

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

DOUBLE-THINK AND THE H-BOMB

ALL VICTIMS IN AN H-WAR

"WITH Dr. Schweitzer's pronouncement from the Belgian Congo"—comments the *New Statesman & Nation* (27/4/57)—"public disquiet about the hazards of the H-Bomb is building up to a formidable pressure on officialdom." Welcome as such appeals as Dr. Schweitzer's are, let us not exaggerate their impact on mankind's future. Let us instead face up to the fact that to date only one practical step has been taken to halt mankind in its career to death: the decision of 18 German scientists in refusing to "take any part in the manufacture, testing or destructive use of nuclear weapons". For as individuals their decision is far-reaching. They have placed themselves on the side of mankind against power politics. They have declared that the scientist is a human being, responsible to his conscience and not a technological pawn in the hands of politicians.

The significance of the German scientists' stand, in terms of humanity as a whole, remain yet to be seen. In itself it has done nothing to stem the tide towards annihilation, since *The Bomb* exists and is ready for launching in Russia and the United States and will, by July, be available in this country too. The German scientists' stand is practical and significant to the extent that it makes its appeal not only to scientists throughout the world engaged on the development of atomic weapons but to skilled and unskilled men and women at present engaged on the manufacture of these weapons as well as on the machines in which they will be transported to their "target" not to mention the pilots, the ground-staff, and the mechanics who directly or indirectly are depended upon to operate these machines of annihilation.

Every individual concerned with the development, the manufacture and the delivery of atomic bombs or missiles cannot escape his or her share of the responsibility in the

*See FREEDOM editorial "German Nuclear Scientists Refuse!" (20/4/57).

WOMEN'S PROTEST MARCH AGAINST H-Bomb Tests

Sunday, May 12, 3.15 p.m.
 Hyde Park to Trafalgar Square
 The National Council for the Abolition of Nuclear Tests is organising a protest march of women against H-bomb tests for next Sunday. Assembly to take place at Speakers' Corner, Marble Arch at 3.15. The procession will move off to Trafalgar Square where a short meeting will be held.

The organisers write:
 "In view of the especial danger to children likely to result from the continuation of H-Bomb tests, the National Council is calling on all women supporters to join us in a MARCH OF PROTEST against H-bomb tests. We consider this would be one of the most effective ways of demonstrating the great concern we all feel about these tests, and we suggest that the march should be a silent and dignified protest, with banners to express our purpose.

"Even if you have never before taken part in such a demonstration, do not be deterred from joining in with us to make this a most effective protest against the tests. We hope to have some women, well-known in public life to head the procession."

eventual annihilation of human life on this planet. Atomic warfare is not selective—even assuming for the sake of argument that the conventional weapons ever distinguished between the guilty men and the innocent "women and children". As the *Manchester Guardian* in its editorial *Spreading the Risk* (29/4/57)—in which the sober language cannot minimise the terrifying facts—points out, "most of the strontium from tests alights uniformly over the earth". Thus in the event of even unilateral atomic warfare, in which the "aggressor" succeeds in neutralising the enemy's capacity to retaliate, the damage, the irretrievable damage, to mankind as a whole has already been done, whatever success may have been achieved in the political power struggle!

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SOMEHOW one cannot help feeling that too many people either lack the imagination or are ignorant of even those facts which have seeped through the government's security curtains so far, to realise the significance of the H-bomb in terms of life and death. Yet what has appeared in the Press in the past fortnight should, one would have thought, aroused more than a doubt that the H-bomb is a weapon of mass-murder, or mass suicide (depending on whether you are on the receiving or delivering end). It is true that the scientists are divided regarding the ill-effects of H-bomb tests—or are they? Let us examine

the statements of the optimists. Professor Oliphant the noted Australian Atomic energy "authority" who defends the tests, for political reasons of course ("the West has no choice but to continue its tests to keep abreast of Russian developments in nuclear weapons"), "believes" according to a *Reuter* report that "mankind need have no fear of harm from nuclear tests for at least 50 years if the tests continue at the present rate". By then, if tests were still being carried out "there might be cause to worry about the physical effects to the human race from radio-active materials concentrated in the air". Prof. Oliphant recognises that even to-day ("only") a few isolated "pockets" of polluted radio-active atmosphere have been discovered "which have proved to be dangerous".

Dr. Libby, spokesman for the American Atomic Energy Commission, in his reply to Albert Schweitzer declares that the risk involved in fall-out was much less than "other risks which persons everywhere take as a normal part of their lives".

There were two possible hazards in atomic fall-out, Dr. Libby explained. The first was the genetic hazard to the reproductive organs by penetrating gamma radiation. The second was the hazard due to the irradiation of the bones by assimilated strontium 90 taken up largely through food. "There is no reason to fear genetic hazard from strontium 90 since it accumulates in the bones and does not appreciably irradiate the reproductive organs."

Dr. Libby said that fall-out from the

bombs that reached the stratosphere would spread over the entire earth and last for ten years, but at the present rate of exploding the bombs the amount of strontium 90 absorbed by human bones in the next fifty years would only be a fraction of what they could safely take.

Apart from the fact that a large number of equally eminent scientists do not share this "optimism", and for every assurance there is an additional warning, it is known, as the *New York Times* in spite of its support of the Tests admits, that

"all radiations, no matter how small, produce genetic effects, and that most of these are deleterious. It is therefore generally agreed that there must be some genetic effects of fall-out radiation from nuclear weapons tests."

Furthermore is it no concern of ours that our children's children, or even their children may reap the harvest of our folly, not only economically and politically but biologically as well? And what evidence is there to assume that these effects will not be felt in less than 50 years? Not only are the scientists groping

A diplomat is a person who tries to solve complicated problems which would never have arisen if their were no diplomats.
 —The Norwegian Ambassador, Hr. Per Prebensen.

in the dark but everything points to an ever-increasing tempo in the testing of atomic weapons. As a *New York Times* correspondent points out (1/5/57):

The year 1957 seems destined to be one of the most active test periods in the international race to develop new atomic weapons.

This became apparent to-day when the Atomic Energy Commission announced that the press and Civil Defence aides would be allowed to watch nine nuclear explosions at the Nevada proving grounds as part of an atomic test series running from mid-May to September.

With the nuclear tests already conducted by the Soviet Union and the test planned by Great Britain, the number of nuclear explosions in 1957 will rival the atomic pace set in 1953 and 1955—the two most active years of atomic tests.

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IF we assume that the politicians of the world and those sections of the "serious" Press which support the continued testing of atomic weapons in spite of the genetic hazards are not raving lunatics, we must examine their arguments.

