Congresses and other activities of the Second International'.

**The Second International, 1889-1914* by James Joll. Weidenfeld & Nicholson, 18s.

On "Our Anthony" Take your Choice

1

If praise is due, as it is, to all the four participants, in the last stages Sir Anthony Eden's statesmanship played a characteristically decisive part. Britain can be proud of her leader's rôle in the approach to "the summit" and at its peak.

(Sunday Times).

2

There is no doubt whose Conference this was. From the first moment President Eisenhower asserted his moral ascendancy.

From the Russian side, Khrushchev, the Communist Party boss, responded in kind to Ike's warmhearted lead.

As for Britain and France, all Sir Anthony Eden and M. Faure could do was help things along now and then with neat, useful suggestions.

No Briton should resent the fact that our Premier could only play a minor rôle at Geneva. We should thank heavens that this time relations were so friendly that Sir Anthony was not required to patch up a compromise.

Crossman in *The Sunday Pictorial*.

SCIENCE NOTES

The Authoritarian Personality

THE recent hanging of Ruth Ellis brings to mind the differences in personality structure between those who support capital punishment and those who oppose it. Various investigations in America and this country have listed the attitudes of capital punishment supporters to various other undesirable aspects of present-day society.

They tend to be anti-semitic; colour and class prejudiced; in favour of legislation against strikes, supporters of militarism, and increased police powers; antagonistic to conscientious objectors; and over-ready to take up arms when it is required by their rulers. Their submissiveness to governments and others in authority is in complete contrast to their dealings with less fortunate beings.

These authoritarian-minded persons, as Margaret Mead describes them, have been bred to live in a dream. They are forced to deny the discrepancies which exist between their dreams and reality, and to support actions which deny them. Because of this they waste their energy blaming the Jews or Negroes or any convenient substitute for their inability to settle their problems. It is much easier to hang a person or fight a war than to try to understand the causes of crime and international conflict.

The more liberal-minded individual who refuses to confuse his dream with reality, is not racially minded, is more critical of his rulers, and more independent in outlook. He tackles his problems and seeks the answers in his environment and the social and political organisation of society. In this way he seeks to make his dream reality.

Television and Sex

THE link between television and sex is not confined to the question of what Folie Bergère chorus girls must wear at Lime Grove, for an American social psychologist Eleanor E. Maccoby has been studying child-rearing methods and television habits. After interviewing

379 mothers of kindergarten children she has discovered that upper-middle-class children who were frustrated; whose sex behaviour was repressed; who were punished for aggression against their parents; who were expected to obey orders at once; who were held to stringent standards of behaviour; who were spanked often; whose mothers showed little affection for them, spent up to 50 per cent. more time watching television than their less vigorously raised classmates. Among upper-lower-class children such a correlation was found only in the case of sex-repressed and much-spanked children.

The psychologist suggested that with a close parent-child relationship the child tends to imitate. When the relationship is bad the child tends to escape through television watching, but among upper-lower-class families television watching is so prevalent that whether it is trying to imitate or escape the child is driven to the television screen.

The study of the sexual significance of television-watching seems to have been neglected and we are surprised that no attempt seems to have been made to interpret it in terms of Freudian symbolism. Children who have no access to a television set or who have to watch their neighbour's set may be suffering a serious set-back in their sexual development.

More About Atom Bombs

AN international medical commission set up at the suggestion of the Japanese Association of Doctors against the A- and H-bombs, to investigate the medical and biological effects of atomic explosions has issued a preliminary report. In this they conclude:

"We consider that the persistence of radioactive contamination of the sea, rain, and atmosphere, is the most important feature of experimental H-bomb explosions, for we are afraid that the cumulative effects of increased irradiation over widespread areas may result

THREE aspects of this account are particularly worthy of attention, the first of which concerns the exclusion of the Anarchists.

