

In this Issue :
Picasso & Pissarro - p. 2
The Anarchist
Way to Peace - p. 3
Through the "A"
Anarchism - p. 4

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"No man has the right to define another man's duties. If anyone exercises such idiotic power, it is only because idiots permit him."
 —ERIC FRANK RUSSELL
 (in 'And then there were none')

Vol. 17, No. 51

December 22nd, 1956

Threepence

The Yugoslavs could follow the Hungarians

WHAT IS TITO'S GAME?

SOMEbody once said of somebody else: 'He has sat on the fence so long that the iron has entered his soul.'

Nobody would suggest, of course, that such a good materialist as Marshal Tito, President of Yugoslavia, would admit to the possession of a soul, but it can hardly be denied that Tito is one of the great fence sitters of history.

We have dealt recently (FREEDOM Oct. 20) with the get-together of old comrades when Khrushchev thought he could use Tito and Tito was quite prepared to be used so long as he was able to remain sitting pretty with his right palm outstretched in the direction of America.

With the outburst of the revolution in Hungary, Tito's position, as a secondary interest, became an intriguing one to watch. In Hungary, as in Poland, men who had been purged by the Kremlin as 'Titoists' had to be brought back to attempt to stem the rising tide of hatred of the régime.

Eight years and many bitter experiences later, the other satellites are beginning to tread the path of independence from Moscow which only Tito had the opportunity to do in 1948. But we may see from the Yugoslav régime what the alternative to Stalinism is likely to be if a home-grown dictator remains in power. Workers' councils—yes, under the careful control of the Party and not, as even now in Hungary, autonomous centres of workers' power. For the rest, a dictatorship as rigid as any in the satellite empire.

Too Late for Tito

How much did Tito welcome the events in Poland and Hungary? Well, not all that much. They came too late to do him any real good—although perhaps it might be said that had the upheavals occurred while Tito was still a fascist hyena his danger from Moscow would have been magnified. On the other hand it might have brought him allies and bargaining power in his dealings with the Kremlin.

But Tito has already come to terms with K. & B. Just what is due to him as his reward for burying the hatchet is not yet disclosed, but it is clear that Tito is seeing his bread buttered on the Kremlin side at the moment, and isn't all that concerned about the struggle of the Hungarian people.

The Russian leaders were not too sure of that at first—as evidenced by the reported massing of Soviet troops on the

Yugoslav borders. At the meeting at Yalta in October, Tito had come to terms with Erno Gero, who was rushed into power in Budapest to hold back the Hungarians on the first intimations of unrest there. But Gero—always a staunch Stalinist and a bitter anti-Titoist from '48-'56—was slung out by the Hungarian people, who wanted Nagy, he being less tainted with Stalinism and readier to promise them what they wanted.

Nagy had been deposed in '49 as a Titoist and obviously the Kremlin was very nervous in case the two should get together and pull a fast one. But they need not have worried. By the time Nagy was ordered out by the Kremlin and sought sanctuary in the Yugoslav embassy in Budapest, such a game was out of the question. Firstly because it was too dangerous and secondly because the Hungarian people were taking things into their own hands anyway—and Tito wouldn't want to support that.

Friends with Kadar & Nagy

Indeed, in spite of everything, *Tito* recognised Kadar as representing the best possible choice for the Hungarian people! Kadar, who never at any time had the confidence of the people and was

propped up in meaningless office by Russian tanks!

While recognising this dummy Tito gave shelter to Nagy in his Budapest embassy—only to send him out with a coach-load of supports and their families straight into the arms of the Russian military who whipped him off to exile in Rumania—in contradiction of a guarantee that he could freely go home.

Immediate result: indignation from the Yugoslav Government. Notes being handed to the Russians. Surprise that the Russians should break their word! Appeals to 'the Government of the Soviet Union in the expectation that it will do everything necessary to make possible the implementation of the cited agreement.'

Who is Tito kidding? He had become embarrassed by Nagy's presence in his embassy. Having recognised Kadar he could not go on sheltering Kadar's rival. Nagy had to be got out of the way—but Tito demanded that it should be done in such a manner that his face should be saved. The Russians, having no face left in Hungary to be saved, couldn't care less.

Tito's lack of concern for the Hun-

Discrimination Protected in Northern Rhodesia

LAST week when we discussed Britain's position in relation to South Africa and the recent arrests of over a hundred people on charges of "treason and sedition", we stressed the economic ties between the two countries which would prevent the Government in this country from making any opposition statements against Strydom's latest attempts to muzzle voices raised against his racial policies. We omitted to add that British Colonial rule has not got such a clean record on racial matters that it can afford to point an accusing finger at South Africa without inviting countercharges.

In some parts of Africa where the British are in control, a measure of self government has been forced on them by the indigenous people, but any "progress" that has been made

has been in the teeth of strenuous resistance from most of the Europeans.

Such is also the case in Northern Rhodesia where a law "to discourage discrimination and to foster racial good will" was passed through Northern Rhodesia's Legislative Council (December 15th). It emerged with all its teeth knocked out by the European Members", writes Cyril Dunn in *The Observer*. It is one thing to give some responsibility to black men, it's quite another to mix with them socially on a basis of equality; thus the same fears and attitudes of superiority are just as much in evidence in British Africa as in Strydom's slice of that continent.

The law just mentioned allows District Committees to be set up to consider complaints about "specific acts" of racial discrimination in public places. The function of the Committees is to express disapproval publicly when acts of discrimination come to their notice. The part of the Bill which was opposed by the Associated Chambers of Commerce—an organisation of European business men—who put pressure on all European Members of the Legislative Council, was the clause which allowed a Central Committee to deal with extreme cases of discrimination although this committee had no power to impose penalties. This relatively harmless clause was removed from the Bill by European Members with support from the Government by putting in 47 amendments at the committee stage.

We are not suggesting that legislation would necessarily change racial attitudes, but assuming that it could we are concerned with the obstructive measures taken by Europeans in defence of their privileged position.

There are a few people of goodwill in Government posts who are anxious to promote "good feelings between the races", but an influential and economically powerful European group can always make life difficult for them if they attempt to go too far. The fate of this latest Bill is a case in point.

garian people is shown by his handling of refugees into his country. He is sending them back. It was reported on the 4th December, by the official 'Tanfug' news agency that 'Hungary' (i.e. the Russians) and Yugoslavia had agreed, during negotiations between November 22 and 29, that all Hungarian refugees in Yugoslavia who wished to return to Hungary would be repatriated with the property which they brought with them and which belonged to the Hungarian Peoples' Republic. This property apparently refers to rifles and other arms. The evacuation dates were given as December 7 and 9.