The Labour Party's leading spokesmen, being politicians and not socialists, cannot repudiate the Bomb and the most they can do to show that they oppose the present

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EMBATTLED KOINONIA

A Georgia grand jury finally got around to investigating Koinonia Farm, the famed inter-racial community near Americus*. After twelve years of peaceful existence, rumours began to fly with the Supreme Court's 1954 desegregation decision that there was "sex mixing" at the farm and that it harboured Communist spies. The jury's 16-page report revived the old accusations, also charged that Koinonia was masquerading as a religious group to avoid payment of taxes and that the violence was largely perpetrated by the farm members themselves as a bid for sympathy. (Koinonia answered back with an eleven-page, point-by-point refutation of the jury's report.) By and large, the jury had to concede that no law was being violated by the Koinonians.

But Koinonia's neighbours went right on as before, following a pattern of harassment that has been growing ever since last year (*Time*, Sept. 17), when the unsegregated, pacifist Christian families of the 1,100-acre farm began to feel the sting of terror and the weight of boycott by local merchants. After the first blows, 13 Negroes and nine whites left the farm, but 36 whites and two Negroes stayed. The terror mounted.

The Citizens Bank of Americus refused to grant Koinonia more loans; the gas supplier for the farm's heating and cooking, the hardware dealer, the tractor

dealer, and the mechanic who serviced the farm vehicles refused to do business with Koinonia. The farm's gas tank was shot up, its roadside produce stand (with cold-storage and meat-processing equipment) was dynamited and destroyed. The main building on an adjoining farm owned by the community was burned to the ground, and later twelve shotgun blasts were fired into the farm, showering some of the Koinonia children with pellets. One Sunday a 78-car motorcade of 153 robed and hooded Klansmen drove into Americus just after church, held a demonstration at the fair-grounds, then disrobed and went out to Koinonia to urge the community to move.

Last week Koinonia's president, Virginia-born Norman Long, 32, still a member of the Baptist Church, and Clarence Jordan, 44, were planning a move that looked to some like the beginning of retreat. Koinonia will open a branch farm at Neshanic Station, N.J. Jordan insisted that this is no retreat; the Northern farm will be used chiefly as a rest centre for Koinonians with "battle fatigue". Said Norman Long: "There's no value in thinking what may happen. We are simply living our lives from day to day. The issues at stake are so great that we cannot allow ourselves to give up."

Time Magazine, 29/4/57.

*See FREEDOM, 5/1/57.

Engineers Tied Up for 2/6?

THE Court of Inquiry which recently sat to consider the tremendous problem of how to pay engineering workers adequately without crippling the industry finally came up for air with two alternative proposals. One, that the unions should accept a flat increase of 8s. 6d., or two, that they could have an increase of 11s. with strings.

The most important string was to be an agreement not to press for a further wage increase for 12 months, and as well they were to agree to curtail 'restrictive practices' and loss of working time.

When one considers how much time was spent by what important people at the Court of Inquiry (and a similar one operated for the shipbuilding industry as well), one cannot help but be impressed by the daring of their proposals, the breadth and sweep of their grasp of the staggering problems involved in this complicated issue.

The sad thing is that the trappings of legality and objectivity in which the proceedings are wrapped are precisely what sells the workers on this kind of futility. That and the fact that the unions are always concerned to find a constitutional get-out from any militant situation.

It should be remembered that the engineers' (and shipbuilders') claim during the recent strike was for a wage increase of 10 per cent., which would have been 16s. 10d. per week on an adult worker's wage. The unconditional offer suggested by the Court of Inquiry was for just half that, and for tying themselves up for at least a year, the bait was an extra

2s. 6d.—still 4s. 5d. below the original claim!

One would hardly have expected that either of these proposals could have been considered acceptable, after all the fightin' talk during the strike. But at the Amalgamated Engineering Union's conference at Eastbourne this week, the second proposal—the one with strings—has been accepted.

Not without a certain amount of argument. The Communists and 'Left wing' delegates in the AEU put up a fight against it, but the right wingers, under the leadership of Bill Carron—who used his huge block vote to send the men back from the strike in March—carried the day.

Now the AEU has to convince the other 38 unions in the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions to accept 11 bob-with-strings and the wage freeze and conditions will become Confederation policy.

As a matter of fact they don't have to be all convinced. Half a million of the 1,300,000 votes affiliated to the Confederation belong to the AEU, which has therefore to convince only a few of the smaller unions to get a majority. In the voting on the issue at Eastbourne, the issue was won by 33 votes to 19. That majority of 14 delegates' votes is enough to give Bill Carron all the 500,000 votes of the AEU in a block card vote and that will prove sufficient to fix the wages—and conditions—for the next twelve months of three million workers!

That's democracy, that is—and all for 2s. 6d. a week.

Miners See the Light

IT has taken ten years of State ownership to convince the miners that there has been no basic change between miners and employers in the industry. So says the South Wales miners' President, Will Paynter. Where have Paynter's eyes been all these years? Certainly not on the nationalised mines or he would have realised a long time ago that under government control no radical change from the old style employer was feasible. Having seen the light however, he now catches up with the anarchist view:

"Workers' participation in management has proved an empty pipe dream.

"Basically, relationships within the industry are unchanged.

"A bad set of employers has been replaced by a better set, but the relationship of master and servant still operates."

And he demanded: "The trade unions must have a direct voice in the determination of board policy."

He claimed that the board was dominated by former directors of coal-owning companies.

"Recent appointments," he said, "have been of people with no trade union background or with no knowledge of the industry."

This, he claimed, moulded the board nearer the pattern of "big monopolies, like Imperial Chemicals."

The financial set-up in the industry was sheer exploitation in the interests of the State and Big Business.

The Board had sold coal to industry at less than economic costs. The price to industries other than public utilities could be raised by £1 per ton.

The £60 million to £70 million extra annual profit which this would return would be more than sufficient to meet the cost of the reforms listed in the new Miners' Charter.

ODD MAN OUT

OUR literature is not very rich in autobiographies and autobiographical novels of the industrial working-class. Writers like Jack Common and, in his most recent book, James Kirkup, have written about their childhood in the industrial cities of the north, and D. H. Lawrence in his best novel drew upon the background of his early life in a Nottinghamshire mining town. But of adult day-to-day industrial life in England as seen by the worker, very little has been published; the one masterpiece of this kind, Robert Tressell's *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists* was written before the first world war, while of the works which appeared in the period of self-conscious 'proletarian writing' in the thirties, very few besides B. L. Coombes' *These Poor Hands* are of continuing interest.

