

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

PEACE ON EARTH —AND MISSILES TO ALL MEN

NEXT week the Christian quarter of the world goes into its annual frenzy of good fellowship and joy in celebration of the umpteenth anniversary of the birthday of the baby Jesus.

Carol singers are already touching our hearts with their sincere (but usually unlearned and off-key) renderings of 'Once in a Manger' to remind us of the humble beginnings of the Prince of Peace. Incidentally the object of the carol singers' enterprise is less to touch our heart than to touch our pockets—but how could we object to this small-scale commercialism when the big boys do it on a really grand scale?

It's the Thought that Matters

Plop! through our letter-boxes will come the Greetings Cards from relatives and acquaintances whom we have no reason to remember with warmth, bearing verses in sickening doggerel and designs in appalling taste* Churned out by the hundred million (Raphael Tuck & Co. alone will sell 500,000,000 cards this

*We have never met an artist willing to admit being responsible for Christmas cards. We have just received a card, however, in which we are sure the designer found a sardonic pleasure. It shows a large red, lighted candle, mounted behind two fire-cones. It is the most phallic design we have seen for a long time.

year!) they carry messages of a nature that most of our undemonstrative island race would rather die than express in their own words, even to those they dearly love. But, like the Queen's speeches, they are written by somebody else and 'it's the thought behind it that matters' anyway.

This cosy phrase covers a multitude of inadequacies and hypocrisies. When you receive from somebody a present which clearly cost only a quarter of the one you bought for them, you console yourself with 'the thought behind it', although you secretly kick yourself for over-spending on them. When you coldly calculate a scale of financial values for the presents you intend to buy—more out of a shameful compulsion than for the pleasure of giving—you take into consideration the fact that those low down the scale will appreciate 'the thought behind it' more than the pitiful little object itself.

How much the highly organised Christmas racket has connection with the spirit of Jesus Christ we must leave to the Christians themselves to decide—if they care. But we hope our readers will not see us as embittered Scrooges, still less as teetotal puritans intolerant of the pleasures of the flesh, if we turn rather a jaundiced eye on the seasonal excesses.

Goodwill to Order

It's partly because they are seasonal that one feels lukewarm about Christmas festivities; because they are seasonal and not spontaneous. For us, a party with people whose company we enjoy, with good food and drink, is a social function which we prefer to come from our own inclinations than from the dictation of the calendar and the advertising men. We feel good-will to men—tho' not to all men, certainly, nor do we make that dishonest pretence—all the year round. For the anarchist, the fraternisation between English and German soldiers that took place in no-man's-land, at Christmas 1914, was a demonstration of the common interest between people all the world over which we feel and seek to express all the time. It is a solidarity which anarchists have respected in the wars of the world by refusing to slaughter their fellow men at the State's command.

In France, 1914 (how shameful that we have to go so far back for such an example!) authority quickly crushed the soldiers' expression of fraternity. By Boxing Day the shooting was on again. It would clearly never do for such Christian sentiments as 'love thine enemy' to be taken seriously in the middle of a war! In the 1939-45 war, the Bishops on all sides blessed the guns, the planes and the ships, without, however, inculcating any nonsense about Christian love into the

men using them. We got through the second world war without any disgraceful incidents—until after the fighting was over and Bible-punching Monty had to pass a non-fraternisation order to stop his boys getting too friendly with the starving Germans.

To Calm Your Nerves?

And what of the present? By what stroke of cynical genius was this week chosen for the 'Summit' NATO meeting? Was it to prevent post-Christmas-dinner indigestion by calming the nerves of the Christian West as Sputniks I and II whirl their way through the holy night (and now, since they've stopped bleeping—the silent night)?

Has the show been put on to enable us to fill the kiddies' stockings with confidence that they will still be alive next Christmas? To make us believe that the demonstration of unity among so many and powerful nations (even including Luxembourg, thank God!) will re-settle the wobbling balance of power?

