

New Development in Cyprus?

WITHIN the last few weeks Egypt has stolen the headlines from the struggle which is being waged in Cyprus against British occupation. As crisis replaces crisis that which has gone before is pushed into the background and attention is focussed on the immediate issue. The EOKA movement in Cyprus has realised the importance of world opinion towards their aspirations, especially in those countries where there is a strong nationalism, and by use of militant methods have kept attention until recently on their struggle. They have therefore lost an important weapon in the eyes of the world in having a vital issue like Suez take the place of their own crisis. It would seem likely that this is one of the reasons why the swashbuckling leader of EOKA, Dighenis, has issued a statement ordering suspension of activities to give both sides a chance to discuss a solution without further bloodshed. But just as important is the reaction of the population against violence directed by EOKA against numbers of Greek Cypriots suspected of giving information to the British authorities. The recent killing of a young man on the eve of his wedding to a Greek girl was exploited to the full by the British. The case was given wide publicity, and in a broadcast by Cyprus radio the young woman, Drosoulla Demetriades, from a carefully prepared script said: "Terrorists get out. I am not afraid of you any more." The emotional appeal of this on a population whose sympathies are with the nationalists' struggle but whose lives are restricted by military occupation with its accompanying fears should not be underestimated. Doubts as to the wisdom of violent opposition to the British which will have been in the minds of the population and the romantic appeal of a shot lover adds to the loss of support for violence. On the other hand many innocent and "guilty" Cypriots have been held by the British in prison under deplorable conditions, and to tip the balance of the emotional scale in favour of EOKA, three young Greek Cypriots were hanged last week (by a hangman specially flown from England), condemned for ambushing a British army jeep and killing its driver. A gesture on the part of the three, while still in prison, will appeal to the imagination of many, even if it was

made with a view to being released. A 78-year-old retired British civil servant who now teaches English to Cypriot children was picked up on a street in Nicosia and held by EOKA on threat of death pending the release of the three youths. An appeal from the prisoners asked for his release whatever the decision taken on their lives by the British authorities, and as a result the Englishman was allowed to go free. But the young men were still hanged, to the accompaniment of the words of a British Official: "EOKA terrorists are not entitled to think themselves humane or magnanimous." (Incidentally this report came from an American paper, not British). We suggested some time ago in FREE-DOM that the British Government was considering the possibility of bringing Makarios to London to negotiate over Cyprus, but having made the blunder of exiling him it would mean considerable loss of face to be forced by 'terrorists' into such a move. The speed at which the British Government has taken up the proposal of the EOKA cease fire which included the condition of discussion with Makarios, indicate that the martyred priest may be triumphantly reinstated sooner than he thought. Meantime the drafting of a new "liberal constitution" for Cyprus is to be speeded up by Lord Radcliffe, who recently paid an abortive visit to Cyprus, and who said on his return that it would take him three months to complete the job of drafting a constitution. Until recently EOKA appeared to be intransigent, and apart from the considerations which we have mentioned as possible factors in the suspension of the armed struggle, it is obvious that no movement whose main weapon is a guerilla type violence can be sustained indefinitely.

been gained as a result of the methods adopted by EOKA.

It seems obvious that little will be wrung from an Imperialist power without a fight, except where it is in the interests of the power to concede a degree of self-government voluntarily, as for example in Nigeria. The Greek Cypriots have forced the British Government into accepting some of their claims, but, will Cyprus from now on cease to be a military base? The need for it has not lessened but increased since Nasser's move over Suez. Can it be that the Cypriots have decided to risk their island being turned into an atom bomb target, or do they hope to negotiate first on the immediate issue of a constitution which would include the British, and then at a later date press for complete self-determination? Britain cannot give up its claim to Cyprus, so, short of another armed struggle where there must be a vanquished and a conqueror, the Cyprus people must face the consequences of a peaceful settlement. The alternative is for the people to carry on the struggle, but for this they must be united and the process of disunity is already taking place. We do not advocate the use of violence as a method, but very often the only answer to a military force, equipped and trained, is the guerilla and terroristic method used by the Cypriots. The soldier runs an occupation risk, and if he does not like being shot at the answer is to contract out; we have therefore very little sympathy for 'our boys' who face death in the various corners of the world into which Britain has forced herself. We do not suppose that the Cypriots will be much better off under Makarios and his supporters than under the British, but if this is what the people want, then according to all the rules of democracy this is what they are entitled to have.

# **International Confidence?**

IN his opening speech at the London Conference on Suez, Mr. Dulles declared that Colonel Nasser had struck a blow at "international confidence". Commenting on this the Observer writes:

The poverty-stricken countries carry on scratching half a living from the soil by exhausting, primitive methods, just as they did a hundred or five hundred years ago. Such conditions and methods do not of course prevent the growth of a parasitic class.

Everywhere, the old methods of "imperialism"-of development by colonial Powers or foreign private companiesare becoming unacceptable to the peoples. Everywhere, the new nationalisms risk destroying confidence, and, by deterring both private and public foreign investment, retarding the development they are intended to foster. The only solution within sight lies in devising new organs of international action to guarantee the interests of all concerned.

It seems a pity that the Observer, which is one of the few national Sunday papers in which one can hope to find some common sense, does not extend its critical faculties to fundamentals, and bases its arguments on certain assumptions which, we submit, are false. The growth of nationalism in Africa and Asia is itself in part a consequence of the lack of confidence in the Great Powers whose interest in the underdeveloped countries of the world is motivated by economics and/or politics. We thought that, apart from the public utterances of politicians which no one takes at their face value, it was generally recognised that philanthropy was no part of the capitalist system. That one gets nothing for nothing is surely shown by the fact that the increased productivity in the world during the past ten years has very largely gone to raise the standard of living of the have-countries, whilst the other half of the world, which comprises the 1,000 million people of the have-not-countries, continue to live on the verge of starvation.

It is in countries such as India, China and Egypt that some of the richest families in the world are to be found (and in the West it is significant that the greatest parade of wealth exists in such countries as Spain, Portugal, Italy and Greece where the poor are really poor by any standards. It is undoubtedly true that the standards of living in these "underdeveloped" countries of Africa and the Middle-East and Asia can be improved within the existing economic system by the elimination of the parasitic class. But it is only by using modern techniques-or at least by adapting them to local conditions-that real progress can be made. And to achieve this to-day in a world linked by lines of communication but divided by an economic nationalism is a matter of chance, for it depends on buried sources of raw materials and on the way the political wind is blowing. But since these countries have not the means to exploit the former or the power to determine the direction of the latter they can only hope to benefit from both by indirect pressures, which in some cases could be called blackmail. And though power politics and capitalist economics are just that, it is amusing to see that when these "colonial" nations seize their chance to give the Big Boys a dose of their own medicine they, who should be the last to protest, Continued on p. 3

## **A Ban on Colour**

A colour bar resulted in the expulsion of 1,000 flowers from Parliament Square, Westminster, to-day.

Occupying four flowerbeds facing the Houses of Parliament were pink and mauve stocks and antirrhinums and standard fuchsias.

Their only offence, it seems, was that they were too colourful.