It will be said that these are refugees who wished to return, but the significant fact is that the repatriation was to cover two days. Now the Yugoslav authorities maintained at that time that there were only about three hundred refugees from Hungary entering Yugoslavia altogether. In Austria, out of tens of thousands of refugees, at that date only two individuals had asked to go back. Yet in Yugoslavia, out of three hundred, enough wanted to return to take two

days to organise! And Western press correspondents were refused permission to witness the evacuations.

It smells of forced repatriation to us. And that means returning to the tender mercies of the Kremlin's reorganised security police—with the blessings of Marshal Tito.

This is not the first time Tito has played such tricks. In 1948 hundreds of Greek Communists were flying to Yugoslavia following their defeat in the civil war. When Tito broke with Stalin he abruptly closed his Greek frontier, leaving the Greek Communists trapped on the other side. No wonder King Paul of the Hellenes could meet him and shake hands only last month!

Tito plays the power game, under the rules of which, people don't matter, except as they serve the interests of those with power. But he had better remember that, no matter what he tries to do about it (and he learned plenty from Stalin, his master) the Yugoslav people could still do what the Hungarians have done. And that is what really worries him.

Are Ukrainian Troops Revolting in Hungary?

IT was said, at the beginning of the Russian bloodbath in Hungary, that most of the Soviet troops were Mongols and nationals of other far eastern provinces of the USSR.

Now, however, reports are appearing of large scale revolts of Russian troops—mainly Ukrainians.

We would hardly think that Khrushchev would be so stupid as to send Ukrainian troops into Hungary. The countries are adjoining, the cultures are similar, and the strong separatist movement that has always existed in the Ukraine makes its inhabitants unreliable fighters for the Kremlin (as was shown during the first months of the German invasion of 1941). But they were probably the only forces he had readily available to go in at short notice, and so he had little choice.

The report by Lajos Lederer in the *Observer* (16/12/56) reads:

A large-scale revolt of Soviet troops, chiefly Ukrainian, has broken out in Hungary and has linked up with armed Hungarian units still preserving control in several maquis areas.

This development has transformed the situation and gravely increased the dilemma of Soviet policy over Hungary. The news, which reached me through a messenger from one of the Hungarian maquis units, with whom I am personally acquainted, is by now well known in Budapest and was confirmed to me from there by telephone last night.

My sources trace the revolt back to the effect on Soviet Army morale of the initial assault on Hungarian young people and workers. They estimate that even during the first Soviet intervention in October, individual desertions of Soviet soldiers reached thousands.

The greater part of the figure of 7,000 Soviet casualties, given to Mr. Nehru's envoys, appears to have been due to these rather than to fighting.

When the second wave of Soviet tanks returned on November 4 to crush the national rising, they were kept well in hand, firing blindly, for four days. As soon as they were dispersed over the country to terrorise people into submission piecemeal, it proved very difficult to make them carry out orders, and friendly contacts with the population were established in many areas.

After some time, the higher Soviet authorities reacted by flying in large numbers of officers of the political administration, exchanging—and in a number of cases arresting—local commanding officers.

During the past week, this has led a number of officers, chiefly Ukrainian, to take their units over to the Hungarian freedom fighters and call on other units to join them. Some units have come

over with their tanks, others with only light equipment.

The defecting officers have broadcast on Army transmitters, giving their own name and rank, and calling in the Ukrainian language on their comrades to join the fight for the liberation of their own country and their families.

The total number of the organised units in revolt by the week-end was estimated by my sources at 15,000. The largest part of them have joined the Hungarian forces in the mountains of Borsod country, near the frontier of the Carpatho-Ukraine, which forms part of the Soviet Union. But there are similar cases in other maquis areas.

It is stated in Budapest that the higher Soviet authorities are now so preoccupied with this development that they have little time for dealing with the Hungarian revolution itself, and that this is in part responsible for the impression of drift and indecision lately conveyed by the actions of the Kadar "Government".

General Serov, the head of the Soviet State Security Committee, and a number of his top officials are reported to have been flown in in the last few days.

We cannot, of course, vouch for the accuracy of this report, only that Lederer has proved very reliable in his reports from Hungary to date.

But we reprint it because of its tremendous significance for the future of the Hungarian revolution, and, indeed, for the whole world.

Communist Party in S. Africa

DISCUSSING the article which appeared in last week's **FREEDOM**, *Hitler of the African Continent*, with a South African comrade, it was pointed out to me that many of the white leaders of pro-African organisations are in fact Communists or Trotskyists. Some of the people who have been arrested will no doubt prove to have communist affiliations, and this will weigh heavily against them in their trial, as well as giving Strydom another stick with which to beat those who are opposed to his racial policy.

Now we are well aware of the tactics adopted by the Communists in order to gain support. We know that their first loyalty is to the Kremlin and that they infiltrate organisations with a view to taking over control so that they can be used for political ends. Many of them in countries like South Africa are however sincere enough in their hatred of racialism, but this is a secondary consideration with them, the first aim being to encourage people to support the party.

While realising all this, we feel that the main point in this issue is

not that some of the people who have been arrested might be Communists, but the behaviour of the South African Government as such in dealing with opposition to its policies. South Africa is a totalitarian state flying under the banner of democracy. Its leaders are not only neurotic in their desire for power, but in addition are pathological in their hatred, fear and contempt of the black man. We believe therefore, that the Communist bogey is merely an excuse for suppressing any views on race which clash with the Official Government policy—*apartheid*.

We know how ruthless the Communists can be when in power, we do not however, hold that using their own methods is the way to a free libertarian society, or even a remotely democratic one.

Strydom is a dictator in his own right and needs no lessons from the Communists in brutality, and we believe that the whites in South Africa who, directly or indirectly, prop up his régime are equally guilty for the suppression of black South Africa. M.

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(Progress of Deficit: page 4)

Through the 'A' in Anarchism

HOW it all started has become a dim memory. Through the vague haze I seem to remember the huge plate of spaghetti and cheese which made me feel rather bloated and quite sure that indigestion was threatening at any moment. To offset the inevitable I decided to walk this unpleasant sensation down. No better place for walking than in Hyde Park and no better time than Sunday afternoon. My journey through Speaker's Corner started with the Godly and Heaven's Own Representatives, past the fighters for Colonial Freedom residing in Camden Town, past the fence sitters who uphold their anti-clericalism with the fervent piety of deeply religious men, and past one or two individuals attempting to make an honest copper or two by trying to be funny. Lastly, under a magnificent canopy of leaves stood the Anarchist platform, Anarchist beard and all, laying down the law as only the law should be laid down. For a moment I forgot my indigestion. Here was a man obviously making an intelligent case for himself, a refreshing wind on a hot summer's day.

