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THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"Law is but the expression of the vagaries of custom and prejudice, or privilege and policy, and being so cannot be granted place among the sciences."

—C. V. BURKE.

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Threepence

WHITHER SOCIALISM?

FOR many years anarchists have been told by their well-wishers that they harm their cause by the very name they adopt to describe it. Because of the activities of the bomb-throwing anarchists of the past, and the fact that the words 'anarchy' and 'chaos' are linked in the minds of so many people, to cling stubbornly to the name 'anarchist' and to describe our goal as 'anarchy' is, so the argument goes, calculated to drive away many potential supporters.

This may be so. People who have never heard the anarchist case will have a false conception of the ideas behind these sinister words we have chosen for ourselves, just as those who have never heard the Mormon religion or the case for pacifism expounded properly have false ideas about these too. Like these, anarchism has suffered also at the hands of those who know perfectly well what it's all about, but for their own purposes choose to distort and misrepresent it.

But if the name we give ourselves has disadvantages—what of the alternatives? The only possible one is 'libertarian' and that is a vague umbrella word under which can shelter people of vague and liberal tendencies who may differ from anarchists on quite fundamental issues, being drawn together only by a preference for an open society rather than a closed one.

The days when anarchists thought of themselves as socialists or communists are long gone, even though anarchism is truly a social philosophy and we are to-day practically the only people who talk in terms of

communes. For the truth of the matter is that it is *less* embarrassing to call oneself an anarchist than a communist or a socialist, in view of the corrupt nature of all those bodies who use these names.

And although it is a time-honoured jeer by socialists that there are as many anarchisms as their are anarchists, the anarchist movement has yet to produce the warring factions which divide those who call themselves socialists. Differences of opinion there must be, splits and divisions there have been among anarchists, but never has divergence attained the bitter and murderous proportions as those which have riven the socialists.

Heart-Searching

It is commonplace to-day to speak of the crisis in the socialist ranks. In every party, group or splinter-group heart-searching and breast-beating is disturbing the placid monolithic unity to which they all aspire. And it is interesting to notice how in all of them the cracks are filled up and the executives carry on as though all below them were solid foundation, the rebels having been either bought off or kicked out.

The socialist parties of the world fall into two categories: those with power and those with principles. We don't need to waste time here discussing the former—our attitude to the parliamentary social-democrats and the Communists is well enough known and is in any case shared by socialists of the second category. Suffice it to say that there is very obviously a deep unrest among the rank-and-file of the powerful parties as their members see more and more the similarity between their leaders' actions and those of their 'class enemies'. And not only their actions; their whole mental attitude is so similar that the third party often cannot tell them apart.

In the small parties the same disturbances can be seen. The difference being, however, that whereas the big parties have been corrupted by power, the small ones have been corrupted by being powerless. There can be nothing more frustrating than wanting power and not getting it, and nothing more corrupting than being frustrated.

The Impossible

The small parties are hoist by their own principles. Once they weaken those, their whole reason for existence disappears, yet as long as they cling to them, they remain impotent and no-one would notice if they did disappear. For they are trying to do the impossible; achieve

principled aims through a field of activity which puts a premium on principles and only pays off on expediency.

It is, in our contention, the dawning realisation of the fundamental contradiction in socialism which is undermining the confidence of those who sincerely thought of it as the path to the free society; the contradiction in asserting that you can achieve freedom through authority or the classless society through the weapons of class domination.

Add to that the stubborn refusal of capitalism to conform to Marx's prophecies and we see a further undermining of socialist tenets. It has always appeared as unrealistic to us for socialists not to realise that capitalists can read and understand Marx as well as, if not better than, the workers, and that it might be possible for them to take measures to counteract the contradictions within capitalism which were going to bring about their downfall.

Planned Slavery

The ironic part of this is that the stabilisation of capitalism has been carried out partly in the name of socialism! The development of the planned economy which is the feature of 20th century capitalism is pointing in the direction of a slave society in which, in the interests of the economy, everybody is controlled in all their social and economic relations. The anomalies are ironed out and the general economy bears little outward relation to the catch-as-catch-can capitalism which Marx analysed—yet it is still capitalism. And the outstanding example of this form of society is the Soviet Union—which calls itself socialist!

Half the Socialists in the world hotly deny that it is. But what they cannot deny is their common ideology—Marxism. And, uneasily, they see in the monstrous Communist parties, themselves writ large.

The anarchists have always maintained that the free, classless, moneyless society, where the means of production and distribution are run for use and not for profit, giving satisfaction to all according to their needs through contribution according to their ability can never be achieved through the use of institutions which have been created for the purpose of man's domination over man. Such a society can only be won through the direct action of those who desire it, creating their own organic means of co-operation to replace the means of domination from the word 'go'.

The socialists of the world face a crisis—as much of conscience as anything else. Have they the courage to rethink their position to the logical outcome—the anarchist position?

Feeding the Mouth that Bit?

A Bristol business man yesterday stood bail for a man who was alleged to have broken into his house. The police opposed bail when John Keith (28), of no fixed address, was remanded by the Bristol magistrates until Bristol Quarter Sessions on July 29.

Keith was charged with stealing three sandwiches and two oranges after breaking into the home of Mr. Richard Cottam, regional officer of the National Council of Social Service.

Mr. Cottam, who offered to become a surety in the sum of £20, told the Court:

"This man simply attacked the food we gave him. He was very, very hungry, and I would like to stand bail for him. I realise it is a risk."

When bail was granted, Mr. Cottam said: "I must do all I can to keep this man out of prison."

Keith was alleged to have told the police: "I got in to get something to eat. I was hungry."

For Arthur Miller Expediency, Morality or Gaol?

WE wrote last week of the death of Senator McCarthy, the infamous psychopath and ex-chairman of the House Committee on un-American activities. Unfortunately his Committee has not died with him, but continues in action under the chairmanship of Congressman Francis Walter; not with the same power and publicity as in McCarthy's hey-day, but nevertheless still possessing the right, in law, to ask any American all the questions it desires, and put him in gaol if he refuses to answer—this is known as contempt of Congress—a body of which we invariably find ourselves in contempt.

This week a far from ordinary man is scheduled to appear before the Committee; his name is Arthur Miller, playwright and author, and a man with a code of ethics. He goes on trial for contempt of Congress and could be convicted for his refusal to answer a question which would turn him into an informer upon his friends and colleagues. Having answered many questions as to his former indiscretions with the Communist party, of which he is not now a member, or even remotely interested except as an observer, he has refused to name a group of left-wing writers with whom he spent some time in 1947 and who might have been Communists.

There is no reason to suppose that Miller will alter his decision not to answer the question, and it remains to be seen what action Congress will take. Undoubtedly a few years ago, under McCarthy's influence, he would have been imprisoned, but things are not quite as they were then. Miller's popularity and reputation are considerable, he is a far wiser 'intellectual' than most, and his moral principles are not in doubt. Also, though this should be irrelevant but is not, he is married to Marilyn Monroe, one of Hollywood's most admired figures.

