

Freedom

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Threepence

"I can really be free when those around me, both men and women, are also free. The liberty of others, far from limiting or negating my own, is, on the contrary, its necessary condition and guarantee."

—BAKUNIN.

IS THIS THE CLASS STRUGGLE?

THOSE who see the social revolution in every strike for a wage increase must have been very heartened last week when there were two large and important strikes going on at the same time.

They were no doubt even more impressed by the vigour and violence with which the strikers met the challenge of the strike-breakers, for there have been no similar incidents in this country since the 1930's.

In the Covent Garden fruit porters' strike, called to defend the traditional division of work and the established rights of each type of porter to exclusive control of his kind of work, lorries were attacked (and in one case set on fire), fights took place between strikers and blacklegs and on at least one occasion a pitched battle was waged between strikers and police. For the first time for many years the porters' batons were used in the defence of law and order.

In the nation-wide bus strike, called to enforce a wage claim, violent incidents occurred all over the country as blackleg bus crews and passengers were assaulted, windows broken and tyres slashed and the police in most areas were more or less helpless to prevent the well-organised ambushes by pickets which made the strike almost 100 per cent. effective.

Fleet Street Shocked

Such actions by organised workers in this country shocked the bourgeoisie and its Fleet Street mouthpieces. Side by side with calm and approving reports by RAF Venoms blasting rebel forts in Iman with rockets and bombs, the sweet voice of reason, laced with indignation, piously deplored the un-British violence of the strikers.

Hooliganism will get you nowhere they were told. Negotiation, arbitration, courts of inquiry—these are the proper means by which aggrieved workers would get justice. But the facts were that nine months of negotiation had got the provincial busmen nothing more than an insulting offer of 3s. a week (against their demand for an increase of £1) and their experience of previous tribunals had taught them how the scales were weighted in favour of the employers.

American War Resisters Plan Direct Action in Nevada

MEMBERS of the American War Resisters League* are planning a workshop and direct action project in the area of the atomic installation in Nevada for the week of Hiroshima Day.

According to present plans, the workshop, lasting several days, will open in Las Vegas on Saturday, August 3 with speakers, discussion groups and round tables. A programme of leaflet distribution in Las Vegas and other towns in the area followed by possible picketing of the installation will start the following day. Climaxing the workshop will be a direct action project involving civil disobedience on Hiroshima Day, August 6th.

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Negotiation or Direct Action?

How much the employers fear tribunals was demonstrated by the fact that all along they were prepared to go to arbitration, but the unions had had enough. When, therefore, the Ministry of Labour hastily set up an arbitration tribunal the employers happily presented their case, but the unions snubbed the Court, making a brief appearance and then leaving in protest.

So the Press and the employers must have been surprised when the tribunal recommended an increase for the strikers of 11s. Eight shillings more than the bosses' last word! And they were, of course, pledged to accept the tribunal's decision.

Which just goes to show that five days of strike can achieve much more than nine months of talk!

Militant Mr. Cousins

The Covent Garden strike is still in process as we write, but its effects are spreading every day, as other markets around London take sympathetic action. Although supplies are getting through, handled by office staffs and retailers, the strain is beginning to tell and a settlement must soon be reached.

Both these strikes have been official. The busmen were led from the first by their union, the porters supported by theirs. And looming up on the horizon is the 'militant'

figure of Frank Cousins, the new general secretary of the Transport & General Workers' Union (see FREEDOM 20/7/57) who is committing his 1,300,000 block vote to a more vigorous policy. The TGWU secretary is the most powerful figure on the Trade Union Congress executive council and it is most likely that his 'militant' line will find general favour at the annual Congress next month.

We have put the word 'militant' in quotes for this reason: Mr. Cousins has a motion down for Congress rejecting wage control and blaming Tory Government policy for the current uncontrolled inflation—and demands an all-out union campaign to get a Labour Government returned pledged to halt inflation with controls.

A Political Purpose

Mr. Cousins' militancy then has one purpose: to secure the return of a Labour Government. We hope he succeeds—for then we shall see how far his militancy goes. For if Labour is returned at the next election and set out to control the economy they must quite patently control the workers too—through Mr. Cousins and his like on the TUC.

For Mr. Cousins has said that he won't accept wage restraint unless prices and profits are frozen also. Assuming a Labour Government

fulfil that conditions—Mr. Cousins will see that the workers, too, the line.

We shall then see the powerful leader of the TGWU echoing the pathetic cry of the Communists following the Labour victory of 1945—'Don't Embarrass Our Government!'

Is this true militancy? Is this the class struggle? Of course not. It is a political game that Cousins is playing, with nothing in it for the workers but a change of masters.

Certainly the current wave of official strikes will gain pay increases for the workers—but the best a Labour Government can do is to make capitalism work more efficiently than the Tories. Which means getting more out of the workers, for they are the source of the wealth that governments manipulate.

Is this what our militants want? We are sure there are some of our readers who think we should be blazing away in support of the current official strikes. If we are cool, however, it is because we see the reasons behind them.

When the workers start striking for workers' control of industry instead of another few shillings, or to decrease a differential—then we shall be delighted to give them all our support.

Ambassadorial Brilliance

Mr. Gluck Reaps His Reward

MR. MAXWELL H. GLUCK is an American businessman—a rich one. He is the boss of a chain of 140 stores in the United States, breeds horses in Kentucky, maintains his business headquarters in Ohio and has a residence in New York. Obviously his business acumen is not in question for it has paid off, but this is not sufficient for the ambitious Mr. Gluck. His mind is fixed on greater things where prestige is the reward not mere money.

On June 26th, Mr. Gluck was nominated Ambassador to Ceylon by President Eisenhower, and on July 3rd, his nomination was confirmed by the Senate. Some of us might suppose therefore that Mr. Gluck has qualifications of the highest order, qualifications befitting an Ambassador of the most powerful nation in the world. Perhaps he has—for his qualifications are dollars, plenty of dollars—dollars to give away.

On July 2nd, Mr. Gluck appeared before a closed session of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to testify on his fitness for the post of Ambassador to Ceylon. The Committee has now published the transcript of the cross-examination, which should embarrass Mr. Gluck but probably will not. The result should also embarrass the Senate Committee. Only Senator Fulbright, the sole opposer to Gluck's confirmation, retains his dignity. An extract from the transcript follows:

Senator Fulbright (Dem. Arkansas): How much did you contribute to the Republican party in the 1956 election?