Perhaps it is the daily tedium of factory work that gives little scope for industrial workers to write about it, perhaps those who have the itch to write steer clear of routine jobs, but certainly the best working-class autobiographies come from rolling stones who drift from one occupation to another or out of the world of the wage-pocket altogether—Ivan Edwards' *No Gold on My Shovel* is an example, so is Jack Hilton, the author of *Caliban Shrieks* and *English Ribbon*, a Lancashire cotton operative, who, with his wife, took to wandering around the country pushing an old perambulator containing their belongings and a tent. "Books like these," wrote George Orwell, of *Caliban Shrieks*, "which come from genuine workers and present a genuinely working-class outlook, are exceedingly rare and correspondingly important. They are the voices of a normally silent multitude. All over England, in every industrial town, there are men by scores of thousands whose attitude to life, if only they could express it, would be very much what Mr. Hilton's is. If all of them could get their thoughts on to paper they would change the whole consciousness of our race." And on another occasion Orwell wrote of Mr. Hilton's "vagabondish, almost anti-social attitude to life" which "is only the native English anarchism pushed a little beyond the normal."

What reminded me of this phrase of Orwell's was a remark in Angus Wilson's preface to a new book, *Five Fags a Day* by John Petty. (Secker and Warburg, 18s.). Mr. Petty, he writes, "is an angry

and proud man who does not wait for our response—he gives his own self-centred and anarchistic answer." Jack Hilton, dissatisfied with the drabness and tedium of his environment and with going cap-in-hand for the privilege of working, took to the road with his accommodating wife, writing about the things they saw. Mr. Petty ill and neurotic, after a succession of jobs, each of which gave him a 'breakdown', unable to leave his ailing and continually quarrelling parents, took to scrap-picking—getting a precarious and dubiously legal living from collecting bits of metal from slag-heaps and scrap-tips near his home in the Black Country, while writing long and involved novels for which he could not find a publisher.

THE difference between Mr. Petty and his fellow-writers of the "lumpen-proletariat" is that he is writing in the post-war period of full employment and relative prosperity. He is one of the odd men out of the Welfare State, like the old age pensioners and the "problem families". He is the kind of person that gets dismissed as "feckless", but, as he says, "fecklessness appeals mostly to middle-class people who have never known insecurity". It is simply that he is not capable of fitting into the machinery which in theory exists to alleviate his predicament. His book is an account of one year in his life on the scrap-tips, and in the course of it we learn something of his history and family life. In childhood everything was rosy:

"... when I was very young, I would lie in bed as they lit the fire and prepared breakfast, and—as the delicious odour of frying bacon floated upstairs—hear them singing 'Bread of Heaven'. Perhaps they sang as other people—years later—sang the latest hits: automatically, without thinking about the words they sang: but they had good voices, they sang with feeling and in harmony, and they made the dirge sound as they themselves must have felt: happy and joyful, thankful of love and life."

Then the close and friendly world began to collapse. His father who worked in a foundry gradually became a chronic invalid with heart disease and pneumoconiosis, while his mother after recovering from consumption became first eccentric and then drunken and insane. By 1940, when war production began the general rise in wages, his father had become incapable of working, and as all the neighbours grew more and more comfortably off, Mr. Petty's family grew poorer and poorer, the resentments and incessant quarrels between his parents became fiercer and more violent, reaching a peak of degrading lunacy in the year of which he is writing.

HE himself, after leaving school at fourteen and a series of miserable jobs. "At sixteen I hated the places in which I worked, hated the drabness and prison-like oppression, and hated the people more—the dull automatons who seemed to have no other mission in life than to work from Monday to Saturday. The people oppressed me. They appalled me. And (in my teens) they baffled me. They were bound by a grim monotony but they didn't seek to break it. They were surrounded by ugliness but they didn't yearn for beauty. They had a dogged endurance but they weren't upheld by faith". At seventeen he ran away and joined the army which was worse. "I was not a happy warrior" in 1941 he was discharged with consumption but without a pension and tried a succession of outdoor jobs—on building sites, on a farm, delivering milk, until his health completely collapsed, and as his book opens, in the winter of 1949, we meet him, shivering and wheezing, scrabbling over the furnaces tip for iron runnings among the slag, leading them onto his bicycle, one sack lying over the chain-wheel and another over the cross-bar, and laboriously wheeling the unwieldy load of about two hundredweights, running the gauntlet of the police, to the scrap-merchant's yard where he got 3s. a hundredweight.

"The road had for long been the worst

part of the town. Once it had festered with life, but slum clearance schemes had flattened the black banks and buttressed cliffs, the crouching hovels and cracking cenotaphs of Victorianism, had demolished the terraces and tenements, taken away the black-shawled grannies, the doss-houses and loungers and knots of slatterns, the yelping dogs and mangy cats and mobs of children, the rag-yards and hawkers, the drunks and didicais, the pawnshops and paupers, and all that remained now between the rubble and wide open spaces were a couple of factories, a pub and one small block of houses—and the scrap-yard."

OUR field of vision narrows with his to the nightmare landscape of the tips and rubbish heaps, with their different characteristics and perils, the squatters rights established by pickers on their own particular tips, the bottles whizzing past the ears of interlopers, the fights over some miserable bits of metal, the fluctuating market for the precious metals of the trade—scrap zinc rising from a penny a pound to a shilling, brass from 6d. to 1s. 6d., and aluminium runnings from nothing to 8d. We distinguish between car door handles made of plated brass and those from die-cast spelter. For Mr. Petty the core of his narrative is his unfulfilled passion for a wild and beautiful truant school-girl who comes raking over the tip with a keen eye for the more saleable metals, but the reader is likely to find his account of the *affaire* sentimentally over-written, and to be more deeply affected by the intensity of his description of the tips, the loathed and painful symbols of his freedom from the jobs he could not hold because they drove him dotty, and from the doctor who wanted to send him to hospital. And all the while he was writing his unpublished novels:

"I have that capacity of concentration and detachment that some people envy. I would write on the living-room table—for that matter it was the only table in the house, and the only place in the house where I could write—and though

I could withdraw easily into my writing and write freely and effortlessly, I found it difficult to emerge from it. And I mean physically. Certainly there was the psychological side—I hated to leave that which I loved for that which I loathed, but I knew that to live I must go to the tip, and when the time came to go I found I could not go on writing. Instead of the paper I saw that tip."

