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Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"Obedient subjects are more desirable than enlightened citizens."

—Emperor Francis I of Austria

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Threepence

EXECUTION NOTICES GO

A SOP TO HYPOCRISY

THE decision of the Home Secretary to end the posting of notices outside prisons to announce that an execution has successfully taken place is a minor and insignificant adjustment of ritual practice taken more in the interests of public order than as a progressive step towards abolition.

Whenever a sensational murder case comes to its grisly conclusion, numbers of people gather outside the prison where the execution takes place. They include a number sincerely concerned with the principles involved in the death penalty, but undoubtedly the greater proportion of the crowd are morbidly curious, those seeking the sensation and excitement of being as near the scene of execution as the public are allowed and of being there to see the notice go up as soon as the deed is done.

When Ruth Ellis was hanged at Holloway a crowd of more than 200 people gathered outside the gate and what a Member of Parliament has described as 'ghoulish scenes' took place when the hanging notice was nailed up outside. Clearly there is a tension and something approaching mass-hysteria engendered at these times and Mr. Montgomery Hyde, M.P. said in the House of Commons last week: 'Jail-gate scenes, which occur with nauseating regularity, are a positive disgrace to our civilisation. Wouldn't the best way to prevent them be to abolish the death penalty altogether?'

This solution is clearly too radical for our cagey Home Secretary, Mr. Lloyd George. He, it may be remembered, expressed opposition to hanging when he was in no position to do anything about it, but now that he is Home Secretary and could do something, not only does he not abolish or suspend hanging, he is too fearful even to relieve condemned persons when public opinion would favour it.

He has, however, thrown a sop to the vocal opposition, by announcing that hanging notices will no longer be posted up. This decision, we may be sure, has been taken in order to put an end to situations outside prisons which may get out of hand. The 'ghoulish scenes' may so easily turn into nasty riots. Policemen might get hurt. One of these days there might even be an attack on a prison. Better to play safe and take away the focal point, the climax of the drama for those who wait outside.

Hypocrisy

This means in fact that the public are removed one more step away from the foul deed which is their responsibility. The trend which began with the ending of public executions goes on. Retribution and vengeance must take their course, but let the final payment be extorted decently hidden away from the public gaze. Soon, perhaps, the time of the execution will not be announced and the public will be kept in ignorance of when its justice is being carried out. Thus we shall be made even more irresponsible for what is done in our name.

Thus the whole hypocrisy of British justice stands condemned. If we want executions—let's have them for all to see. Let justice not only be done, but be seen to be done, as the lawyers demand.

And if we don't want executions—let's abolish them. Let it be one or the other, clean and honest.

But do not let us have this hole-and-corner justice, as though we are half pretending that it really doesn't take place. As if we are ashamed of what is done in our name.

It is no use shutting the public out of all contact or part of execution, but still talking about public responsibility. Hanging of a member of our community is our responsibility. Every person who wants it to continue should be prepared to carry out the execution himself—or at the very least be present to see it properly done. If he is not so prepared, then he is a hypocrite, buying off his conscience with a cheap £10 to the public executioner—our hired killer.

And if we don't want it to continue—with or without our knowledge or participation—let us raise our voice against it to hurry the abolition of this barbaric practice.

How to Get Your Ticket

AN ex-sailor of our acquaintance has never ceased to be amazed at the tenacity with which the Royal Navy clung to him during his period of service. Being a modest fellow he can't quite accept the theory that the Senior Service liked him so well that it could not bear the thought of losing him, and we must admit that his modesty has some foundation in view of the hard work he put in to try and make himself thoroughly unpopular.

Our friend went as far as throwing officers overboard in his attempts to convince them that he thought it was time for a judicial separation. But the Navy is a covetous spouse and would not let him go just for little things like that.

He is therefore justifiably indignant after reading last week's news item about the Rating Who Socked The Admiral. Able Seaman James McNiven McSporrán (what a wonderful name!) joined the Navy as a 16-year-old boy in 1952. He signed on for 12 years—which is the sort of thing a 16-year-old boy with no service experience can be excused for doing, but it seems that after all, three years is enough.

Anyway young McSporrán—still only 19—has achieved something which many older, tougher sailors have only been able to dream about. He has socked An Admiral.

It happened on a burning hot day in July, after McSporrán had been on watch most of the previous night. Instead of

having the usual 24-hour spell off duty, he was ordered to parade for an Admiral's inspection. This was too much for the boy and at the first opportunity he lowered the boom and weighed in with the old one-two.

And he didn't waste time with Petty Officers, Middies or even his own Captain. He went right to the fountain-head of authority and Socked The Admiral. The result was a justification of the Anarchist argument that those in authority have no power save that which is given them by others. For the Admiral, for all his rank, his experience, his fruit salad, and for all the awe in which he is normally held, was no match for this 19-year-old rating. The Admiral hit the deck.

Then the power that others give him came into operation. McSporrán was whipped off to the cooler and eventually came before a Court Martial at Devonport. There, he was given a very good reference, his character and record in the Service was stated as 'very good', he had been a 'willing worker with plenty of common sense' and the only possible reason for his incomprehensible action was overstrain and the heat of the day. McSporrán's defending officer declared that the lad apologised to the Admiral and wished to assure the court that there was nothing personal in his action at all. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and dismissed the Service.

It would appear then that getting out of the Navy is very similar to getting a divorce. You will never get a divorce if the Judge thinks you both want it, and you will never get your ticket from the Services if they think you want it.

Our ex-sailor friend made his feelings too obvious. After all, going around throwing officers overboard is a pretty broad hint and authority is not so dumb as not to notice that. And naturally you can't give a man his ticket for that sort of behaviour or very shortly officers will be flying overboard in all directions.

No, McSporrán's record was just right for the Navy to be able to get rid of him. To all intents and purposes he was a willing, loyal, hard-working, keen and conscientious serving-man. Unfortunately, however, the poor chap could not stand the strain the Senior Service puts upon those privileged to serve in it.

And so, with great sorrow, the Royal Navy discharged Able Seaman James McNiven McSporrán. It was reported that he was smiling as he marched away to start his two years' imprisonment. Allowing for remission he'll do one year four months.

Had he not Socked The Admiral he would have had eleven years still to do.

preached the benefits of an hierarchical system.

The difference in religious belief proved to be another point of conflict. The powerful Christian missions, until the founding of the Kikuyu Independent Schools Association, controlled virtually all the primary schools which were open to Africans. However, in 1929 the Churches decided that they would not accept circumcised girls as pupils. Since female circumcision is an ancient Kikuyu custom this aroused much opposition and led to the founding, by Jomo Kenyatta and others, of the KISA. Kenyatta had great difficulty in persuading the government to allow an organisation which aimed at providing secular education for the Kikuyu; permission was eventually granted on the understanding that the government would give no aid in the training of teachers, building of schools, etc. In spite of these handicaps the movement

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Reflections on Mau Mau The Elephants and the Hyenas

The elephants once went to take salt, but one cow-elephant became ill and could not return with the rest. Now the others saw a hyena's hole and they confided the sick elephant to his care, telling him to look after her till she was better.