In American politics, where expediency, the popular vote, and the right thing for the wrong reasons

are always carefully regarded (in addition to the wrong thing for the wrong reasons), one cannot tell whether a government body will risk probable unpopularity with nothing much to gain in exchange.

It may be possible for Miller still to plead the fifth amendment, which would give him an excuse not to answer, for the reason that he might incriminate himself. But this plea has now become incriminating in itself and is known as 'Fifth Amendment Communism'.

When Miller made a speech to the assembly of American authors last week he took as his theme the exchange of correspondence between Dulles and the publisher of the *New York Times*, on the Government's refusal to allow U.S. reporters to go to China. Mr. Dulles had stated:

"Foreign policy and diplomacy cannot succeed unless, in fact, it channels the activities of our people, and in this respect newspapermen have also their loyalty and patriotic duty."

(See this week's book review). In Miller's view Dulles was merely widening the frame of reference the Committee used in citing him for contempt of Congress. He stated his reply in these terms:

"I believe that once we assent to the idea that high policy alone is sacred, and that every other value can easily be sacrificed to it, we shall have abdicated our independence as writers and citizens."

With these sentiments we can do nothing but agree, and at the same time hope that some shred of its ethical content will be grasped by the unenlightened, patriotic politicians who sit in judgment upon Arthur Miller. In any event the judgment which really counts is that which history will make upon Congress—whether the body of law and pseudo-ideology which Americans call justice has in fact any particle of justice or morality in it. Whether Congress, for once in a while, will bring itself to do the right thing for the right reasons.

International Anarchist Congress

THE Committee for Anarchist International Relations (C.R.I.A.) has recently issued a bulletin in French, Spanish, and German, in which a detailed account is given of the steps taken and still to be taken in order to convene an anarchist international congress this year. As it happens, it will be fifty years after the convocation of the first anarchist congress of an international character which took place in Amsterdam in 1907. Only one other has taken place in the intervening years, namely the one in Berlin in 1921.

The date will be definitely fixed, but it will be in July and/or August. As for the place, there are three possibilities: Carrara and Livorno (both in Italy), and Paris. The Swedish comrades are in favour of Paris, where L. Louvet has volunteered to see to the necessary arrangements. The majority, however, are in favour of Italy, and particularly of Carrara, in the vicinity of which an anarchist camp is going to be organized anyhow, lending itself admirably to provide inexpensive accommodation for the participants to the congress.

The Commission in charge of all the preparations is desperately in need of funds, especially as it wishes to make some efforts to pay some of the travelling expenses of comrades coming from poor and distant parts of the world, particularly Japan.

The countries represented, besides Japan, will be, according to communications received up to date: Germany

(the Berlin and the Hamburg groups), Argentine, Bulgaria and Spain (through their organizations in exile), Cuba, Sweden, Uruguay. Surprisingly enough, no admission, support or promise of participation has been received from England or the United States.

The points to be discussed at the Congress, according to a provisional programme, are covering a very wide range, too wide, in our opinion, to be satisfactorily dealt with. They are divided into three parts: (1) of an historical and theoretical character (history of the libertarian movement and social background in the last fifty years), and the major problems of the XXth century from a statist and an anarchist point of view; (2) of an organizational character (declaration of principles, possible setting up of an Anarchist International, sectional work, basis for a harmonious co-ordination of differing anarchist trends), immediate tasks of the movement as a whole; (3) of a practical and general character (anarchist position as regards syndicalist and co-operative movements, collectivist achievements, education, imperialism, war, nationalism and colonialism, racial problems, prevention and extinction of military dictatorships, and anti-religious activities).

Financial support, which has been given to any extent only by the Spanish and Bulgarian groups, is still badly needed, and all contributions should be sent to Clement Fournier, 261, rue du Faubourg St. Martin, Paris, Xème, France. G.B.

There's Money in Oil

First-quarter earnings of the Sinclair Oil Corporation and its subsidiaries were the best for any three-month period in the company's forty-one-year history, P. C. Spencer, president, reported in a statement released to-day.

Consolidated net income was up 8.5 per cent. to \$26,302,099 from the \$24,245,569 earned in the corresponding period last year.

(New York Times)

Japanese Suicides

TOKIO, MAY 1.

Japan still retains the doubtful distinction of having one of the largest suicide rates in the world. Suicides numbered 21,800 (or about 3.2 per cent. of all deaths) in 1955. Poisoning is the favoured means of ending it all for those under 30—who account for some 50 per cent. of all suicides—and hanging in the case of those over 65.

[Curiously Japan is one of the few countries which is protesting against, and resisting, the introduction of nuclear bombs as part of Japan's military equipment].

**We need many more
NEW READERS
and your help to
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"They're all folk songs, I ain't never heard a horse sing."
—LOUIS ARMSTRONG.

WHICH come first, the song-lovers or the song-pluggers? Does the spontaneous reception of a popular tune put it among the "top twenty", or do the activities of the publicity managers, the sheet-music publishers, the record companies and the disc-jockeys chasing the hit-parade, create the public that buys the records that make the money that lines the pockets of tin-pan-alley?

A complicating factor is the extreme fashion-consciousness of the popular music market, on both sides of the counter. No sooner was Rock 'n Roll in, than people said it was out again. Stage one: riots in cinemas (was it that twelve-bar beat that sent the teenagers rocking down the aisles, or was it the publicity-sponsored knowledge that this was the response expected of them?) Stage two: disapproval by J.P.'s and clergymen, followed by approval from psychologists, sociologists, cultural anthropologists, etc.—and R. and R. was a Good Thing (socially acceptable means of releasing latent tension and aggression and so on). Stage three: Tommy Steele. But by this time the mysterious arbiter of fashion had decided that R. and R. was done for and Calypso was the thing. (Not what we would have thought were calypsos—improvised topical songs from Trinidad. The best-selling *Banana Boat Song* is manifestly not a calypso but a work-song from Jamaica in origin).

But Calypso, the opinion-manipulators tell us, was, except for one song, out before it came in. "What's happened to the calypso rage that was going to sweep the rock out of the window?" asks the *Record Review*, and Freddie Bell, arriving at the Westbury Hotel last week from America declared "Calypso is finished, but rock 'n roll is as popular as ever". He couldn't say anything else, of course, since R. and R. puts the jam on his bread and butter.

Neither of these tendencies however, is so interesting as that other current phenomenon *Skiffle*, which merges into Rock 'n Roll at one end via Lonnie Donegan, and into folksong at the other, and is compounded of many ingredients including what the trade calls "Country and Western" music, the boom in guitar-playing, coffee-bar entertainment, and Do-it-Yourself. I was unwise enough to ask a group of jazz enthusiasts about its origins. "What exactly is skiffle?" I said.

PEOPLE AND IDEAS IS SKIFFLE PIFFLE?

"Teenage Coca-Cola stuff. It may appeal to mixed-up kids but not to intelligent jazz connoisseurs."

"Britain's answer to Rock 'n Roll."
"In fact the only British contribution to jazz."

"Nothing to do with jazz. Anyway it was done in America years ago but it never caught on."