The Second International began with the calling of two rival congresses in Paris on the centenary of the storming of the Bastille, 14th July. The first was sponsored by the Broussists or Possibilists who were distinguished by their moderate reformism and their antipathy towards Marxism attempts to dominate the international socialist movement. The other was sponsored by the Guesdists, rigid and doctrinaire Marxists, whose outlook was similar to that of the German Social Democratic Party (SPD). The Anarchists were impartially represented at both but, although they received at least a polite hearing at the Broussist Congress, they soon ran into trouble with the Marxists at the other. After almost interminable didactic speeches the so-called 'revolutionary' Marxists finally turned to the burning question of—how to make the revolution but—how to obtain from bourgeois governments an international code for the protection of labour! Dr. Merlin's protest on behalf of the Anarchists ended with his ejection: the stage was set for the real business of the International—talk about the revolution and practical efforts to bolster up the bourgeois State.

What anarchist exclusion implied in terms of policy decisions by this and subsequent Congresses is seen particularly clearly in the discussions over May Day. The idea of a May Day demonstration had first been mooted at a congress of the American Federation of Labour in 1884, and acted upon by certain Anarchists in Chicago in 1886. At the Guesdist Congress—subsequently regarded as the foundation congress of the International—a resolution was proposed and carried that, beginning with 1st May, 1890, every May Day should be the occasion of a simultaneous demonstration of working-class solidarity. But at subsequent Congresses the German SPD succeeded in whittling down the resolution in such a way as to minimise the importance of the stoppage of work. A stoppage of work on May Day meant in effect a general strike—and, according to the German SPD, a general strike was general nonsense. They decided therefore, as far as they were concerned, to hold evening meetings instead—and to publish leading articles in their Press about workers' solidarity! This so-called German 'realism' meant in effect the end of May Day as originally conceived.

As Joll says, "It was still to remain an important date in the working class calendar; it was still to be the occasion of important demonstrations in individual countries; but after 1892, it ceased to be a large-scale international manifestation."

The Anarchists were not finally excluded from the International until 1893 when Bebel, with a vicious and abusive attack on direct actionists, succeeded in persuading the delegates to limit membership to groups and parties who accepted political action. Thereafter Landauer, Malatesta, Cornelissen and Nieuwenhuis had to make what protests they could from the public gallery! By 1896, the year of the next Congress, Shaw could report, with all his Fabian purblindness: "An International Socialist Congress that everybody laughs at and nobody fears is a gratifying step in advance" (my italics).

GASTON GERARD.

(To be continued)

LETTER

Secrecy and Flying Saucers

DEAR FRIENDS,

According to the *Sunday Express* for July 17th, the Duke of Edinburgh has asked that all information received by the Air Ministry about Flying Saucers should be communicated to him.

Meanwhile, some time ago, members of the Air Force were forbidden to communicate any information about these things to members of the public.

Surely this illustrates perfectly the absolute contempt in which the State, and the members of the élite, hold the rest of us.

Saucers may come from Mars or they may come from Jericho, I haven't the slightest idea which, but in any case, here is a mysterious phenomenon of intense interest to every intelligent member of the human race.

Furthermore, if the things do come from other planets, then this fact contradicts absolutely most orthodox astronomical theories. In short, Saucers may have implications of revolutionary scientific, philosophical, religious and general importance. The discovery that mankind are not alone in the universe would be the most important in history.

What does the British (and other) governments do about it? They suppress almost completely all information on this topic!

Suppose in the 19th century all data on Evolution and Natural Selection had been suppressed by the British Navy. Darwin had been forbidden to publish his researches, what a major scandal that would have been. Suppose most of our great grandparents had gone on believing in Adam and Eve while in the back rooms of the Admiralty a few smart scientists (well paid), admirals and people 'in the know' chuckled over the data for Darwinism, and laughed at the simpletons in outer darkness.

One could hardly imagine that Huxley, Tyndale and the rest, nor their opponents would have tolerated a suppression of evidence on such a vital topic, and yet this is analogous to what is happening with the Saucer phenomenon.