But the hyena betrayed his trust, for when a baby was presently born he thought it looked so good that he ate it.

So when her friends came back the mamma elephant told them what the hyena had done to her child, and they were very angry, but they said nothing, only told the hyenas that presently the

elephants were going to have a big dance, and invited the hyenas to come and see it. And one hyena went home and consulted his wife as to whether he should go, and she said "Yes, go certainly, for there will be much food." Now when the day came the elephants danced and the hyenas looked on... then the elephants gathered up and began to fight the hyenas and the hyenas fought the elephants, till the hyenas were all dead, and the elephants lay down exhausted and went to sleep.

But just one of the hyenas escaped, the hyena who had consulted his wife, and he went home and beat her most sorely because she had advised him to go, saying that there would be much food. Then being much beaten, she ran away, and took refuge with the elephants, but they said "You are no friend of ours", so she had to go back again to her husband and he beat her again, and that is the end.

A Kikuyu story told to W. C. Routledge, author of *With a Prehistoric People—The Akikuyu of British East Africa* (Arnold, 1910).

THE White-elephants and Kikuyu-hyenas have been in a state of conflict, actual or potential, for many years. A conflict exacerbated by the wife-hyena or "loyal" Kikuyu—usually a government-imposed Chief—who has advised his fellow-Kikuyu to join in the Whites'

dance. The mediatory rôle played by such influential Africans, while apparently leading to better relations between the races, has often only served to intensify the conflict by skating over the real problems. They are naturally a target for the violence of Mau Mau and are equally suspect to Europeans (who have discovered to their cost that many apparently "loyal" servants are nothing of the sort). The basic struggle is between black and white, the colonisers and the colonised. One must say "basic" because some actions of Mau Mau have done nothing to lessen White supremacy but have in fact done the opposite.

The savagery with which fellow-Kikuyu have been attacked has often exceeded that used against Europeans. In this connexion it is instructive to note the comparative (official) figures for Mau Mau killings: from the start of the Emergency until 25/9/54—1,234 African civilians, 25 Europeans, 18 Asians.

The evidence about Mau Mau, apart from details of atrocities committed, is very scanty, but at the risk of stating the obvious it is clear that the movement is anti-European, nationalist and relies on the strong belief in the supernatural of its adherents for much of its power.

The proscribed Kikuyu Central Association and Kenya African Union, political organisations on the Western model, both agitated for a Kenya where the African is dominant and supplied much of the incentive for the nationalism of Mau Mau. Why then has so much of Mau Mau's terrorism been directed against Africans? Are these attacks solely against those who are pro-government? The evidence (again admittedly scanty and usually slanted) suggests otherwise.

In order to throw some light on this problem let us examine the circumstances in which Mau Mau originated.

ORIGINS OF MAU MAU

The culture which the white man brought to Kenya differed in almost every respect from those of the indigenous African societies. The Kikuyu (from whom Mau Mau has come) have no chiefs, they are organised in small kinship groups; the White government imposed Chiefs on them—who became in effect government servants—and

Our Betters

MISS MANUELA COATS had a large grey, green and red cockatoo perched on her wrist when she received 50 dinner guests before the coming-out ball she shared with Miss Celina Hervey-Bathurst in Knightsbridge last night.

"Don't be frightened, he's quite tame," she told Prince Alexander Romanoff, after the bird had bitten him twice through his sleeve and drawn blood.

Miss Coats perched the cockatoo on the shoulder of her 11-year-old brother, attending his first grown-up party. The cockatoo bit her ear.

"It only likes me," said Miss Coats. It bit her hand.

She then hustled the cockatoo out. On the way it bit Daphne du Maurier's younger daughter, Flavia Browning and Mr. William Ropner.

A STEW
The Coats family is vegetarian. Dinner consisted of steaming dishes of macaroni au gratin, a salad bowl three feet across, platters piled with raspberries, big kitchen jugs of cream.

There was meat and vegetable stew for the non-vegetarians.

The house was decorated with big bowls of fruit, bunches of grapes and wild flowers.

When the dance began the crash and tinkle of broken glass was constantly heard. A woman of the catering staff bustled round with dustpan and brush.

"It's more like the Chelsea Arts than a society to-do," she said.

HIGH HEELS
"It's the debutantes practising for Dublin horse-show week," one of the guests told her.

Mr. Colin Tennant danced with his sister Emma, and asked: "Why wear high heels? They make you taller than I am."

Mrs. Gerald Legge was there, wearing a green crinoline, trimmed with tiers of orange blossom and miniature oranges.

Miss Veronica Gascoigne turned that rather solemn reel The Dashing White Sergeant into a mass jiving session.

Two men seized the chair on which Lord Howard de Walden's daughter Miss Susan Scott-Ellis was sitting eating supper. They ran with her out of the dining-room, up the stairs and through the crowded ballroom.

People found the deep stair-well of the house irresistible as a bombing range for plums, grapes, oranges, with fellow-guests walking below as their targets.

There was a novel milk-cum-fruit juice bar. By the end of the evening it was a haven for a listless and bedraggled cockatoo.

"He looks tired," said the guests, as the bird dropped off his perch beside his master, the barman.

"It's all that champagne they insisted on giving him," said the cockatoo's owner.

The dance—one of the last big affairs of the season—ended with Miss Coats, her flower-bedecked coiffure slightly awry, singing Wish Me Luck As You Wave Me Goodbye to a guitar accompaniment.

—Report by the Evening Standard Night Reporting Corps, 21/7/55.

Our sympathies are with the cockatoo entirely!

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT! WEEK 30

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THE WRONG END OF THE TELESCOPE

HERETICS AND RENEGADES
by Isaac Deutscher. Hamish
Hamilton, 15/-.

THE THAW by Ilya Ehrenburg.
Harvill, 10/6.

ONE of the more controversial pieces in Isaac Deutscher's new book of collected essays, *Heretics and Renegades*, deals with George Orwell and describes his attitude in 1984 as being based on a "jump from workaday, rationalistic common sense to the mysticism of ecstasy." For Deutscher, "1984 is in effect not so much a warning as a piercing shriek announcing the advent of the Black Millennium, the Millennium of damnation."

It should be noted that Deutscher does not make these statements as an openly prejudiced opponent of Orwell. Although a declared Marxist in terms of historical interpretation, he is a critical observer of Stalinism, and he does not bring out the customary party-line denunciation that Orwell is a reactionary; on the contrary, he recognises completely the reality of Orwell's radical ideals, but contends that they have little logical connection with the extremity of pessimism revealed in 1984. To him the party which governs the England of 1984 is an organisation that has no relationship to the present social reality or to Orwell's own experiences. "It is a phantom-like emanation of all that is foul in human nature. It is the metaphysical, mad and triumphant, Ghost of Evil."