"It all began with traditional blues numbers like *Down by the Riverside* and blues singers like Big Bill Broonzy."

"No, it all started when two or three members of a jazz band and a singer stayed behind to keep things going while the others went out for a drink. After all Lonnie Donegan used to be Humph Lyttleton's second guitarist."

"No he didn't. He played the banjo for Christ Barber."

I had evidently asked the wrong people. Whenever you talk to jazzmen they always start arguing among themselves about who played what with whom and when. But whatever its origins, skiffle is amongst us. Up and down the country little groups are learning the three-chord trick on the guitar, making string-basses from tea-chests or barrels and broomsticks, developing their technique on washboards and other improvised instruments. John Hasted estimates that there are over four hundred skiffle groups in the London area alone. In Lillie Road, Fulham a group of children are skiffing with a toy banjo, milk bottles and so on, and a Hammer-smith cinema manager doubles his takings on the nights when he includes a local skiffle group, the Blue Jeans, in his programme. Skiffle contests are being held, local competitions getting about ten entries in each Borough.

IN Central London, going the rounds of the Two Eyes Coffee Bar in Old Compton Street, the Skiffle Cellar in Greek Street, the Nucleus Coffee House in Monmouth Street, and the Princess Louise in High Holborn, you can hear the aristocrats of the skiffle world, Russell Quay's City Ramblers, Charles McDevitt's Group with 'Nancy Whiskey', John Hasted's group and the folksingers Jack Elliott and Derroll Adams, and the Vipers. If instrumentally skiffle repre-

sents a reaction against the virtuosity and expertise of the Jazz brass players and pianists, vocally it leans heavily towards the tougher kind of folksong—American rural blues and work-songs, with a strange fixation on the railway, and when they are not real folk numbers they are closely derived from them, with the paradoxical result that *Freight Train* a railroad-chain-gang type song, 'composed' and recorded by Charles McDevitt in London is a nation-wide best seller in America, while Lonnie Donegan, whose commercial success makes the other skiffers disdain him, sings numbers like *Lost John* and *Screwball*, which John Lomax first recorded on a chain-gang in 1933, and Labour-Union-cum-religious songs like *I shall not be Moved*.

The singer and guitarist John Hasted says, "Granted that some skiffle makes a dreadful noise; that many of the folk-songs are badly interpreted; that some skiffle is indistinguishable from Rock 'n Roll. The point that has been missed is this. Folk music has been dead in English cities for many years. Young people all over the kingdom are producing the home-made article. New songs, new tunes; above all a new style, in an age when you are supposed to Sit and Listen to What You Get. With people's singing at a low ebb it will take years to get right and it will probably never become folk song in the sense we have come to understand it. Nevertheless here is the first spark under our noses and we should not recoil from it in horror". And writing in the current issue of *Sing*, he declares that "we are now on the crest of the skiffle wave... already the tide is turning away from Rock 'n Roll and skiffle and towards folk song. Within a year we shall have as many young singers with guitar as they have in the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R., and Latin-American countries".

THERE is something to be said for this evaluation. The skiffle wave will pass, just as a few years ago Square Dancing came and went. It left behind however a much wider interest in country dancing, which is the same thing

without its American label, than the English Folk Dance and Song Society had been able to foment in fifty years. Skiffle may play the same role in the popular rediscovery of folk-song by way of America. It was an American, F. J. Child, whose compilation of *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads* in the eighteen-nineties, was followed by the foundation of the Folk Song Society in 1899, and the pioneer collection of folk-songs in the field by Cecil Sharp and Vaughan Williams in the years before the first World War. They had little effect on the world of popular music, and even the schools went on singing inferior phoney folk songs like *Heigh-ho, Come to the Fair*. Even when Cecil Sharp went to America and collected beautiful variants on English songs in the Kentucky mountains and North Carolina, it aroused little but specialist interest.

But in the nineteen-thirties, as the jazz enthusiasts began to import American Negro folk-music on records, and as John Lomax and his son Alan began collecting American folk-songs for the Library of Congress (records which we first heard here in Alistair Cooke's BBC series *I Hear America Singing*, in 1938), they began to interest a wider circle, while a new generation of collectors in this country like Peter Kennedy of the Folk Song Society, Francis Collinson of the BBC and A. L. Lloyd and Ewan MacColl of the WMA continued the folksong revival. The growing popularity of ballad singers like Burl Ives and traditional singers like Josh White, Huddie Ledbetter and other followers of Blind Lemon Jefferson in America, and in this country people like Elton Hayes, John Gavall and John Runge, has led to a boom in songs with guitar accompaniment, while the Spanish guitar has been growing in favour in its own right as a solo instrument.

The more wide-awake folksong and ballad singers have now moved from the period when, reacting against dressed-up concert versions of folk music, they demanded absolute "authenticity", are now seeking to build up a living tradition rather than a mere revival, and they see in skiffle one of the means of doing this. A record made by Alan Lomax with Ewan MacColl and the Ramblers (Decca DFE 6367) illustrates one attempt in this direction. On one side Lomax sings two

AMERICAN SONGS based on his own life's work of ballad collecting (one of them inevitably a railroad number), and on the other MacColl sings two of his own efforts, a big town love song *Dirty Old Town* and a prison song *Hard Case*. These don't quite come off; the listener is too aware of what MacColl is after and the lyrics are too self-conscious an attempt to manufacture English equivalents to what Americans from the South, who never lost their folksong tradition can do more naturally.

But the effort was well worth making (besides providing an object lesson to skiffers in how to accompany songs in a slower tempo) because of native British popular songs are to get away from the slop school (moonlight, June night, tender, surrender), or from those awful "novelty" numbers, into something more robust, this is a starting point. There comes after all a limit, to the possibilities of imitating American idioms (and American trains), even when it is done with as much verve as Russell Quay's City Ramblers develop in their record of *Nine Hundred Miles* (Topic TRC 101), which they back with an American square-dance rhythm union song *Round and Round the Picket Line*. These two records, rather than the current best-sellers, are examples worth emulating of skiffle playing in its most stylish and inventive manner.

TWO collections of skiffle group music have been published; each contains eleven numbers and sells at 2s. 6d. Francis and Day's "Album of Music for Skiffle Groups" is poor stuff cashing in on the vogue, and including things like *My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean*, simply, I suppose because it is non-copyright material. Feldman's "The Skiffle Album" contains the Lomax, MacColl and Ramblers repertoire including lovely straight folk-songs like *The Water is Wide*. The optimistic foreword to this collection concludes:

"Folk songs are, after all, part of the make up of every country, and it is a pleasant thing to be able to record this great revival... The British and American people who were great singers a few centuries ago are apparently on their way to becoming performers and ballad makers again. The British skiffle movement is an important part of this whole picture".

I hope so too. Meanwhile the kids are driving us crazy with *Don't you Rock me Daddy-O!*, which is a crib from a traditional song *Sail Away, Ladies*. But at least that has dropped out of the top twenty. Next week they'll be bawling *Freight Train*. C.W.