The unrelieved gloom of Mr. Petty's story is mitigated only by his grim hanging-on to his mode of living and his rueful optimism. And he says of himself: "I am of the working-class, but I look something like a faded and haggard Shelley, and I am the opposite of all that is aggressive. On the other hand, I have had a wide experience of life, and I have any amount of tenacity and doggedness. I am the sort who will avoid a fight but always do what I want to do—though I do it with my soul shaking." We are not told what happened to him after the illness that put an end to his scrap-picking. Presumably his life took a turn for the better, even though he has had no success with his novels. The publication of *Five Fags a Day*, though it will hardly make him rich, will give him the first bit of encouragement as a writer that he has ever had. And it will serve to remind its readers that the social services and full employment leave untouched great areas of human misfortune. "Mr. Petty", writes Angus Wilson, "speaks for no class, pleads no political cause, has no sense of solidarity. He writes as an angry, defeated individual—a man who demands the right to his own poetry in life..." But he does not seem from the evidence of this book to have been defeated. C.W.

They're Off to a Good Start

ACCRA, APRIL 22.

The Prime Minister, Dr. Nkrumah, said to-day that although freedom of worship was embodied in the Constitution of Ghana, his Government would not tolerate the activities of certain religious bodies. He cited Jehovah's Witnesses who, he said, excluded themselves from voting and ignored activities pertaining to affairs of the State.—*Reuter*.

Lewis Mumford on

The Forces of Life

THE belief in the machine as man's ultimate master, if not his Deity, has become a common one to-day. More than twenty-five years ago, it was summed up in classic form in an official guidebook to the Century of Progress Exhibition in Chicago. I have preserved those three precious sentences over the years because they seem nothing less than the ultimate credo of the machine age, its alpha and omega. Here they are: "Science finds. Industry applies. Man conforms." On those terms, man's historic self-transformations are over: his autonomy, his creativity, his freedom, are at an end: only those parts of his nature that can be profitably turned to the account of science or industry may remain. This sense of compulsive conformity to external processes and pressures is widely written over our chief activities to-day; little more than a veil of residual traditions left over from earlier transformations of man keeps us from realizing how deeply this conception of man's purely passive role, the role of conformity and adjustment, has eaten into our whole life....

Now I do not propose to leave you with such an air-conditioned nightmare. Man has still to live with himself, and our contemporaries show many signs that they do not wholly admire this finished mechanical image or relish this new prospect. Possibly the appalling manifestations of hatred, senseless violence, and random destructiveness we increasingly witness in the very centres of civilization are blind instinctual compensations for the feeling of human impotence and personal nullity that our machine conditioned culture has fostered. Did not Dostoevsky, in his *Letters from the Underworld*, warn us long ago that man might turn his back on the stuffy mechanical progress of the nineteenth century and recover his freedom, if no other way opened, by resorting to crime? But more constructive responses have happily been gathering force, though they are not yet so conspicuous, perhaps, as the neurotic and criminal reactions. The do-it-yourself movement in America is doubtless such a response, even though, in comic contradiction to its promise, one of its chief incentives seems to be the sale of a new line of machines. In that characteristic over-emphasis on equipment, it resembles still another bid for autonomy: our growing addiction to sport. Still, this emphasis on play is significant, for play in all its forms constitutes one of the great realms of human freedom and creativity, as engineers

themselves should well know, since many audacious technical devices, the motion picture, the helicopter, the telephone, had their origins in children's toys. Perhaps an even more important reassertion of human dignity and initiative—don't think I am jesting—is the spontaneous rise in the birth-rate; for making love and having children are two activities that have no mechanical counterpart: they are still definitely human.

IN the long run, we must realize that we cannot offset the costive effects of our depersonalized ideology by attempting at intervals to supply, in capsule form, as if they were vitamins, a sufficient dosage of art, philosophy, literature, religion, ethics and history to overcome radical deficiencies in our daily diet. That sort of empiric medication may do for the weekly pages of *Life*, but it does not meet the demands of life itself. In every situation the whole man must be accessible and ready to take command, capable of meeting life in all its organic complexity—cosmic, biological, sexual, ethical, esthetic, at every moment from birth to death. Unless we fortify and widen the province of the human personality, we cannot prudently trust those who now exercise their admirable specialized competence. What is perhaps no less important, unless we build up the central nucleus in the human self, in all its dimensions, with all its potentialities, we shall overlook the richest resource that technology can draw on, if it is to develop into a true polytechnics, capable of meeting every human need on man's own terms, rather than in terms of the machine's narrow requirements. For lack of such human terms of reference, much of the work done during the last generation in the fields of engineering I am most familiar with—housing, urbanism and highway engineering—will have to be done over again, once the human functions and human values come back into the picture. A society in which fractional interpretations of a fragmented world; in which engineers understand only the problems of other engineers, in which in short each specialist sits like a nervous woodchuck, within a few feet of his inviolable burrow and ducks down into it as soon as he hears a strange footstep or sights a human shape—such a society has one fatal defect: it is flatly out of touch with reality. Real life must be lived simultaneously on many interesting and interpenetrating levels; and only those who, as autonomous persons, are

capable of moving freely from one level to another, who are acquainted with the ways of love as well as the ways of power, can measure up to the greatest demand of life—that of man's continued development and self-transformation. That job cannot be delegated to a machine.

The terms of the next transformation are already set, since each fresh transformation tends to fill out the places that were left empty in an earlier stage; indeed, the neglected elements become the nucleus for the new growth. Yet as with every previous transformation of man, the next one will continue the main line of human development, by widening the field of human intercourse and association, in cultural as well as economic interchange, and will utilize functions and aptitudes that earlier stages left out of cultivations. Above all, the next transformation will seek to overcome the enclosures and frustrations experienced through the very perfection of our machine-conditioned culture. If current society has overstressed the acquisition of unlimited knowledge and unlimited power, the next stage will accept norms and limits, as essential manifestations of life, and it will concentrate upon the art of love, so that man may do greater justice to his own nature, and be able, through self-understanding, to overcome the unloving omnipotence of current technology. In order to control the machine for his own varied purposes, man must now cultivate his own special capacities as controller and creator. No sporadic revolts will accomplish this. What is needed is a common purpose, as large and over-riding as that which has, since the seventeenth century, drawn forth the energies of the scientist, the inventor, the capitalist, the engineer, and the bureaucrat—and for a while enlisted the hopeful support of all men.

WHAT is that new purpose? Nothing less than the next transformation of man. This will call, I believe, for the creation of a unified though highly diverse world culture, which will enable men and women to be at home, as full-fledged citizens, in every part of the planet, in a generous, loving relation of give-and-take with all other cultures; likewise at home with every part of their own selves in all their historic layers and thus capable of drawing into the service of their common purpose energies that, if allowed to expand by themselves, as technics now does, would be disruptive

and dangerous. At this point man himself must come back into the centre of the stage, no longer content with his present job in the wings as mere property man, stage hand and electrician; he must take on, rather, the role of actor-dramatist, commanding every part of the performance, scenery, costume, dialogue, action, supporting cast, in order to make possible the new drama of One World Man, drawing for the first time upon all the physical and human resources of the planet. That able French anthropologist, Teilhard de Chardin, called this coming epoch the period of planetization. For myself, I would prefer to call it the period of human polarization: an era in which all the fractional parts of man, divided by culture, by race and region and nationality, by all manner of vocational specialization and segregation, will be brought back, greatly expanded and enriched, to the central nucleus, the human self where they originated.