From the literary point of view it would be possible to bring a number of arguments against Deutscher. For instance, if one regards 1984 as at least partly satire, one can contend that the function of the satirist is not to show the results of a particular social philosophy in all the confusion of actuality, with its miti-

gating and modifying circumstances, but rather to isolate its basic tendencies and reveal them cruelly and clearly for the reader to judge. From this standpoint, it is reasonable to suggest that in our present world no ordinary warning in measured and logical terms is likely to be heard; that the "piercing shriek" of the social prophet is all that will awaken humanity to the dangers that may lie about its future.

At the same time, it is impossible to disagree with Deutscher's contention that the very pessimism of 1984 has allowed it to be used, in order to serve their own ends, by many people who do not share Orwell's ideals and that in this way it has contributed unintentionally to the negative forces of fear and irrational hatred which are at large in the world to-day. "The shriek, amplified by all the 'mass-media' of our time, has frightened millions of people," says Deutscher. "But it has not helped them to see more clearly the issues with which the world is grappling; it has not advanced their understanding. It has only increased and intensified the waves of panic and hate that run through the world and obfuscate innocent minds. 1984 has taught millions to look at the conflict between East and West in terms of black and white, and it has shown them a monster bogey and a monster scapegoat of all the ills that plague mankind."

All this is partly true, but it is also grossly exaggerated. It is, for instance, ridiculous to give one book such importance at a time when propaganda is being poured into the world's "innocent minds" from every side and by every means of communication. These "innocent minds" are "obfuscated" by a book like 1984 because they fit it into a pattern for which Orwell never meant it and because they are totally unaware of the libertarian premises from which Orwell began. I have encountered hundreds of people, particularly among University students, who have known Orwell only as the author of 1984 and have been astonished, because of the way in which this one book has been misinterpreted to them, to learn of Orwell's career as a radical. Indeed, the fate of 1984 actually points up some of the dangers which Orwell indicated therein, for it is bitterly ironic to see the very book that exposes *doublethinking* being used for their own purposes by conservative double-thinkers who choose to ignore completely the libertarian side of Orwell's philosophy, through which alone his final novel can be completely understood.

1984, of course, differs from Orwell's other books in being an apocalyptic statement, a statement in terms of nightmare symbolism of all the evil its author saw in the world of the future. And, just as in a nightmare one is powerless against the relentless pursuer, against the smothering incubus, so the human beings in 1984 are powerless against the Party which fulfils the rôle of the nightmare monster. But in waking life human beings are rarely quite so lacking in the powers of resistance or evasion as they are in nightmares, and in the same way a literal acceptance of 1984 would lead one to an unrealistically pessimistic view of humanity's power to resist or to circumvent organised tyranny; this much we can grant to Mr. Deutscher. Yet no psychologist worth his notebook would suggest that nightmare fears are meaningless; always they indicate some unbalanced condition in the mind of the dreamer. Similarly, Orwell's apocalyptic cry, like the cries of Jeremiahs in other ages, is inspired by a real condition of danger within present society, and only the socially and personally irresponsible would dismiss it merely because its prophecies are unlikely to come true in literal terms or because it will scare those "innocent minds" of which Mr. Deutscher is so solicitous, those suicidally "innocent minds" already so overloaded with the propaganda

of one demagoguery or another that they have lost temporarily the power to interpret anything except in terms of prejudice.

I have devoted so much time to this single essay, among so many in *Heretics and Renegades*, because I think the kind of criticism Deutscher puts forward here illustrates both the merits and demerits of the attitude he displays throughout his book. The attitude is a well-typed and clearly recognisable one—that of the Olympian Historian who looks at our little era through the perspective of the ages and tells us that in terms of millenia there is nothing to worry about. Since his interests are directed mostly towards Russia, this historianship is expressed mainly in terms of Stalinism and its rivals. Its positive aspect is its implicit tolerance, and from his position Deutscher is able to deliver an able criticism of such writers as James Burnham, who in some respects have become little more than Communists-turned-inside-out, and a sound plea for the intellectual to refuse to identify himself with any "established Cause". But Deutscher's attitude can be compensatingly exasperating and, I would contend, false, when he expresses his Olympianism in the kind of analysis of the Russian situation which sees it in politico-economic terms that are always suspiciously optimistic and which belittles the basic ele-

ments of individual human life that underly any political situation. Perhaps, indeed, one of the reasons why Mr. Deutscher is so little impressed by Orwell's vision is that the concept of freedom as something meaningful in terms of human motivation seems to play about as small a part in his own social vision as it does in the *newspeak* language from which the word itself had been eliminated in the world of 1984. Balances between social power groups, and the interaction of economic forces—these are to Deutscher the realities of the human world, and his Olympian view paradoxically becomes narrow because he is not willing to see in every action and event of human society the influence of individual needs and aspirations that go beyond the merely political or economic. Caught in the cramping confines of his philosophy, he is a Galileo who looks grandly at the universe—through the wrong end of his telescope. And this is all the more unfortunate since he is not an unperceptive man, and shows many partial insights into Russia to-day that would be more valuable if they were fitted into a genuinely humanist viewpoint.

The last essay in Deutscher's volume is called "Post-Stalinist Ferment of Ideas," and it discusses a number of developments in Russian intellectual, literary and artistic life which have taken place since Stalin's death

and which, viewed superficially, might be regarded as evidence of a partial liberation. In particular, Deutscher draws attention to Ilya Ehrenburg's most recent novel, *The Thaw*, and to the storm in a samovar which it has provoked in Russian literary circles. These developments, Deutscher suggests, "demonstrate . . . that the society which is emerging from three decades of Stalinism has little resemblance to that of Orwell's 1984. Its creative impulses and longings have not been destroyed under the crushing pressure of thought control. Flattened and cramped, they are nevertheless throbbing and stirring."

Stirred to curiosity and expectation by Deutscher's remarks, I embarked on reading *The Thaw*, whose English translation was published at about the same time as *Heretics and Renegades*.

The "creative impulses and longings", the "throbbings and stirrings", demonstrated therein were singularly and pathetically unimpressive. Perhaps, indeed, *The Thaw* does not fit literally into the pattern of 1984, since it is demonstrably not written by an actual machine like the novels manufactured in the Ministry of Truth. At the same time, it is clearly written by a man whose brain has become almost incapable of working by any process far removed from the mechanical. It is true, indeed, that *The Thaw* does include the kind of guarded criticisms of regimented art and of the

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REFLECTIONS ON THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL - 2

III

THE second aspect of the International's activities worth noting is the controversy over reformism and 'revisionism'. In Germany and France especially, the Socialists were rapidly becoming mass parties. In theory their object was the destruction of the bourgeois State but in order to function as political parties they were forced to take part in the political system they were pledged to destroy. The difficulties inherent in this position provide one of the fundamental reasons why Anarchists have always objected to political action. In our day, the Socialists have found it possible to adopt this position while still remaining 'revolutionaries' (of a sort) but only by rejecting the liberal tradition and substituting for it a totalitarian policy. (They have not, of course, shown how it is possible to take part in political action and also achieve the class-less State-less society). The 19th century Marxists were not prepared to reject the liberal tradition which is predicated on the right to existence of an organized opposition. But within that tradition the difficulty of being both political and revolutionary becomes an impossibility.