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BOOK REVIEW

Behind the Diplomatic Scenes

IT is said that diplomacy is an art, and it may well be true, for it is not everyone who can perform the extraordinary gyrations of the professional, political diplomat, and retain at the same time an element of dignity and self-respect even in the eyes of such uncritical onlookers as the general public. Needless to say it requires the whole-hearted co-operation of the press, and a not inconsiderable talent for innocent hypocrisy and guiltless double-dealing. Only the intensely well-trained can hope to scale the dizzy, diplomatic heights where it is fatal to allow the right hand to have any knowledge whatsoever of what the left hand is doing.

Godfrey Blunden, who has been a journalist all his life, has had many opportunities to observe post-war diplomacy at first-hand, and plainly holds a healthy disrespect for diplomats, politicians and probably governments as well. His book *The Looking-Glass Conference** is in some ways a little masterpiece of satire at the expense of twentieth century diplomacy, and depicts in subtly exaggerated terms a not-so-mythical conference, held in a neutral country by the Great Powers to negotiate a settlement of the war between the Far Eastern republics of Inevitable Chaos and Incredible Khaos.

In fact the whole book is a very thinly disguised, highly amusing description of some aspects of a ninternational conference which takes place in Colmo (Geneva), at the time when the French are being slaughtered at Ding Dong Dam (Dien Bien Phu). All the principal characters are present, the Foreign Secretaries and their aides, all clearly recognisable as Eden, Dulles et al, and of course the host of other 'necessary' personnel. Which, according to the Colmo chief of police, General Flic, consists of:

"Official Delegates 42
Delegation Personnel 663
Unofficial Observers 351
Secret Service operatives 500+"

And Sir Peter Hotfoot (of the Special Department) has further information:

"Registered Newspaper, Radio and Television Correspondents 3,705
Including the usual spies?"

*Published by Weidenfeld & Nicholson at 15s. 0d.

'Including of course, the usual propagandists, buyers and sellers of false information, whisperers, rumourmongers, canardists and female hours'."

After the security authorities have made the arrangements for their respective delegations and the author has introduced a number of typical, and some rather un-typical characters, the delegates begin to arrive. Princess Tuberoze, a White Russian living in Colmo, gives an eve-of-conference party which is both hilarious and penetrating; and there is Mr. Joseph Fogbottom, Secretary of State, U.S.A. He is surrounded by a respectful group of guests including M. Pierre Pion, French Foreign Minister. Mr. Fogbottom, needless to say, makes statements:

"We are negotiating from strength . . ."

"The best hope for peace is united action against Communism . . ."

"Local defence must be reinforced by the further deterrence of massive retaliatory power . . ."

"You have to take chances for peace, just as you take chances in war . . ."

"Within the framework of the United Nations . . ."

Eventually Fogbottom is stopped by the appearance of an enormous Russian painter called Slapovsky who proceeds to paint him in charcoal. And here Mr. Blunden gives an example of what he can do:

"It was Mr. Fogbottom, three times life-size, thrice exposed before that not undiscerning gathering. There, in the soft shadows of charcoal, was the expression of tolerant fortitude, the sense of struggle against ineluctable forces, the rugged faith, the myopic missionary gleam behind the silver-rimmed spectacles, the personal modesty overlaying the egoism, the loyalty to opinions unalterable as they were imperfect, and in the short white hair, somehow, youth."

The Rt. Hon. Albion Asp, M.C., M.P. appears, and plays the part of Anthony Eden (no Knighthood for services rendered then), Golikov as Molotov, J'o Wow for China. And for Vietnam and Viet-Minh there are Ngo Dam Dimh and Nguyen Ad Hoc, Premiers of Inevitable and Incredible.

Continued on p. 3

PRINCESS DECEIVED BY VICAR

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful Princess whom everyone knew was a real human being in spite of being a Princess because she had had an unhappy love affair just like everyone else.

Being a Princess she lived in a huge ivory tower in the middle of a great big beautiful park in the middle of a great big city, but behind a real human being she often looked out over the great big city and far away into the countryside and wondered how all her faithful subjects, who were not Princes or Princesses, lived their humble lives.

And then one day a daring thought came to her. Instead of wistfully gazing out from her ivory tower, why should she not travel out into the countryside and see her People, and go into their homes and discover for herself what strange habits they had?

So she spoke to the Lord Chamberlain, who called upon a Knight-at-Arms, who went to see Black Rod, who commanded a Herald, who took one of the King's Beestes out of the Royal Stables and rode far away into the West Country to the vicarage of the Hartcliffe Housing Estate at Bristol.

And the Herald delivered a Royal message to the Vicar to the effect that the Princess was going to grace the Estate with her presence and that she intended to pay a surprise visit on her subjects, going into one of their humble homes without warning and hoping to catch them on the hop, not to say with their — down.

At this the Vicar was half delighted and half dismayed. The prospect of meeting the beautiful Princess filled him with delight, but the thought of what could happen if Her Royal Highness barged unannounced into the home of a humble artisan filled him with trepidation. But the nimble brain his calling required speedily provided him with a solution. He sent back the Herald post haste to the Princess, saying 'Yes, do come, what a lovely surprise for the People', and then sneaked off round the corner to warn one of his parishoners that a surprise visit was going to be made in a month's time.

Surprised that they were going to be surprised, the lucky family started practising hard the finer points of curtsying and bowing and scraping, and polished and cleaned their little council house until it sparkled like a new pin.

And so it was that after four weeks of busy preparation they were all ready to be given a lovely surprise.

But when the Princess arrived and found out what the Vicar had done she was as furious as a beautiful Princess is allowed to be—which isn't very much really—and stamped her pretty foot and insisted on paying a genuine unannounced call on someone who was not expecting her.

So the Vicar started to get palpitations all over again. He just couldn't stomach the idea of what the Princess might see—or what some unreliable elements on the Estate might say—if Her Royal Highness just went into a house of her own choice. But he couldn't go and warn somebody else to get ready to be surprised because he had to stay and entertain the Princess, who was eyeing him pretty coldly by this time. He managed, however, to make secret signs to the Chairman of the Community Association, who hurried off to the house where Jack lives and told him he was due to be surprised within the hour.

Well to cut a short story shorter, Jack and his missus went around their house like the proverbial blue-tailed flies, and by the time the Princess arrived, they had wash up, cleaned up and dressed up and no-one was more surprised than the Princess to see that for once it was Jack who was all right.

Foiled again. So the Princess went back to her ivory tower in the great big beautiful park in the great big city and for all we know might be living happily ever after.

Except for two things. This is the second time the Church has prevented her from getting what she wants. And she still doesn't know if a worker who lives in a council house wears his best suit all the time.

NIKOLAS.

Putting 'Responsibility' in Perspective

ELSEWHERE in this issue we publish a reader's comments to the appeal we published last week for more active support from the many capable writers who have at various times in the past contributed to the columns of FREEDOM. The objections, the explanations advanced by our correspondent for the lack of active support—and it is general and not specifically of FREEDOM's "writers"—are the familiar and real ones that anything more than a purely intellectual interest in an idea, a social movement or a way of life, makes demands on the individual which almost inevitably clash with the ordinary routine of his or her life. But surely this is as it should be!