What must be considered is what has

## LONDON ANARCHISTS ON T.V.

ON the whole, anarchists and likeminded people tend to be somewhat snooty about TV-especially commercial TV. We deplore the downgrading of programmes in order to attract the widest possible audience (although there must come a time when programmes get so low that they drive people away rather than keep them watching!), and point to the dire consequences of bringing up generations of children who find their pleasures secondhand and instead of making their play themselves, sit glued to TV sets, thereby emulating their elders for whom conversation is becoming a dying art and independent thought a heresy.

From now on, however, self-interest and the ego being what they are, we shall probably look a little more kindly on this dread means of mass-hypnotism. For anarchists have appeared on TV! A month or so ago the charming young ladies and gentlemen of Associated-Rediffusion came swooping into Hyde Park with their cameras at the ready. They were running a series, we gathered, called 'Look in on London' and they wanted to do a feature on Speakers' Corner.

life of one who lives by public speaking and of his own philosophy.

And then-the anarchists. First we saw comrade John Bishop, caught in full flight, expounding the case with the words 'London Anarchist Group' boldly standing out for all the viewing thousands to see. John was asked a question on the anarchist attitude to law and ably answered it by showing that there is no necessary connection between law and order, anarchists maintaining that people can live in an orderly way without laws to hold them down. Comrade Bishop's confident voice and manner were most convincing.

The second anarchist speaker was Rita Milton, who presumably had the added interest for viewers in that she was the only woman speaker shown in the Park. First from the platform, expressing the anarchist opposition to domination of people by any ruling groups, and then we saw comrade Milton being interviewed after the meeting by the producer Michael Ingrams, who asked her why she had become an anarchist. Rita replied that although she had resisted the anarchist case when she first heard it in Glasgow, she soon became disillusioned with all the political parties and realised that only anarchism provided the answers to the problems of the world. She told the interviewer how she earned her living-earning enough to live on and still leave her time to work for the movement, for which all activity is voluntary and unpaid. Asked about the strength of the movement, she had to admit that Britain had one of the smallest movements in the world, and managed to work in that joke about the anarchists holding their last conference in a telephone booth. But the producer agreed with her that it was quality that mattered, not quantity. On the original film. Rita had worked in a small boost for FREEDOM, but, presumably because unpaid advertising is frowned upon on ITV, that was cut out of the eventual telecast.

### AMERICAN ELECTIONS The Greatest Show on Earth

TT is difficult, even at the best of times, to generate any great respect for those American customs and institutions which are connected with the State; but at this particular time, as the elections approach, the American scene resembles nothing so much as a circus.

An enormous circus, with a cast of thousands, many millions of supporting players, a gigantic ring spread over three thousand miles of spectacular terrain, and sideshows at every conceivable vantage point-surely "the greatest show on earth".

The star of this particular show has not yet made an appearance. His name is Eisenhower, but he is not scheduled to appear until nearly the end. Meanwhile his would-be emulators busily jostle for position amidst uproarious throngs of the populace, surrounded by swirling eddies of limelight and the beating of big drums, for the chance to take his place. All available tactics are permissible. No promise is left unpromised, no platitude remains unsaid. Any device for gaining popularity may be used with gay abandon, from the wearing of hilarious headgear to the indignant condemnation of policies previously supported. That

which may be shouted defiantly in New York State, cannot be said above a whisper in Colorado, and its meaning must be completely altered in Georgia.

Last week the Democrats held their convention; they chanted "the hymn of inevitable victory":

> Precious Lord-Take our hand-Lead us on!

The keynote speech was delivered by a rising young demagogue from Tennessee, Governor Frank Clement, 36-year-old master of rhetoric. Sample:

"How long, O how long, shall these Republican outrages endure? How long, O how long will Americans permit the national welfare to be pounced upon at home and gambled abroad? How long, O how long, will Republican roustabouts engage in a sideshow scramble for power and privilege?"

Four gardeners, working under the supervision of a Royal Parks' foreman, spent all morning uprooting them and replacing them with 500 bronze chrusanthemums from the Works Ministry nurseries at Richmond.

Said the foreman: "I was told to have the beds changed as M.P.s had objected that there was too much colour in them." The Evening News.

LIAVING read the above paragraph in the Evening News, one wonders how soon it will be before M.P.s legislate against the barbaric custom of enjoying colour. Even now it is about the only sensuous pleasure left to us to enjoy without State sanction.

Will the day dawn (grey dawns only), when gardeners can no longer grow Prettiflora Gaypinkia; when girls are arrested in the streets for emerging like butterflies every summer in gay cotton dresses, and Mr. Jones furtively draws his curtains before painting his walls a cheerful colour.

It seems M.P.s are so blind to the realities and beauties of life that they can't bear anyone else enjoying them, while they look forward to the time when light is abolished and we are all in mourning.

Last Monday evening the films they took were telecast, and members of the London Anarchist Group were frantically checking up on all likely and unlikely acquaintances to find which of them were so philistine as to look in on Channel 9. All reputations remained unsullied, however, and finally we had to end up in various pubs.

How strange it was to see on that unfamiliar screen the familiar faces one sees each week at the Park. There was Solly of the London Forum, old 'Churchill', a cracked old heckler who wanders from platform to platform with a tittering crowd at his heels, Matthews holding forth from the Coloured Workers' platform, an Irish speaker, a brief moment with the S.P.G.B., and an interview with the Prime Minister of Hyde Park, Bonar Thompson, who gave an insight into the

The anarchists, however, came out well in the feature. In the two shots of the platform the speakers could not fail to impress viewers with their reasoned and rational points. In the interview, Rita Milton (who is convinced she 'looked awful') must have persuaded the audience of the sincerity and integrity with which anarchists hold their views.

We apologise for not being able to advise readers beforehand when this film was to be shown. We did not know ourselves until two days before, after last week's FREEDOM was circulating.

We ourselves remain unmoved, as will, in all probability, the Republicans.

Any time now will come the Republican convention; there will not be much difference, even by way of dialogue, excepting one or two changes of name and sense. Eisenhower's co-star (tricky Dick Nixon), will either be in or out. The policy remains the same for it is, after all, conducted by the same agency, situated in the environs of Wall Street, with sug-agencies in Texas (care of the oilfields), the Pentagon building, and a handful of similar places.

As for the Democrats; Stevenson is elected as "man most likely to succeed". He has a touch of polish which the others have not got, he even appears to be a man with some principles. If he has, he will have to forget them, if notso much the better. Democratic policy will remain the same. The same as it has always been, the same as the Republicans. Who will be President? Do you care?

### FREEDOM

## PEOPLE AND IDEAS BERTOLT BRECHT

Galilei: (sleepily). Only by crawling on his stomach can an unpopular and troublesome man obtain a post where he will have sufficient time. Virginia: (embraces him). Shall we have a big house there? Galilei: And, above everything, time my child-time!

#### -BERTOLT BRECHT: "Galileo Galilei".

"Brecht remained utterly loyal to the régime in power. His former friends could never believe that he did so from conviction. They thought rather that he had struck a deliberate bargain for the sake of his theatre in East Berlin and his truly brilliant ensemble, which alone interpreted his dramatic language in the way he demanded." -Obituary in "The Times", 16/8/1956.