In such a situation only two courses are possible. One can either reject revolutionary theory and become openly reformist or one can keep the revolutionary theory and become covertly reformist. In either case, one becomes reformist.

Social Democracy during the period of the Second International followed both these courses but with a preference for the latter. It was mainly individual Socialists who adopted the former course. Weary of the prospect of a future without the plums of political office, first Millerand and then Briand decided to accept Ministerial posts. In Germany, where the prospects of being invited to join the government were non-existent, a howl of indignation went up at this apostasy. But at the same time certain German theoreticians, led by Edward Bernstein, began to suggest the need for a revision of orthodox Marxism.

Bernstein, who had learnt much from the English Fabians, attacked some of Marx's general theories such as the labour theory of value and the economic interpretation of history, and maintained that Marx was wrong in his prediction about the future development and impending collapse of the capitalist order. The middle class was not being eliminated; there was no rigid division between classes; and it was false therefore to interpret the political situation solely in terms of the class struggle.

These criticisms were rebutted by the Pope of German Social Democracy, Karl Kautsky, in what Joll aptly describes as 'a doctrinal duel worthy of the early Church'. Bernstein was formally condemned by the German SPD; orthodox Marxism was vindicated; the party could still both talk of revolution and act reformist!

A letter to Bernstein from Ignaz Auer, a Bavarian Socialist, sums up the position admirably and expresses the authentic voice of Social Democracy. "Do you think it is really possible that a party which has a literature going back forty years, an organization going back forty years and a still older tradition, can change its direction like this in the twinkling of an eye? For the most influential members of the party to behave as you demand would simply mean splitting the party and throwing decades of work to the winds. My dear Ede, one doesn't formally decide to do what you ask, one doesn't say it, one does it. Our whole activity—even under the shameful anti-Socialist law—was the activity of a Social Democratic reforming party. A party which reckons with the masses simply cannot be anything else." (My italics).

IV

THE third and last aspect of the International's activities worth attention is of course its attempt to prevent the 1914-1918 War. All the world knows how the Socialists solemnly met at the Congress of Basle in November, 1912, to declare that worker would no longer fight against worker, that the proletariat would rise as one man if their national governments attempted to make war. And all the world knows how, less than two years later, they were busily voting the war credits demanded by their governments and urging the workers to resist aggression—by the other side. As Joll puts it, "while the French Socialists were voting war credits to resist the Germans, the German Social Democrats were voting to defend themselves against the Russians". It was a sorry spectacle—

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CINEMA

The Criminal Life of Archibaldo De La Cruz

THE basis of this film can be summarised with astonishing brevity. Archibaldo, as a result of the lack of love and interest which his mother shows towards him, and the treatment which he receives from his governess, finds his sexual desires turned into an obsessive wish to cut the throats of women who attract him. However, each time he makes plans to do this, something intervenes to prevent the realisation even of his substituted impulses.

Despite the Sunday press, the existence of sexual murderers is not, in itself, a serious sociological problem, but mass frustration and unhappiness is. A film director who wishes to expose the latter problem has only ninety minutes of his audience's time at his disposal, and the method of approach adopted by Señor Buñuel is to portray the acute case instead of the chronic one, but at the same time trying to show the reflexion of one in the other.

The single scene with the mother did not seem quite enough to convey the generation of a complex which was to produce such violent results, although to spend more time on this might have held up the tempo of the film. The death of the governess, killed by a stray bullet during the Mexican revolution, and its association with a musical box given to Archibaldo by his mother, were however, presented in their full significance.

Quite rightly, the conflict within Archibaldo's mind is made the focal point of the film, to such an extent that the tragic deaths of three women appear to be mere trivialities. He is torn between a deeply felt need to find normal expressions of love, and attain happiness through them, and the periodic desires

to give full rein to his impulses, however terrible they may be. This is taken to excruciating lengths on several occasions, for instance once when his plan to murder a girl is frustrated and he has to be content with burning a wax model of her, and once when a sequence of the film is presented as reality, and then suddenly—Archibaldo is shown waking from a fantasy. One of the important features of the film, which quietly obtrudes itself, is the way in which the one thing which could have saved him, his love for Carlotta, is denied because of her obligations to convention and the possessiveness of her would-be husband. Society, having created all the havoc, does its best to prevent the victims from finding their own satisfactory solutions.

Most of the human situations arising from frustrated love end neither in happy solutions nor in violent tragedy, but just in long-term unhappiness, and the presentation of this fact must have been the most difficult problem of the film. In the final scenes, it returns from the tense atmosphere of death and frustration, when after having failed four times to commit murder, the unsuccessful criminal leaves the police station with the official's kind words in his ears, meets one of his potential victims, and walks off with her, conveying the impression "They all lived (partially) happily ever after".

Technically, the film succeeds completely in its portrayal of the tragic content. The humorous interludes sometimes seemed to reduce the tension at the wrong moment, but this is purely a matter of taste. The last few minutes, described above, do seem superficially rather banal, but on reflexion can be seen to fit into the structure as a whole.

P.H.

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LONDON, W.C.1

APPROACH TO THE LIBERTARIAN APPROACH

THAT which distinguishes the anarchist press from its authoritarian (political or religious) contemporaries is a basic difference of approach to the rôle of the people as a whole in society. The authoritarians (and all political or religious theories or creeds which believe in élites, governments, centralised authority, the rule of the majority or the minority, in infallible Popes or inspired leaders are, to a lesser or greater degree, authoritarian) look to the written and spoken word as a means for moulding opinion to their particular ends in the struggle for power. In this respect the Bevanites' *Tribune* is indistinguishable from Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*. Political propaganda is as much an attempt at conditioning as is the advertising of the soap that washes pure white or of the margarine that is really butter in disguise! Anarchists and Libertarians, on the other hand, base their ideas on propaganda in the belief that, given an equal opportunity to express their social and political views, reason will ultimately prevail, as a result of which, changes will take place in the social structure in a libertarian direction. That a journal such as *FREEDOM* carries the sub-title "The Anarchist Weekly" far from being a conflict between *theory* and *practice* is simply a recognition of the fact that the millionaire Press as well as the periodical press of this country are virtually closed to ideas which do not conform to their fundamental concepts of government, whether of, for or by, the people. Indeed it is significant that there is less unwillingness to occasionally voice anarchist "eccentricities" in the capitalist press than in the so-called progressive journals.*

Faced with such a bombardment of authoritarian ideas it is not surprising that our journal should not be an open forum; ours is but a squeak compared with the daily blasts of authority and conformism that pour out from the presses of Fleet Street and Manchester. Nevertheless this situation does not make us lose our reason, nor close our eyes to the world in which we live and work. The free society to which we aspire will be born out of this society, and not from the discoveries with which science now threatens us from its projected excursions into outer space. It is on Man's behaviour in existing society that we must base our appraisal as to the possibilities of a New Society based on voluntary co-operation and social equality.