Gluck: Well, I wouldn't know off-hand but I made a contribution.

Fulbright: Well, how much?

Gluck: Let's see. I would say all in all \$20,000 or \$30,000. (The Senate Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections lists his contributions as \$26,500.)

Fulbright: How much did you contribute in 1952?

Gluck: Well, not as much. I would not remember, but a fair amount.

Fulbright: Well, you are a business man, you pay attention to your money. You can guess now about how much?

Gluck: Off-hand I would say around \$10,000.

Fulbright: If you contributed \$30,000, don't you think Ceylon is a rather remote post for that? The one who went to Belgium (J. Clifford Folger, Washington investment banker) only contributed \$11,000.

Gluck: I don't think that I want to admit that is the principal reason.

Fulbright: What do you think is the principal reason?

Gluck: Well, my interest in trying to find something in Government life that I would like to do.

Fulbright: What are the problems in Ceylon you think you can deal with?

Gluck: One of the problems is the people there. I believe I can—I think I can establish unless we—again, unless I run into something that I have not run into before—a good relationship and good feeling towards the United States.

Fulbright: Did you notice the recent report of the committee sent by the United Nations on Hungary?

Gluck: No, I did not.

Fulbright: Did you notice who was on that committee that made that report? (Ceylon was one of the five countries represented).

Gluck: No, sir.

Fulbright: Do you know our Ambassador to India? (Ellsworth Bunker, former head of the American Red Cross.)

Gluck: I know John Sherman Cooper, the previous Ambassador.

Fulbright: Do you know who the Prime Minister of India is?

Gluck: Yes, but I can't pronounce his name.

Fulbright: Do you know who the Prime Minister of Ceylon is?

Gluck: His name is a bit unfamiliar now. I cannot call it off. But I have obtained from Ambassador Crowe (the previous United States Ambassador to Ceylon) a list of all the important people there and I went over them with him. I have a synopsis of all the people, both Americans, Ambassadors, and officials from other countries. And I have from him also a sort of little biography or history of them, with what his opinion is of them.

From all of which it is not unreasonable to infer two things. Mr. Gluck is not just a man who knows very little about foreign affairs in general, and Ceylon in particular—he knows absolutely nothing. Mr. Gluck is also not just a man who has greased a few palms to get what he wants—he has had a share in greasing the entire Republican party machine. He has earned the gratitude of President Eisenhower, and now he has received his reward.

American foreign policy has often been called dollar diplomacy—what is more natural than the appointment of a dollar diplomat?

Court Circular

Poverty at the Palace

G'S timely reminder (Monarchy & Bad Taste, FREEDOM 13/7/57) of the function of monarchy in Britain has been followed by some plaintive pleas in the Press on behalf of the economically depressed monarch rubbing along on a mere £475,000 per annum—over £9,000 per week.

The first intimation which reached our editorial office that the Queen was putting a brave face on her financial difficulties and reducing her household expenses, came to us from an American paper which reads:

Further cementing her bond with the people, Scots-descended Queen Elizabeth scanned the royal phone bill (estimate: \$70,000 [or about £20,000] a year), reached a housewifely conclusion: too high. Her solution: instal pay phones in Buckingham Palace.

It was left to the *Sunday Express*, however, that well known champion of higher wage claims, to wring our hearts over the financial predicament into which the Queen has been thrown in these days of rapidly rising costs.

Under the title—*Should the Queen have to spend her own Money?* Robert Pitman, the author of this ludicrous article, comes to the conclusion that however rich the Queen may be she should not be expected to subsidise the "great state enterprise of modern royalty."

The monarchy is indeed a great state enterprise, and how useful it has turned out to be! Since the taxpayer subsidises both it is worth considering how the state grant operates.

At the beginning of each reign a Government committee settles the Royal income which lasts for the whole of the reign. In 1952 a House of Commons Committee, which included two Socialist M.P.'s: Mrs. Cullen (Gorbals), and Michael Foot (Devonport), increased the Queen's yearly income by £65,000 to its present £475,000. In addition the Duke of Edinburgh was given a separate income of £40,000 (which we feel is ample compensation for some of the less exciting duties he has to undertake).

This committee, we are informed, made the increase, mindful of the struggle which faced King George VI towards the end of his reign, which forced him to reduce his staff by 100. Yet his wage bill, since he came to the Throne had increased by £50,000. "The result was harsh", the King had to supplement the money granted him by Parliament with £150,000 from his own pocket. In spite of this hardship which faced the King in the latter days of his reign, in 1945 he had actually saved £440,000 from his official income:

Of this he paid back £100,000 as a voluntary gift to the Treasury in 1948. And, of course, he had to provide that extra £150,000 to meet unpaid bills in the last five years of his reign. But that still left the King savings of almost £200,000 at his death, quite apart from any private possessions or income whatever.

BLUEPRINTS FOR SANITY

I.

READING this simple yet heavily documented book, these obvious demonstrations from the broadest and most evident facts of technology and society, has a melancholy effect. For fifty years have passed. The ways that Kropotkin suggested, how men can at once begin to live better, are still the ways; the evils he attacked are mostly still the evils; the popular misconceptions of the relations of machinery and social planning are still the popular misconceptions. Recently, studying the modern authors, I wrote a little book on a related subject; there is not one important proposition in my book that is not in *Fields, Factories and Workshops*, often in the same words. If there has been no change, it was not for lack of instruction, for here was the instruction. But indeed, the case is even worse! Kropotkin says,

"The following pages discuss the advantages which civilized nations could derive from a combination of industrial pursuit with intensive agriculture, and of brain work with manual work. The importance of such a combination has not escaped the attention of a number of students of social science. It was eagerly discussed some fifty years ago under the names of 'harmonized labor', 'integral education,' and so on. It was pointed out at that time that the greatest sum of well-being can be obtained when a variety of agricultural, industrial, and intellectual pursuits are combined in each community; and that man shows his best when he is in a position to apply his usually-varied capacities to several pursuits in the farm, the workshop, the factory, the study or the studio."