"Now in the Free Society, my friends . . . and then it began to happen. Suddenly a queer feeling began to creep up my legs. Up and up it rose, encompassing every nook and cranny of my body until it finally reached my head. At this point I began to float, rose above the heads of the listeners and sailed clean through the triangle of the letter 'A' in the word Anarchist which was written in red letters on the speaker's platform. I sailed clean through the board I tell you, between the speaker's legs and landed with a bump on the other side of the platform. I call it the other side for lack of another word, for I was no longer in Hyde Park. To this day I don't know where it was that I landed. The queer sensation had now left me and though a little bewildered, for some quite fantastic reason I was quite happy. Somehow it seemed like Hyde Park and yet it certainly was not. No speakers, no crowds, no railings, no roads. No point in hanging about, so I might as well find out where I am. I started walking in the most likely direction, and sure enough, past a hedge and a line of trees

I walked right on to a busy thoroughfare. What strange sights. People were walking and laughing or smiling, talking aloud, some dressed, some undressed, and some half dressed, but what struck me most forcibly was that everyone appeared happy, even a trifle tight. My first impressions were that I had stumbled upon some kind of nudist colony, but then a nudist colony with traffic lights and vehicles that looked like buses did seem a bit queer. So I decided to ask. Walking up to a group of four people, I politely tapped one on the shoulder: "Excuse me, do you mind telling me where I am and what this place is called?" They looked at me for a moment quite startled: "But didn't you come through the regular channels?" "No," I replied, "I came through the 'A' in Anarchism."

"Dear me, what will they think of next!" "But really, where am I? Do tell me," I begged. "Noticing the rather perturbed expression on my face one of the girls said: "Now don't you worry. We don't mind strangers, in fact we quite like them, but we see so few. You see, nowadays everyone is so terribly happy that few want to travel and leave all this. So we like strangers to tell us all about the other parts of the Universe."

"But look here, you haven't told me where I am yet," I broke in, feeling a bit fed up. "Don't be impatient," another member of the quartet spoke up, "You're in Nodnol, the capital of Dnalgne." "Well thanks," I replied. At last I knew; not that it made much difference. "I come from London." "London!" they all chorused at once in utter surprise. "London . . . where is that?" They all turned to the most studious-looking of the four (he looked intellectual because he wore a beard): "Have you heard of London, Oej?"

"London . . . London . . . let me see now," getting that far-away look in his eyes that only profound thinkers have, "London, why of course, it's the ancient name for Nodnol. They changed it after the Tea Revolution." "Tea Revolution? What was that? I have never heard of it."

"The Tea Revolution, brother, took place after a terrible war. Millions were killed and communications in the world were completely destroyed. After the war a shortage of tea occurred in what was then known as Britain, due to disrupted world communications, so they introduced rationing. That helped for a time but finally even the short supplies ended and there was no tea at all. It was then the revolution occurred. They threw out the government, decentralized the whole of England, and gave up all the colonies except Ceylon. By the time they had done all this everyone had forgotten the original purposes of the revolution, and by the time another government had got itself organized, everyone was so busy going about his business nobody took any notice of them. After a few days of futile argument the government gave it up as a bad job, went home, and did something useful instead. I believe a relic of them still exists but they meet in a coffee bar on the site of the old parliament buildings. Perhaps you would like to see it?"

"Sure would," I replied. This was far too interesting to miss.

"Let's get a 'sub'," said one of the girls. So off we trudged. By now we were old friends, as if we had known each other for centuries. At the corner we boarded one of the "subs". Inside was like a parlour, all soft carpets, soft armchairs, books, magazines, drinks, and no conductor. After about five minutes travelling through what appeared to be town and country mixed, we finally alighted. The coffee bar was just opposite the sub stop. It had an old Mexican motif with real live Mexicans hanging from the walls. The people drank their coffee from sombreroes and the food came on miniature guitars. There were lovers and music all over the place. He finally found a table and settled down. Before I had time to warm

my seat the coffee had arrived although no one had ordered, delivered with what appeared to be a large piece of bamboo. "What's this for," I asked, somewhat amazed.

"That's sugar cane," Oej replied, "Sugar direct from the plant, very much handed by human hands. It's the healthy way of sweetening the coffee." This sounded interesting—a vegetarian paradise. I expected a wholemeal loaf to float through the door.

★

I WAS contemplating this strange environment when two strapping gentlemen walked in, both wearing a kind of uniform. They walked up to a long-haired fellow sitting at the next table and said to him, "Brother Sope, in the name of the people of the borough of Ohos, we arrest you for warmongering." Whereupon they picked him up bodily and carried him out.

"Had a lot of trouble with them you know," said one of the boys at my table. "Queer lot really—quite neurotic, if I may use such an antiquated term."

"Tell me something about them," I asked.

"Well, they all belong to the Battlers' and War Workers' Union, a lot of cranks really, who feel that war makes men out of children, solves differences of opinion, and cleans the soul of a nation. They get arrested when they become too noisy, but quite a lot of them did manage to stage a war once after robbing the museums of all the old guns, but the battle made such a noise that the people in the surrounding villages simply routed them after enduring two noisy, sleepless nights. The police saved them from being beaten up by the irate population."

Trying to be a bit clever, I said, "But how is it you still have police?"

"Well, what's wrong with the police? It's damned hard to get into the force. The qualifications are too high—three years sociology, three years psychology, a year on the history of the borough they work in and a year on Orgone Therapy. It takes some doing. Of course not all of them have the qualifications, but most could be professors in either sociology or psychology. When they leave the force quite a few take up a part-time lectureship."

"That's all very well," I said, "but what of the violent man who refuses to be arrested or hurts a constable?"

Oej smiled a little and said, "The last time a constable was hurt the culprit was so sorry afterwards that he decided not to undergo the 'histology' of his crime, but volunteered to do Drainage Duty for the borough for two years running; usually it's six months. Another time someone stole an atomrider and the people of the borough were so sorry for him they inundated him with presents. The poor man was so touched by this that he gave the atomrider back to the owner with a new atomthresher as well. He too decided to serve nine months on the drains. People aren't really criminal but I suppose man has been a criminal for so long in the past,

a little bit still asserts itself now and again."

"It's amazing," I said. "Wait till I tell them back home. But tell me, who runs the country? Who makes things tick?"

At this they all looked at each other quite perplexed as if they hadn't understood the question. "What do you mean by 'Who runs the country?'" said Naoj, one of the girls, as pretty as a picture on a Christmas calendar.

"Well, who sees to it you get bread or milk every day?" I asked.