SUCH an approach has motivated a number of contributions to our Editorial columns. One in particular, "As Ye Sow . . ." (*FREEDOM* 23/4/55), which attempted to analyse the motives behind anti-tax movements such as that of Pierre Poujade in France, has resulted in a certain amount of indignant criticism from declared anarchists in

*For instance, in the past twenty years though a considerable number of *FREEDOM* PRESS publications have been reviewed in, say *The Times Literary Supplement*, not a single review has appeared in *The New Statesman & Nation* and only one or two in the *Tribune*. The *Socialist Leader* is an honourable exception—but then, who really believes that the I.L.P. has any chance of being a factor in the struggle for political power? Again, in the election period, compare the "independence" of the contributed articles to the *News Chronicle* with the rigidity of the Conservative and Labour press. This too may be explained by the frustration of the forgotten army of liberals kicking against the electoral machine which denies them their place in the machine of government.

whose eyes—to quote 'A.M.' whose letter appears elsewhere in this issue—we are merely "O.H.M.S." and "neo-" "anarchists". Our correspondent may be right; we have never, however, pretended to represent any point of view other than our own, however much we have attempted to make *FREEDOM* as a whole representative of a trend in thought and action which, by its diversity, distinguishes anarchism from all other "isms". (It is, in our opinion, the "diversity" in anarchism that makes it a *human* philosophy which will survive as a deep influence in society long after Marxism, because of its rigid, and in many ways, inhuman approach, will have been relegated to the history books).

We do not agree with A.M., and those whose criticisms are along similar lines, because they seem to us to be more concerned with the political struggle, as such, than with the ends to which such a struggle should lead. They betray a contempt for the feelings of the ordinary human being no less than any professional politician or party boss. Their social philosophy, we feel, is that of "all or nothing", that the worse the conditions in which people live the greater the chances are of the "revolution" succeeding. It is not an original approach to the social problem, but we find ourselves on the side of such "neo-anarchists" as Kropotkin and Malatesta in believing the contrary. That in spite of the apparent set-backs, the social paralysis created by an age of refrigerators, T.V. and "free" Health Services, the opportunities that result therefrom are far greater than if the vast majority of the people were sick and undernourished. Choice and reason are luxuries starving people cannot afford (have we not enough evidence of that?) And if, as we anarchists claim, the free society will not come about by a *coup d'état* but because a very large number of people desire it and work to achieve it, the ground in which such ideas can grow is among the very workers who to-day are apparently turning their backs on social ideas as they bask in the Indian summer of a Welfare State, full-employment, and apparent economic security.

Only a revolutionary blinkered by his own dogmatism could deny that the lot of the mass of people in this country has not immeasurably improved over the past fifty years; or that the relationship between employer and employee has not changed; or that the class structure of society has not been considerably modified. Yet with all that the fundamental problems which divide society and against which we have to struggle remain. That has been our position whenever we have attempted to examine objectively certain developments within the framework of existing society. And where we have enjoyed the goodwill of our comrades and readers our objectivity has been appreciated as an attempt to understand trends and not as a sign of creeping reformism or "O.H.M.S. anarchism".

THE five questions A.M. puts to us "neo-anarchists" are forceful and "clever" . . . but that is all. Money will in all probability cease to play an important part in a free society, but to-day it plays a major rôle in the organisation of society, in conditioning behaviour and human relations, as well as in determining the methods of production and in productivity itself. Money is the social backbone as well as "the root of all evil". It is accepted as such by the vast majority of the people and for us to refuse to recognise this fact—whether we find it acceptable or not is quite another matter—must condemn us to complete sterility in discussion and isolate us from the people whom we wish to influence.

However unprincipled we may think all politicians are and will always be whether they are conservative, labour or "revolutionary" we are nevertheless interested in the

COAL

BEFORE the Labour victory of 1945, Mr. Aneurin Bevan made one of his memorable wisecracks against the Tory Government, which was at the time facing a shortage of coal and fish among practically everything else except armaments.

Bevan said that since Britain was built upon coal and surrounded by fish, it must take as organising genius to produce a shortage of both at the same time.

His merry laugh died on his lips, however, only a short time afterwards, when a few inches of snow hanging around for a few weeks presented the Labour Government with a fuel crisis that very nearly brought the country to a standstill.

During the course of his own party's post-war term of office, ex-miner Bevan probably learned a lot of hard facts about coal production which his years as a politician had led him to ignore, and similarly, when the Tories came back to office in 1951, they quickly stopped their jibes about the inefficiency of the Coal Board, faced with the task of running it themselves.

The unpleasant truth is that coal is getting harder and harder to get out of Britain's mines, and far from anything being done to bring down its price, it is inevitable that, year by year, the increasing difficulty of getting it to the surface will push the cost up more and more.

Expanding Production

Britain's mines are old. The use of coal in this country goes back more than 700 years, although the first real expansion in its use and the trade in it dates from the end of the 16th century. The expansion was rapid (on the Tyne, for example, production doubled from 100,000 to 200,000 tons annually between 1529 and 1609) and a contributory factor in the demand was the shortage of timber which was then beginning to be felt after centuries of cutting down trees for burning. (In the century from 1550 to 1650 the price of firewood rose to eight times its original price—a rise three times more than any other commodity).

But it was of course during the industrial expansion of the 19th century that the underground wealth of Britain began to be fully exploited. At the end of the 18th century, 10 million tons a year were being brought to the surface, but by the end of the 19th century the figure was nearly 240 million tons—a 24-fold increase.

The years immediately preceding the first World War saw the peak of coal production in this country. In 1910 the tremendous tonnage was 264 million. Upon this was the industrial power of

moral codes which determine the behaviour of the governed, for they are, to our minds, a pointer to the ripeness or unpreparedness of a people for social change. The man who has recourse to the Law in order to further his personal interests but who seeks to dodge it when it may operate against him; the man who believes in government but resorts to subterfuges when that government makes demands on his pocket or his person . . . such people may be clever, cunning and resourceful, but also unprincipled, deceitful and never revolutionary. As to the tax-evaders—the subject out of which the present controversy has arisen—we are convinced that the resistance movement championed by A.M. *et alia* is less concerned with the principle of taxation or the rights of the State to collect taxes and much more with money as an end in itself. (Is there not something to be deduced from the fact that those who shout loudest against the iniquity of the State to levy taxes—or stop shouting and form themselves into a Limited Company—are generally in the Surtax class?)

The free society depends for its success not only on a clearing away of prejudices, taboos and a radical transformation in our thinking, but a deep feeling of trust, social responsibility and mutual aid as well. When there are so many evils in our society which need to be exposed, and so many fundamental injustices to be righted, why should revolutionaries spend their time attacking those institutions such as the Health Service (and even the Income Tax system) which at least recognise certain principles of equal rights and of mutual aid?