... he may not yet have said his last word. Who knows what is going on inside this oddest, slyest, and craftiest poet who ever walked on God's earth? He has drawn his mask-theatre like a curtain between himself and the world. We can never be quite certain that behind that curtan he is not laughing up his sleeve."

-HERBERT LUTHY: "Of Poor Bert Brecht" (Encounter, July, 1956)

**TINHAPPILY** Brecht has said his last word. If he was, like Galileo, playing for time, time has overtaken him and we shall never know what he had up his sleeve. He died last week at the age of 58. In two days' time his company, the Berliner Ensemble, performs for the first time in this country, and London audiences will have an opportunity of seeing his mode of production, and assessing, if they know German or get hold of an American translation, his qualities as a playwright. For one of the many extraordinary things about Brecht is that while he is the most talked-about dramatist in the Western world, he is, in England, one of the least performed. The Threepenny Opera, nearly thirty years old, which hopped from theatre to theatre last spring, is the only work of his which has been performed on the London commercial stage. Mother Courage was acted by Joan Littlewood's bold Theatre Workshop company last year at the Devon Festival and at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.8. The Caucasian Chalk Circle was given privately this summer at the R.A.D.A. Mother Courage and Puntila were broadcast this year. And that is all. Nor have any translations of his plays been published in this country. Is the vogue for the unperformed Brecht part of the well-know zenophilia of the British intelligentsia? Is it, as Mr. T. C. Worsley suggests "just another Communist ramp-another talent plumped up into genius by incessant and skilful propaganda". Is it an aspect of the fashionable cult of the Twenties? For the older theatrical critics are busy damping the enthusiasm of the younger ones with their return tickets to East Berlin, by reminding them that all that Brecht's tricks of production amount to is an outof-date Expressionism, common enough in the hectic, doomed and dead days of

the Weimar Republic. "One might think", said an article in The Times which appeared on the very morning of the day he died, "there was a sort of conspiracy to boost this German playwright at any price".

Nothing is more dreary than listening to impressive phrases like 'Epic theatre', and 'Verfremdungseffekt' without having an authoritative demonstration of what they mean, and we shan't get that until next week. The clearest description have come across of these theatrical aims is in a remark by Richard Hoggart, not about Brecht, but about the Auden-Isherwood plays of the thirties which obviously derive from Brecht or were subject to the same influences: "The spectator is not required to submit himself imaginatively to the story, nor to identify himself internally with the characters. The emotions may be touched, but the mind should remain in command, stimulated, commenting, judging, criticising, deciding. The personality as a whole is not engaged or given up; there is no suspension of disbelief". There cannot be any point in discussing this method without reference to the plays to which it is applied. It would work with classical Greek plays. It might very well work with Shakespeare. It could hardly work with the normal run of plays we see on the London stage. But Brecht's plays are pretty far removed from the bedroom farces, teatable comedies, and mechanical thrillers of the West End anyway.

stagnant pools, carrion, rotting wrecksand the whole flora and fauna of decay: seaweed, moss and swamp vegetation, worms, maggots, rats, hyenas, vultures and sharks . . .

This kind of fascination of disgust is not rare in the experimental poets of that period, the aftermath of the First World War. What makes Brecht exceptional is in M. Lüthy's claim that

"all this is not morbid at all. Under a thin protective layer of wild posturing, it is really careless, joyous, and with genuine spiritual depth. What is presented here in the language of decomposition is the life-process itself, the great orgiastic metamorphosis of nature. It is a wholly vegetative sense of life, passive and thankful and full of a sense of brotherhood with plants and animals and everything transitory, a bitter and contented, a despairing and sensual drifting on the stream of being". The effect of these poems, to judge from the French translations of the Ballad of the Friendliness of the World, the Chorale of the Man Baal and the Great Thanksgiving Chorale, is a large and receptive Whitmanesque acceptance of life. Let oneself drift, says Brecht, not swim. Of social criticism there is none, except in a negative sense in Drums in the Night where the 'dead soldier', back from the war, answers those who want to enlist him in some revolutionary cause, "My flesh is to rot in the gutter so that your ideas can triumph? are you drunk? . . . ' In 1927 Brecht discovered Marxism. In 1928 he became famous overnight with the Dreigroschenoper, his adaptation of Gay's Beggar's Opera. Of Sir Nigel Playfair's revival of Gay's work which ran for years in the twenties at the Lyric, Hammersmith, Lynton Hudson wrote:

## How Normal Can You Get? OR There are Only 29 Years to Go

**D**SYCHOLOGICAL testing is nothing new. It had its origins in the study of abnormal persons and this naturally involved the study of normal persons in order to achieve a standard of measurement.

Educators, and others, became interested in the idea.

In the last war the armed services started to use psychological tests, not only to find out whether the testee would be best employed firing a rifle or an anti-aircraft gun but whether he was likely to have second thoughts about pulling the trigger. In other words, what sort of personality was he?

The idea that reliability and loyalty could be predicted began to be noticed by American employers. Here was a "scientific" method of screening applicants for jobs and also for checking up on those already employed by the company. This latter aspect has become increasingly important in the executive stratum: should Smith or Jones be promoted? A personality test will provide the answer. (Incidentally - and ironically - a case quoted in support of these tests tells of a man who was not promoted, rather against the opinion of his superiors, because of a poor test result. Six weeks later he committed suicide). Mr. William H. Whyte, an assistant editor of the U.S. business magazine Fortune, writing in this month's Encounter\* has given an incisive account of this phoney application of the scientific method. The moral aspect of using them apart, he shows conclusively how inefficient these tests are (testing has now become a regular business itself with many firms competing to show that their particular test is superior). As Mr. Whyte says these tests are trying to measure the immeasurable; they are trying "to convert abstract traits into a concrete measure that can be placed on a linear scale". Not only is their aim a doubtful one but so are their methods-very doubtful. Here is an example quoted as a specimen of the technique to be used taken from the journal Personnel Psychology. The subject of a test writes down the following facts about himself: his name is John Jasper Jones, age 26, that he has only one dependent-his wife, that her

work relationships, may be inclined to take pleasure in unearned status or reflected glory."

Amazing. And how did he arrive at this assessment? The analyst worked along these lines:

1. Whenever a man writes his name out in full he is narcissistic.

2. Jones gave his age as 26 and his wife's age as 28.

Fact: Married a girl two years, older than himself.

Empirical Observation: The majority of men marry women younger than themselves.

Primary deduction: May have been influenced in marrying her by unconsciously considering her as a mothersurrogate.

Tentative inference: May like to have an older woman, or people, take care of him.

Provisional extension: May be inclined

RECHT'S first works were the plays Baal (1920), Drums in the Night, In the City Jungle (1924), Man is Man (1927), and a collection of poems, taken largely from the plays, Die Hauspostille (1927). Of these Herbert Lüthy writes: "Whoever wants a sample of 'Western decadence' can reach happily for Baal and Hauspostille . . . The great all-pervading theme of all these songs, ballads and chorales is corruption itself, decomposition in all its forms, mould, mildew, urine, excrement, scurf, scabs, and caries,

"It was produced as a period piece, a kind of Gilbertian fantasy with naively charming music, traditional airs, and mockingly sentimental lyrics. Although at the time it was produced there were nearly two million unemployed, nobody thought of drawing any analogy between the beggars of the opera and the recipients of the dole".