The ordinary man's yearnings for Truth, and noble aspirations to Higher Things, and his attempts to understand his environment, all this are just spat upon by the British Government. It isn't Joe Soap's job to yearn for Truth or to be interested in the Universe, it's Joe Soap's job to get on with his work and the less he thinks the better. Meanwhile, the facts, for what they are worth, will be released to that great brain, world renowned scientist, metaphysician and sage, His Grace the Duke of Edinburgh, whose main interests up to now seem to have been playing games and practising at killing people (i.e. Army manoeuvres). Oxford, July 18. J. W. SHAW.

Fuel or Bombs?

THE Minister of Fuel and Power informed the Commons last week that due to a shortage of scientists and technologists the rate of development of the atomic power programme is being seriously restricted.

We would suggest that he has missed the point and should have consulted the Minister of Defence before making his remarks. Perhaps he did so but got nowhere, for it is only too obvious that a very large number of our atomic scientists are busily developing the destructive power of atoms rather than the constructive power-houses which atoms could run.

Bios.

The Death Penalty and the Press

MORE than at any previous time, the British Press is swinging in the direction of favouring the abolition of capital punishment. Public opinion in general has hitherto been backward in this matter—as far as public opinion can be gauged at all. But the results of two polls published by popular newspapers have presented evidence of a swing of opinion in favour of abolition.

Most sensational—of course—is that of the *Daily Mirror*, which printed forms for its four million readers to return, giving a straight 'Yes' or 'No' for hanging. Only a small minority of the *Mirror's* readers returned forms, but they probably represent the number who feel strongly about it one way or the other.

Latest numbers published by the *Daily Mirror* are:

Against hanging 26,605
For hanging 14,139

This shows a proportion of nearly two to one against. Said the *Mirror*:

"Five months ago the Attorney-General, Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, said that before any drastic changes were made [as regards the death penalty] there should be clear evidence of a public desire. There was no indication that public opinion has changed.

Well, it has changed now! It is clear what the people think.

That hanging is stupid. Barbaric. Out-dated. That the whole grisly ceremony puts each one of us to shame.

The time has now come to pull the gallows down . . .

The Gallup Poll

The other poll is the famous Gallup Poll, published in the *News Chronicle*. These figures are much more sober, and show 50 per cent. of the people questioned still favour the retention of hanging.

This was the question:

In this country most people convicted of murder are sentenced to death. Do you agree with this, or do you think the death penalty should be abolished?

The replies were: Agree, 50 per cent.; Abolish, 37; Don't Know, 13. This was the highest proportion in favour of abolition since 1938. It is interesting to notice that public opinion favoured hanging more after the war than before and only now, 10 years after the end of the war, is going back to the pre-war position.

Figures: 1938—Agree, 49; Abolish, 40; Don't Know, 11. 1947: Agree, 69; Abolish, 24; Don't Know, 7. 1953: 73, 15, 12.

It appears that following the war, opinion in favour of hanging was growing until two years ago—now is very much on the decline.

Will the Church Speak Up?

Officially, the Church of England remains silent on this matter, but in last week's issue of its official newspaper, an article very strongly denouncing capital punishment occupied nearly all the front page.

Written by the Rev. John Drewett, Rector of St. Margaret Lothbury, in the City of London, the article included the following points:—

"It is almost impossible to imagine . . . the spiritual effect which the act of killing in cold blood a young mother of two children must have upon those immediately concerned in carrying it out. [Execution is] a religious act surrounded with its own ritual and ceremony."

"The body to be killed must be "in a fit state of health for execution." The soul is prepared by prayer and sacrament.

"It is almost as though we were offering a human sacrifice.

There are many cases in which capital punishment far from being a deterrent, is an incentive to murder.

ANARCHIST SUMMER SCHOOL Programme

Saturday, July 30 at 2.20 p.m.:

S. E. Parker on
THE PROBLEM OF VIOLENCE

Saturday at 8 p.m.:

SOCIAL EVENING

Sunday, July 31 at 11 a.m.:

Tony Turner on
SEX AND SIN

Sunday Afternoon:

HYDE PARK MEETING

Sunday at 7.30 p.m.:

Philip Lewis on
ANARCHISM AND EDUCATION

Monday, August 1 at 11 a.m.:

Rita Milton on
THE ROLE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY TO-DAY

MEALS AVAILABLE:

Lunch—Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
1.30 p.m.