Britain based. The workshop of the world' was in 1870 controlling two-fifths of the world's trade and producing two-fifths of the world's manufactures. And not only was there an abundance of coal for this, but exports were tremendous, amounting to 1913 to nearly 100 million tons.

Savage Exploitation

All this was done—as was all industrialisation of the 19th century—through the most savage and selfish exploitation of men, women and children as well as of the natural resources.

Children worked in the mines from the age of four, sometimes engaged on back-breaking haulage work; sometimes condemned only to sit alone in the darkness, opening and closing the doors of the primitive ventilation systems. Women and young girls worked half-naked in the heat and grime. The whole of the mining community was condemned to conditions which to-day we can hardly imagine.

Underground the long hours of toil went on for 12 and 14 hours a day. For miners' families, childhood was a torture of black danger and fear, adolescence delayed and thwarted, adulthood stunted and brutalised, and premature death a welcome release. On the surface, the black-faced, crouching men and the coarsened women seemed a race apart—even from members of their own exploited class, but who had the advantage of living in the light.

Blood and Power

Needless to say, in the scramble for profits, such factors as safety precautions had to be ignored if they interfered—as they usually did—with coal-getting.

Reflections on the Second International

Continued from p. 2.

even more so since Kropotkin and Grave were involved in it.

But nobody who had followed closely and with intelligence the activities of the Second International should have expected any other outcome. As early as the 1891 Congress at Brussels Nieuwenhuis had prophetically declared, "The international sentiments presupposed by socialism do not exist among our German brothers." But it was not only nationalism that was the devil. More important than nationalism was the fact that the pursuit of reformist tactics had inextricably involved each national socialist party in the schemes of their respective governments. At the time of the Millerand affair, Guesde had declared, "With an Italian Millerand, a German Millerand, an English Millerand, there would be no International possible any more"—not that this prevision prevented him, too, joining the band-wagon when it came to the point! Congress after Congress had debated what action the International should take in a possible crisis but nothing except wordy optimism had resulted. The idea of a simultaneous general strike in all countries had been mooted but it was too much to expect politicians to swallow it whole. Instead, the famous Stuttgart resolution of 1907 piously affirmed that "it is the duty of the working classes and the parliamentary representatives in the countries taking part, fortified by the unifying activity of the International Bureau, to do everything to prevent the outbreak of war by whatever means seem to them most effective, which naturally differ with the intensification of the class war and of the general political situation"—a formula which, while not excluding it, carefully avoided any specific commitment to a general strike or insurrection. It was not surprising therefore that when the crisis did come the Socialists found it more politic to follow rather than attempt to lead the masses who had been whipped up by their governments into a state of war-fever. As one German Social Democrat said in an attempt to justify the voting of war credits, "The Party could not act otherwise. It would rouse a storm of indignation among the men at the front and people at home against the Social Democratic Party if it did. The Socialist organization would be swept clean away by popular resentment."

But the real tragedy of 1914 is best expressed in the words of a French syndicalist who wrote later: "I have only one reproach to make myself . . . and it is that I, an anti-patriot and anti-militarist, left with my comrades on the fourth day of mobilization. I did not have the strength of character not to go, although I did not recognize frontiers or

Explosion, fire and flood, crushing through falls of roof, suffocation, accidents through exhaustion or worn-out equipment, failures of equipment through the employers buying the cheapest instead of the best—this was the pattern of disaster in the mines of flourishing, prosperous 19th century Great Britain.

On this foundation of blood and torment, vast fortunes were built up. The old land-owning class was not slow to cash in on the wealth beneath the surface, and their power expressed itself in their contempt for those who slaved to bring up the coal and also in imperialist adventures abroad.

Britain's might in the 19th century depended first and foremost upon her pre-eminence in the industrial and commercial fields—and as a naval power. In a time of rapid development of armour-plated men-of-war powered by steam, coal was the most vital factor. In their emergence as the world's greatest merchant shippers, Britain's ship-owners depended upon the country's coal both to make their ships, power them and build up stocks of fuel in ports abroad, enabling them to roam the seven seas, carrying goods for the whole world.

While at home, steam powered the mills of Lancashire and the bustling factories of the Midlands, gradually giving way to electricity, covering the whole country on the grid system and bringing power easily and cheaply to factories far away from its original source—the coal mines.

On the blood and sweat, the toil and tears, of generations of pitmen, a tiny handful of ruthless exploiters learned how to plunder the world and dominate whole continents. The course of the world's history has been shaped by the savage exploitation of that black abundance under England's green and pleasant land. P.S.

(To be continued).

fatherland. I was afraid, it's true, of the gallows. I was afraid . . . But at the front, thinking of my family, scratching the names of my wife and son on the bottom of the trench I said 'How is it possible that I, anti-patriot, anti-militarist, who acknowledged only the International, come to be attacking my companions in misery and perhaps shall die for my enemies against my own cause and my own interests?'

THE moral drawn by certain revolutionary Socialists from the debacle of 1914 is well known. "Overwhelmed by opportunism the Second International has died. Down with opportunism and long live the Third International!" cried Lenin. And the stage was set for a new era in the history of international socialism.

Forty years further on the opportunism of the Second International appears positively supine compared with the opportunism of its successor. If the internationalism of the pre-1914 Social Democrats was only skin deep, what there was of it was at least genuine. It was not merely a cloak to disguise the political aggrandisement of a single State! The nationalistic folly of the Social Democrats in 1914 was at least understandable and its consequences were less serious than that of the Bolsheviks who proclaimed after 1917 that the workers had at last established a country of 'their own.'

For the Anarchist who rejects both the opportunism of the Social Democrats and the opportunism of the Bolsheviks, the main lessons of the Second International are clear enough. Its history provides a confirmation of the futility and the dangers of political action in any attempt to achieve the classless society. But perhaps more fundamental than this is the lesson to be derived from the spectacle of Social Democracy's attempt to become a 'mass movement'. When Auer, in his letter to Bernstein quoted above, stated that a party which reckons with the masses simply cannot be anything else than reformist, he was expressing a truth applicable not only to political parties but to social movements of every kind. 'The masses', whether German or Russian or English, are not and are never likely to be 'revolutionary'. A 'mass movement', even an anarchist 'mass movement', can from its very nature never be anything but reformist. Only individuals can be revolutionary. The Anarchist Revolution, therefore, if it ever comes, will be made, not by 'the masses' but by conscious revolutionary individuals.

GASTON GERARD.

Through the Wrong End of the Telescope

Continued from p. 1

rule of the narrow-minded bureaucrat that would have been impossible in Russia three or four years ago, and one can assume from this fact that those who control Russian literature and art have found it necessary to give at least an appearance of greater freedom and that Ehrenburg, as a gilded figurehead of Russian letters, has been either allowed or—it is not beyond possibility—ordered to produce a novel that will reveal the New Look in Russian intellectual life.