When Brecht rewrote it, setting it in Victorian Soho, sharpening the satire, introducing magnificent ballads borrowed intact from François Villon, and an antimilitary anthem lifted, with a twist from Kipling's Barrack-Room Ballads, the whole set to Kurt Weill's jangling and erotic blues music, the work became 'instantly recognisable as an unmistakable picture of the vicious cesspool of contemporary Berlin.' Even the belated London production, with the edge taken off its bitterness, acquired a kind of Continued on p. 3

to be passive-dependent, i.e. reliant on others for. . . .

And so on. This is claimed as an example of scientific method.

Mr. Whyte's investigations have led him to the conclusion that the people who score highest in these tests are those who are extroverted, disinterested in the arts, and accept the status quo. So he advises the testee "when in doubt about the most beneficial answer to any question", to repeat to himself:

"I loved my father and my mother, but my father a little bit more.

I like things pretty well the way they are.

I never worry much about anything.

I don't care for books and music much.

I love my wife and children.

I don't let them get in the way of company work."

In other words-cheat.

#### M.G.W.

Footnote: in case readers should think that psychological testing is not very widespread in business, Mr. Whyte says that over 60% of the big U.S. corporations now use it. One wonders how the idea is catching on in this country?

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name is Bernadine Butterfield, and that she is aged 28.

From this information the analyst concludes that "Jones may not take his general obligations very seriously, may have a tendency to self-importance and wishful thinking, may be inclined to be passive-dependent, i.e. reliant on others for direction and guidance in his general

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# THE WELFARE STATE AND I

#### 3. Military development.

State. A recent government publication defines only in armaments."2 the first two duties of government in this order:

happiness of the citizens."1

tury that Britain could no longer depend on right to be considered as worthy of being kept in workers found that their labour-power and sheer recruiting an army from the social derelicts who health, a right normally accorded to cattle, be- weight of numbers was as important as the monodid not like the idea of rotting away in the work- cause their masters needed them, all of them, as poly of skill which the organized craft workers house. Recruitment for the Boer War showed cannon fodder. Having enunciated this brutal enjoyed. would help to straighten bones deformed by mal- "two nations" which inhabit the country. sapiens. Unwashed was not too feeble to defend their the structure of the N.H.S. comments: masters. Germany was certainly ahead of Britain in matters of social welfare. Most German states return he told the House of Commons of the im- come."3 pressive organization that Bismark had set up, and put forward his own scheme in imitation of so whenever we hear people criticising some of the 1. Social Insurance, H.M.S.O. Cmd. 6550. p.5. it. In Beveridge's words:

"He introduced this announcement by enthusiastic 4. Political Expediency.

reference to what he had seen in Germany. 'A superb It is interesting to study how far the Welfare scheme it is'. He spoke of putting ourselves in this field State is a reflection of the needs of the Welfare on a level with Germany; we should not emulate them ideas, characterised social security measures as

"The first duty of Government is to protect the country is associated with the name of the war leader of revolution to produce a Welfare State, and in from external aggression. The next aim of national the First World War, Lloyd George, and Unem- Britain it has taken a Welfare State to forestall policy must be to secure the general prosperity and ployment Insurance is associated with the war a social revolution. The social revolution which did leader of the Second World War, Winston not take place belongs to the quarter century rough-It became obvious at the beginning of this cen- Churchill. The Great Unwashed earned their ly 1890-1914, in which the mass of the unskilled

organised, let us remember that they serve the purposes of warfare as well as of welfare.

Laski, that walking compendium of conflicting "buying off the social revolution". To some ex-It is perhaps significant that Health Insurance tent this is true. In Russia it took a social

that a high percentage of the young men who and somewhat obvious truth, it remains to remind The working class history of this period has presented themselves for enlistment were medically ourselves that the demands of military develop- recently been outlined by Geoffrey Ostergaard in unfit for the army. The reaction of the War ment is only one of the factors considered in this the columns of FREEDOM. What needs emphasis-Office was first to recommend that the Board of scheme of the evolution of the Welfare State. But ing, however, is that the principle of workers' con-Education should institute a system of military war is a powerful solvent of established ideas, and trol was not simply sold by the working class drill in schools, presumably in the hope that this the threat of war a powerful force for unifying the politicians; the concrete reality of welfare socialism was more powerful than ideological socialism. nutrition. A Select Committee on Physical Deter- Our present Health Service has the stamp of The resultant of the conflicting forces in late Vicioration was set up and revealed to the astonished Mars upon it. In preparation for the 1939 war torian and Edwardian Britain lead straight to the ruling class, accustomed to thinking in terms of it was necessary to devise a scheme by which Welfare State as the only possible political expe-Victorian 'progress', that there was reason to think casualties could be coped with all over the country dient by which politicians of all parties could keep that the British were a declining variety of homo without the threat of the central administrative intact their way of life. Politicians of all parties body being knocked out by bombing. The Emer- unite! You have nothing to lose but your avowed Now the prosperous classes in Victorian Britain gency Medical Service depended on the regional- principles; you have the world to gain! So it is were accustomed to living in a country inhabited ization of all medical services for strategic that all parties became committed to social welby "two nations", the rich and the poor, but in reasons, and when the post-war National Health fare, and all in all the Tories seem best fitted to the face of the military threat from the German Service was devised, it took over this strategic run a Welfare State. The Labour Party perpetu-Empire the time had come to see that the Great pattern or organization. J. R. Ross, writing on ally raises the scare that the Tories are about to dismantle the Welfare State-such a canard is "There was another and quite different consideration about on a par with the "Zinoviev letter" stunt-. The nation could not be caught a second time in effective at first, but boomeranging on its invenhad had a scheme of health insurance since the the position of having to create an Emergency Medical tors. Those with the biggest 'stake in the country' 1880's and they had tackled the problems of un- Service as in 1939-40. The new service itself by its have most to gain from the Welfare State. Think employment by means of municipal labour ex- organization, went a long way towards providing an what we anarchists are in danger of losing by all changes. Lloyd George went to Germany to established the sooner it would get to grips with its own this social welfare-the fuel for our historic study the welfare services in 1908, and on his problems and so fit itself for whatever emergency might grudge against the State! G.

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The emergency, in fact, has come to stay. And

### (To be continued)

curious ways in which the social services are 3. J. R. Ross The National Health Service of Gt. Britain, p.130.

Vol. 17, No. 34. August 25, 1956

Freedom

## International **Confidence**?

#### Continued from p. ]

MA 67 47 38 38 31 37 38

are the first to raise their hands in horror!

THE weakest link in the chain of power politics and capitalist economics is man! The armed might of Russia could not prevent the rising, in the Vorkuta concentration camps, in E. Berlin or in Poznan; the armed might of Britain could not maintain India in perpetual subjection any more than France and Britain can go on exploiting their African territories in spite of their military superiority. An unarmed Gandhi or a Father Huddleston caused more trouble to their tormentors than an armed division. And so too in the political struggle between nations and blocs of nations the human element assumes an importance out of all proportion to its numerical or armed strength. (We cannot be optimistic about its outcome so far as progress towards the world anarchists and libertarians aspire because generally it is based on blackmail and only exceptionally on human values which are conducive to the "brotherhood of man"to which too many people pay lipservice but too few strive to achieve.)