The tasks of the anarchist, as we see it, are twofold. On the one hand there is the long-term problem of bringing about those social and economic changes in society which constitute the social revolution so clearly defined by anarchist thinkers during the past hundred years and more. On the other is the personal problem, the need of the individual to live his life in a way more consonant with his aspirations and his values. In the former one is sowing a seed which may or may not germinate in our time, but which will never germinate if it is not sown. In the latter, one is taking what exists and on a small scale seeking to graft on to it that which to our minds are the positive characteristics of the seed of the social revolution.

Some anarchists while not entirely disagreeing with this approach will say that we are not faced with two problems but only one. There are those who will argue that all that matters is the social revolution, for by providing the environment of economic equality and social freedom for all there will be no individual problem—in the sense, that is, in which it exists to-day. Others argue from the other end: that the social revolution will automatically follow from the achievement of the one-man revolutions on a wide scale, and that what has to be done therefore is that each of us must concentrate on "living through" our anarchism as best we can, and as uncompromisingly as we can. Through example we can achieve more than words, meetings and movements!

While recognising the logic of both these approaches, we still prefer, as convinced propagandists of anarchism, to consider the task as two-fold. Perhaps in part we are being subjective; but we would also like to think that our approach is influenced by some experience and an understanding of the "problems" of our fellow beings—as outlined by our correspondent.

THE professional revolutionist, like the professional politician, tends to lose the human touch, and for him, too often the means become the ends. The man who "lives" for the revolution so divorces himself from the simple joys of life that when the "historical" moment offers the possibility of realising his life-long dreams, he emerges as the most ruthless of tyrants; the friend of the people becomes their worst oppressor. Similarly, but in a more socially and historically innocuous way, the professional "one-man revolutionist" becomes so involved in carrying through his "revolution", that in the end, at most he has constructed for himself an ivory tower, at least he has become a successful (or not so

POWER & THE STATE MACHINE

AS the State grows in strength many people are beginning to question the wisdom of placing so much power in the hands of a few men. (Throughout history there have been men who opposed the idea of rule by a minority, but we are at the moment interested in modern man in relation to a technological society, which, it is claimed, needs the highly organised rule of small specialised groups of men).

Hitherto the principle of governmental power has been unquestionably accepted as the only means of maintaining and enforcing order according to a generally accepted set of laws. There is evidence to-day of a slow awakening to the fact that power in itself is a corrupting force even when it is held within what is regarded as a democratic framework and therefore theoretically subject to the restraining influence of democratic principles.

The actions of political democracies have shown that laws which purport to be just can be over-ridden with the same disregard for human life as displayed in easily recognisable totalitarian countries.

We are still a long way from a general acceptance of anarchist principles, which offer a feasible alternative to the organised chaos of our time. But our experience is that people often agree with our criticism of the existing state of affairs, but, they respond, how do we achieve the alternative anarchist proposals? This is yet another problem which occupies us in our attempts to roll back the tide of insanity. But at the moment we are interested in the attitudes to power.

The Christian would claim that harmony and justice can only be achieved when all men are converted to love of God through Christ, but until then power must be kept in the "right" hands.

We, however, look at the Christian countries where rulers as well as ruled have shown little interest in establishing a genuine orderly and harmonious society. They may love God but there is not much evidence that it extends for

their fellow men. It seems to us that there are so many interpretations of the Christian ethic that justification can be found by leading Christians for the actions of statesmen and churchmen which bear little resemblance to love and justice as we understand it, or indeed to the teachings of Christ as we have read them.

Thinking Christians are not unaware of the problems of power in our society; but like many others who recognise the dangers inherent in power politics they cannot conceive of a society organised on voluntary co-operation alone. To the Christian the reasons are clear: he begins with the belief that:

the heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.

The late Archbishop Temple broadcasting in the early days of the last war on the problems of power, saw it in terms of psychology, ethics and theology. If all men acted through reason "which sees all questions in the light of universal principles, there would be no problem of power". Therefore, he reasoned, the ultimate solution is the conversion of mankind, and we are in agreement with his observations on the motivations behind power-seeking individuals. It is his solution, like so many others, which offers no real alternative to the existing order:—

Love of power and its exercise is actually a very common and very insidious form of selfishness. It nearly always disguises itself as a desire to do good, and so manages to claim moral credit for a profoundly immoral frame of mind. In its political forms this love of power is particularly dangerous, because it can appeal to the people who as individuals have very little power to accomplish or to enforce their will. The insignificant citizen of a great nation can compensate for his personal unimportance by his sense of dignity as a participator in the power which his country can exercise in relation to its neighbours.

successful) market-gardener-cum-kindergarten.

We believe there is a middle-way, between, on the one hand, the extremes of the "professionals", on the other, the apathetic fatalists—as described by our correspondent on page four—who, not only do nothing but who "live out their lives as a complete lie".

Let us face up to one fact, that in Europe the professional revolutionist is a figure of the past, and, in spite of the criticisms we have levelled at him, humanity is that much worse-off because his disappearance from the social struggle has not been offset by the emergence of a new social conscience. The professional revolutionist was perhaps the product of a cruel, "hopeless", age in which the slogan that the workers had "nothing to lose but their chains" appeared more as a reality than a slogan. But at least so long as he was alive ("in the street" and not in the armchairs of government) no one could ignore or gloss the existing social inequalities and injustices, or lull himself into a sense of security that what has been will continue to be. To-day, with more bodily comforts, more material security, more "education" and more leisure, people have less "time", less curiosity and less energy to devote even some of their time to the social problem!

FOR enlightened people, for people who profess to be anarchists or even socialists, to excuse their inactivity by sheltering behind such excuses as "family responsibilities" and careers, is an affront both to the intelligence as well as to their alleged sense of responsibility! If anything the social responsibility of an anarchist or socialist with children should be greater than that of his childless counterpart. His outlook on the future should, if anything, be less disinterested, less abstract.

Instead of which, our experience is that he seems to use his status as *pater familias* as an excuse, even a justification, for withdrawing from whatever activity he might have had in the Movement, reproachfully declaring to the active celibates: "it's all very well for you, you haven't

any responsibilities!" Yet in saying this, even if he accepts the material responsibilities for his offspring, he is nevertheless passing on the social responsibility for their future to those he scorns and derides!

We do not say this unkindly or without understanding the material problems of harassed parents. Someone (we do not remember who, but we recall that he was quoted by an anarchist writer with a large family), once wrote that no revolutionary could, from the point of view of his political activity, afford to have a family. Whilst agreeing with this view, we must recognise that most of them nevertheless do. But the fact that these fathers include some of the most active militants (e.g. Bakunin, Kropotkin, Durruti) permits us to conclude that paternity is not necessarily the signal for a kind of cerebral emasculation in the parent! We would even venture a suggestion that the children will in the long run benefit more from a "revolutionary" father than one who destroys himself doing all the right things by his children—from hurriedly legalising the union at the Registry Office to getting a "good" job with a future, etc.