Tea—Saturday, Sunday, 5.30 p.m.

Inclusive cost: 12/6.

Individual lectures: 6d.

Individual Meals: 2/6.

"This is true of all those cases where the emotional link between the murderer and his victim is such that the one does not wish to live without the other, but cannot bring himself, after having committed his crime, to commit suicide.

"For such, the hangman is a friend who brings his plans to completion.

"Why should we be the last country to abolish hanging altogether?" adds Mr. Drewett.

Conservative Opinion

On the whole, the Conservatives have been more in favour of hanging than not. Even here, however, a body of opinion is growing. The same point as the above one about incentive was referred to in the *Spectator*:

"It is very probable that capital punishment actually leads to more people being murdered. As Christopher Hollis argued in the *Spectator* last week, the publicity that is given to the murderer in the dock, the mystique that surrounds hanging, is likely to push the psychopath just over the border of sanity into murder. But it is enough to point out how infinitely more healthy our society would become if it were no longer able to read about the ordeal of people waiting execution, or to gaze at photographs of the families of condemned men visiting the prison, or photographs of the public hangman having a day at the races." The *Spectator* also states:

"Capital punishment is absolutely indefensible. Abolition has taken place in thirty-odd countries and never has the murder rate increased. This experience has not been confined to agricultural countries. Belgium, more densely populated than England, and Michigan, heavily industrialised and including the city of Detroit, are among the abolitionist states. There is no evidence whatsoever that capital punishment is more of a deterrent to murder than is imprisonment. Since the only possible justification for hanging would be that it stopped people murdering each other,

there is really no more to be said. There is no need to dwell on the danger that an innocent man may be hanged—a probably innocent man was hanged in 1950."

Liberal Opinion

The *News Chronicle*, in an editorial, stated:

"This sort of justice has had its day. Other, wiser countries have long since abolished the legal killing of murderers—and have done so without any consequent increase in violent crime.

Public opinion in Britain may not as yet be ready to accept this view. But the House of Commons debate last February showed the deep concern with which people regard the continuation of this outmoded philosophy of an "eye for an eye".

The case for an experimental suspension of the death penalty is stronger than ever before."

The *Observer* wrote:

"It is sometimes suggested that execution should be carried out with less publicity than at present: "ghoulish" scenes outside prison doors are deplored. Perhaps the opposite is the case; perhaps the community, through its chosen representatives and through typical citizens, should be made more fully conscious of what underlies its communal acts of vengeance.

If executions were not supervised by salaried officials, as at present, but by a party of responsible citizens, chosen as is a jury, the community would be accepting responsibility for its acts more directly than it does at present. If the Home Secretary had to be present, he would know what he was asking other people to do. Nor does the community's responsibility end there. Consider the task of explaining to the late Mrs. Ruth Ellis's eleven-year-old son, now at a boarding school, what has happened. This boy, who is also fatherless, has had something done to him that is so brutal it is difficult to imagine. We should realise that it is we who have done it."

Lunch Time Musings Bare Feet and Communism

WHILE sitting and reading a book one lunch time, I removed my shoes, and as I wasn't wearing any socks, my white feet contrasted rather vividly against the dark shade of the overalls which covered the rest of me.

This was much to the amusement of the office girls. Walking by me as I sat, they offered titters of laughter or wry smiles. One or two of the workmen meandering by used the usual gesture of holding their noses with thumb and forefinger, giving an impression solely for the purposes of a joke.

But the climax of this story (if a story must have a climax), was the approach of a middle-aged spinster who stopped in front of me belabouring my toes with a concentrated stare that lasted almost half a page of reading. And as her presence left me unmoved and my toes undamaged by her look, she folded her arms in front of me and said, "Young man! It's not nice." "Not nice? Not nice for whom, lady?" I asked. "Well it's just not nice," she replied. I was rather taken aback for a while but recovered sufficiently to say "I don't agree, it's actually nice for me and certainly

nice for my toes, besides how does it affect you anyway?"