# Comrade Ishkov's Sprats

**CPRATS** of finest quality are caught at As it says in the song: 'Who seeks will the eastern end of the Baltic. Tallin, find.' We are genuinely glad of your capital once of that Estonia swallowed achievement." up by the Soviet Empire, is the town But the whole matter was forgotten where they are landed and got ready for next day. Nothing about it was menthe market either boxed or tinned. These tioned for months. Only the unhappy tasty morsels would seem to be a favourinventor got worried. They soothed him ite item in the diet of Soviet bureaucrats in the offices of the committee to deal which might explain why they show no particular wish to expand their sale.

with suggestions: "No need to hurry with a prototype yet. We can't go into the thing at the moment. We're right in the middle of the fishing season."

#### **Inventor Wins Prize**

Impatience led Herman to send in his idea to a competition for inventors being held in Moscow. For a mere 300 roubles a friendly technician helped to make the drawings. Thus it came that Herman's project was examined by experts of the Ministry of Fisheries and an independent jury. He won a third prize. The sum of 3,000 roubles was awarded by the great Comrade Ishkov, Minister of Fisheries, in person.

disinterestedness and enthusiasm are worthy of all praise . . . " and there the matter ended.

Two years later a reporter by the name of Serge Shatrov came west from Moscow to have a look round. He had heard of the proposed machine for heading and tailing fish and he wanted copy. His Press pass enabled him to see the chief engineer, one Sergeyev: "Will that machine be ready soon?"

"Oh, that will take some time yet." It was said in the tone of the cabby who assures his fare that: "As soon as we arrive we'll be there."

Not one "responsible person" of the entire management throughout the trust know anything definite as to when the machine would be built-if ever. All were in agreement on one point, namely that just such a machine was very badly needed if they were to pile up stocks of food for the hungry markets.

Party bureaucrats are as thick on the ground as the non-Party men in the ad- official, very official minutes. ministration. Our informant Shatrov was simple enough to think he could move matters by seeing the secretary of the Communist Party organisation inside the trust. (Under capitalism the workers carry one load of bureaucrats on their backs, but the unlucky Russians carry a double load, the second lot of parasites being provided by the Party which is supposed to have freed them from the yoke of the capitalism of free enterprise and has given them in its stead State Capitalism). Comrade Emetz as representative of the Party opined that the machine was no real invention. It

was just the outline of an idea in the rough: "A half-formed thought and nothing more."

"How so?" asked the reporter with the roving commission. "Wasn't it approved by Moscow experts and didn't Comrade Ishkov, Minister of Fisheries, award a big money prize to the inventor?"

#### Party Duplicity

At the mention of the great man's name the Party official swapped horses at once, right in mid-stream. He visibly trembled. Nary a blush as he switched over: "Who said there was nothing in the idea? Our Herman has something there. We've got to put up a fight to see the business through. And that's just what we have been doing. It's even down in the Minutes. I'll show you if you like!"

And he did. The Party minutes showed that Emetz was covered, was fighting to see the thing through. He had shown his keenest interest in the whole business from the very start. And how carefully this anxiety of the local Communists had been set down in writing in their . . . Matters are no better right under the noses of the "collective leadership". In the Department of Inventions and Rationalisation of the Ministry of Fisheries of the USSR they have also furnished proof of a similar anxiety and deep interest. In Moscow, in the Ministry they fetched out from a safe-not a pigeon-hole-a fattish Order No. 510. It revealed very precisely where and by whom Herman's machine was being made and when it would be ready. But that was all bunkum as well. Nothing whatsoever had been done. In Continued en p. 4

Nasser's nationalisation of the Suex Canal Company is a case in point. He has defied at least two nations, France and Britain, whose military strength is more than sufficient to blast the Egyptian armed forces out of business. The fact that they do not is determined not by considerations of human lives (for which it can be shown they have the utmost contempt) but (a) its unfavourable implications in the wider and more important power struggle between the Big Three (b) the impossibility, as has been pointed out by observers, of occupying all Egypt which defence of the canal zone would involve (c) the unfavourable repercussions that such action would have in the Middle East which is the principle source of this country's oil-supplies. As we pointed out in these columns last week ("Eden's Internationalism") if the Suez Canal is "vital" to this country's economy, how much more "vital" is the oil which passes through the canal, and is brought to the Middle East ports by pipe lines which are vulnerable to attack from the air or by even small groups of determined saboteurs. Thus, since at present Nasser holds the trump cards any selfrespecting politician would think him foolish to throw them away since it is anybody's guess what will have happened in 1968 when Egypt was due to take over the canal. For instance tanker design may outstrip Suez potential capacity: atomic power may curtail Europe's oil needs to comparatively insignificant quantities; new sources of oil might reduce the political and economic importance of the Middle East (for instance, a report in the New York Times last week refers to the discovery of important sources of oil in Nigeria). Why blame Nasser then for striking when the situation is in his favour? The Anglo-Dulles reply is that because in so doing he has struck a blow at "international confidence".

from time to time out of his stoke-hold to catch a breath of air he was struck by the slowness of the hand method of heading and tailing the sprats. He thought this work could de done mechanically. Though he lacked the needed training he groped his way forward towards the shaping of a suitable machine. In the end he had got something. The time came when he could speak openly, when even the board of the fish-canning trust had to sit up and take notice and had to let a meeting of the workers see what an inventor they had in their midst. Besides, isn't the "collective leadership" shouting for more and more initiative from the toilers? It would all look well in the Party press. Herman was cheered by his fellow-workers; the whole board smiled benignly on Her-

tinned or otherwise, to the tables of the

local and Russian working class. For

while sprats are scarce they will be dear

and therefore more readily procurable

by under-counter sales to the new middle

classes as reported in last week's FREE-

DOM in the case of shop manageress T.

sprats in relation to a worker inventor

labouring under the frustration of Soviet

rule. He is Herman Vinni, a forty-seven-

year-old Estonian employed as a stoker

in a fish cannery in Tallin. Coming up

But let us consider the case of the

S. Semichova of Belgorod.

Once again local boy makes good and Herman was cheered by everybody in the cannery when he returned home. But yet again there fell a long silence. The machine was forgotten. Like all cranks Herman started to pester the people who ought to have been helping him and the common folk who could have been enjoying the harvest of sprats from the sea.

"You're a funny chap," they told him. "What's upsetting you? The Minister put your name in all the papers, didn't he?"

#### "He did."

"You've got your prize in your pocket, haven't you?"

"I want to see my machine at work!" Words are the bureaucrat's chief tools: "Why, to tell you the truth your

#### Brecht Continued from p. 2 Bertolt

topicality with its romanticised prostitution, its Soho knifings, crooked parson and corrupt police.

man. "We congratulate you, dear Vinni.