We tend to think not. The plans

and actions of governments are carried on with a supreme disregard amounting to contempt for the peoples of the world, who have shown themselves to be so careless of their own interests and well-being. The Top People conferring in Paris have confidence that their subjects will do what they are told, no matter what the consequences. The crude tyranny of the East has had to crush the Hungarians by open terror; the people of the West are beaten to their knees by subtler methods.

The Wise Men of the West

So in this festive season, when the minds of the faithful marvel at the miracle of the virgin birth of our Saviour, the Wise Men of the West travel, not to Bethlehem but to Paris, bearing gifts not of frankincense and myrrh, but of intermediate range ballistic missiles.

Every member nation of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation may, if its leaders decide, be equipped with tactical nuclear weapons, through the bounty of the Lords of our creation. The Prince of Peace has been surpassed, in our republican day, by the Presidents and the Prime Ministers of Peace on Earth.

For these devout Christians, good-will carries no kudos; it does not figure in the defence budget. Instead they offer missiles to all men—provided they're on our side, of course!

What the People Think

—According to Dr. Gallop

ON December 16th, just as the NATO conference was beginning, the *News Chronicle* published the results of a Gallup poll designed to find out what the British think about 'summit talks' and American bases in Europe. The poll purports to represent a cross section of the public "regardless of political party", and was made just before Bulganin's proposition to the West that top-level talks should be held again.

Although polls of this kind are necessarily of doubtful value and accuracy, under certain conditions they can give a useful indication of a general trend of thought. The four main conditions are:

1. The organisation which is taking the poll should be independent and honest;
2. The questions asked should not be specifically party-political nor asked in such a way as to suggest an answer;
3. The cross section should be properly wide and numerically large;
4. 'Close' results should be regarded as of little value.

How far the Gallup Poll fulfills the first and third conditions in this particular instance is for the individual to decide, but we would assume results to be at least better than average.

The first question was divided into three parts and we give here a precis without altering the meaning in any way: (figures are percentages)

After the NATO conference would you approve or disapprove if:

a. Western leaders offer to meet Russian leaders to discuss outstanding differences?

Approve 85 Disapprove 4
Undecided 11.

b. The West offers to withdraw troops from West Germany if Russia makes a comparable withdrawal from East Germany?

Approve 56 Disapprove 20
Undecided 24.

c. Germany agrees to let America set up bases for rocket missiles carrying atomic bombs?

Approve 33 Disapprove 41
Undecided 26.

From the overwhelming approval to part a. of the question one may reasonably deduce that the government's negative attitude to further high level talks with Russia is not shared by the electorate. This fact taken in conjunction with many pious pronouncements about the "value of negotiations" and "leaving no avenue unexplored", from numbers of eminent politicians, suggests that the government's finger is not on the pulse of the nation. We do not suppose there is much to gain from high level talks because we do not have faith in governments, but we should like to think the electorate can see the absurdity of voting a government into power which

Continued on p. 4

3 Million Unemployed in U.S.

THE American government last week announced the highest unemployment figure for any November since the 1949 recession and fewer people at work than at any time since April 1956. There are 64,900,000 people "gainfully employed" which is a million less than in the previous month, and according to Alistair Cooke in his dispatch to the *Manchester Guardian* (13/12/57) the Departments of Commerce and Labour do not hide their concern about it.

A "comparatively modest" rise of 165,000 people taken for the Christmas season was heavily offset by "a big seasonal contraction in the farm work force" and by a lay-off of 230,000 factory workers. The official records show that some of the people leaving farm jobs did not take up other work, which may be a sign of unusual prosperity among farmers with their crops in or an unexplained pause in the perennial trend of farm workers to desert to the cities.

The unemployed for November represent 4.7% of the total labour force in America.

The Boot on Whose Foot?

SIR HUGH FOOT, the new Governor of Cyprus, is not in an enviable position. He seems to be expected to live down the reputation of years of British military occupation, and has been personally conducting himself round the island, promising to deal justly with demands. We do not know how convinced he is of his own abilities, all we can be sure of is that he is a professional civil servant and will therefore have to work within definite limits whatever his personal desires or convictions.

Changing the Governor does not necessarily mean a change in policies, but obviously Sir Hugh's appointment was made at this time as a gesture of conciliation or at least to give the appearance of such.