"It's disrespectful," she said, "to the people who walk by to show your naked feet."

Now the word 'naked' gave me the clue. Not that one needed to be a great detective to see her unconscious reasoning.

So I said, "Lady if my toes offend you why don't you just walk on? Or buy a pair of blinkers if you have to pass by to-morrow."

"You're being impertinent, young man. That's the trouble with this modern generation—no respect for their elders and no regard for proper manners."

I was just in the process of telling her to move on, when I noticed the book she held in her hand, Emily Post on *Etiquette*. Somehow for a reason I haven't fathomed, the book provoked my interest so I said quite suddenly—or perhaps it was to get off the subject—"If you lend me your book I'll lend you mine." This sudden statement did distract her from my toes. She took my book gingerly, somehow sensing it to be a little out of the ordinary for her, gave a furtive glance at the title and almost flung it back at me as if propelled by a powerful reflex, as if she had touched something red hot. "Well that explains it," she exploded with a face that registered a well-mixed cocktail of surprise and anxiety. "You're a Communist."

For a moment the relationship between my bare toes and Communism escaped me and the title of the book didn't even indicate my political affiliations to any degree. I couldn't help laughing when I remembered that somewhere I had read that irrational ideas were usually held in bunches by people, or perhaps somewhere in the dialectical realm bare toes and Communism do create that famous 'synthesis'.

"If you must know, lady, I'm an Anarchist," I said, half expecting to frighten her. My success was complete, especially when I added that I threw bombs every half hour. This last bit produced a hurried withdrawal with a parting remark, "That's what the Labour Government did to this country."

You may well ask what I was reading, so just to make this picture clearer, I'll tell you that it was *The Sexual Revolution*. S.F.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

The Responsibility of the Scientist

DEAR COMRADES,

I should like to comment on a few topics which have arisen in FREEDOM recently.

1. The Responsibility of the Scientist.

First we must distinguish between the "pure" scientist and the applied scientist. In general, criteria of morality cannot be applied to pure science, but only to its applications. Thus the discovery of fire (or atomic energy), can be used constructively or destructively. If a discovery is put to wrong uses by a group of people (i.e. a government), it is unjust for the community to blame the discoverer rather than those who misapplied their work. On the other hand, a "pure" scientist may realise that his fundamental research will very probably be misapplied by the people who are employing him. If he is at all interested in his work and thinks it should be done, he finds himself in a first-class moral dilemma, which is, to some extent unresolvable. After all, if the probability of misapplication were sufficient to prevent new ideas being communicated we would have no ideas at all, since man's ingenuity in misapplication is surpassed only by his ingenuity in right application.

To some extent the moral position of the applied scientist is somewhat clearer, since he generally knows what sort of project he is engaged in, i.e. nuclear explosives or nuclear fuel. But, of course, there is a shading between the two extreme positions, and the final judgment must rest with the individual himself.

This may shed some light on the comments made in the FREEDOM editorial on Dr. Bronowski's statement, where some misunderstanding seemed to be involved.

2. War and the H-Bomb.

I do not agree that if another world war broke out H-bombs (or any other atomic weapons) would certainly be used. It is very probable (but how can one estimate the probability?) but not 100 per cent. certain. Thus we are not confronted by two alternatives: no war, or no human race. I agree that another war will probably involve atomic weapons, and that this could quite possibly mean the end of the human race. Incidentally, it has always seemed to me that there is much more argument for the manufacture of atomic weapons than for the maintenance of a standing army. The lack of the latter may invite occupation by a foreign army, but lack of the latter may invite obliteration.

3. Commercial TV and Nationalisation.

Was the writer of the article on this subject really suggesting that a person who does not approve of nationalisation

should not accept a post with a nationalised industry? Why not go a step further and declare that anarchists should not accept posts involving wage payments, since we object to any wages system, be it nationalisation or commercialisation. Quite right, too, but rather difficult in practice. We should keep our hands clean, but perhaps the only way to keep them spotlessly clean is to do nothing with them.