Not the least part of our culture to benefit by this transformation will be the domain of engineering itself: for modern technics will at last cast off the burden of its random expansion in the direction of pecuniary profit and power. All the truly great achievements of the passing age—instantaneous communication, swift transportation, atomic and solar energy in endless quantities, automatic machinery to perform servile or burdensome work, to mention only those concerned with physical processes—will at last be attached to higher human goals, more worthy of the intelligence that brought them forth. For the first time in history the entire population of the planet will have access to the full human heritage, the near and the far, the past and the possible, the animal and the divine. Here is a creative potentiality that is almost without limit, provided that the arts of love keep pace with the arts of power, and man loves himself and all other living creatures more than he loves the machine on which he has all too intently concentrated.

Within the terms laid down by nature and history, the future remains ours to make. But only on one provision: that we take up again man's two great age-old tasks: the task of self-exploration, which has enlarged every dimension of nature and the cosmos, and the task of self-transformation, which has revealed the untransformable and inexhaustible richness of life itself.

LEWIS MUMFORD,
from "Liberation" (New York).

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Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

Vol. 18, No. 19.

May 11, 1957

All Victims in an H-War

Continued from p. 1

Government's policy is to suggest "postponing" the tests due to take place next July. In a speech in Birmingham last week-end the Party's leader, Mr. Gaitskell said that:

"The Government should put forward proposals of this kind [a few control points so that all Russian explosions can be detected] now, and should postpone our tests for a limited period until the reactions of other countries to our proposals have been considered.

The replies of the Government to this idea have been most unconvincing. They say that if we postpone our tests we can never carry them out. This is quite untrue. If no satisfactory international agreement were reached, we should be free to go ahead with our tests. They say that the possibility of ending conscription depend on our carrying out these H-bomb tests. This also is quite untrue.

"The possibility of ending conscription depends more than anything else on whether the necessary number of Regular soldiers can be voluntarily enlisted."

The Deputy Leader, Mr. James Griffiths, suggested that Britain should "offer to postpone the tests as a gesture of goodwill in an effort to get other countries to do the same".

The government's position is the same as that expressed in a *New York Times* leader (21/4/57) where the view is taken that:

If the tests, by developing improved nuclear weapons, serve to keep us out of an all-out nuclear war, they are more than justified. Indeed their discontinuance or curtailment would then be a real disservice to present and future generations. Granted, the tests constitute a risk. But, as Professor Libby said: "Are we willing to take this small and rigidly controlled risk, or would we prefer to run the risk of annihilation which might result if we surrendered the weapons which are so essential to our freedom and our survival?"

Even ex-President Truman, the man who declared Atomic war on Hiroshima, has had his say, in a syndicated article (27/4/57) on the Russian menace, in which among other things, he declares that he "strongly believes" that

Great Britain and the United States should continue as expeditiously as possible whatever experiments are necessary to maintain our supremacy in the nuclear field.

But perhaps the *New York Times* leader of May 1st deserves the booby prize in that it manages in five paragraphs to combine political opportunism, as well as naïveté (references to L.P. "pacifism") with a bad dose of double-think and sheer nonsense! It is worth reproducing the whole editorial as an example of the kind of thinking which, to echo the *London Times* "is so important to people at the top" and so fatal to those at the bottom!

BRITAIN'S NUCLEAR BOMB

The day that Great Britain explodes her first hydrogen bomb—some time in July—will be a great day for Britain and for the free world. In a sense it is sad to have to make such a statement. It would be wonderful for all of us if atomic and nuclear power were now and forever confined to peaceful purposes. Unfortunately, we live in a dangerous and all-too-human world.

The Russians have just exploded a series of bombs as a warning to the West but also as experiments in "bettering" their capacity to inflict atomic punishment on those they are trying to dominate or cow. The United States position has also been made clear in recent weeks. We cannot permit ourselves to fall behind the Russians in the field of atomic and hydrogen weapons. It would be a species of national and even worldwide suicide to do so.

Exactly the same arguments that apply to us apply to Britain. From our viewpoint there is the added fact that Britain

is an ally and a defender of democracy and Western civilization. Of course, for those who believe (we think mistakenly) that the tests being made are dangerous to the human race, Britain is doing something wrong.

There is also the political angle within Great Britain, which Prime Minister Macmillan and Foreign Secretary Lloyd seem to be handling with courage and success. The pacifism of the Labour party, a pacifism the Socialists conveniently forgot during their tenure of power from 1945 to 1951, is operating but seems unlikely to make headway.

In some ways the British hydrogen tests will restore that country to the status of a first-rate power. It should buck British morale as few things have done since the war. That Britain, like the United States and the Soviet Union, can make and stock hydrogen bombs should be a source of pride to Britons—looking at it from the strictly material angle of power politics. In this imperfect world power is still decisive.

Britain could be destroyed in a nuclear war. She will be less likely to face that danger when Russia knows that the British, without any help from outside, can retaliate in kind.

★

IN that last paragraph is contained the basic fallacy in the argument of those who support the nuclear arms race. They talk of nuclear

weapons as if they were "conventional" weapons; as if Russia is prevented from launching an H-bomb attack by the knowledge that the United States has a bigger and better H-bomb, instead of facing up to the fact that the existing H-bombs are quite potent enough already to annihilate mankind, and not just this or that country, by their secondary effects alone. And on this subject even such "optimists" as Dr. Libby and the *New York Times* are less complacent:

The cause of real concern, therefore, Professor Libby points out, and we must agree with him, is not the continued testing of weapons but rather what would be the effect of the infinitely greater amount of radiation that would result from the massive use of nuclear weapons in an all-out atomic war. In such an eventuality, millions of people in the world's most populated centres would receive dosages large enough to produce cancer, leukemia and other fatal diseases. And the genetic effects would manifest themselves in the children and children's children of those exposed.

And since the fall-out is "uniform" over the earth there is no scientific reason to suppose that even the aggressor will be spared the fate of the aggressed. No nation will be deterred from using the

H-bomb as a result of its possession by another power since whoever resorts to using it condemns all mankind to an instantaneous or a slow death.