▲ FTER the Threepenny Opera came Mahagonny, another opera with Weill's music; after that The Measure, and after that came the Nazis, who banned Brecht's work as subversive. He fled successively to Denmark, Sweden and Finland, settling in 1941 in the United States. The best of his plays belong to his exile: Galileo Galilei, Mother Courage, The Trial of Lucullus, The Caucasian Chalk Circle, The Good Woman of Setzuan. The work he did in the American film industry was negligible. In a poem of 1941, Hollywood, he wrote: Every day, to earn my bread,

be also. I have never signed on with the Communist Party . . .

He left America and went to Switzerland, and became an Austrian citizen. He was refused permission by the Allied occupying powers to enter West Germany, and accepted an offer from the East German government to conduct his own theatre in his own way in East Berlin. There at the Theater am Schiffbauerdam, and on tour in the West, the imaginative productions of his brillliant ensemble have been the only genuine articles in the puppet régime's shopwindow. He did not join the Socialist Unity Party but consistently signed all the right manifestoes, sent the approved telegrams, and wrote a few more propaganda 'poems' of the kind that years ago earned for him from Ruth Fischer the title "Minstrel of the G.P.U.":

or clever tricks of the theatre. As Sebastian Haffner says:

"It is perhaps the most moving thing in Brecht that often the creator in him gets the better of the moralist and teacher, and that figures which are meant only to provide a lesson and a warning example become so warm with life and humanity that we end up by loving them -a sure sign that their creator, too, could not help loving them despite himself."

In Mother Courage it is the raucous, bawdy old camp-follower, trundling her waggon behind a dozen ragged mercenary armies as the Thirty Years' War slowly ruins Europe, sacrificing her children, one by one as the inexorable price of being a petty shareholder in the war business. In Puntila it is the Finnish landowner, only approachable when drunk, and his fly chauffeur. In the Caucasian Chalk Circle it is Grusha the serving maid who, in a wonderful scene, succours the Governor's abandoned child, contrary to all prudence and common sense, and Azdak, the lusty peasant dispensing justice in a rollocking way while his luck lasts. It is the same animal sense of life that animated his early poems. We all cling to life on our own terms. "You there! Someone is asking for shelter. A bit of to-morrow is asking for a to-day!" cries an unborn child in The Good Woman of Setzuan. His heroes are not heroic, they just hang on. In Galileo Galilei, the mathmatician recants before the Inquisition in order to be able to go on working in secret. His pupil Andrea is bitterly disappointed by the disavowal. "Unhappy the land that has no heroes!" he says. "No,' replies Galileo, "Unhappy the land that is in need of heroes." In the last act when Andrea visits the apparently blind scientist in his isolation. Galileo tells him,

"And now I live in secret fear that these writings might somehow get into the wrong hands and be read in some country where the people are not so well acquainted with the all-powerful arguments of the Inquisition as I am. And then those people might draw entirely wrong conclusions from my suggestions." Andrea surreptitiously pockets the old man's manuscript and his master's last words to him are "Take care when you travel through Germany and hide the truth under your coat!"

I go to the market where lies are bought.

I take my place among the sellers. In 1947 he was summoned before the

Un-American Activities Committee. Part of the interrogation reads (retranslated from a French text in Temps Modernes, Jan. 1948):

"Are you a member of the Communist Party?

"My colleagues think that question is not within the province of the Committee. But I am only a guest in this country, and that is why I would like to reply: no, I am not a Communist".

'And yet you have written numerous revolutionary poems. Why have you asked the workers to rise?"

"My poems are not very well translated, Mr. President. I wrote these poems in Germany at the moment when Hitler was about to rise to power. I have always been an anti-Fascist. My poems were only addressed to the German

Then left, two three, Then left, two, three, To your place, Comrades! Line up in the Workers' United Front, For you are a Worker too. (UNITED-FRONT-SONG).

He who is alone has two eyes. The Party has hundreds of eyes! The Party sees seven States. He who is alone sees only a town. (EULOGY OF THE PARTY).

The Bast German press has either ignored or attacked his plays, only a handful of which are actually performed, in more or less revised versions. For instance an opening scene in a Soviet Kolkhoz has been tacked on to the Chalk Circle, and he meekly altered his Trial of Lucullus when it was withdrawn after its opening night in 1951. M. Lüthy notes that:

"The subsidies for his work that he receives from the East German Government are paid into his Swiss bank account in dollars-as was the Stalin prize he won in 1954. Even the ideologically 'purified' East German versions of his works appear in editions authorised by a West German publishing firm and are paid for in hard Western currency into the same bank account." The most extraordinary things of all are that the works of this paragon of Communist culture are nowhere performed in the 'seven States that the Party sees', except in the privileged Berlin shopwindow under Western eyes; that after his return to Germany he published nothing of any value except a few adaptations; and that his only specifically Communist play, The Measure of 1931, with its doctrine of the extinction of the self, in utter obedience to the mystical power-structure of the Party, is much too candid to be usable as propaganda for Communism. Was he laughing up his sheeve after all?

#### C.W.

(A further article on Brecht will follow the visit to London of the Berliner Ensemble).

#### NOTES:

The Threepenny Opera trans, by Eric Bentley, and Desmond Vesey; and Mother Courage trans. by Eric Bentley are published in The Modern Theatre, vols. 1 and 2 respectively (New York: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1955). The Caucasian Chalk Circle and The Good Woman of Setzuan trans. by Eric Bentley appear in Parables for the Theatre (University of Minnesota Press, 1948).

The quotations in this article from Galileo Galilei are taken from the unpublished translation by Desmond Vesey.

The quotations from Brecht's poems are taken from Herbert Lüthy's Du Pauvre B.B. (Preuves, March 1953 and Encounter, July 1956), and from René Wintzen's Bertolt Brecht (Paris: Poètes d'Aujourd'hui, Pierre Seghers, 1954).

The 'purified' edition of Brecht's works is available in German, in London from Collet's International Bookshop, and the French edition from Librarie Hachette.

### CINEMA

### LIGHTS OUT

**DEOPLE** who went to a Bromley cinema recently to see the French film The Light across the Street found that it had been withdrawn by order of plication from the Music Society to 'old the local licensing authority. Mr. Lionel Kaye, the town clerk, said that the authority-the Highways and Buildings Committee-did not have time to see the film, adding by way of explanation: "The committee feels that films carrying an X certificate are not in popular demand here." A number of questions at once present themselves when we stop to consider this peculiar affair; but we are unlikely to obtain answers to them from the tin-pot dictators of the Bromley local authority. Why should a film, even if it is called The Light across the Street, have to be approved by a highways and buildings committee? Why should they have the power to ban films they have not even seen? And why should they have the power to prohibit something on the supposition that there is no popular demand for it? One wonders how long it will be before our censors move on to fresh fields. Films and books may be no more than hors d'œuvre, and if the public are content to be pushed around by their guardians in this fashion they may one day find themselves reading something like this account of a meeting of the Little Dogsbottom drains and sewers com-

mittee, which I spotted when I peeped into my crystal ball:

Mr. Bloggs (chairman): 'Ere's an apa symphony concert in the town 'all next month. It's not my cuppa tea, but I don't suppose there's no objection to it. Miss Maverick: Not so fast Mr. Bloggs. What sort of music are they going to play?