Fifty years ago, and fifty years before that! 1848, when the industrial slavery

**Communitas*. By Percival and Paul Goodman. University of Chicago Press, 1947.

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- Dissent, Summer 1957 3/6
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was at its crudest and crassest. But we can also leap backward another fifty and a hundred years, to Pestalozzi and to *Emile*, and find, at a time when big-machine industrialism was in its beginnings, the same plain message of "harmonized labor" and "integral education". This gives us at least 200 years of good advice, in different phases of industrialism on a rather simple topic; and none of this advice, I would insist, is brilliant guesswork, but all obviously drawn from the plainest broadest evidences.

Meantime the urban-concentrations (no true towns) that Rousseau, Kropotkin, and ourselves have criticized, have everywhere increased; the specialization has deepened to such a degree that it has become second-nature and its effects must be observed under psychoanalysis; the quantity of middle-men and unproductive services has enormously increased.

It is therefore inappropriate on this fiftieth anniversary of a great book to flatter ourselves, as human beings, that a good man thought out a number of true thoughts; or even to apply ourselves to repeating these thoughts, for we know them well.

II.

LET us take a different tack. What stands in the way? At the end of his book, Kropotkin says,

"Such is the future—already possible, already realizable; such is the present—already condemned and about to disappear. And what prevents us from turning our backs to this present and of marching towards that future? It is not the 'failure of science' but first of all our crass cupidity—the cupidity of the man who killed the hen that was laying the golden eggs—and then our laziness of mind—that mental cowardice so carefully nurtured in the past."

Let us keep our 200 years in mind. In *Emile* the obstacle was mainly Vice: the sensuality, luxury, flattery, and vanity of the Court. In 1848—it is a hundred years since *The Communist Manifesto*—the obstacle was thought to be mainly Power: imperialism, cruelty, the self-aggrandizement of capitalists. To Kropotkin it seemed to be a more timid passion, ignorant cupidity (what we should at once call "insecurity"), and alas! he mentioned also a more hopeless factor, laziness of mind, that he attributed to a cultural lag. In our days, when we are such keen psychologists, we see that the laziness is the result of exhausting inner conflict, the cultural lag survives because of instinct-anxiety, the insecurity is the repression of aggression, the cupidity is anal-withholding, etc.

Our socio-psychology is the truest science we have in these matters. But I doubt that the older explanations of the obstacles were less apt or less acute; rather, they were fitted to the then state of the patient, who has also been changing. If I may make an analogy from

individual psychology: in Rousseau's time the man was sick with fixation on certain infantile pleasures and superstitions, and the philosopher prescribed the sentiments of the heart to win him to humanity. In 1848 he was in the throes of oppression and rebelliousness, and the philosophers prescribed brotherly union against the irrational authority. By Kropotkin's time, these hectic manifestations were repressed, man seemed docile but lazy and ignorant; then he (and Huxley and Geddes) became a kind of schoolmaster and prescribed true science and earnest application. Today we find we have to do with a full-grown neurotic, a good citizen, obsessively orderly, a union-member, a willingly conscripted soldier; and there is nothing but to analyze his dreams and try to release his buried vitality for love and hate. Given such a series it is impossible not to extrapolate to the next period: fully-developed catatonic rigidity, manic fits, and hallucinations, to be handled (with care!) with electric-shocks or equivalent.

The fact that the revolution—I mean simply the adoption of reasonable institutions called for by the plainest evidence—the revolution failed in Rousseau's time and in the time of Marx, Proudhon, and the Utopians: this failure gave to Kropotkin, to Reich, to us not the situation in which to try again, but a continually more intractable situation.

III.

CONVERSELY! We find that our own revolutionary theory is cumulative; we raise the libertarian demands, both the defeated ones and the partially victorious ones that must be vigilantly renewed, of generations back into the past. Our theory must not only turn to the present situation but must also expect to meet the unfinished situations of long ago. Let me give a simple illustration from Kropotkin's book: he found he had to attack precisely the public education that was a rallying-cry fifty years before, for the content of that education did not make a philosophic man but a stupefied clerk. And I, today, would have to attack precisely Kropotkin's technical education, which we see can be perverted by corporations and state-socialists; we speak also in terms of sexual-liberation, non-submissiveness, emotional expression, and so on.

This is too hard! To fight not only our own battles but the unfinished wars of 1793, and 1848, and the cold war of 1898; and Lord knows what others! Is not this an endless labyrinth, worthy of the descriptive genius of Frank Kafka?

I do not myself see an easy way out. I said at the outset that reading Kropotkin's book has a melancholy effect.

Luckily, we do not have to address ourselves to unfinished situations as such but only to present situations; the old

The annual Anarchist Summer School opens to-day with the general theme "Blueprints for Sanity". One of the anarchist blueprints for sanity in the past was Kropotkin's *Fields, Factories and Workshops*, not a utopia but a constructive evaluation of available evidence. We reprint below the reflections of an American sociologist, Paul Goodman on the fiftieth anniversary of Kropotkin's book. The fact that almost ten years have passed since Goodman wrote, reinforces his conclusion that something more than blueprints is required.

ones will emerge in the present if we keep patiently and courageously addressing the present.

Is it endless? This has not been my personal experience in such small problems as I have been able to solve creatively. Rather, that suddenly things fall into place and the work is done. But it does not really help to imagine that any particular step will solve the problem and cannot fail; rather just to keep patiently and courageously at it at all likely points. Not, also, "waiting" for the break; who has energy to tie up in "waiting"?

A great help is that the goal happens to be so obvious and simple, increasingly confirmed by the broadest and plainest evidence. Such a goal, as described in *Fields, Factories and Workshops*, or in *Emile*, or in *The Function of the Orgasm*, makes an excellent standard.

IV.

"Political economy tends more and more to become a science devoted to the study of the needs of men and of the means of satisfying them with the least possible waste of energy—that is, a sort of physiology of society."

I QUOTE this sentence of Kropotkin not for its beautiful idea but to illustrate his use of the word "tend", "tendency". He uses the word persistently. For instance, he has a wonderful analysis of the tendency of small productive shops to increase with the increase of the big centralized plants, because of the need to work up to human use the crude factory-goods, the need to supply parts to the big assemblages, the need for decentralized repairs, etc. That is, he speaks of a tendency when there are natural causes, human needs or desires, operating in a certain direction. And he believes that good social-planning is nothing but the following and nourishing of the natural tendencies.