Either the H-bomb, like the Emperor's clothes is one big hoax or the politicians are playing an elaborate game in the full knowledge that it cannot and will not be used. To our minds the H-bomb is a reality whose potential not even the most vivid imagination can overestimate. Less certain is the sanity of those in a position to launch the first bomb. The fact that collectively they are prepared to jeopardise the health of generations to come by their peacetime atomic Tests is surely cause for something more than anxiety. And individually, as Khrushchev told the world, the Supreme Soviet was no match for a paranoic such as Stalin, and it now transpires that neither the British Parliament nor the Cabinet were able to override a sick Prime Minister in pursuing his suicidal policies in the Canal Zone. Can mankind feel secure as long as its destiny is in the hands of a few men who, by the nature of their office, are prone to mental and physical sickness?

★

WE can well understand the feelings of the correspondent who wrote to the *Manchester Guardian* that:

The tragedy for most of us of the rank and file is that we feel ourselves either too inarticulate or helpless to know how to act in the situation. The tests are to be carried out in our name, but what possible mandate has a Government to indulge in an act of war not on this generation but upon posterity? Surely there must be a wise and influential enough group able to offer some guidance as to what course of action should be taken.

But surely we are inarticulate and helpless in these situations because when it comes to the point most of us are not prepared to risk the "security" of the present to wage a problematical struggle for a better future. How near to strontium 90 saturation point will we get before we leave our Telleys and our football pools and at last stand on our feet?

In our hands lies not only our future but the lives of those generations as yet unborn. To the governments' and the politicians' policy of genocide we must oppose one of life. And to this end we should be prepared to resort to the extremes of "civil disobedience".

Can Civil Rights be Enforced by Law?

TWO separate trials which took place in the Southern States of America last week—one of a white man, the other a Negro—epitomise the awful injustice of the Southern Courts when dealing with cases involving Negroes.

Eighteen months ago on a Saturday night a group of young Negroes were dancing in a café in Longview, East Texas, when nine shots were fired from a moving car killing one of the boys and wounding two of the girls all under the age of sixteen.

The white man responsible signed a confession acknowledging the shooting and was brought to trial last week before an all-white jury. The case for the defence was that the white man, Perry Dean Ross (age 22) was drunk and had only intended frightening the Negroes. His lawyer argued the case thus:

"This boy wanted to scare somebody and keep the niggers and the whites from going to school together—now that's the truth about it." He appealed to the jury to "call it a bad day and let the boy go on in life."

District Attorney Ralph Prince, who allowed 15 months to go by before pressing the indictment, obviously in order to let feelings simmer down, argued that Ross should be given a jail sentence "that will deter others from committing a similar crime."

After ninety minutes retirement the jury found Ross guilty of murder "without malice" and recommended a five year sentence which was suspended and Ross was allowed to go free.

The other case was that of a Negro from Birmingham, Alabama, who was accused of burglary "with intent to ravish" an elderly white woman. The twenty-nine-year-old Negro rejected the court-appointed lawyer and conducted his own defence denying the charge that he entered the woman's home and was caught while removing his clothing.

After half an hour's deliberation the all-white jury returned a verdict of guilty and the Negro was sentenced to the electric chair.

The prejudice at work in these two cases, and others reported in FREEDOM, is so obvious that they need no comment from us except to say that there is no legal way as the law is at present constituted by which such trials can be avoided because the claim will always be that the prisoners are given a just trial and are allowed the usual benefits of a defence counsel. A law insisting on a mixed jury when such cases come before the courts might make matters easier for Negroes on trial and guarantee that at least the Negro jurors will not be opposed to them on principle because of colour, but such an eventuality is unlikely because of the "qualifications" necessary before a man or woman can serve on a jury.

Civil Rights Bill

The Civil Rights Bill now being discussed in the U.S. Congress is theoretically a step forward in the process of justice by law but its success is seriously threatened by Southern opposition. *Time*

reports that, "the civil rights package is in the deepest sort of trouble compounded of real fears about the principles of the bill and of shrewd Southern manoeuvring against it".

We wrote some time ago in FREEDOM that laws governing civil rights in the United States had been on the statute book for years but had rarely been enforced. The result of the Eisenhower Administration's present bill is not so much aimed at making major changes in the civil rights laws "than at offering new methods of enforcing laws already on the books".

The defects in the existing laws are summed up in *Time Magazine* as follows:

Since Reconstruction the U.S. has had criminal statutes providing fines up to \$5,000 and imprisonment of up to ten years for persons acting to deprive others of their rights to equal protection under the law—including the right to vote in federal elections. These laws have been generally ineffective for the simple reason that Southern juries would not vote for conviction. The U.S. also had civil statutes under which a private citizen can file suit to protect his own civil rights. But these too have been ineffective, mostly because of a requirement that the litigant go through the time-consuming, vastly expensive machinery of local administrative agencies and state courts before reaching the federal courts.

The new bill would allow a civil rights plaintiff to take his case directly to the federal courts, and would give the Attorney General the power to file civil suits whenever "any persons have engaged or there are reasonable grounds to believe that any persons are about to engage" in acts that would violate existing civil rights statutes.

It is this last provision which is alarming the South. The Southern Negro with full voting rights is a political danger, and if a Negro is threatened by a white man when insisting on the use of his voting rights he can complain to the Justice Department and under the new law the Attorney General could ask the courts for an injunction against the offender. If the white man ignores the injunction he could be held in civil contempt and would not have the right to a jury trial.

The objection raised by the South is against the right which would be given to the federal court to by-pass local administration, and the abolition of trial by jury of civil contempt cases.

We are generally in sympathy with the idea of less power being in the hands of a central authority and more within local administrative bodies. But the right fervently guarded by the Southern States to run their own affairs and administer their own type of justice is so contrary to human decency and co-operation as we understand it that any attempts to take control put in their hands, if it means giving some form of civil rights to the suppressed Negro should not be discouraged.

Although most Southern Congressmen have been in the past in favour of jury-less contempt trials this clause is now

being used as their argument to oppose the new Civil Rights Bill.

Democratic Senator Sam Ervin, who was once a Judge of his State's Supreme Court, and has on four occasions upheld the right of the courts to try for contempt without a jury now uses the trial by jury plea in defence of "precious liberties" . . . It would, he cries, "be a tragic error to attempt the protection of civil rights for any one group through a process which denies a liberty equally precious—that of a trial by jury".

However hypocritical we know the stand now taken by Southern Congressmen to be on this question it is reported that:

"It has so strengthened the Southern position that civil rights backers may find it impossible to obtain the 64 votes necessary to cut off a Senate filibuster."