In the nineteenth century with its deterministic approach, the future could not but be better than the present. Yet no one left it to chance, and the progressive movements bustled with activity. To-day, as never before, the future is as black as it could be compared with the present, not in terms of better and bigger gadgets and television screens, but because we are, by default, allowing the testing of nuclear weapons, the effect of which tests—assuming there is no war in the meantime—will be felt by future generations in the form of physical abnormalities and degeneration. Yet very few people to-day are prepared to take risks to prevent this calamity. Why? Because of their "responsibilities" to their children which prevents them risking their jobs! In other words they are keeping quiet for the sake of their children... but in the process sacrificing their grandchildren. Will their children when they find themselves parents of monsters, thank them for their short-sighted love?

But now comes the common argument of men who do not really want to repudiate power:

Obviously (the Christian) will not repudiate power; that would be merely to leave it in the hands of those who do not accept his principles. His task is to secure that power is subject to law, and in its ultimate form of physical force is used only for the enforcement and maintenance of law... the source of that law to which power must be subject is not any government, national or international. It is the righteousness of God.

What is meant by the righteousness of God in relation to law, and how does it apply to physical force in the maintenance and enforcement of law? Laws are made by men with reference to what is considered to be the needs of a particular region. Men are exhorted by their Christian leaders to obey the laws. Since laws vary from country to country, even in those which all claim to be Christian, are we to assume that the laws in some countries are subject to God's righteousness but not others, and if so, which ones?

In the last war Protestant Germany and Britain, as well as Catholic Italy had conscription. Christians (as well as non-Christians) obeyed the laws of these countries. In which country were we to suppose divine providence was at work? Presumably since Archbishop Temple did not actively oppose the war, he was persuaded that God was on the side of the British against Germany and Italy. In which case we must conclude that God and Archbishop Temple as well as the British ruling class were fighting in the defence of justice. Events before and after the war make nonsense of this argument. Archbishop Temple must have been alive to the attitude of the British ruling class to fascism in the thirties which was certainly not in opposition to it. Justice in these terms is subject to time, place and how much power a country or group happens to wield. Surely the universality in thinking, which Archbishop Temple claims would obviate the power principle, will not be encouraged if, by some devious reasoning we conclude that one capitalist governmental country is justified in acts

BEHIND THE DIPLOMATIC SCENES

Continued from p. 2

There is much conversation, most of it funny, though the satire is consistently intertwined with the horrible truth. Mr. Supergong a Kuoatian ex-Emperor demonstrates for peace by sitting in a tree for a week. He is one of the few purely sympathetic characters in the book and eventually falls foul of a Communist charmer from China, and is unknowingly exploited.

The conference begins in the Maison des Peuples, everywhere there is rapt attention:

"At this moment say the experienced, it is possible to judge whether the final communiqué will be vague and optimistic, or precise and pessimistic."

The statesmen discuss procedure, protocol and the official language, the conference adjourns. Not much more is heard of it, but Mr. Blunden continues in devastating manner—and so do his characters. We are left with the impression, and it is inescapably correct, that nothing of importance is discussed; merely the mouthing of a great number of clichés and inanities. Each delegate striving to impress the world with his statesmanship and at the same time remain totally uncommitted.

The world will not soon forget M. Pion's classic remark that 'War is divisible', or the heartfelt appeal of General Tux's observation that what it (the world) most wants is 'a real and lasting peace', or Mr. Asp's thoughtful utterance, 'We consider the early restoration of peace to be the earnest desire of the people of the whole world'.

All this in the atmosphere created by the statement from afar of the President of the United States:

"At his press conference this morning the President said that a *modus vivendi* was being sought in Colmo..."

World-shattering stuff. Mr. Blunden's book is worth reading because it is funny and pleasantly readable; but much more important, behind the satire is the truth, the actuality; exaggerated in parts maybe, but essentially the facts. International conferences are for show, to create the impression of governments striving for peace and understanding, but nothing ever happens. The decisions have already been taken, or will be taken without any regard for the peace-full platitudes.

of injustice when another one is not.

Another man who recognises the corruption of power and who offers a solution which will still maintain the principle of power is Lord Home, Secretary for Commonwealth Relations and Lord President of the Council. When addressing the Cambridge University Conservative Association last week he said:

The most urgent question with which man is faced in the twentieth century is corruption through power. The powerful and unscrupulous have the means to destroy civilization and the civilized must find the answer to the threat. The permanent answer lies in the political organisation of society.

While recognising the corrupting influence of power Lord Home has narrowed his interpretation to cover the Communist countries only. He sees in British democracy the basis of political evolution, particularly in the Colonial Empire, where the "secret of success has been due to liberty based upon law and order".

When we consider only one instance where British "law and order"—Cyprus—we can only assume that the Lord Homes are as hypocritical as we have always supposed, or they are so stupid that they are incapable of seeing the contradictions in their own reasoning.

It is true that the fundamental flaws in Soviet Communism have been further exposed by events in Hungary and Poland. But the error in thinking which all governmentalists make is in the naive belief that democracy is in some way basically superior to other forms of rule. Nazi Germany followed on from a democratic form of Government; it is not inconceivable that a fascist Britain or a totalitarian U.S.A. will develop from the forms of Government which pass in each of these countries to-day for democracy. It is because of the defects inherent in all forms of Government that the anarchists refuse to choose between the "lesser of two evils".

It is not the view of this writer that the urge to power is merely the product of a neurotic society. In its extreme forms evidence tends to show that it is the result of a variety of deprivations which may be emotional, economic or both and which could be countered by a reasonable society. But there is also some indication that there is a power urge which is even more basic than that acquired through a neurotic environment. This anarchist would say that a rational understanding of it, coupled with the knowledge that in our own interest it is dangerous to cultivate social forms which are based on a hierarchy of power, would encourage the power urge in directions which, at the least are harmless, and which in a more constructive form could add to the general good.

M.

FREEDOM PRESS

- VOLINE :**
Nineteen-Seventeen (The Russian Revolution Betrayed) cloth 12s. 6d
The Unknown Revolution (Kronstadt 1921, Ukraine 1918-21) cloth 12s. 6d
- E. A. GUTKIND :**
The Expanding Environment 8s. 6d
- V. RICHARDS :**
Lessons of the Spanish Revolution 6s.
- RUDOLF ROCKER :**
Nationalism and Culture cloth 21s.
- ERRICO MALATESTA :**
Anarchy 6d
Vote—What For? 1d
- M. BAKUNIN :**
Marxism, Freedom and the State. cloth 5s.
- ALEX COMFORT :**
Delinquency 6d
Barbarism & Sexual Freedom boards 3s. 6d
- PHILIP SANSON :**
Syndicalism—The Workers' Next Step 1s
- JOHN HEWETSON :**
Sexual Freedom for the Young 6d
Ill-Health, Poverty and the State cloth 2s. 6d., paper 1s.
- TONY GIBSON :**
Youth for Freedom paper 2s.
Food Production and Population 6d.
Who will do the Dirty Work? 2d.
- ★
- Marie-Louise Berneri Memorial Committee publications :**
Marie-Louise Berneri, 1918-1949: A Tribute cloth 5s.
Journey Through Utopia cloth 16s. (U.S.A. \$2.50)
- ★
- K. J. KENAFICK :**
Michael Bakunin and Karl Marx paper 6s.