Events since his arrival in Cyprus, however, have been anything but peaceful, although commentators have not taken this seriously and put it down to EOKA wishing to convince the new Governor of their strength. This may be so, but are we to entirely disregard the loss of life in the past week as an incidental factor in this new phase of understanding?

The latest report from Cyprus (Monday, December 10th) lists another Greek Cypriot killed after troops opened fire on a rioting crowd. Incidents like there are bound to foster resentment however amiable the Governor is reported to be.

To people in this country the incident means just one more Cypriot killed—a victim of his own folly. We have become so used to reading about these shootings that they no longer horrify. But what of the relatives of the dead man, and of the countless others who have been picked off the streets dead since the violence began? Are they at this

moment rejoicing in the hope of peace or planning to harrass the occupying forces still further? It may be that people are sick of violence and welcome the possibility of change, but it is difficult to see how Sir Hugh Foot can contribute towards this within the limits of his office. He may try harder than his predecessor, but he will have to do a lot more than merely promise to exercise justice if he is to convince the population of Cyprus.

According to one report from Cyprus much is being done to undermine the position of the new Governor before he even gets a chance to begin any serious attempts to tackle the problems. Frank Barber, writing in the *News Chronicle*, claims that conflicting reports are circulating in Nicosia put about by Greeks, Turks and English:— He is surrounded by Harding's men who are keeping the truth from him about the political situation. Or alternatively his schemes for liberalising the island are being obstructed by Alan Lennox Boyd. The security chiefs anxious to keep the island under their control are also in opposition to the Governor. Barber states that these stories are all in the mythical class. It seems to us likely that there may be some truth in all of them, but it will depend on the actions taken by the administration in the immediate future whether they will prove obstructive or not.

Much is made of the developments which took place in schools, hospitals and agriculture while Harding was in charge. These are not denied, but it seems to us that there is nothing particularly virtuous about developing social facilities when the occupying powers are reaping so many benefits. It is always the last ditch argument of colonial apologists that 'we' have introduced unheard-

£346 Needed AND ONLY 10 Days Left!

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT!
WEEK 50

Deficit on Freedom	£1,000
Contributions received	£694
DEFICIT	£306

December 6 to December 12

Oxford: Anon.* 5/-; Dundee: A.S.L.R. £2; Northwood: E.H. £1; London: E.T. 8/-; London: P.C.O. 5/-; International Anarchist Centre: 10/-; Bakewell: D.M.* 5/-; Hamilton: D.N. £1; Skegness: R.W.M. 5/-; Bronx: J.S. £1/15/0; Bronx: J.R. £1/15/0; Royston: J.W. 12/-; Bolton: W.H.B. 5/-; London: Anon. 10/-; London: J.S.* 3/-; London: Anon.* 2/6; London: S.B.* 2/-; London: M.P. £2; Sheffield: P.L. 10/-; Preston: Anon. 4/-; Glasgow: S.M. 1/-; Rhu: J. & P.B. £1; Charlton: J.B. 5/-; London: Anon.* 1/5; Hitchin: H.E.H. £1.

Total	16	3	11
Previously acknowledged	678	7	4
1957 TOTAL TO DATE	£694	11	3

*Indicates regular contributor.

Fire Fund			
Dundee: A.S.L.R.	2	0	0
Previously acknowledged	390	10	0
TOTAL TO DATE	£392	10	0

GIFT OF BOOKS: Dublin: G.F.

of benefits to the subject peoples as if to suggest that this is the sole purpose for imposing rule by force.

Such arguments merely confuse the issue. Cyprus is a vital area in the defence policies of Britain and the West, and if it should become less important because of defence developments in Kenya support for all the social amenities set up for the benefit of the Cypriots will be abandoned if necessary without much thought.

BOOK REVIEW

A Picture of Mental Hospitals To-day

BROTHER LUNATIC by Paul Warr. Spearman, 18s.