"Why, the baker and the milkman, of course. Who else?" she replied.

"But then why does he do it? I don't see anyone with money around here."

"Money . . . what's money . . ." asked Naoj again, wondering what this strange thing money was. For a moment Oej looked bewildered and he thought for some time. Then a smile of sudden remembrance crossed his face. "Yes, of course. Money was abandoned about 2000 A.T. (After Tea) because they found better uses for the metal, but it was used as a symbol of value for exchange. Too many people hoarded it and made pigs of themselves so they abandoned it. Nowadays, my friend, we don't use money at all. People work at various skills because they like doing it, and all goods are given out according to need."

"You mean," I said, "I could go in and get a suit of clothes for nothing?"

"Of course, silly. Clothes left hanging in the shops are useless—they are only useful when being used. The shopkeeper will be only too pleased to fix you up. My word—they must be backward where you come from."

I smiled. "But tell me, is everybody satisfied in this state of affairs?"

★

O E J thought for a moment or two. "No, not everyone. There are still cranks who live in what is called 'capitalism'. There are communities of them. They divide themselves into Workers and Bosses or something and wage what they call a 'class struggle'. They also elect representatives whose job it is to exploit them and make their lives miserable. Only yesterday I read how one of the communities expelled their Prime Minister because he had introduced a Bill demanding that adolescents should have the right to have sexual union, sanctioned by the community, with hours provided for the purpose, basing his claim on the fact that even capitalist communities in a Free Society have to keep up with the world as a whole . . . This I may say provoked a storm, and the class struggle was forgotten and a general plebiscite demanded the Prime Minister's expulsion."

"Extraordinary," I said. By now we had all finished the coffee and we rose to leave. As we went through the doorway I noticed an advertisement board. Some institutions die hard I said to myself. Still, they should be interesting to scan. "Lovely room vacant . . . all con-

veniences . . . no obligations . . . no restrictions . . . children welcomed . . . no married couples!"

"What's the idea of no married couples?" I asked one of the girls.

"Married couples are always noisy, always quarrelling. There aren't many of them about nowadays. No-one to do the ceremony you know. But one or two couples now and again do decide to get married, mostly because they don't trust each other's love. The rest of us just love each other. Those who do want to marry have to go all the way to a place called Stonehenge where an old man says a few words. This makes them married. Silly, isn't it?" She went on, "They also say it is an advantage for children to know who their father was."

"Hey!" I said, "this place is all right. I want to stay here. Can I find somewhere to put up?"

"Sorry old chap," said Oej, "but we must take you back to the 'A' in Anarchism."

"Wait a minute," I protested, "I don't want to go back."

"Sorry, but you came the wrong way," Oej told me. "You'll have to go back and wait your turn. You can't jump the queue. You have no qualifications to be here, and the 'A' in Anarchism is a loophole we had forgotten about."

With that they all picked me up without ceremony, and threw me over the hedge. I fell untidily on the other side to find myself back in Hyde Park sitting at the foot of a tree hearing the speaker say . . .

"Now in a Free Society, comrades . . ." S.F.

MALATESTA CLUB SOCIAL

The Malatesta Club will hold a Social Evening on Friday, 21st December, to raise funds for Freedom Press and for the Club, which is also in need of money. Admission (including Buffet) will be by ticket, price 2/6, obtainable in advance from the Secretary, Malatesta Club, 32 Percy Street, W.1.

MEETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Every Wednesday at 8 p.m.

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CORRECTION

We regret that in the article "A Study of Social Bias in Presumed Intelligence," in our last issue, the name of the intelligence test was given as "Weckster-Bellvue". This should of course have been "Wechsler-Bellvue". We hasten to assure readers that the mis-spelling was not due to a low I.Q. on the part of our contributor, but to his bad handwriting.

The Anarchist Way to Peace

Continued from p. 1

least, gives even the meekest and most down-trodden fellow a chance to stand up and to take it out of somebody. He will not make himself miserable by wondering whom he is taking it out of, or for how long he is going to stand up, but between killing and being killed he will choose the former.

To fix one's thoughts, one's energy and heart, on averting war is under the present conditions like knocking one's head against a wall. The point to stress is that one is not free to fight any more than one is not to fight. The state, in whose hands are the means to fight, may in fact equally decide to give way to the enemy when it could be repelled as it may send its subjects to be butchered with not a chance of victory. Declared pacifists, however large their number may become, will never be able to achieve peace as long as they rely on their respective states to achieve it for them. Modern wars are threatened and waged allegedly for the peoples' right to self-determination, which means their right to have the state they have. At the back of many people's mind, both leaders' and led's, the thought dominates, that peace will come when all the peoples of the earth will be made to understand that there is no such right, and a single all-powerful state will make any appeal to it a practical impossibility. But there is

another way of looking at things, which provides a far more salutary, less costly and quicker solution. Let people be awakened to their right not to have any state if they don't want any, and let them realize that as long as there are states they will not have peace, or war for that matter, when they want it. "Every power loves war, announces and prolongs it by an unending instinct and a predilection which makes it hate all kinds of wisdom. I wanted once hastily to conclude that one must make sure of peace in order to curtail power. Now, with better knowledge acquired through the experience of slavery, I say that if we want peace, every kind of power must determinedly be curtailed, whatever the inconvenience that it may cost". Quoting these words Alain wrote after the last big war, Rassinier concludes: "The whole question is there" (p. 237).

Are we equally powerless to dismantle the power of the state as we are to prevent it from dragging us into a war against our will? I answer with Rassinier: "A man who wants to be social must be able to live historically. Now to live historically is to live hopefully, and very often for one's offspring as much as, if not more than, for oneself. Our duty therefore tells us to hope; and so does reason; so does experience" (p. 38).

GIOVANNI BALDELLI

Freedom

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The Democratic Illusion

IF at any time during the past six or seven weeks anyone had imagined that public opinion would succeed in forcing the government to resign, then they were unduly optimistic both as to the "militancy" of the British public and to its staying power! It is still on the cards that a few heads may roll (including that of sun-tanned Sir Anthony) in a government reshuffle, though one cannot imagine a Tory revolt going as far as risking a general election the results of which would almost certainly be to return Labour to office. To substitute Gaitskell and Bevan for Eden and Selwyn Lloyd would really be asking too much from rebellious Tories! But government changes, if they come, will be decided at a high level, by the Tory political hierarchy, the leaders of the F.B.I., and perhaps even by powerful international political and economic pressures. Constitutionally public opinion has no means—assuming it had the guts—of overriding the voting majority at the disposal of the government in the House of Commons.