4. Voting.

To my mind, refusal to vote (as opposed to not-voting), is a symptom of

one's attitude rather than being "useful" in any way. I have often been told that being against government and not voting is a negative attitude. It is of course. If some soldiers were ordered to shoot helpless captives, and one refused, his would be a negative attitude, while the corresponding positive attitude would not be very praiseworthy. In the same way, one may refuse to vote in order not to support immoral acts, such as the wholesale massacre of Kikuyu.

5. Bhoodan.

"A Village Exhortation" was inspiring to read. Narayan seems to know more about anarchism than we do, almost. Swansea, July 18. H. R. LEWIS.

Social Psychology

DEAR SIR,

One of the few criticisms which can be levelled at the contents of FREEDOM is that certain contributors write in the name of science when they have no real claim to do so. Too often a lengthy expression of personal opinion is presented as a contribution to philosophy or sociology.

Last week's article by R.C. entitled "An Idealistic Approach to Psychotherapy" is a case in point. Previous articles in this controversy, although sometimes unfair, have had the merit of using evidence to convince. On the other hand R.C. has made no contribution at all; what is said has little to do with social psychology, which is after all a scientific discipline, and can be distinguished from morbid philosophy which is all we get here. We can scarcely accept the statement that we are "a nation of walking corpses" as a cold fact. Whatever the article is, it is not psychology.

Freud is quoted once and completely misunderstood. The death instinct is primarily an individual phenomenon which could exist quite independently of organized society. It is a cause, not an effect, of social abnormalities. The idea of it as a creation of wage slavery would be laughable were it not for the fact that this kind of thing always happens when the inexperienced try to "use" Freud.

If somebody wants to make an anarchist contribution to social psychology he will have to attack the strong force that binds the individual to the social system. He will find it necessary to argue away such things as the desire to conform, the acceptance of leadership and the existence of "stereotyping" and prejudice.

In any case learned scientists have not yet agreed how far environment affects an individual. "An Idealistic Approach

to Psychotherapy" merely obscures the issue. Bordon, Hants, July 18. P. J. HITCH.

Taxes or Land Rent?

WOULD Jeffre Stewart, R.M. and H.P. approve of the following as being suitable for Anarchist propaganda, viz., to abolish all taxation, and collect the Land Rent, to be used for all public purposes? Personally I consider all taxation as legalised robbery, as long as certain persons are allowed to claim the Land as their personal property. The Earth I hold, is the Birthright of all Mankind; and in my view should be the first plank in Anarchist propaganda.

It has been truly said private property in Land, differs from slavery only in its form, which is that of making property of the indispensable natural factor of production, while slavery makes property of the human factor; and it has the same purpose and effect, that of compelling some men to work for others. It is not necessary to take the land; it is only the rent for the use of the State.

Herbert Spencer, in his first book *Social Statics*, published over a hundred years ago in 1850, says: "Given a race of beings, having like claim, to pursue the objects of their desires, given a world adapted to the gratification of those desires—a world into which such beings are similarly born, and it unavoidably follows that they have equal rights to the use of the world. Equity therefore does not permit private property in land. The right of mankind at large to the earth's surface is still valid; all deeds, customs and laws notwithstanding. The equal right to the use of land, belongs to each man as man."

True, Land Nationalization is a fine, sound phrase, we hear about from a certain class of Reformers to-day, but it has no real significance, as all land is vested in the Crown, who represents the people.

Portsoy, July 18. A. W. J. MCHATTIE.

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)

INFORMAL DISCUSSIONS
Every Thursday at 8.15.

OPEN AIR MEETINGS

Weather Permitting
HYDE PARK
Sundays at 3.30 p.m.
MANETTE STREET
(Charing X Road)
Saturdays at 5.30 p.m.

GLASGOW

OUTDOORS
At Maxwell Street
Every Sunday at 7.30 p.m.

The Malatesta Club

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at 8.15 p.m.
Lecture-Discussions Every Sunday
at 7.45 p.m.
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