In point of fact, it is impossible for us to tell whether this is an ordered or a spontaneous expression of opinion on Ehrenburg's part. All we can do is to judge the novel itself. Does it seem like the work of a free man? Does it describe or portray a society that looks as though it were marching towards liberty, equality and fraternity?

On the first point, it might be helpful to recall Leontiev, the Russian writer who is one of the leading characters in Koestler's novel, *The Age of Longing*. For decades Leontiev had written to order, changing his statements and styles according to the convolutions of the party line, but never daring to set down on paper a word of that great book revealing the truth about Russia which was taking shape in his imagination. At last he went to Paris to speak at a Communist-inspired rally; he heard the news that his wife had died in an accident and realised that the one hostage who bound him to Russia was no longer in existence. He decided to make his break with the past and stay in France, but, once free, he found that the very thing for which he had lived all these years was impossible; he would sit for hours before the blank sheets of paper and find that the words would not come to him. His thirty years of betrayals had conditioned him into a writing machine, and, away from the accepted set of safe and known stimuli, he could no longer function.

Ehrenburg is a less acute case of the same disease as afflicted Leontiev. Once he was not a negligible writer; his work during the twenties and the very early thirties showed talent and real originality, but the years of writing to order have sapped these qualities, and in *The Thaw* what emerges is the shadow of the man Ehrenburg might have been. He catches the faint whiff of freedom on the breeze, paws the ground feebly, and that is all. Unlike Leontiev, he can still write, but the great advances in psychological penetration, in acute and masterly characterisation, in the observation and recording of mental and moral nuances that were made by men like Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, like Guncharov and Chekhov and even Gorki, have been frittered away in the interests of propaganda as if they meant nothing, and what Ehrenburg presents as "liberated" fiction consists of stereotyped characterisation, conventionally sentimental situations, and writing whose banal flatness is too obvious to be blameable on the translator. Ehrenburg and his generation cannot be regenerated because there is nothing left to regenerate, and, in oblique terms, they partly justify 1948 by showing how far men can be ruined by years of conditioning; the hope in the Russian situation seems to lie, not in such nominal gestures of independence on the part of established writers, but rather in the fact that even an apparent relaxation should have excited the youth of the Universities and even of the Kom-somol to an enthusiastic defence of sincerity in writing; this at least shows that the urge to freedom is perennial and that, even if the older party-lining writers are done for, the Russian leaders will have to wage a recurring battle if they are to keep the young from striking out for freedom and honesty in intellectual life and, by implication, in life as a whole.

In its second aspect, as a portrayal of Russian society to-day, *The Thaw* is an unintentionally fascinating document. The nearest thing in English literature is the characteristic middle-class novel of the Edwardian era, by which I mean nothing so radical as Wells, but something in the nature of Galsworthy or Arnold Bennett, except that, so far as one can judge from a translation, *The Thaw* has little of the craftsmanship that partly redeemed these two English writers. The section of Russian society to which we are introduced is in fact no more revolutionary than that of any American middle-class suburb where the wives of lawyers and executives enrol in the Daughters of the American Revolution and admire Thomas Jefferson in the same sentimental way as Ehrenburg's characters admire a Civil War veteran who represents the idealism of the past. All the leading figures in *The Thaw* are members of the new Russian bourgeoisie—factory directors, party officials, engineers, teachers, artists. The workers always appear in the background, as a class who live in hovels, and the only peasant who plays an important part is the leader of a collective farm. Many of the principal characters are, indeed, the children of working men, just like many Edwardian burghers, but they have abandoned

their natal environment and live wholly in the middle-class milieu. The values of that milieu bear a striking resemblance to those of Bennett's world of the Five Towns. The villain is a factory director who spends money on capital equipment instead of on housing his workers, and, as in a typical Edwardian novel, the indignation turns against this man as an individual rather than against the system that puts him in control. Other stock figures of the bourgeois novel appear—the artist trying to reconcile his desire to be sincere with his need to earn a living, the mismatched heroine finding her true love right on the last page, the Bohemian actress whose raffish life is described with prudish discretion—and for all of them the problem is not one of genuine ideals, but of making the best compromise with existing life, of gaining with the minimum risk those prizes of security and status and quasi-respectable love which are important in any ordinary moneyed society. Indeed, it is as a piece of evidence of how far Stalinist society has gone in the direction of bourgeois normality that *The Thaw* is most interesting. As literature it is not worth consideration, and as a portent of a renaissance in Russian writing it is the reverse of impressive.

GEORGE WOODCOCK.

Reflections on Mau Mau

Continued from p. 1

was successful—so much so that when the closing down of the schools was ordered in 1952 the estimated number of pupils attending was 270,000 (*The Times* 13/11/52). It was alleged that the schools were being used to propagate nationalistic and anti-European ideas.

The land and the colour-bar have proved a rich source of racial friction. The facts are moderately well known: how the white man appropriated the most fertile land; how the Kikuyu in the Reserves, by a government Ordinance of 1915, became tenants-at-will of the Crown (a fact which did not become generally known to the Africans until 1928); and of all the petty and not-so-petty humiliations and restrictions on freedom which constitute the colour-bar.

Capitalism v. the Kikuyu

It is important to realise the extent of these legitimate Kikuyu grievances in order to understand the strength of the anti-European movement. Perhaps the most powerful weapon in use against the African is capitalism.

The wage system has proved to be one of the best methods of undermining group loyalties, particularly in a country where Trade Unions are scarcely allowed to exist. The wage-earning urban African still retains many links with his family in the Reserves—he will often still "own" some land there—but they are links continuously weakened by the forces of capitalism. When he becomes richer than the Elders of his kinship group he begins to lose respect for them, the *ethos* of his age- and kinship-group means less to him as he becomes more independent and the effects of wealth began to show in envy of those richer and contempt for those poorer than himself.

A report of a government all-racial committee (published in Kenya in February 1954) gives an indication of the extent to which Africans are exploited. They estimated that half the urban workers in private industry, a quarter of those in public service and three-quarters of those in rural areas were receiving wages inadequate to provide the basic needs of health, decency and working efficiency. The most revealing sentence in the report clearly indicates capitalist intentions: "the basic condition of the emergence of an effective African labour force is the removal of the African from the enervating and retarding influence of his economic and social background and his permanent settlement outside the Reserves." In other words, if the African can be persuaded to become fully urbanised, fully dependent on the wage system, and fully independent of the Reserves then a profitably cheap source of docile labour has been created.

Sorcery: the Last Resort

Chiefs, religion, education, land, colour-bar, and capitalism—in all these the disintegrating effect of the clash between

an aggressive culture and a less aggressive one is at work: and nowhere are its effects more potent than in the field of tribal religion. It is here, I believe, that we find the answer to the problem stated earlier—why does Mau Mau use its terrorism against Africans?

"Pagan African religions have been described by anthropologists, missionaries, and administrators. All these studies—including studies of Kikuyu religion—show that African theology, like all theologies, has been concerned with the nature of man's place in the world and his destiny and of the moral problems which confront him in society. African religions therefore handle the themes of creation, life and death, the occurrence of prosperity and misfortune, the existence of good and evil. These themes are furthermore stated in terms akin to those of most religions. But the beliefs and rituals involved are the beliefs and rituals of small-scale societies, limited in range and numbers."