THIS belief in "international con-

fidence" is just wishful thinking. It has never existed because no nation has respected an agreement or a Treaty once its national interests conflicted with them. And, as most people have known to their cost, once "national interest" is involved, rights and liberties are

workers . . . His testimony ended: "I have always

been an independent poet. I have simply wanted to be free, and that others should

thrown overboard for the good of the community". Why should one assume a greater moral sense in international relations?

International confidence will come when the people of the world think and act as internationalists. So long as the attitude here is "Britain first" then why condemn the Egyptians for cheering wildly when Nasser declares that Egypt comes first? We must learn the discipline of selfcriticism, and, judging by the correspondence columns of some sections of the Press during the past weeks, a little modesty as well. Or someone may suggest that if Nasser's demagogy reminds one of Hitler our self-righteousness reminds him of Hitler's herrenvolk!

"Politics-as the old Marquis of Salisbury once remarked—is a dirty business!"

WHEN all these things are said, there remain his plays and his characters, and you have only to read or hear them to realise that the greatness of Brecht as a writer has nothing to do with Marxism, nostalgia for the twenties,

Mr. Bloggs: I got the programme 'ere. Beethoven's fifth symphony . . . .

Miss Maverick: Oh, good heavens, no! Isn't that the one with the orgy in the second movement? I'm sure I read about it in that dreadful paper I confiscated from the brownies . . . Fr--d-m, or some ridiculous name like that.

Major Trueblood: Aren't you thinking of Schubert's first, Miss Maverick?

Mr. Bloggs: Well, we 'aven't got time to listen to it and make sure. Let's just turn it down to be on the safe side. Nobody'll miss much, anyway. Not that anybody'd want to go and listen to this stuff when they could be 'ome watching the telly.

Major Trueblood: An excellent idea. Mr. Bloggs. There's no public demand for this sort of thing in Little Dogsbottom.

Miss Maverick (who always has the last word): Except by a few malcontents among the lower orders, and we don't want to encourage them.

### FREEDOM

## The Belgian Mine Disaster The Bitter Heart

ONCE again the heart-breaking story of a major mine disaster has followed its familiar course. The sudden terrible clamour of the alarm bells, the rushing ambulances and rescue squads and then the long tragic vigil of the relatives of the missing men, waiting with dying hope at the pithead, impotently watching the escaping clouds of yellow smoke which tells of the raging furnace below.

This time it was the turn of the mining community of Marcinelle, in Belgium, to pay their sacrifice to the gods of industry. About 260 men have lost their lives through the explosion, and fire which for a week defied the efforts of rescue squads to break through. Only one thing has, in retrospect, slightly eased the misery of those outside who felt and feared for the men below. This is the fact that when, eventually, rescue workers did break through to a gallery where a number of men had been working, they discovered their bodies in position which showed the miners had been sitting eating their breakfasts when they had been hit by a cloud of carbon monoxide and had died instantly. These forty men at least had died with no suffering-many of them still had their pieces of bread in their coal grimed hands. They didn't know what hit them. But what of the others? The other 220 may have suffered the terrible panic as they saw the wall of flame shut them in, struggled to find pockets of air as the acrid smoke clawed at their gasping throats, died in agony as the fumes and fire overcame them.

biles and the outward signs of prosperity are plain to see. This is because uranium has been discovered in the Belgian Congo, and the sale of it to America has brought millions of dollars into little Belgium.

#### Inadequate Precautions

This false prosperity, though, has not filtered through to the workers. Even so, they could not find enough Belgian miners prepared to work in the antiquated pits, and labour has been brought in from Italy's army of unemployed, from emigré Poles and from other nations of the European Coal and Steel Communitythe international authority set up to pool these mineral resources.\*

It is thought that it is because of pressure from this international body that Belgium's worn-out mines are still being worked at all. They are obviously uneconomic, but Belgium must make its contribution, so men must still go down these deathtraps. It's a pity however that some of the wealth pouring into the country from the exploitation of African uranium could not be used either to bring the mines up-to-date with proper safety equipment, or, better still, to buy coal from America so

that the old pits could be closed down altogether.

This, of course, would raise the problem of the employment of the workers now tearing a living out of the pits. But wouldn't it be more sensible for Belgium to use the labour to develop atomic power stations, and use the uranium from the Congo to provide power for the European community (we can't hope that the African semi-slaves of the Congo basin would be allowed to enjoy its benefits!) instead of selling

#### it to America to be turned into atomic weapons?

#### From the Sun to their Deaths

Half of the miners killed in the Marcinelle disaster were Italians. Driven by the mass unemployment in Italy to find work abroad, unable to come to work in the safer, better equipped mines of Britain because the British miner would not have them, they ended up in the black, exhausted holes of Belgium. There, from from the sun-drenched soil of their native land they shut themselves away from the daylight to scrape a living for their wives and kids.

There, last week, 140 of them

#### died, while their wives and kids wept above them.

Now, too late as usual, an official enquiry is to be held into the conditions of Belgian mines. Now, the miners themselves are protesting and marching. And now, hundreds of Italians and their families are preparing to return to the uncertainty and unemployment of Italy rather than stay in the Belgian death-traps.

The name of the pit where the disaster occurred is the Amer-cœur, or Bitter Heart. How ironically appropriate. For many will be the bitter hearts of the widows and orphans from Marcinelle ths year.

P.S.



#### **Exhausted** Pits

It is a terrible price we ask miners and their families to pay so that we shall have coal. And in this Belgian disaster there are several particularly disturbing factors.

\*In view of Sir Anthony Eden's newfound internationalism we should recall that Britain has persistently refused to join this international community. Since she is more or less all right for coal and steel she has little to gain from it!

Comrade **Ishkov's Sprats** 

#### Continued from p. 3

the space of two years nobody had bothered to find a qualified technician to construct the prototype or even sought a draughtsman to put the blueprints down properly on the drawing board.

#### Back to Barter

And the same socialist planning which sends Soviet cyclists walking all over the capital city of the Empire looking for rubber valves on their "free days" had resulted in Herman's invention being taken in hand (on the suggestion of a typist, we must suppose) by a backyard workshop. It was agreed there to take on the job in exchange for a boiler large enough to prepare sauces in large quantity.

#### DEAR FRIENDS,

When I was sixteen or so I used to go to the Bull Ring in Birmingham on Saturday and Sunday nights to listen to the speakers and to argue. Some of my arguments were with students from a theological college and it was a favourite trick of ours to throw at each other the names of famous scientists. The theological students quoted scientists who believed in God and I quoted those who did not. Presumably we unconsciously assumed that the side which could quote the longest and most eminent list was the winner, but after a time I, at least, came to the conclusion that whether Professor F.R.S. or D.Ph. believed in God or not had nothing to do with my belief or unbelief. Since that time I have been unimpressed with the use of big names as a means of proving a religious argument and I am equally unimpressed by Bernard Gelstein's Big Six as proof of his contentions regarding anarchism. The main query which this letter raises is not why Cole and Co. do not accept anarchism but why Gelstein does not.