Defects in Both Systems

Trial by jury is in principle more just than the choice of a selected group of men by government or law departments to carry out the same job. But, as in the cases which come before the Southern courts involving Negroes, a prejudiced jury can be just as dangerous, and in many cases more so, than a relatively impartial body merely enforcing a law which, as in the Civil Rights Bill, offers some protection to people who are deprived of elementary rights. But the defect inherent in both systems is the accepted principle that a single group of men can set up and enforce laws affecting the majority which may not be in their interests, and which, when it suits the ruling power, may have little to do with justice.

The present attitude of the white Southerners who arrogantly maintain their position of supremacy in the face of all the evidence and which makes

nonsense of their claim to racial superiority will not necessarily be changed by legal enactment. But the other way is slow, and the depth of the disease is summed up in the words of a white southern worker (quoted by Penn Warren in his book *Segregation*):

Race prejudice—but it ain't our hate, it's the hate hung on us by the old folks dead and gone. Not I mean to criticise the old folks, they done the best they knew, but that hate, we don't know how to shuck it. We got that God-damn hate stuck in our craw and can't puke it up. If white folks quit shoving the nigger down and calling him a nigger he could maybe get to be an asset to the South and the country. But how stop shoving?

Shifting the blame on to another generation is perhaps a way of escaping from the responsibility for the actions of the present one, but each generation cannot escape the failings of the preceding one if it is not understood from the start that they are failings. This understanding is the first step towards a concept of justice. What follows will depend on a variety of circumstances.

The author of the book quoted above summing up the problem of segregation in the Southern States—a situation which affects him deeply—offers what he can to the next generation:

We have to deal with the problem our historical moment proposes, the burden of our time. We live with a thousand unsolved problems of justice all the time. We don't even recognise a lot of them. Anyway, we can't legislate for posterity. All we can do for posterity is to try to plug along in a way to make them think we—the old folks—did the best we could for justice, as we could understand it.

And all we can do here and now is to do the best we can for justice, however imperfectly.

M.

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Death of a Demagogue

THE Junior Senator from Wisconsin is dead, and it is probable that the event has brought forth more sighs of relief than any other death in the last decade with the exception of that of Stalin.

Curiously enough, though in fact it is not curious at all, these two demagogues who represented the extremes of reactionary thought in their respective countries, and were supposedly diametrically opposed in their ideologies, were remarkably alike. The creed of Joseph McCarthy was basically the same as the creed of Joseph Stalin, both of them worshipped power and were prepared to go to any lengths to obtain it, and neither had the slightest respect for the damage to human life which was the direct result of their tyrannous manoeuvres.

Senator McCarthy rose to power on the tidal wave of fear which spread through America after the war when it was discovered that the horrors of Russian Communism might be taking the place of the American Way of Life—or this was how the McCarthyites viewed it. He appeared on the scene as chairman of the Senate Investigating Committee with his two dubious assistants, Cohn and Schine, and proceeded to build for himself an empire of terror at the expense of suspected Communist sympathisers and fellow travellers. His accusations were often proved to be lies and fabrications, his ruthless methods invariably took the form of inquisitions and many "innocent" men and women were either found "guilty" or lost their jobs and reputations. No one was safe from his ghastly malevolence; to hold slightly "left-wing" views, or have been a member of the Communist party 25 years before was sufficient to be summoned for investigation.

McCarthy became practically all-powerful, no one dared to criticise in case they might be themselves accused or said to have a guilty conscience. He assailed the "spies" in the State Department, the writers and journalists, the professors and scientists, the intellectuals and film-stars and finally the generals of the Army. He publicly humiliated all who came before him, on television and radio, and only the brave few risked the consequences of opposition. For four years the gruesome "witch-hunt" paralyzed reason and a man who dared decry "Americanism" was a "red".

The career of McCarthy started in the law-courts and he eventually became a judge; at one time he was severely criticised by his State's Bar Association for doubtful practises on the bench. During the war he was a pilot who gained a reputation for shooting-up more coconut trees on remote atolls than anyone else in the Marines. Finally he obtained a seat in the Senate and seized his chance when it came. Now he is dead.

The explanation of his alarming rise to power is in essence quite simple—*fear*. But the reasons for his total dominance over the American scene for a number of years cannot be entirely explained in this way. Although America is given to mass hysteria and a blind acceptance of government-sponsored committees, it is supposedly a democracy of a kind, in which a form of justice and moderation is generally present (at least for white men). But so far as the Senate Investigating Committee was concerned none of these traits was visible in any degree; the wildest flights of fancy were acceptable as facts, a suggestion of questionable activity was regarded as damning evidence, refusal to answer a personal or irrelevant question was proof of guilt. Moderation gave way to extremism of every kind.

Fear of Russia and home-grown or imported Communists cannot be the whole answer—the requirement for a persecution on the McCarthy scale is *support* as well as fear.

There can be no doubt that whilst McCarthy was the most hated man in America he also had considerable support; this came mainly from reactionary and isolationist groups throughout America, some of whom supported him for what they considered to be patriotic reasons, others who hoped to gain something from McCarthy's rising power, and those who considered it policy to voice approval for McCarthy in order the better to avoid the finger of suspicion pointed in their own direction.

The most fantastic aspect of the whole affair is of such a gigantic farce with such tragic results being built up from such slender resources. The incidence of Communism in America has always been slight, and its influence in any sphere practically nil. The supposition that Communist spies could in fact undermine any American institution was laughable, and yet the hysterical years of the early 1950's were filled with grim forebodings of Russian infiltration, fears of plots and stolen atom secrets and the consequent downfall of American democracy.

To be anti-Russian was to be right above all else, and this was why the Eisenhower government did nothing to curtail the committee's activities. In fact there is every reason to believe that McCarthy had the tacit approval of many leading politicians as well as the vociferous applause of all those on or near the extreme right wing. When it finally dawned upon them that he was causing far more harm than good the Senate at last summed up sufficient strength to censure their fellow Senator.

McCarthy was forced from his position as Committee chairman and divested of his power, he disappeared

from the front pages of the newspapers and returned to the obscurity from which he should never have been permitted to emerge. But the damage which he has caused remains as further proof of the dangers of demagoguery. McCarthy probably succeeded in making more enemies for America than any other man before him, and brought about widespread disgust for the American idea of justice. He promoted ill-will between the people of America and the rest of the world. His death is an advantage.

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT! WEEK 18

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We Welcome Hyde Park Regulars

LAST Sunday Hyde Park welcomed the anarchist platform after the winter 'recess'.

The speakers were happy to see many old faces dotted throughout the crowd. This regular support from people, many of whom we have never even spoken to, gives the speakers pleasure and encouragement. Considering that much of what we say is of necessity repetitive we are always surprised that so many people still listen so often. This is even more important since they are not 'party' members ordered to support the platform, as we suspect is the policy of some other groups at Hyde Park.