How frail is this "democratic" system of government which we try "to sell" the foreigner (and foist on the "backward" peoples of the colonial empire) was unwittingly revealed in a notorious editorial on Suez (notorious because it was so outspoken and considered almost revolutionary and seditious by some readers) which appeared last month in the *Observer* (Eden, Nov. 4, '56):

"Is there any way of retrieving, in some degree, the errors of the last six days? In our view, there is one essential. Sir Anthony Eden must go. His removal from the Premiership is scarcely less vital to the prospects of this country than was that of Mr. Neville Chamberlain in May, 1940. Then the decision rested—as it does now—with the Conservative Party. Then, to their everlasting credit, some forty Conservative members marched through the lobby in opposition to their party leader. By their vote on that summer evening, they changed the course of British history and rescued their party from utter disgrace." (Our italics).

"Government by the people" was in fact then simply "government by the Conservative Party" (and its powerful backers of course), just as it is to-day. The course of British history was changed not by the people but by 40 Conservative Members of Parliament. What an admission!

Thanks to the millions of dollars and sterling spent on anti-Communist propaganda during the past eleven years we all know (except for the Communist faithfuls) that Lenin's "dictatorship of the proletariat" was in fact a blind for the real "dictatorship of the party" but in spite of all the roubles and radio-stations used to inform us that "government of, by and for the people" is a sham—and even the independent-conservative *Observer* tells us that it is!—the public goes on believing the old democratic paradox as if it were—or could ever possibly be—true.

WHYY, we will certainly be asked, does this "democratic" myth persist in spite of the facts which conclusively prove that it exists nowhere in the world. The short answer is provided by the definition of the word democracy:

"Government by the people; a form of government in which the supreme power is in the hands of the people, and direct-

ly exercised by them; hence, more usually, a form of government in which the power resides ultimately in the whole people, who conduct it by a system of representation and delegation of powers" (Webster).

To-day in the so-called "democratic" countries none of the prerequisites for democracy exist. To say that Parliament represents the people because its members have been elected by the people is to beg the question. Democracy no more exists in the two- or ten-party system of the West than it does in the one-party system of the dictatorships. The test of democracy is to be found in the all important words of the definition "a form of government in which the supreme power is in the hands of the people and *directly exercised by them* (our italics). And under no political system in the "civilized world" is government "directly exercised" by the people. In this country we know that this power is not exercised by the people under the dictatorships. It is apparently not realised that it is equally *not exercised* in the democracies!

The *Observer* which only a few weeks ago was advising us that the removal of Eden was "vital" to "the prospects of this country" (that is the people) in discussing the *Future* last week opens its editorial with the following:

"We offer Sir Anthony Eden congratulations on his recovery of health: everyone must have felt personal sympathy for him when the strains of the crisis wore him down. We recognise his years of service to this country, much of it outstanding, and hope he will long continue to play a role in our public life.

His political future and that of the Government is for the Conservative majority in the House of Commons to decide. They will be wise to recognise that recent policy has not been a success; that it has revealed confused ideas on Britain's role in the world; and, most seriously, that it has lowered our reputation for straight dealing. No changes in the Government will help until these facts have been faced and intelligible conclusions drawn from them."

Apart from the spineless *volte face* regarding Sir Anthony it is noteworthy that again the *Observer* considers the future of the government not a matter for the people but for "the Conservative majority in the House of Commons" to decide.

If we were democrats such as the *Observer* and the *Manchester Guardian* with their high-minded editorials in the past weeks would have us believe they are, we would feel impelled to demand that the people, the "supreme" authority in a democracy were consulted at this stage to decide whether the government represented the wishes of the people. And that in the event of such a demand being resisted, a campaign legal or illegal should be launched in defence of democracy. After all, everybody in the West is supporting the efforts of the Hungarian people to oblige their government to truly represent their wishes or get out. Why should we not encourage such militancy nearer home?

HAS not the Eden government a lot of awkward questions to answer regarding the Egyptian campaign which was started not only without first obtaining the approval of the Americans, but without any reference to the wishes of the British people who, in the event, were far from unanimous in their approval of it. (It is not surprising to us that the Labour Opposition seem much more concerned with the fact that Eisenhower was not advised of the government's intentions than that the British public was kept in the dark until the announcement of the *fait accompli*!)

It is a fact that at the time of writing, the British public, which is paying for the consequences of the military aggression in Egypt, is still in the dark as to the reasons for the campaign. The government has given several "reasons" to justify its actions (see *FREEDOM*, Nov. 17 for some of them) but refuses to give the facts. Its denial of collusion with France and Israel was to be expected. To admit it would be a

confession that British intervention in Egypt ostensibly to stop a war (between Egypt and Israel) was a blatant lie. The evidence, however, is mounting up which brands Eden as the liar every successful self-respecting politician should be. The latest piece of evidence is provided by his ally the French (Socialist) Premier Mollet who, in an interview with representatives of the American press, while denying the charges of collusion with Israel declared:

"I know that this idea has already been put forward because your Government was not told of the very last events. They knew what we meant about Suez but your Government was not told—that is true—about the last events when the British and French troops had to intervene. *And the reason, the only reason I must confess, is that we were afraid that if we had to let you know you would have prevented us doing it, and that we could not agree, you see.*"

Apart from the fact that this denial of collusion, on the contrary sounds to us very much like an admission—it's a question of defining what were the "very last events"—

M. Mollet's explanation of the reasons for keeping the American government in the dark is in direct contradiction with the explanation given by Eden to the Commons on November 1st when he declared that the need for speedy action made it impossible to consult with "our allies"!

★

BUT is the truth a matter of importance with a public which is apathetic even when the arguments and explanations offered by the government are so obviously dishonest that they are even an insult to the intelligence of a schoolboy let alone of an adult! (The introduction of the extra shilling tax on petrol is a case in point. Lord Hailsham the former T.V. entertainer now First Lord of the Admiralty was able to suggest to an adult audience in Leicester that dearer petrol—and even "a little more Income Tax next April"—"will still be a cheap price to pay to stop a war". And did not Mr. Macmillan, tipped as a possible successor to Eden, attempt to describe the petrol tax as

a blessing in disguise when he pointed to the fact that petrol rationing would be a saving for the motorist, would reduce traffic congestion and make for more economic schedules for the bus companies since their buses would now never be empty!)

It is clear that our politicians however stupid they may be, rely on the people being even more stupid, and with the support of the Press and their stranglehold on education, seek to exploit this situation by perpetuating it. The "progressive" left accepting, in the main, the view that the people are by definition stupid, see the solution to the socio-political problem in the replacement of government by stupid Edens, with government by intelligent, do-gooders.