Kropotkin was not an historical materialist. To him the happenings of history were not always useful steps toward the future. Thus, he did not think that the consolidation of the national states and the rise of industrial capitalism were necessary for the development of science and technology; they hampered them from the beginning and were, on the whole, unmitigated nuisances. And not believing in the progressive dynamism of history (though he was imbued with the "idea of Progress"), he had no faith in conflict as such. Thus, deeply aware of the existence of classes, class-attitudes, class-interests, he nevertheless rarely mentioned class-conflict and considered the acts of the exploiters

to be their error rather than their fate. Mutual aid, the unity of mankind, underlay and was the tendency of nature. His attitude was that of a physiologist, an horticulturist, a physician, selective, encouraging; trying to root out noxious counter-influences with whatever violence might be necessary, without destroying the vital forces.

The danger of such an attitude, and Kropotkin sometimes fell prey to it, is to take the counter-influences too lightly. The obstacles to progress are not raised to the level of tragic figures doomed to their own perdition and fighting tooth and nail. They are blunderers against their own interest, which is the general welfare; they are blind misleaders. Kropotkin did not concern himself enough, it seems to me, with why they blunder and mislead and why others are misled, when the errors are so palpable. That is, he was compassionate with human misery, but he did not understand it: how the wretched will their destruction.

His attitude was Goethean: the happy well-endowed, and fortunate man, who can trust the creative tendencies he feels in himself; does not need to leap into abysses, nor project dramas into history. On the last page of *Fields, Factories and Workshops*, after pointing out the advantages of his proposals, he says,

"They surely cannot guarantee happiness, because happiness depends as much, or even more, on the individual himself as on his surroundings."

To-day we feel that this might be the crux of the whole matter: if people were happy, happy and creative like Kropotkin, they would make themselves sensible surroundings. But people are miserable, and so fifty more years have passed.

Those who have no creative energy will say that this fruitlessness is a natural tendency. But every man has creative energy. But some are not willing to give in to their creative energies. Those who give in to their creative energies find they are convinced of, and acting on, the plainest broadest evidences.

PAUL GOODMAN.

Now Ready!

SELECTIONS FROM
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Volume 6, 1956

OIL AND

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*The Cloth edition is not available at present. We hope to receive copies from the binders in a fortnight's time.

How Wrong Were We?

THE appearance of the latest volume of reprints from FREEDOM (for 1956) reminds us to remind you of the value of these selections for those interested in checking up on us.

Many of the prophecies, diagnoses and analyses we make, in dealing with current affairs, are borne out (and sometimes, let's face it, disproved) over a period of months or years. If you want to make sure how right (or wrong) we were, you need these volumes, already numbering six, and containing over 750 of the best articles to appear in this paper since 1950.

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Seasonal Reflections on PASSPORTS

FOR most people interest in the subject of Passports is seasonal and superficial . . . even distorted, since it represents for them one of the necessary preliminaries for their glorious technicolor fourteen-day scramble across Europe to the South. To fabulous Spain and Italy where the sun can almost be relied upon to shine, and where people sing and dance all day and night. And even if they have no stomach for singing and dancing, or for lazily and sensuously caressing their guitars, these "spontaneous" manifestations of local colour can always be organised for the romance-hungry groups of tourists who have escaped from the chimney-studded landscape of the Midlands and the industrial North in search of wine, men and song.

For the tourist, the passport is only a minor nuisance, just one more thing with the tickets, traveller's cheques and odd assortment of luggage that must not be lost. But otherwise it seems to serve as a key which opens the door to the Continent and eternal sunshine, rich food, drink, cabarets . . . and the sound of the guitar floating through the moonlit night! Yet how many of these providers of "atmosphere" as they sing, and dance and play for their supper are inwardly cursing

the passport, that document the denial of which makes men prisoners in their own countries, but the existence of which has virtually closed the door of the world to those who are driven by unemployment and misery to seek a livelihood in other lands?



ABOUT this time last year one noble Lord was asking the Minister of State whether time and money for all concerned could be saved by issuing Passports of "indefinite validity" thus making unnecessary the renewal of 250,000 passports each year. The answer he got was that "passport renewal among other advantages, afforded an opportunity for a check on undesirables". Thus the document which as its name implies, is intended to facilitate travel in foreign lands is also of use to the Government of this country to "check on undesirables" in the course of renewing it, as well as at the ports of embarkation.

Again this year, at the same seasonal period, the *Evening Standard*, which champions the most contra-

dictory causes, made out a strong case in favour of abolishing passports, remarking that this was one of the few countries where the number of people engaged in examining passports, and ferretting in people's baggage for that extra packet of cigarettes or bottle of spirits, was on the increase. Quoting the late Ernest Bevin's plea for the speedy abolition of passports, the *Evening Standard* concluded that there was no justification for the growing public expenditure on passport control. For once in a while we find ourselves at one with Lord Beaverbrook's editorial hacks though obviously not for the same reasons, since we feel more indignant over the indignity of having to submit our person and passport to the scrutiny of a couple of Special Branch officers than over the pounds, shillings and pence needed to pay their wages. We would even be agreeable to contributing to a society which undertook to look after redundant passport and Customs officials—rather in the same way as those societies of horse-lovers raise money to buy old cart-horses and set them free to graze through their old-age in a Sussex pasture—so long as it meant the abolition of these degrading and pernicious controls!

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Seasonal Reflections on PASSPORTS

Continued from p. 2

WHAT purpose is served by passports to-day? The growth of international travel to huge proportions in the past few years has made the examination of passports largely a formality or at most a hit-or-miss method of control. Whilst it is true that one's admission at a port will be barred if one is not in possession of the necessary documents, the fact remains that where several hundred people have to be vetted in a very limited amount of time, examination can only be cursory. Modern man's enslavement to speed and timetables undermines the passport as an effective safeguard against the admission of so-called "undesirables"! In countries such as France, Italy, and even Spain at this time of the year, passport control is a farce, mainly conducted not at the frontier but in a train speeding through the country to which one has not yet been officially admitted! A solitary official more concerned with getting through the train before the next stop where he gets off than with ascertaining whether you are even the same person as in the passport picture, stamps your papers in the same spirit as the continental hotel porter sticks yet another colourful label on your suitcase.