Last Sunday was May Day Sunday, and the Labour Party put in its annual appearance (it is one of the two parties without a regular platform at Hyde Park). Large women carrying equally large, meaningless slogans sat on the back of lorries in fancy dress*, and one felt that the main benefit of such outings was that 'mother' got away from the kitchen sink for one red Sunday.

1957

Anarchist Summer School

August Bank Holiday Weekend

Details next week

Debate

SOCIALISM OR ANARCHISM?

R. Coster (SPGB)
D. Rooum (LAG)

on Friday, May 17th, at 7.30 p.m.

Bethnal Green Library
(nr Bethnal Grn. Central Line Stn.)

Anarchist Writers - Brilliant and Otherwise

WE don't think we are blowing our own trumpet unduly when we claim that from time to time FREEDOM publishes articles which are outstandingly good, and well above the standard of what is thought of as 'Left-wing journalism.'

We are able to do this because we have among our comrades and close sympathisers a number of individuals who have given deep and sincere thought to the problems of our day and in particular to those aspects which interest them most and have trained themselves to express their ideas clearly and pungently.

A wide variety of subjects is thus dealt with in our columns over the years and the paper is enriched by the divergence of the viewpoints these valued contributors explore. Not in an anarchist paper will you find rigidity of interpretation or enforced adherence to a party line.

The number of writers outside the editorial group who are capable of producing informed and inspired contributions to FREEDOM is, in fact, once we begin counting, quite impressive. It was therefore with rather a wistful note that we wrote in the opening paragraph above that we carry articles of the calibre we are discussing only 'from time to time'.

We wish it were more often, but if our comrades are content to rest on their laurels, or always push FREEDOM to the end of the queue of demands upon their time, what can we do about it? Even if we wished, we cannot offer payment for articles as most other journals can, but in any case we pride ourselves upon the voluntary nature of all work for the anarchist press, and should feel very sorry indeed if it appeared necessary to find inducements for comrades to write.

No, the only pressure we wish to see put upon our comrades to sup-

port the movement in any way is their sense of the movement's needs, its importance, and their own responsibility for it. If the movement, or any part of anarchist activities, has any shortcomings, it is incumbent upon those who see these weaknesses and feel that it is a pity that they exist to try to eradicate them.

The editors of FREEDOM are only too well aware of the paper's shortcomings. Yet we are proud of the high proportion of its articles which are considered worthy of reproduction by our contemporaries throughout the world. Anarchist journals in many languages in both hemispheres not infrequently reproduce matter from our columns.

Some of our able contributors may well think that the expenditure of much time, thought and energy upon articles for FREEDOM is so much wasted effort, especially in view of the often disappointing lack of response from the readership. They should realise that in writing for this journal, which is the only anarchist weekly in English in the world, they are addressing themselves not merely to a few thousand readers in Britain, but to responsible and active comrades throughout the world, and through them, if their articles are translated and republished, to many thousands of non-English-speaking readers.

FREEDOM is not just a voice in the wilderness; it is an integral part, and we hope not an unimportant part, of the world-wide libertarian movement. Those who work for it, be it writing brilliant and erudite articles or selling it at street corners, are playing a part in the enlightenment of every possible person who can be reached, for the furtherance of libertarian ideas and progress towards saner standards of behaviour.

This seems to us to be a worthwhile reason to expend a few hours 'from time to time', and we are fairly

sure that the comrades to whom we are addressing these remarks think so too, and are by this time aware that we are sniping in their direction.

The reason we are sharp-shooting this week is this: practically the whole of this issue of FREEDOM is being written by the editorial group. We shall be flattered if readers say 'what's wrong with that?', but we must point out that there is a great deal wrong with it.

The paper will very soon suffer if the same few writers fill it every week. They will get tired and stale, will give up the search for the fresh and thoughtful approach in favour of the easy cliché. The paper will become the expression of the ideas of a small group instead of a forum for the viewpoints of all who hold their anarchism rationally and sincerely. We have never claimed that FREEDOM is the organ of the anarchist movement in Britain, but it is run, in terms of workers' control, by the Freedom Press Group, as a means of expression for the ideas of anarchists in Britain. Its value to the movement in this country and abroad will depend entirely upon the use the movement makes of it.

The writers to whom we are referring have already shown their sympathy with our work and the ability to augment it. Is it too much to ask them to remember that while the occasional brilliant article is most welcome, the flash in the pan is not as helpful in the long run as the steady glow? If only a dozen of our most able comrades would each commit themselves to write an article, a book review, or even a letter on a controversial issue (we're sure they don't agree with all they read in these columns!) one every two months, our paper would be greatly improved and the editors would be relieved of their Monday night anxieties. After all, you wouldn't like to see us all with ulcers, would you? P.S.

The parade of the Communists was particularly nauseating and though obviously the marchers did not feel the slightest bit embarrassed we felt it for them.

The red flag and the union jack fluttered side by side in the breeze thus convincing everyone that Gollan's observation at the extraordinary congress last week was right after all. Remember? "We are the most British party in politics to-day."

After this motley crew disbanded the anarchists settled down to the business of trying to convince a seemingly suicidal people to "acquiesce in their own survival".

*The lorries, not the women.

MEETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP

LECTURE-DISCUSSIONS

Every Sunday at 7.30 at THE MALATESTA CLUB, 32 Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

SERIES OF FOUR MEETINGS ORGANISED BY THE INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST CENTRE

MAY 12—Alan Albon on LIVING IN COMMUNITY

MAY 19—ANARCHIST BRAINS TRUST

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP MEETINGS

MAY 26—Sid Parker on IN DEFENCE OF PHILOSOPHY

JUNE 2—John Smith on WHY I AM AN ANARCHIST

JUNE 9—Max Patrick on IS THERE A RULING CLASS?

JUNE 16—John Bishop on Subject to be announced

JUNE 23—Donald Rooum on ANARCHISM AND RELIGION

Questions, Discussion and Admission all free.

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★ Malatesta Club ★

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ACTIVITIES

Every Sunday at 7.30 p.m. London Anarchist Group Meetings (see Announcements Column)

Every Wednesday at 8 p.m. BONAR THOMPSON Speaks.

Every Friday and Saturday: SOCIAL EVENINGS

You are invited to the Malatesta Club's 3rd Birthday Party

on Saturday, May 11 at 7.30

Entertainment will include From Rags to Nakedness or Bats in the Basement a daring, dazzling revue about . . . ?

2/6 inc. Refreshments

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