It is left to the anarchists to reject all élites, all governments, and to seek real democracy through the education of the people to a sense of social responsibility, independence and last, but not least, through the encouragement of that intuitive rebelliousness against imposed authority which has proved the stumbling block to all dictators and the guarantee for human progress.

BOOK REVIEW

The Anarchist Way to Peace

"SENTENCED to death by the communist 'resistance' under the occupation, and having managed to avoid their tommy-guns only because the Germans took me away in the nick of time; and destined now to be hanged or to receive a bullet in my neck, if a Russian invasion were to materialize; I think nevertheless that war is a worse evil than bolshevism."

There could scarcely be a better way of introducing Paul Rassinier to the British public than the words just quoted, written by him (p. 233) in "Le discours de la dernière chance" (The last chance speech). They give us a glimpse of his unflinching faith, and they show us at the same time the weakness of his position. We can think of several reasons why during the occupation the communists objected to his existence, but one which they shared with men of other parties is that Rassinier's pacifism lent itself to be interpreted as abject sympathy for the hated German. From the historical part of his book, where the case is restated that modern wars have their chief cause in capitalist rivalry for the possession of markets, one gathers the impression, in fact, that "German aggression" was just a cunningly fabricated myth. He goes as far as to say that, owing to Dr. Schacht's genius in finding a way to free Germany from her bondage to gold-possessing countries, "even if Hitler had not allowed himself so many fantastic inhumanities and such tearing up of treaties with the peoples of Central Europe, the Anglo-Saxons would have been bound one day to make war on him with the same intention with which the English made it once on the Canadians and at another time on the Chinese, to force the former to drink tea, and the latter to smoke opium" (p. 109). Note that Paul Rassinier was not exactly treated with gloves during his captivity in Germany, but was in such a state when freed that he had to be taken back to France on a stretcher. Now that the 'enemy' is no longer Germany but Russia, he still holds fast to the theory that wars proceed from economic motives, and the solution he proposes is accordingly economic. "The duty of the pacifists," he says, "is clear: On this side of the iron curtain it is to force the ruling classes to sell to the Russians, at reasonable prices, and with no conditions attached, everything that is not required to raise the living standard of the working class to a decent level" (p. 244).

He is perfectly aware that "it has now become absolutely impossible for an honest man to take a position on any problem without being accused of the darkest designs by one side or the other, and very often by both" (p. 240); but I am not sure that he is aware that even an 'impartial observer' will suspect him of harbouring a dark design—not of a political, but of a masochist kind. For there is no balance in his denunciations. Their bulk is addressed to those who are in a position to hurt him most. If he were in Russia, there is no doubt he would accuse the Russian leaders first and foremost for their doing their best not to avoid a new world war; being in France he accuses the French and their American allies. His plight is that of every integral pacifist: the impossibility

to prove his integral pacifism, and therefore his integrity. War, in fact, comes from a relationship of hostility between states; wherever there are states there is hostility; a pacifist can only act within the limits of one's taste; insofar that he is heeded and his pacifism is effective he weakens that state; by so doing he strengthens any other hostile state that is not exposed to his influence, because a state is encouraged to war by any factor confirming it in its persuasion that it is stronger than another.

It takes two to make a war as it does to make a quarrel. Rassinier holds that it is better to give in than to fight, that invasion is preferable to war. I dare say he is right, both rationally and empirically. But the best arguments, drawn from logic and experience, will not win many new adherents to his views. Oppression and exploitation also are, rationally and empirically, better than revolution. But only oppressors and exploiters like to be convinced of this, or those who have no power to make a revolution. Why, every state will agree that invasion is better than war, providing it is the other state that lets itself be invaded. The viciousness of a state against the population of another, when war enters its bloody phase, comes precisely from the other state's perversity of judgment at not wanting to admit that invasion is by far the better course for it to follow.

There is a difference between fighting and giving in, to which most pacifists have not given sufficient attention. When one's will, as it is ordinarily the case, is not pinned on an ideal, but on some material property, however miserable, on a few habits and love for a few persons, one is not prepared to trust the good

intentions of a foreign invader. One does not choose to depend on somebody else's mercy if one can help it. A man has to die anyhow, and so he prefers to risk death while the people and things dear to him are still his, rather than wait for it passively after they have all been taken away. There is in every man an urge to self-affirmation, a will to decide his own destiny as far as he can, and to decide the destiny of others rather than let others decide his. But for this urge, in which love of dignity and freedom is rooted together with love of tyranny, the pacifist case would long since have won the day, and pacifist propaganda would not meet as it does with so much resistance or such unreliable assent.

If it is agreed that no man has a right to impose his will on another, much less to rob and kill him, it must equally be agreed that every man has a right to resist another's will, and to refuse being robbed and killed, by whatever means he has at his disposal, the right must be granted him, under every circumstance, to decide himself whether he will oppose or submit to another man's aggression. Pacifists are going it the wrong way when they ask people to take it lying down. They may argue, of course, that since people are already taking so many things lying down, it will not make much difference to them, especially in the long run, if they so took an invasion and a foreign domination, too. They may add further, that the domination which people suffer at home, and which they do not find so irksome simply because they are used to it, was originally foreign and the result of some invasion or usurpation. But war, theoretically at

▶ Continued on p. 4

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TWO COMMITTED PAINTERS : PICASSO & PISSARRO

"L'humble et colossal Pissarro se trouve justifié de ses théories anarchistes."
—PAUL CEZANNE.

A DAY or two after reading Mr. Cezanne's *Open Letter to Pablo Picasso*, in which, more in sorrow than anger he upbraided the painter for the use to which he had allowed his name to be put in Communist propaganda and in the Stalinist empire, I listened to the lecture on *Picasso Himself* by Mr. D. H. Kahnweiler in connection with the recent exhibition of that title. Mr. Kahnweiler set up as a picture dealer in Paris in 1907 at the age of twenty-two, and very soon afterwards met Picasso, then twenty-five, and ever since then has been his dealer and friend; his lecture was an affectionate testament to the personal qualities of the artist. "I suppose," he remarked, "you expect me to say something about Picasso's Communism. It is sentimental. He is motivated by pity." He pointed out that, from Picasso's earliest Barcelona paintings of beggars, prostitutes and hungry children, compassion had been the dominant emotion in his work. What is *Guernika* but the cry of outraged humanity?