27, Red Lion Street,
London, W.C.1.

INSTITUTIONS OF ABUNDANCE

IN common, no doubt, with many of our comrades, I find that advertising is one of those aspects of capitalist society which occasionally pleases the eye but always angers the mind and the conscience. Thanks chum, one wants to say, when I need something I'll discover that need myself. However, since we shall have advertising for as long as we have competitive trading, my personal compromise is simply to expect certain standards of honesty and artistic good taste.

When, for example, a mattress is being advertised, why must its luxurious softness be enjoyed by a reclining maiden in a gossamer nightie? In fact no mattress ever seemed as comfortable as the one on which my ill-proportioned father regularly puffed at his pipe, his specs lodged on a mole on his nose. In this instance one was really conscious of the restfulness of the mattress but in the case of the maiden, would not the floor seem just as beckoning? Stockings. Nylons with all their deniers. But if they displayed the fact that puffy, varicose-veined legs could appear just a little less unsightly, would not this be a proud achievement? Bras! One day I hope to ascend the escalator at Marble Arch underground and see a poster of an enormous mammy, after ten kids, having a nice, easy support for her two whoppers.

These irreligious observations on subjects that advertising artists must meet in their personal lives, but somehow forgot during their creative moments, have been occasioned by bumping into a friend over here from one of the Dominions and who has made a fortune from playing on human weaknesses. His output of legs, tits and torsos, he assures me, have increased the sales of potatoes, pencils, bricks and tiles and mining equipment. He told me of yet another friend (sorry if I keep such company!) who found overnight

wealth by having badges of every school in the Dominion printed on the outside of a diary and how this simple device, no doubt with an exhortation to school loyalty, made the unsaleable suddenly soar to the astronomical.

All this brings to mind George Orwell's *Keep the Aspidochelone Flying*, where we have those acid pages on an advertising agency. Remember—"What they asked for was a really telling slogan; something in the class of 'Night-starvation'—something that would rankle in the public consciousness like a poisoned arrow. Mr. Warner had thought it over for three days and then emerged with the unforgettable phrase "P.P." "P.P." stood for *Pedic Perspiration*. It was a real flash of genius, that. It was so simple and arresting. Once you knew what they stood for, you couldn't possibly see those letters "P.P." without a guilty tremor. Gordon had searched for the word "pedic" in the Oxford Dictionary and found that it did not exist. But Mr. Warner had said, Hell! what did it matter anyway. It would put the wind up them just the same."

Orwell's advertising agency is an antiquarian curiosity when set beside the slick mammoths of to-day. Statistics show that last year £330 million pounds were spent in this country on advertising, an amount not much less than the total for education. This figure is £70 millions more than last year and will be greater than ever during 1957. Of the £330 millions, no less than £182 millions go into the accounts (really as a subsidy) of newspapers and magazines, and though ITV has to be content with a mere £15 millions, this too will be rapidly augmented. A current campaign to this end is being featured in the daily papers. It seeks to reassure potential ITV advertisers that more people will sit in front of the TV screens during the coming summer than ever crowded round them in the winter. Even the advertisers, in the eyes of the agents, are classed as mugs.

Mr. Alan M. Wilkinson, vice-president of the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising (whew!)—although not presumably a writer of Orwell's distinction, has nevertheless written an article which is as terrifying as anything in "1984". Of advertising agencies, he says proudly:

"To begin with, the large modern agency, with its market research and marketing information resources, is able to prepare a complete appraisal of the particular market for a new product. It can then help the advertiser to decide on the potential market for such a product. Then, once a decision has been taken to go ahead, the agency, working in close consultation with the advertiser, can help to ensure the success of the launching of the new product by careful planning at every stage in its development. This might well involve product testing, selecting the name of the brand, advising on the price and weight structure, designing the pack, testing the final pack designs against competitors. And, finally, perhaps after months of preliminary planning, the agency will put up proposals to the advertiser in the light of all the information that has been gathered for the advertising and introduction of the product. And then, only then, will an advertising campaign be launched.

Thus, to-day, the advertising practitioner is accepted as both adviser and consultant, as well as universal provider for all advertising requirements. His experience of a long list of goods and

the selling of them in many markets will have given him an instinctive judgment of public reactions and public response to various appeals."

Although neither an economist nor a member of the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising, it would seem to me that the £330 millions spent on advertising during 1956 must have come out of someone's pocket. Once we accept the idea that we pay for all the advertising put out to attract us, we can begin to suspect that the price of the goods and commodities we buy must be inflated to cover these extra costs. Someone more learned in these matters could perhaps calculate the percentage by which the cost of living could be reduced if £330 millions came off production costs.

Information about advertising in the United States simply serves to remind us how much we have to

learn. Over the Atlantic it has achieved the importance of an essential commodity packaged in respected university theses, and is often known as 'The Institution of Abundance'. Although all the adverts from Boston to San Francisco would not succeed in producing a loaf of bread, the inference would seem to be that bread without advertising would be as unpalatable as a hunk of wood. To this end, ten thousand million dollars are spent annually.

In recognisable figures, this is greater than the accumulated gold and dollar reserves of Great Britain about which we hear so much whenever a financial crisis hits us. Of this grand total of £3,500 millions, TV is supported to the extent of £500 millions and Radio, that pitifully outdated medium, a modest £200 million. The press, of course, since Americans have not yet lost the ability to read, or at least to be influenced by pictorial adverts, scoops £1,500 millions.

In the United States the affairs of 'The Institution of Abundance' are taken care of by 5,000 advertising agencies, and in all fields of advertising some 150,000 people are employed. In an attempt to put into perspective the valuable work they do for society, this body has recently classified in order of importance all the various commodities advertised. Automobiles, in this momentous list, are third, and tobacco and smoking fifth. However, to salute the prescience of Orwell, and his choice of *Pedic Perspiration*, it is worth mentioning that the top-ranking group in this American classification is still that of—*Soaps and cleaners, drugs and toilet goods*.

One is tempted to draw a thousand conclusions from this bit of research into advertising until one realises that any healthy and normally intelligent person will find such conclusions as obvious as the instinct to drink clean water rather than polluted. The consuming glare and glare of advertising can hardly take possession of a mind which has its own cherished set of values or a

body which has its share of physical fulfilment. However, one man's health is another man's headache because a sane state of scepticism or disbelief is one of the problems and challenges that face the go-getting advertising agents.

This is made clear from the following excerpt of a current advert:

"The path of the advertisement writer would be easier to tread if his vast constituency could be classified simply as U or Non-U. The mass market of our day is more complicated. U and Non-U implies a difference of manners, of accent, of social milieu. But of income, intelligence and taste it says nothing.

"To day, vast numbers of the non-U earn more than the U. The young, non-U intelligentsia are out ahead with T. S. Eliot and Peter Sellers, while the ageing U cling plantively to rhyme and reason. So where are we?"