(At one frontier it was significant that whereas the ticket collector was creating an impatient bottle-neck as a result of his thorough examination of travellers' tickets, the passport official further down the shed, not only did not bother to look at passports, let alone stamp them for the sake of the Jones', but was pushing his head through the open window of his office, and like some smiling marionette repeated to the groups of tourists as they passed him: "Welcome to France.")

For British tourists the most difficult frontier to penetrate is undoubtedly at Dover and Newhaven, where in spite of the fact that a barrier separates the sheep from the goats, the Britishers from the "foreigners", a small army of sports-jacketed flat-feet, unsmiling and suspicious, is waiting. They work in pairs; one examines your passport and glares at you, the other by his side, with his "black book" of political and other moral "undesirables", casts sidelong glances into the passport as its pages are flicked; he is the one for whom the sight of a name or a photograph will ring a bell of suspicion, which if confirmed by the *aide-memoire* under his arm, will result in a brief report to his superiors that "so and so has come back", and a good mark in his own dossier. The passport does give the authorities a way of keeping tabs on the comings and going of its "undesirables". But apart from that they have no legal powers for keeping out a British subject.

★

SO far we have stressed in the main the futility of the passport. And if we add the reflection that during the last war thousands of people were engaged by governments to produce counterfeit passports, identity papers and other documents, as well as to cross frontiers with or without them, it is quite clear to anybody free from the mental shackles of officialdom or with a job to hold down, that so far as Security is concerned passports do little to hinder the movement of spies and revolutionaries... except perhaps when they are bent on taking an

innocent fortnight-off on the Riviera, which from the point of view of Security doesn't matter in any case! As to other "undesirables", the Messina Brothers' trial revelations in Brussels some time ago underlined the fact that it was quite possible to run an international white-slave market for years in spite of passports.

Then why are passports retained? And the short answer is: for the purpose of placing a limited category of, generally prominent, people under a kind of house-arrest, and for denying entry to a large number of people who are neither politically nor "morally" undesirable, but whose only crime is that they seek entry in order to work for their living.

In this country the passport has not been used as a means for denying "freedom of movement" (except in criminal cases as a "condition" for granting bail to the accused). But in the United States the Government, in spite of being largely responsible for drafting the United Nations' four freedoms—of which freedom of movement is one—has prevented a number of citizens from travelling outside its frontiers by refusing them a passport. And in many so-called "democratic" European countries the granting of a passport is considered a privilege rather than a paid-for formality; prefects and police as well as graft and "influential friends" are more powerful than constitutional rights in those countries!

But such abuses of the basic function of the passport can only exist so long as the freedom of movement of the citizen is controlled at the ports. The passport as a document of identity which is not obligatory, which the holder can produce in his own interest but which no government official has the right to demand to see is one thing. But the growth of the passport as we know it is only one aspect of a system of controls on individual freedom of movement which in some countries existed before the introduction of passports. The latter assist the authorities in identifying natives from foreigners, and in some cases millionaires from paupers.

But the passport grants no rights to the holder. Admission to this country is in the hands of the Immigration Officer who has been trained to decide who is undesirable more by observing his victim's general appearance and his luggage than by checking his passport. The "suspect" in the eyes of the Immigration Officer is neither a Messina nor a modern Mata Hari but the swarthy and ill-clothed, looking Meridional, with his ill-assorted collection of string-tied suit-cases and parcels, and marked by the desperate, hunted look of hungry men and fathers the world over who have staked everything in one last bid to earn a living. They who are neither spies, agitators or pimps, but eager, working men who ask nothing for nothing; just simply the chance to work for a wage, are the bulk of the "undesirables" against whom the entry system operates.

But immigration laws are as much the result of Trades Union pressure as part of any particular government's economic or political policy. Indeed since the end of the war resistance to the employment of foreign workers in this country has come entirely from the Unions. And only in the past few weeks, as reported in FREEDOM (Unbrotherly Cousins 20/7/57) the T & GWU was calling on the government for "strict and orderly" control of the immigration into Britain of coloured workers from the Commonwealth.

★

TO-DAY as a playground the world is open to everybody with a passport, a return travel ticket and money (even the Iron Curtain is being raised). British motorists are touring Russia; reports from Washington say that the Government is

Industry and the Managerial Society-I

DURING the past seven or eight years a desultory debate has been going on in the Labour Movement on the subject of public ownership. Contrary to popular belief, public ownership in the sense of ownership by the State or other governmental agencies, is not genetically a socialist idea. In the early 19th century there were advocates of municipal gas and water works and even railway nationalisers who would have been aghast at being identified with the socialists, while the socialists themselves thought of the future society in terms of voluntary co-operative communism. It was not until the 1880's with the virtual triumph of Marxist doctrines that socialism came to be practically identified with State ownership. The British Labourites, rejecting revolutionary methods in favour of Fabian gradualism, nevertheless adopted the Marxist formula of the nationalisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange. Adherence to this formula then became the hall-mark of the 'genuine' socialist, as distinct from the 'exceptional' socialist—Liberal or Conservative in politics—who advocated nationalisation of particular industries, usually those deemed to be 'natural' monopolies. It is for this reason that 1918 is usually held to be such a significant date in the history of the Labour Party, for in that year the party adopted as one of its principal objects "the common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange". This phrase signified to the wider world the party's conversion from a mere social reform to a full-blooded socialist party.