His ideological allegiance to the Soviet Union dated from the Spanish Civil War, when he declared that Russia was the only country to come to the aid of his native land. (How ironical this seems to anyone familiar with the actual nature of Soviet intervention in Spain!) Picasso has always despised the values of bourgeois society. "I want to live like a poor man with plenty of money," he once said to Mr. Kahnweiler, by which he meant that he wanted not luxury but freedom from financial preoccupations

so as to have time to get on with his work. And this is how he does live. Most of his large income is given away. Now of course Picasso's acceptance of the Communist fairy-tale and his Santa Claus view of Stalin, are utterly unimportant so far as his work as a painter is concerned, though they are certainly regrettable for the reasons set out by Mr. Milosz. He has never sought to mutilate himself by painting in the fashion demanded by the Party, and his work has never been affected by the dreary orthodoxies of the creed to which he gave his sentimental support and the prestige of his name.

*

WE take the view nowadays that the less a painter is committed to a political ideology, the more chance there is of his work having those universal qualities which may make him a great artist. And this probably applies as much to anarchism as to the more rigid political 'isms. If a work of art has a social 'message' we expect it to be implicit rather than explicit. Two celebrated painters of our day, Augustus John and the late Jankel Adler, have declared themselves to be anarchists, but their anarchism did not influence their painting. The most that could be said that the same emotional qualities which influenced their painting led them to adopt the social attitude of anarchism.

But there was one great painter who declared:

"I firmly believe that something of our ideas, born as they are of the anarchist philosophy, passes into our works which are thus antipathetic to the current trend."

This was Camille Pissarro, one of the galaxy of painters known to us as the French Impressionists, who like all the innovating movements in art, have permanently enriched and altered our way of looking at the visual world.

Pissarro was born in the then Danish West Indies in 1830. His father, who kept a shop, was a French Jew of Portuguese origin. His mother was a Creole. He left home when he was 22 and found his way to France where he became a pupil of Corot and a disciple of Courbet. He married a peasant woman from Maçon and had seven children, the eldest of whom was his painter son Lucien Pissarro. He was a poor man whose paintings, until his last few years, sold if at all, for very low prices. His dealers for many years were Père Martin, a stonemason, Père Tanguy the colour-grinder who had been sentenced to death for his part in the Commune, and Eugène Murer, pastrycook and café proprietor.

*

THE grandfather of the French impressionists was the East Anglian landscape painter John Constable who followed the scientific investigation of light and clouds made by the Quaker chemist Luke Howard (founder of the firm of that name at Ilford), and found the means of transcribing them in terms of paint—the flecks of pure white put on with a palette knife, which had such an influence on French painting, and who also played an important part in the rediscovery of the commonplace. "I never saw," he declared, "an ugly thing in all my life." J.B. Corot, Pissarro's first master, began his studies in the year after Constable's successful exhibition at the Paris Salon, and there is evidence of some influence from Constable but Corot drew his inspiration in terms of composition and tone (like Constable) from the classical landscapes of Poussin and Claude, and as he grew older, introduced dancing nymphs amongst his delicate birch and willow trees, turning his pictures into a visual equivalent of the music of Chopin. The recall to reality came from Courbet who swept away the fauns and shepherdesses. Amplifying Constable he declared, "*Le beau donné par la nature est supérieur à toutes les conventions de l'artiste.*" He cleared the way for that true naturalism which was the hallmark of the first impressionists of which Kenneth Clark remarks:

"Monet, Sisley, and Pissarro, during the 60's and even up to 1874, achieved the most complete naturalism which has ever been made into art . . . and it is worth comparing them with (the false and degraded pseudo-naturalism of popular paintings of the period), long accepted by the public as a paragon of perfect truth to nature, in order to see the difference between true and false naturalism."¹

Michael Grieg, in an article on Pissarro writes of his debt to Courbet:

"Courbet opened his eyes to the poetry of the actual, even to the gracefulness of a cabbage. And Pissarro, who thought

of himself as a peasant rather than an aesthete, has probably done the most wonderful portrayal of common garden vegetables in the history of art. But those who collected paintings, in his day as in ours, were more interested in a false surface than an inner truth, and certainly not in the poetry of a cabbage—at least until the artist became a recognised investment.

"Pissarro was an anarchist of Proudhonian dimensions, though he would say that Proudhon's anti-authoritarianism was still too authoritarian for him. Significantly, Proudhon was a close friend of Courbet. One of Courbet's best portraits was of Proudhon, and Proudhon's book, *The Principle of Art and its Social Purpose* was inspired by Courbet. What really binds the three of them together is an unsentimental love of nature, a feeling quite prevalent in anarchism, which has probably received its purest expression in the paintings of Pissarro."²

This aspect of Pissarro has been most beautifully and perceptively described by Ben Nicolson:

"Pissarro had always been an anarchist, whether he knew it or not, even during the formative years of Impressionism when painting seemed no more to him than a theory of observation . . . A picture by Pissarro is what nature would look like through the eyes of an imaginative peasant . . . We are made to follow him into the corner of the kitchen garden, past the cabbage-patch, and over the style into the dingy cowshed. Here is a field under cultivation, here is the harvest being gathered in; now the time has come to milk the cow, and now water has to be fetched in buckets from a distant well. Unlike the hiker he does not invite us to the top of the hill to admire the panoramic view, nor like the landlord show off with pride his sumptuous park. Normally he does not treat landscape as a detached poetic spectacle but discovers poetry in the use that human beings make of the soil; nor does architecture hold any interest for him except as an expression of the way men live. Renoir's pretty children are trespassers in a field of poppies, but Pissarro's peasants feel as much at home in their landscape as the poplars and stooks of corn. Smoke issues from the factory chimneys and on the quays boats are being loaded . . . In Camille Pissarro the currents of Corot and Courbet unite to produce a vision of the proletarian world, saved from sanctimoniousness by truth and from triviality by style."³

*

THE facts of Pissarro's anarchism are simple enough. He was a close friend of of Elisée Reclus and Jean Grave, and contributed to their paper *La Revolté* and to Emile Pouget's *Le Père Peinard*. He designed, amongst other things, the jacket of Kropotkin's *Les Temps Nouveaux*. He had to go into exile in Belgium with Reclus in 1894 when the persecution of the French anarchists was at its height (two of his fellow artists, Maximilien Luce and Felix Fenéon were among those arrested). But more interesting than his formal associations with the anarchist movement was the way in which his anarchism affected his whole character and his work. On one level Ben Nicolson sees a reflection of it in his choice of subjects: "Neat avenues and semi-detached villas remind him of the imposition of uniformity: he prefers to paint cottages of different shapes and sizes, winding roads, the decaying roofs of old houses and the bustling crowds in market-place and public thoroughfare."