Let me now make my present position clear before going further: I am not concerned to argue in this letter as a member of what is traditionally known as the 'anarchist movement' since I no longer 'move in the movement' in any significant manner. I argue as one who accepts the truth that lies at the core of anarchism, namely: that power is an evil and inimical to human freedom and that if we desire man to become a free and responsible being we must renounce power and affirm the autonomy of the individual. The acceptance of this truth is crucial to the acceptance of anarchism and of any (and I use this term deliberately) truly libertarian attitude. This truth existed long before its most well-known champions called themselves anarchists and it will continue to exist as long as there remains a man or a woman prepared to deny the validity of authority. whether or not the term 'anarchist' is used to denote it. Given Gelstein's contention that there has been no development in the theory grouped around this truth in the last fifty years, I do not see what this has to do with his rejection of it. The necessary precondition for individual integrity was formulated two thousand or more years ago as: 'To thine ownself be true'. There has been no fundamental development in this formulation since that time, yet it is at no dead end and trite as it sounds to-day

#### it is nonetheless true.

The truth contained in anarchism will survive as long as humankind is not completely robotised. One must not confuse our holding of this basic truth, however, with the varying ways in which it has been hoped to bring it about. In this sense I would agree with Bernard Gelstein that much anarchist propaganda is ridden with nineteenth-century clichés. I think that it is necessary to abandon certain politico-social myths that have been inherited from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries: the concept of the proletariat or the 'people' as the main factor in creating freedom; the remnants of the belief in the feudal-bourgeois tradition of 'revolutionary' violence; the demagogic attitude of 'down with' and 'up with', and so on. I would go further and contend that Gelstein's statement that the achievement of the anarchist ideal 'will require several centuries of continuous effort' is far too optimistic if by it he means that a free society is in any way inevitable. Perhaps the nature of man has become so twisted and bent from its original goodness by the ahuman institutions he has created, or allowed to be imposed upon him, that the principle of freedom will become increasingly alien to him-particularly under the conditioning of the modern state. Perhaps the probability of realising our dream is against us and we are left only with a faint possibility that one day the miraculous will happen. I do not know. Yet still I believe, and with seemingly less reason for not believing Gelstein does not. Why? The answer can be found, I think, in that his approach seems to be that of the progressive while mine is that of the radical. I am using these terms as Dwight MacDonald did (before he accepted the West) in his essay the 'Root Is Man', that is: 'The Progressive starts off from what actually is happening, the Radical starts off from what he wants to happen. The former must have the feeling that History (and the big names.-S.E.P.) is "on his side". The latter goes along the road pointed out by his own individual conscience; if History is going his way, too, he is pleased; but he is quite stubborn about following "what ought to be" rather than "what is"."

the sciences and from history; it lies in one's concept of what is right and what is wrong, in that sphere from which comes also one's love for a particular woman or a particular man. It is essentially a matter of keeping faith with the aspirations of one's heart as well as the knowledge of one's head.-To view things otherwise is simply to make oneself a victim of the various 'streams' of thought and to be perpetually engaged in calculating, for one precarious moment, which one is the 'main' one.

I am aware that I set out to argue and have ended up by making a statement of faith. Mr. Gelstein will no doubt consider me an ultra-utopian with a suspicious hint of 'religion'. It does not really matter because against his loss of faith (assuming he ever possessed it) one can only set one's own faith. Yet I venture to say that of the two positions mine is the more realistic because if one thing. has come out stark and clear from the contemporary human conditions it is that 'they who live by the state will die by the state' and that the only hope for life is in man renouncing the state. It may well be that those of us who prefer life to power are doomed to remain a small band reassuring each other in the darkness by the fragile light of candles, instead of sweeping away the darkness by a white flame of revolt; our effort is

First is the fact that the mines are terribly old and deep and hard to work and, consequently, dangerous. Secondly, there does not seem to have been sufficient attention given to safety precautions. Thirdly, in order to man their antiquated mines the Belgian authorities have had to recruit labour from all round the continent.

The mines of Belgium are among the oldest in Europe. They have been worked and worked, getting deeper and deeper and more irregular as seams were opened up, exhausted and left. The levels at which the pit at Marcinelle was worked were several-from 2,000 feet to well over 3,000-and extended at those levels for hundreds of yards. This has made the work of rescue during this disaster particularly difficult, for the rescuers have had to deal with one gallery at a time. By the time they were getting into control at the 2,750 feet level there was very little hope left for the men on the lower levels. At the first level they found the forty who had been snuffed out by carbon monoxide; at 2,750 feet they found 83 bodies, many of them unidentifiable. At levels below that, incineration must have been almost complete. And all the time, rescue work had been hampered by obsolete and insufficient safety devices. Belgium has been enjoying boom conditions ever since the war-at the national level. The streets of Brussels are filled with glittering new automo-

"What do you want the boiler for?" produce home-made tomato "To sauce."

"And what if you can't have a boiler?"

"Then we can't take on the job."

#### Mind of the Bureaucrat

Whoever has had occasion to observe the mind pervading the immense Hive of Bumbledom as it moves on its slow orbit will understand that this short history was inevitable. The inventors' national competition was over, the stands are down, the money prizes have been distributed; and now the red tape has been tied round the various sheaves of papers appertaining thereto. What more could a desk wallah want? Everything is as it should be. He can rest happy in the paperwork accomplished and now filed away.

There is nothing to choose between the old type of Russian chinovnik who had only silent contempt for the uneducated workman who belived he had hit on the idea of a new invention and the modern Soviet bureaucrat who unctiously applauds in public the proletarian with an inventive turn of mind, doing so to hold his place in the Soviet hierarchy or for the benefit of his career in the Communist Party. I.P.

I do not consider that it is possible for us to base our attitude as to what "ought to be" upon science or historical processes. One can bring forward weighty reasons for one's position from

not, therefore, any less worthwhile for the alternative is that road to hell which is paved with lesser evils.

Fraternally, London, Aug. 19. S. E. PARKER.

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ALTHOUGH Communist Govern-

ments will not tolerate any kind of opposition whether it constitutes a threat to the security of the State or not, this is no reason why the "democratic" countries should do likewise.

In America, the Land of the Free, the party is not actually banned but any kind of past association, as we know, bodes ill for the individual concerned.

The West German Republic, members of which have for years been desperately trying to live down the Hitler era, has now declared the Communist Party unconstitutional at a time when the Communists appear to have very little influence in West Germany.

The Constitutional Court at Karlsruhe has ordered its dissolution and the confiscation of its property, to be used by the Federal Government "for the public good". Police in the large cities have already

occupied party offices and newspaper buildings, which seems pointless in view of the party preparedness for such an eventuality. (The Government first applied to the courts for dissolution in 1951).

There has been no comparable action taken against the various organisations of so-called ex-Nazis which have sprung up in recent years in West Germany, and which one would have thought would also be covered by article 21 of the German Federal Republic, which reads : --

"Parties which by reason of their aims or the conduct of their members are calculated to interfere with or to set aside the free, democratic basis of the Federal Republic or to endanger its stability are unconstitutional."

The Communists, however, cannot complain about this action as long as they condone similar measures in the countries where they are in control.



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