The object remains written in the Labour Party's constitution and is quoted with apparent approval in the first paragraph of the new policy statement, *Industry and Society*. But for many influential Labourites the formula has lost much of its old magic. In 1945 the general talk was of "the first instalment of socialism", meaning by that the nationalisation of the basic industries, with the implication that the rest would, by the grace of God and the electorate, follow in due course. During the first four years of the Labour Government there were no serious misgivings among the leadership over the nationalisation policy but in 1949 the 'moderates' expressed doubts about steel and it is no secret that it was only the pressure of the Leftists which secured the nationalisation statute of that year. Morrison began to drop large hints about the need for time to digest the industries already swallowed and the more sophisticated started to prate about the virtues of "the mixed economy". This latter term particularly stank in the nostrils of the Leftists: it seemed tantamount to a repudiation of the old faith. So, for a time, the issue was raised: More nationalisation or less, and how soon?, with the Leftists of course on the side of "progress". Hardly a voice could be heard suggesting that what was wrong with the Labour Party was not its pace but its direction.

working on "an expanding programme of cultural, technical and scientific exchanges with the Soviet Union and other Eastern European countries", and a *NY Times* despatch from Moscow (20/7/57) declares that "possibly several hundred thousand Soviet citizens are expected to go abroad as tourists this year." But as a place to work in the world is becoming always more a closed shop. To blame the government is one way of refusing to face up to the facts.

You cannot on the one hand advocate freedom of movement as a political concept and on the other discriminate against your fellows either because of the colour of their skins or because they were born in Jamaica, Italy, Poland or Spain, on short-sighted economic grounds. Yet this is what the workers' organisations are doing in this country and the United States, and one cannot overlook the fact that these two countries are to-day among the most difficult to enter (apart from the Russian bloc), though they are also the most prosperous!

The abolition of passports is a possibility in the next decade. But so long as Immigration laws are enforced there can be no freedom of movement... except perhaps for those to whom it means no more than an organised gape at the Kremlin, Big Ben, New York's skyscrapers or the Eiffel Tower, once a year in this "silly season" when for a brief moment they see *La vie en rose*.

Then, in 1951, the Socialist International weighed in with the pronouncement that the essence of socialism was not public ownership but economic planning: public ownership was one of the techniques to be used in planning an economy but "socialist planning does not presuppose public ownership of all the means of production." Taking this as its cue, the German Social Democratic Party—that erstwhile representative *par excellence* of milk and water Marxism—has now abandoned its nationalisation objectives and has come out in favour of private, if regulated, enterprise. Its British counterpart, the Labour Party, has been more circumspect. Here the issue has been complicated by the Bevanite struggle and by the fact that the party activists, especially in middle-class constituencies, have proved to be obstinately wedded to the old faith. Conference resolutions to nationalise this, that and the other industry keep cropping up and even if the National Executive, with the aid of the block vote of the larger trade

unions, can prevent them being passed, they testify to the emotive appeal of the old formula. However, not even the Leftists can pretend to be enthusiastic about the form nationalisation has taken in the past. Statistics demonstrating the success of nationalisation cannot disguise the obvious fact that the setting up of a few public corporations in the major industries of the country has not instituted the millenium or begun to look like instituting it. For the Leftists, then, it has been a question of "more nationalisation but"—the "but" being followed by some asinine generality about the need for more democratic control or the suggestion that perhaps a Government Department on the model of the Post Office might be better than a public corporation after all.

In truth, the Leftist Labourites have in the last few years shown themselves to be pretty feeble intellectually. Their favourite Welsh Charley can spin fine phrases and take the mickey out of the

Continued on p. 4

SCIENCE COMMENTS

FEELINGS affect the way the machine works when the machine is human. Something that mothers have always known is gradually being accepted by the medical profession. Feeding young babies by the clock is out; and mothers are once again being encouraged to pick them up and handle them as much as they want to. An unfortunate period in paediatrics is over. Now there are only twenty odd hospitals in the country that don't allow parents to visit their children, and an increasing number encourage frequent visiting. It is realised that contact by parents and nurses, even at the risk of spreading infection, is essential. For children have died of loneliness in hospital. They have failed to thrive and caught infections because they lacked companionship. In a remarkable statement recently on American paediatrics described how ninety years ago the mortality among young babies in American institutions was one hundred per cent. This is now avoided by a system of boarding out with foster parents, and where this is not possible, each child in the institution has at least a share in a foster mother.

The happy man never gets cancer according to a distinguished surgeon. This doctor is not a disciple of Wilhelm Reich, but a man who, after many years of experience of cancer patients, concludes that development of active cancer coincides with, or as he believes is precipitated by, emotional stress, intercurrent infection, depression, or loss of self-confidence. Why do so many of us get cancer after the age of 48? He answers this question by suggesting that we all have cancer at 48, in the sense that small groups of cells in the body have started to show the irregular multiplication and altered microscopic appearance which is characteristic of the disease. They are kept in check by a state of well-being. This is an attractive theory, but the evidence for it appears to be entirely subjective and could just as easily be interpreted the other way round, and the psychological changes be the result of the debilitating effects of the growth.

Should vaccination against smallpox be compulsory? The disease is no longer endemic in this country, but can easily be introduced from abroad. There is no doubt that vaccination offers considerable protection from smallpox, and yet in 1955 only one third of all the children under one year of age were inoculated. As the proportion of inoculated people in a community falls, so the possibility of a rapidly spreading epidemic occurring, increases, even though the exact safety level is not known. In the recent outbreak in North London, all contacts were vaccinated and an epidemic prevented, for inoculation is effective if done within one to three days. If a contact refused on say religious grounds, the lives of many other people might be endangered, and he would, I imagine, be compulsorily quarantined. Anarchists are in general on the side of the individual when he is in a conflict with society, but vaccination is safest when done at a very early age and it is questionable whether parents have the right to deny it to their children because of any principles which they may hold, still less because of their apathy.

The mutation which started the approaching influenza epidemic is unlikely to have been caused by hydrogen bomb tests, but it brings mutations into the news again and is a reminder they hold the key to two of the main unsolved, and closely connected problems of medicine: virus infections and cancer. The epidemic is sweeping through the Far East, and is expected to spread rapidly through Europe this winter. These major epidemics appear to occur at about ten year intervals, and the change in antigenic structure of the virus makes it difficult for the scientist to produce an antidote in time. His methods are cumbersome, likely to increase the price of eggs, and can only produce sufficient for a small number of people. The death rate is fortunately low, and we in this country will benefit once again from being better fed and therefore healthier than the millions who have been so far affected.

"Bios".

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SKIFFLE AND PIFFLE

PROVIDED that you are over 17 you may associate with the skiffing section of the community without danger of being hauled off to the tuneless cloisters of an approved school. Under 17 and you may require a barrister to persuade the beak that you are not in grave moral danger, beyond parental control, and in need of care and protection. This appears to be the main upshot of the recent Southend case in which a 16-year-old girl found consorting with skiffle instruments prior to going for a swim was placed under supervision for a year.