But it is also to be found on a technical level. Pissarro was the most solidly grounded of the original Impressionists. His work was based on the classical laws of landscape painting, and, when the group split up and went in different directions, Monet for instance moving towards what Pissarro called "a type of romantic fantasy which, despite the talent of the artist, is not in accord with the spirit of our time", Pissarro linked himself with the Neo-impressionists like Seurat and Signac, who codified the experiments of the earlier school into a new scientific basis for painting, and he adopted their technique of *divisionism*. Renoir, Sisley and Monet at this time were beginning to achieve recognition:

"For twenty years they had slaved and starved; now, at last, success seemed within their grasp. Whilst they were busy flirting with the official Salon, Pissarro defiantly threw in his lot with a group of young artists and intellectuals, many of whom became socialists or anarchists . . . Already, by 1883, Pissarro was frequenting Socialist circles and had acquired among his Impressionist friends a reputation for dangerous opinions and disreputable associates . . ."

And the interesting thing is that just as his growing social awareness pushed him beyond his associates into the more technically and socially advanced Neo-impressionists, so his further leftward

movement after that had its counterpart in his technique. Ben Nicolson declares that:

"Pissarro's abandonment of *divisionism* as demanding too rigid a technical discipline was paralleled by his gradual retreat from Socialism in the direction of the philosophical anarchism of Kropotkin and his school. At first he had believed that there was some hope for the third Republic, but as he came to regard all politicians as self-seekers and all discipline as oppressive, so he lost faith in the liberating authority of the State."

This parallel between the social and the technical is certainly in itself fallacious. We are not willing to prefer Pissarro to Renoir on social grounds, nor to reject Gauguin because his work is "anti-social and mystical". But the interesting thing is how in Pissarro his view of the artist's rôle in society, his choice of subject, and even his selection of technique, are all inextricably mixed. If art is to be for the people, reasoned Pissarro, it must be cheap and humble, and for this reason as early as 1877 he gave up rich gilded frames for white painted ones, and later began experimenting with gouache and engraving. The unrelieved drabness of his subject-matter, says Nicolson, accounts for the fact that of all the Impressionists he was the last to be appreciated, and yet it was he who in 1873 was the first to recognise and encourage the crude beginnings of the painter who was to be the master of them all, Paul Cezanne, who, thirty years later, when one of his pictures was at last shown in the Salon, put after his name, "Pupil of M. Pissarro".

*

PISSARRO'S anarchism emerges on a deeper level still. Of his personal relations with his fellows, Michael Grieg writes:

"His freshness of vision and grandeur of spirit didn't come from any copybook. It came from an inner need to be himself and to permit others to be themselves. It permitted him to form rich associations with Cezanne, who was moody and suspicious, with Van Gogh, who was near mad, and Degas, who was an anti-Semite. When Pissarro died, Degas could write to his friend Rouart: 'So the poor old wandering Jew is dead . . . He will never know how embarrassed we were in his company . . . that horrible race'. But Pissarro knew the despair after perfection which twisted

Degas, particularly when, with approaching blindness, Degas could only work with bright pastels and then only sculpture. Though after the Dreyfus affair, he and Degas, who had allied himself with the militarists, didn't see one another, Pissarro continued to praise Degas as the greatest artist of the decade."

He saw his antagonists as unconscious friends, remarking of Degas in 1891, "Such an anarchist! In art, of course, and without recognising it", and Millet he called, "another of those blind men, leaders or followers who, unconscious of the march of modern ideas, defend the idea without knowing it, in spite of themselves!"

His letters to his son⁴ are full of such judgments, mixed with political comments, regrets that 'mysticism' was gaining ground in art, fulminations against the bourgeoisie for being fifty years behind the times, and fears about the value of his work:

"However, at times I come across works of mine which are soundly done and really in my style, and at such moments I find great solace. But no more of that. Painting, art in general, enchants me. It is my life. What else matters? When you put all your soul into a work, all that is noble in you, you cannot fail to find a kindred soul who understands you and you do not need a host of such spirits. Is that not all an artist should wish for?"

And occasionally he admonishes his son in such words as these:

"Scorn my judgment. I have such a longing for you all to be great that I cannot hide my opinions from you. Accept only those that are in accord with your sentiments and mode of understanding . . . what I fear most is for you to resemble me too much . . ."

"Only keep your personality intact! Each of us has his qualities and faults, the important thing is to have many qualities."

A man of so many qualities. This is what led the aloof and uncommitted Cezanne to describe Camille Pissarro, not only as humble and colossal, but also as justified in his anarchist theories.

C.W.

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(Read carefully the Conditions of entry)

1. What is the difference between war and armed conflict? (Your answer should be confined to one word).
2. Name:
(a) three psycho-somatic conditions directly attributable to P.A.Y.E.
(b) three neuro-calistic diseases indirectly caused by P.A.Y.E.
(c) What is P.A.Y.E.?
(2 1/2 marks)
3. In anarchist heraldry who takes precedence over whom?
(a) Count Bakunin.
(b) Prince Kropotkin.
(c) Duke Ellington.
4. Which of the following circumstances produce the successful politician?
(a) The dialectic.
(b) A desire to serve.
(c) What mother saw in the woodshed.
(d) Loot.
5. Who said: "Man is nothing else than fetid sperm, a sack of dung, the food of worms . . . you have never seen a viler dunghill."
(a) Genghis Kahn.
(b) Lucretia Borgia.
(c) Sam Goldwyn.
(d) Saint Bernard.
6. Three out of four Hollywood film stars are declared anarchists. Of the following four—which three?
(a) Humphrey Bogart.
(b) Orson Welles.
(c) Charles Chaplin.
(d) Lassie.
7. Given the choice—by which would you rather be incinerated?
(a) a Capitalist H-bomb.

- (b) a Socialist H-bomb.
(c) an uncommitted H-bomb.
Give reasons.

8. Which of the following alternatives apply to a Capitalist Democracy and which to a People's Democracy?
(a) Wage Differentials.
Differential wages.

- (b) Conscription.
Compulsory military service.
(c) Marriage regulations.
Marriage laws.
(d) Secret Police.
Security police. (3 marks).

- (e) Any alternative of your own. (1 mark each).

9. (i) What is a free union?
(a) a trade union not affiliated to the T.U.C.

- (b) Something at Oxford and Cambridge.
(c) for Charlie.
(d) an intimate relationship maintained between two persons of the opposite (or the same) sex, without sanction of church or state.

- (ii) The issue of such unions are known as?
(a) love children.
(b) illegitimate children.
(c) bastards.

10. Who IS going to clean the sewers in a free society?

- Rating:
100 marks Anarchist genius.
80-90 " Anarchist.
60-70 " Deviationist libertarian.
40-50 " Bourgeois.
20-30 " Reactionary Moron.
0-10 " Fascist Hyena.

CONDITIONS

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