Where are we, chum? Exactly where we were, thanks. Money still in our pockets rather than in yours. GIGI.

1957

Anarchist Summer School

THIS year's Anarchist Summer School will be held at the Malatesta Club on August 3, 4 and 5—the August Bank Holiday weekend.

The theme for the lectures will be "Blueprints for Sanity" and titles and speakers will be announced as soon as final arrangements are made.

Meals will be available at the Club at an inclusive charge of 2s. 9d. per meal, and it is hoped that, as in previous years, accommodation can be arranged with the London comrades, providing it is booked in advance.

Those wishing to book accommodation should write, stating requirements to:—

JOAN SCULTHORPE,
c/o Freedom Press,
27 Red Lion Street, London, W.C.1.

Will London comrades able to offer accommodation please write to the same address?

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

No Way Out?

DEAR COMRADE,

It is obvious that the regular contributors to FREEDOM form a small, even if dynamic group of anarchists trying to mould their lives according to beliefs they hold firmly and with sincerity. But the rest of us, I presume, are partly or wholly paying lip-service to the movement, take no active part and are unable to relate the daily life to the beliefs we hold in a lukewarm fashion. We are thus divided and feel guilty because by that demon called the conscience we know we are living out a lie.

The excuse we make for not living according to these beliefs is invariably the pressure of circumstances, but it is really—lack of resolve, will-power or courage to give up our current mode of existence knowing it to be morally and spiritually unproductive.

I think that the Freedom Press Group must at once shed its delusions if it imagines that the majority can be termed anarchists at all. I dare to believe that most readers of FREEDOM pay lip-service only and that we do not make much progress towards the true, sane, healthy way of life shown to us by anarchists. In fact, our lives demonstrate that our beliefs do not bear examination in the cold light of reality otherwise we would have no need of argument, for our way of life would be an example to all.

It seems to me that the stalwart, regular contributors to FREEDOM must be supermen if their beliefs and their actions fit over one another at all points. But how about the rest of us—the weaklings, the spineless ones—caught up in the mill? We cannot expect help for we must help ourselves but we do need encouragement in order to break the chains link by link, and advice as to how to set about it.

I do not think that any member of this group of regular contributors—the backbone—has even an inkling as to the background of his readers, his environment, the work he does, and to what extent he is caught up in the machine—no wonder the movement is not integrated when those who provide the enthusiasm, the incentive, the drive and the initiative feel so frustrated and unsure as to

whether they are wasting time, energy and thought in the endeavour to communicate with nameless, faceless readers.

As I am convinced that even the readers of FREEDOM live out their lives as a complete lie, for that reason alone we are afraid to write to the paper for fear of incurring the cynicism of those whom we presume are one hundred per cent, anarchist with snow-white consciences.

This infinitesimal group of true anarchists has therefore a colossal task of convincing the millions directly or indirectly living by the exercise of government and control of the "masses" not to mention the millions who want to be governed, or rather, cannot accept the responsibility of governing themselves, and in addition—and perhaps before all, must gather around them a group or groups who not only believe in anarchism but are willing to live those beliefs.

And what does the man do who has become so involved in the capitalist existence, who has the responsibilities of a wife, children at school, a house, etc. Does he try to gain admittance to the one or two co-operative, profit and amenity-sharing groups in the country, presuming that he has neither the ability, adaptability and qualifications to start such a group himself?

If families can pull up their roots and sail away to become pioneers in a foreign even hostile land surely the anarchists can set about building a new life according to their beliefs? Except that no aid from the State will be forthcoming. Perhaps only active persecution can drive those who are dissident into taking action. Do we have to wait for persecution in order to gather strength?

Then how can we live out our beliefs, as anarchists, every one of us, here and now, in the particular environment in which we happen to be? We cannot solve the problem by going to another land. Do we have to reject our present way of life utterly and begin anew?

Yours,

London, May 12. F. W. LETCHFORD.

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT!

WEEK 19
Deficit on Freedom £380
Contributions received £326
DEFICIT £54

May 3 to May 9

London: Anon. 1/-; Oxford: Anon.* 5/-;
Sheffield: G.P.* 5/-; Nazeings: M.W. £1;
London: J.S.* 3/-; Hyde Park: R.C. 1/9;
Aberystwyth: S.H. 1/-; London: F.L. 1/6;
Minneapolis: D.S. 18/6; Blackburn: W.A. 1/-;
Barnet: Mog 10/-; London: S.B. 4/-;
Falmouth: R.W. 2/-; London: D.R.* 10/-.
Total ... 4 3 9
Previously acknowledged ... 322 13 0

1957 TOTAL TO DATE ... £326 16 9

Fire Fund

Pittsburgh: "S" 14/-; Hailsham: L.S. 2/-;
Bristol: K.J.J. 1/-; Needham, Mass.: Comrades per L'Incaricato £31/10/0; London: Anon. 2/-; Los Angeles: J.S. £17/10/0;
Donaghadee: J.T. £1; Chicago: J.K. £1/15;
Falmouth: R.W. 2/-; Bath: H.J.C. 5/-.
Total ... 53 1 0
Previously acknowledged ... 57 19 1

TOTAL TO DATE ... £111 0 1

SELECTIONS from FREEDOM VOLUMES 1-5

Vol. 1, 1951, *Mankind is One*
Vol. 2, 1952, *Postscript to Posterity*
Vol. 3, 1953, *Colonialism on Trial*
Vol. 4, 1954, *Living on a Volcano*
Vol. 5, 1955, *The Immoral Moralists*
each volume paper 7s. 6d.
cloth 10s. 6d.

The paper edition of the Selections is available to readers of FREEDOM at 5/- a copy

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Price of Silence

WASHINGTON, APRIL 30.

Mr. Seymour Peck, a New York journalist, was fined \$500 (about £178) to-day and given a thirty-day suspended gaol sentence for contempt of Congress. The sentence was imposed by Federal District Judge Luther Youngdahl, who allowed Mr. Peck to remain free on a bond of \$1,000 pending the outcome of an appeal.

The contempt case grew out of Mr. Peck's appearance before the Senate internal security subcommittee in January, 1956, during an investigation of alleged communism in mass communications. Mr. Peck acknowledged past Communist affiliations, but refused to name people he had known as Communists.—Reuter.

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 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—No Meeting

JUNE 16—John Bishop on
Subject to be announced

JUNE 23—Donald Rooum on
ANARCHISM & CHRISTIANITY

JUNE 30—Max Patrick on
IS THERE A RULING CLASS

JULY 7—To Be Announced

JULY 14—Jack Robinson on
WORK.

Questions, Discussion and Admission
all free.

OPEN AIR MEETINGS

Weather Permitting
HYDE PARK
Sundays at 3.30 p.m.

★ Malatesta Club ★

SWARAJ HOUSE,
32 PERCY STREET,
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1.
(Tel.: MUSEum 7277).

ACTIVITIES

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

Every Wednesday at 8 p.m.

MAY 22—BONAR THOMSON reviews
THE OUTSIDER

Every Friday and Saturday:
SOCIAL EVENINGS

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