THIS is a sensational book that has received sensational treatment from the sensational press—which is enough to make anyone distrust what the author has to say. Unfortunately the author's cocky brand of journalism and his habit of painting as black a picture as he can, do not make acceptance any easier. In spite of these faults, however, this is a book which should be read by many, to make them aware of the conditions in some of the mental hospitals of this country, of the inefficiency and abuses that are widespread in the mental hospital system.

Paul Warr—a pseudonym adopted as a protection against possible libel actions—was a journalist who, some years ago, decided that he should try and do more to help his fellow men and so became a student-nurse at a mental hospital. *Brother Lunatic* is a record of his experiences.

It is a record of almost unrelieved brutality, inefficiency, and indifference. Brutality of the nurses, inefficiency of the system, and indifference to the patients. Brutality—or at least violence—must at times be necessary in dealing with awkward cases, but the violence Mr. Warr describes is the violence of sadism or of loutish amusement. What excuse was there for the nurse who practised judo on his patients? or the nurse who always carried a large metal serving-spoon which he used for tapping patients on the head? Another nurse practised target-shooting with an air-gun in the wards—firing across the patients' (occupied) beds.

This is the story of an epileptic who had a fit . . .

"He emerged from it and seemed to be all right for a few moments. Then something went wrong. He managed to smash most of the panes and framework of a window. He climbed outside and stood poised on the sill. Two nurses gripped his feet and tried to pull him back inside. They cut their wrists badly and yelled for help. The charge nurse came at a run, took one look at the scene and said: 'Let him jump if he wants to. It'll teach him a lesson. Go on, let go of him! Let him jump. He won't jump, not in a month of Sundays.'

Billy did jump. He hurtled down fifteen feet, landed on a couple of pigswill bins and bounced off them on to solid concrete, where he lay spread-eagled like an unwanted doll.

By the time they reached him he was dead. The post-mortem showed a broken back. The coroner said some pointed things at the inquest about a 'total lack of supervision in some mental hospitals' and the case was closed."

The author gives other examples of a ruthless disregard for the patient as a human being. Another aspect of this same indifference to the patient, though at a pettier level, is the thieving of patients' food. In the hospital Mr. Warr writes about the nurses never went short of butter or any other food: only the patients did. It was also common practice for some nurses to take home bags full of food to feed their families or their chickens. Similarly many visitors brought cakes and biscuits for the friend or relation they were visiting; but more often than not they found their way to the nurses' table. At other times a tip was given to the charge nurse by a visitor asking that Johnnie (or whoever it might be) should receive especially favoured treatment. An unscrupulous nurse could make quite a substantial addition to his salary in that way.

The elementary rules of hygiene were completely disregarded. Epidemics of a number of minor diseases were common. "At night it was customary for patients [in the refractory wards] to either pile their trousers, shirts and jackets on the end of any available bed or, more frequently, on the tables in the day room, which were also used for meals. There the ragbag assortment remained in disarray for the night. When patients were roused the following morning, they were herded into the day room to be made presentable . . . Patients were ordered to help themselves from the piles of clothing . . . Now it might be known that one patient had worms, yet a forgetful nurse would omit to segregate the infected clothing, with the result that another patient would put it on. The inevitable

result was a fresh outbreak, which might endure for several weeks, debilitating patients and, in one case I remember, leading to serious intestinal complications." Not that Mr. Warr attributes all the brutality or carelessness to the nurses; he is highly critical of the doctors and the psychiatrists. So critical is he and so hair-raising are some of the incidents he recounts that one almost automatically discounts a proportion of what he writes. But even if one makes this reservation there still remains a horrifying picture of life in a mental hospital.

The author puts forward a number of reasons to account for the situation. The antiquated hierarchical system of hospital administration, the poor pay and inadequate training of nurses, and an almost total lack of any worthwhile treatment. What this means in terms of human misery and suffering is made quite plain in the pages of this book.

The situation becomes even more alarming when one considers the increasing number of people seeking advice from clinics for mental illness (i.e. voluntary patients). There was an increase from 107,689 in 1952, to 119,723 in 1954. In 1954 there was also a waiting list of 7,000 for admission to mental deficiency hospitals alone, and of those admitted to all types of mental hospital nearly forty per cent. were re-admissions. A sad comment on the treatment they received.