There was, of course, more to the case than met the eye. The girl did not get on too well with her family who disapproved of the way she asserted her independence. In fact she was inclined to act as if she were

a human being with individual rights. She knows better now.

According to newspaper reports she had run away from home. Over 17 she would merely have left it. The same newspapers reported that she had been picked up in the early hours of the morning wearing a duffel coat over a swimming costume, plus a bowler hat. It transpires that the early hours, which the casual reader might be forgiven for assuming to be between 1 a.m. and 5 a.m., were in this case 8.30 a.m.

It further turns out that she was on her way down to the beach for a swim when she bumped into the skiffing youths whom she had never met before. She had been only a few minutes discussing such depreaved topics as jazz and the Cy Laurie club when madam from the police, attracted perhaps by the bowler hat, arrived to put a stop to all this licentiousness.

Presumably the hat had been placed on the girl's head by one of the dissolute skiffers in a moment of mad abandon, since it is unlikely that she wore a bowler as a matter of habit. Such are the thoughtless acts of irresponsible youth that transform a sunny, carefree morn into a day of tragedy. Be warned, fair damosels, lest your young lives be blighted by a bowler hat. There is room here for a moral ballad in contemporary idiom, something after the lines of "Never try to tango with an eskimo" with a "Joe Hill" touch about it.²

With the arrival of madam events took a turn for the worse. Had the girl been a young lady, i.e. had her father an income of more than £1,000 p.a., things would have been different. Honesty is a luxury the poor cannot afford, but never having adjusted herself to her station in life the girl seems inclined to give those who persecute her a piece of her mind. This is a grave error. There really ought to be a poor girl's Emily Post with a chapter on "How to handle interfering madams". The main title would run something like "Things my mother would have taught me had she only known".

Politeness is almost always the

² It has been suggested that the Social this coming Saturday would provide an admirable opportunity to add to the annals of folk art in this way. Contributions may take the form of a ballad, tone poem, saga, blank verse or what-have-you, scored for accompaniment by tea chest bass and old cornet muted by a bowler hat. First prize will be an Honorary Degree presented by the University of Wormwood Scrubbs.

best policy when used in conjunction with a self-righteous air. Veiled references to the family Bentley are also a good discourager if your accent will stand up to it. Never antagonise. Always ingratiate. These are absolute essentials for the under 17's unless they have a particularly strong pair of legs and lungs.

Over 17 and you can politely but firmly tell anyone to turn into a turkey and get stuffed, unless you are committing a felony or provide reasonable grounds for the suspicion that you have an intent to commit a felony. Standing on the prom in a swim-suit and a bowler hat does not normally come under any of these headings. Should madam, or sir, be unwise enough to arrest you under these circumstances they can be sued for wrongful arrest. Under 17 you can be taken into custody for picking your nose. There is no come-back. You need protection, and by Jesus, Mary and Joseph you sure as hell will get it.

So remember, mothers, engrave upon your daughter's heart the maxim "A soft answer turneth away wrath" together with the ancient saw "The sun shines from the most unlikely orifices" on the reverse side, and she may yet grow up to be a proper madam.

BOB GREEN.

EDITORS' NOTE:

Readers may be interested to know that it was Bob Green who was responsible for arranging and paying for the defence of the 'skiffle girl' in Court. If it had not been for the able speech of the defending (woman) barrister, the girl might easily by now be under 'care and protection' instead of on probation.

'Propaganda in the Doldrums'

FROM my own experiences I cannot agree with 'G' in his article published in FREEDOM July 20th, 1957.

He states that the Welfare State and Full Employment cannot be accurately associated with the lack of real anarchist propaganda.

In my opinion these conditions have produced a diluted socialist. An individual who pays lip-service to his socialism, and stoutly defends socialism as long as there is no call on him to prove it.

With these factors acknowledged no anarchist case can be presented unless there is some real constructive effort made. The difficulty I find in presenting the anarchist view is that it appears at first very vague and abstract.

My suggestion to counteract this would be an Anarchist Group or Society

in all our major cities. Something in line with L.A.G. I think that the young anarchist 'G' refers to (which I think is nonsense) would then have his energies diverted into a more useful field and help the anarchist cause.

Incidentally 'G.'s article had some effect—it moved this young anarchist out of his apathy to write this letter.

Glasgow.

B.P.

[We are glad to note this comrade's call for the formation of more anarchist groups, with which we are all in favour. But the initiative must come from comrades on the spot who feel they would like to take this step. If, therefore, readers would like to advertise their interest in making contacts in their own areas, we shall be only too pleased to help.—Eds.]

POVERTY AT THE PALACE

Continued from p. 1

In 1952, the M.P.'s (who have such a vested interest in the monarchy) included in the Royal income the sum of £70,000 to meet variations in costs during the reign and to be returned to the state if not required each year. There can be little doubt that rising costs have absorbed this miserly little extra.

How will the monarch manage to make ends meet in the years that lie ahead? One estimate puts her personal fortune at around £3 million. We feel at a pinch that should she have to dip into this to meet extra household expenses there is enough here to cover them. But we are confident that the M.P.'s will see that this sacrifice won't be necessary.

A Worthier Cause

MUCH more in need of our spare coppers are the 600 million people in Africa and Asia who constantly live under the threat of death from malaria, a situation which could be avoided according to the World Health Organisation if they could raise £50,000,000 to cope with the mosquito menace.

Writing in the *News Chronicle* (27/7/57) Richie Calder says:

We are lucky that malaria is so rare in this country—once the "shaking fever" was very common—but there are 600 million people in the world who are exposed to malaria.

It is estimated that three million people die every year from this disease. And, personally, I have them on my conscience.

They need not be sick and they need not die.

Two years ago the World Health Assembly decided, with all the confidence of experience, that malaria must be eradicated from the world within five years. This was not a hope. This was a pledge. And it would cost about £50,000,000 to do the job.

The W.H.O. would not have to provide all this, but to help countries anxious to get on with the job in this world-wide blitz on the mosquito, delegates, in their wisdom, decided that a special fund should be subscribed for this purpose.