(This quotation and those in the following paragraphs are taken from a most interesting article, "The Mau Mau Rituals", by Max Gluckman—Professor of Social Anthropology at the University of Manchester—published in the *Manchester Guardian*, 19/3/54).

When the various effects of White domination made themselves felt tribal religion was found to be inadequate to deal with the host of new problems. How could religions which depend on group participation for their rituals to be effective have any influence on an African whose fellow-workers are probably not his own nor even of his tribe and his employer of an alien race?

"Competition increased, for jobs and houses in the slums, for the few women in the town. In tribal areas kinship-groupings had many absentees. New skills and leaders emerged to compete with traditional prestige. Alienation of land led to internecine struggles. . . . Clearly the particularistic pagan religions, set in specific institutions, could not expand to cover these new relationships nor contain the disturbances of old relationships."

This meant that an increasing reliance was placed on magic and sorcery: new situations involving new stresses could be met by belief in the evil witchcraft of an enemy, where the tribal religion proved inadequate. The supernatural oaths administered at Mau Mau ceremonies are one result.

"The oaths use, as all secret oaths must, the symbolism of blood and killing near kin, as sorcerers are feared to do. Again there are limited themes for initia-

Freedom needs more Readers
Are You Helping?

LETTER TO THE EDITORS . . .

Taxing the "Neo-Anarchists"

MAY I ask those writers in FREEDOM who have been putting forward taxation as the only means of maintaining social services under capitalism, a few pertinent questions?

(1) Do they believe that, since we read by R.M. and others, tax evasion by the rich means less social services, that tax payment by the rich keeps the sick and needy? In other words, do the "O.H.M.S. Anarchists" believe that the rich keep the poor?

(2) If (as R.M. believes), it is a good social idea for the better-off to support the needy, though it is not quite anarchism as I have always understood it and it is quite contrary to all previously-held socialist and anarchist economics that they in fact do so, do these neo-anarchists believe, with the Conservatives, that the good citizen is one who earns large sums and thus incurs taxation, which he then pays regularly and thus helps his more unfortunate fellow-citizens?

(3) Supposing a rich man avoids taxation by buying himself a yacht and charging it to "expenses" as per the time-honoured racket, do these supporters of the Inland Revenue enforcement squad believe that a yacht could be anything but a yacht? Do they believe that if the money had been legally spent, it could have been a foot clinic? By what alchemy could a yacht not be a yacht?—except by the money system which transposes ideas in the matter. Compare the sarcastic comments of *War Commentary* (which took the anarchist position towards money and taxation), when a naïve supporter of the war effort said that money spent on a picture for the National Gallery could have been given to the Aid to Russia Fund . . . as if a picture could have been bandages or medicine or arms. Similarly, whatever the attitude of the well-to-do towards taxation, can there be less wigs, false teeth or spectacles in the country? Why should the less rich be told that they are dependent on the bounty of the more rich, and if only the latter would open their hearts (or be honest with their accountants), their lot would be ameliorated? This is good old Victorian Conservatism with a vengeance.

(4) Suppose a worker avoids taxation by the usual method—i.e. refusing overtime, which would only be taxed—do R.M. and her supporters join in the chorus of T.U. leaders who condemn

tory oaths: blood, sex, and excreta. The release of nihilistic courage—kill or be killed—releases instinctual urges which break the conscience. This is already weakened, since Kikuyu controls which were sanctioned by their religion can no longer operate, and Kikuyu are denied new openings. As the instinctual urges are released they set free courage to attack the powerful Whites; and the oath-takers, breaking taboos on sex and menstrual blood and so forth, are bound together in shame and guilt."

In these circumstances it is not surprising that anyone outside Mau Mau—African or European—is liable to violent attack. The leaders of a secret society which obtains such absolute obedience from its members will almost certainly be involved in struggles for power—and perhaps it is here, rather than in bombing sorties on jungle hideouts or vague promises of a greater share in the government, that the seed of an end to Mau Mau's indiscriminate terrorism is to be found.

★

The causes and deeds of Mau Mau provided the background to the dramatic trial in 1952 of Jomo Kenyatta and five other Africans on the charge of managing Mau Mau. A book has recently been published (*The Trial of Jomo Kenyatta*, by Montagu Slater. Secker & Warburg, 15/-) which gives an account of his trial which lasted five months and the transcript of whose proceedings ran to nearly a million words. Mr. Slater's sympathies obviously lie with the accused, though he gives a very fair resumé of the trial and much of the evidence and speeches is given verbatim; he makes a good case for showing that the manner in which the trial was heard favoured the prosecution and that the evidence on which Kenyatta and his associates were convicted was legally inadequate for such a decision.

Whether or no one agrees with Mr. Slater the trial has served to show the complete inadequacy of such negative legal methods of coming to terms with a movement such as Mau Mau. Something more than the imprisonment of its alleged leaders is required if Mau Mau is to lose its potency. M.G.W.

such action? After all, such workers are avoiding "supporting the sick and needy", etc.

(5) I have never heard of anybody paying tax willingly. As Emerson says, they consider the State a bad bargain. How about those who condemn refusal or evasion of tax? Having condemned personal refusal, it would be interesting to know their personal attitudes!

As the FREEDOM editorial says it is niggardly to complain if the State takes our money, can it be that those words were penned by the one person on the Inland Revenue's books who does not complain? Among all the fervent supporters of the State idea, can it be that the one good boy does not really support the State at all but just believes that the State performs a social need under capitalism and that as soon as possible it should wither away!

It seemed to me odd that in so summarily dismissing Joffre Stewart's viewpoint, which is by no means peculiar to pacifist war-resisters, FREEDOM should have swept away the whole of anarchist approaches to the subject of taxation, and in particular the classic essay by Thoreau which has always been looked upon as summarising the anarchist attitude. It is one thing to say that from a materialist point of view one cannot avoid paying taxes (through PAYE, etc.), and quite another thing to justify taxation under capitalism. Indeed, as Joffre Stewart pointed out, you could quite easily go on to justify conscription so long as there was capitalism. After all, there must be wars under capitalism and it could be argued that if there are to be wars, conscription is the fairest method of sharing the burden as it applies to both rich and poor, as compared with a mercenary army in which the poor are conscripted by hunger. But anarchists who could not knock the bottom out of such an argument do not deserve the name.

How unpopular such elementary anarchism on taxation, honours, etc., is to those who prefer the higher joys of Kierkegaard and Reich! A.M.

(See Editorial Comment p.3)

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)

AUG. 7—Discussion led by
Doran Brown on
FREE EDUCATION

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

155 HIGH HOLBORN,
LONDON, W.C.1.

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP
Informal Discussions Every Thursday,
at 8.15 p.m.
Lecture-Discussions Every Sunday
at 7.45 p.m.
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