Two years later, the director-general has had to announce that the total subscriptions to this fund to help malaria victims amounted to some £40,000—less than Mike Todd spent on that Battersea Park party and no more than the Great British Public pay the Queen's husband—for being the Queen's husband.

If Britain alone contributed 34% of the amount she spends yearly on armaments to the World Health Organisation this humane programme could be realised, but the British contribution so far to the W.H.O. special malaria eradication fund has been nothing.

... 'twas ever thus ... Indifference to Parliament

There is, in fact, no opposition; and this is felt by the whole nation; and this is the reason why the people now take so little interest in what is said and done in Parliament, compared to that which they formerly took. This is the reason why there is no man, or men whom the people seem to care at all about. A great portion of the people now clearly understand the nature and effects of the system; they are not now to be deceived by speeches and professions. If Pitt and Fox had now to start, there would be no "Pittites" and "Foxites". Those happy days of political humbug are gone for ever. The "gentlemen opposite" are

opposite only as to mere local position. They sit on the opposite side of the house; that's all. In every other respect they are like parson and clerk; or, perhaps, rather more like the rooks and jackdaws: one caw and the other chatter; but both have the same object in view: both are in pursuit of the same sort of diet. One set is, to be sure IN place, and the other OUT; but though the rooks keep the jackdaws on the inferior branches these latter would be as clamorous as the rooks themselves against felling the tree!

WILLIAM COBBETT,
(from "Rural Rides", 1825)

Industry and the Managerial Society - I

Continued from p. 3

hecklers but he hasn't got a new idea in his head. With the result that the clever young graduates in economics have been making circles round them with such dexterity that they have succeeded in pinning on the nationalists the labels "old-fashioned" and "reactionary". "The New Socialists" have produced provocative and weighty books like the Socialist Union's *Twentieth Century Socialism* and Crosland's *The Future of Socialism*, while all that their opponents have managed to muster is an odd pamphlet or two and Strachey's *Contemporary Capitalism*—the latter with its Marxist overtones being so much to the point that its author has publicly acknowledged that no policy conclusions are to be derived from it!

The New Socialists have not only mastered Keynesian economics; they have also been reading Burnham and some of the modern sociologists. From the latter they have learned that social inequalities are buttressed by institutions other than private property, our educational institutions in particular. Hence the importance attached to recent Labour thought to education reform and the comprehensive school. From Burnham, they have learned the importance of the distinction between ownership and the control of industry. True, this distinction was not first drawn by Burnham. It was implicit in classical syndicalist thought before World War One and was made explicit by the Guild Socialists. Also, it underlay the arguments in the T.U.C.'s important report on *The Con-*

trol of Industry, 1932, which decisively repudiated industrial democracy in favour of joint consultation. But it was Burnham who gave the idea wide currency by linking it with a dramatic revision of Marx's theory of social change. By and large, Labourite intellectuals did not begin to take Burnham seriously until several years after 1945; if they had done so, they might have been less enthusiastic about the party's nationalisation programme. It was only when, for other reasons, doubts began to arise concerning the efficacy of nationalisation that Burnham was brought into the picture.

Burnham's general analysis may, according to one's temperament and objectives, be interpreted in either a radical or a conservative way. To the syndicalist, for example, the decline in the importance of the functions of ownership reinforces the arguments in favour of workers' control. If capitalist control is on the way out, it becomes an urgent necessity, if a new ruling class is not to emerge, for the workers to assume control of the instruments of production. But suppose one is not seriously worried about the idea of a ruling class, so long as it is not called by that name; suppose one is not prepared to forgo any of the advantages of large scale and mass production which requires for its organisation a professional élite of managers; suppose, even, that one sees a fair prospect that in the future set-up one has a chance of becoming a member of the new power élite; why, then, Burnham's analysis appears in a quite differ-

ent light! Of course, one must avoid mentioning Burnham: the name is slightly odorous; and in 1942 when *The Managerial Revolution* was first published Burnham was still something of a radical—he didn't in so many words actually approve his predictions and a critical reader, not weighed down by his pseudo-deterministic fallacy, might well draw the 'wrong' conclusion; that efforts should be made to halt the march of the managers. The conservative, therefore, must tread gingerly: his best course is to steal Burnham's leading ideas and to dress them up in a manner more appealing to the popular palate.

This, roughly, is what the authors of *Industry and Society: Labour's Policy on Future Public Ownership* have done. On any reckoning this statement is a landmark in the development of British socialist thought. Despite the evidence it contains of a carefully contrived compromise designed to satisfy both the New Socialists and the Leftists, it is an intelligent and persuasive document. It has been and will be attacked by the Leftists but mostly for the wrong reasons; some of Labour's leading capitalists, like R. R. Stokes and Sir Hartley Shawcross, may object when—or if—its ideas are put into practice; but I shall be very surprised if it is not accepted with anything more than a murmur of protest by the dissident rank-and-file at the next Annual Conference of the Party in October.

GEOFFREY OSTERGAARD,
(To be continued)

Anglican Inquisition

SECRET dossiers on young clergymen, kept and circulated by their bishops, are attacked to-day in the Church of England Newspaper.

"A man's future may be blasted without so much as a hint of the evidence brought against him," it says.

"Too much of the parson's future is determined by dossiers secretly amassed and used as evidence for or against him when his name is mentioned for some preferment.

"Were these details relevant we would not now have so many misfits in high places.

"So many of the details belong to the early days of Victoria's reign . . .

"Authority is increasingly seeking conformity from the Church's future leaders, and much stored against them in official dossiers consists of evidence of their non-conformity."

The Rev. Clifford Rhodes, editor of the newspaper, told me: "Every bishop keeps notes of all the clergymen in his diocese.

"When a man is being considered for promotion or is moving from one diocese to another, his bishop is asked to give information about him from these notes.

"Some weeks ago I was lunching with an Archdeacon and we talked about a parson.

"'Poor Mr. So-and-So,' the Archdeacon said, 'because he blotted his copybook with a sermon he gave years ago he will never be moved.'

"That particular sermon was a very fine one. But it was unpopular with the authorities. They have neither forgotten nor forgiven it, and for that reason this clergyman is condemned to stay all his life in a down-town parish and will never be promoted."

News Chronicle, 20/7/57.

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