The scope of this problem is enormous and our present methods of dealing with it are obviously inadequate. As the author says, our mental hospitals need to be thoroughly investigated with an eye to radical change both in administration and in therapeutic technique. But do not we also need an investigation as to why mental illness is so widespread? How much is due to the pressures and pattern of our society? This is the fundamental question that needs to be answered before any therapy can be truly effective.

M.G.W.

The Hopi of Arizona

"The Great Resistance: A Hopi Anthology". Edited by George Yamada. Contributions by George Yamada, 'Manas', Gene Sharp, Kimmis Hendrick, Asapana, G. A. Whiteman, Craig, and the traditional Hopi. Published by George Yamada, Rm. 825, 5. Beekman Street, New York, N.Y. IV+75 pp. 1957. Distributed by Housmann at 2/6d.

"We are looking to you and depending on you. Do not give up. You Hopi are one of the tribes least touched by the white man, and the tribe that has lived here the longest. The welfare of the Hopi affects all the Indians on the continent and they are all interested to see that the Hopi Way is not changed."

These words were spoken by Osapana, a Powhatan Indian and representative of the League of North American Indians, at the Gathering of Indian Brothers called by the Hopi in October, 1956. They are recorded in "The Great Resistance" an anthology designed to honour the authentic Hopi and to tell something of their struggle against the encroachments of U.S. culture and imperialism.

The Hopi Indians are a tribe of 4,500 who live on high mesas east of the Grand Canyon, Arizona. As far as can be traced they have lived there for over 800 years. Until 400 years ago they pursued their traditional way of life without interference. Then the white man came and they have been fighting a losing (but not yet lost!) battle against his efforts to 'civilize' them ever since. Not only have they had to contend with the white man, but they have also suffered from the depredations of the neighbouring Navajos who migrated from the North shortly before the white man came. Although the Hopi have never sought to impose their customs and beliefs upon others, they have not received a reciprocal tolerance. In the words of a letter to the U.S. president from the chiefs of the traditional Hopi:

"... we have been subjected to countless numbers of humiliations and inhuman treatments by the Indian Bureau and the Government of the United States. We have been dipped in sheep-dipping vats like a herd of sheep. Our young girls and women were shamefully disrobed before the people, then were either pushed or thrown into these vats filled with sulphur water. Our religious headmen were beaten, kicked, clubbed with rifle butts, their hair cut [long hair is an essential part of the religious rituals of the Hopi] and after being dragged were left bleeding on the ground in their villages."

It is the land of the Hopi which attracts the white man and the Navajo. Kimmis Hendrick writes:

"To-day the Hopi land, by United States definition, is much more restricted than formerly. The Hopi Indian Reservation looks like a little square cut out of the vaster Navajo Indian Reservation that surrounds it. In 1891, the Hopi Area was officially described as covering 2,372,320 acres. By 1940, it had been trimmed to 501,501."

This 'trimming' of their land has been strenuously opposed by the majority of the Hopi. They argue that they have never been consulted by the U.S. Government, and they see in the efforts of the 'civilizers' a fundamental threat to their traditional life pattern. To quote Hendrick again:

"To the Hopi, this awesome country where he lives is sacred. It is held in trust from the Great Spirit. To the white man, it is a land full of minerals eagerly wanted by the atomic age."

The Hopi themselves are divided as to whether they want the white man's culture or not. The so-called Tribal Council is composed of pro-government Hopi and has been foisted upon the Hopi as a means of 'self-government'. The traditional—or anti-government—Hopi regard the Tribal Council as an insulting and alien body, since they have had self-government from long before the white man settled in North America. As George Yamada points out:

"The Hopi villages are autonomous: there is no tribal government. One village chief may be bought off but not all. This fact accounts for the survival of the obdurate Hopi tribe in face of persistent efforts to subjugate them, the Hopi maintains a religious tradition unbroken for thousands of years. Hopi means peaceful. According to the University of Arizona Bulletin:

"To this day it is the old men who are looked up to and depended upon to direct the people in all important matters . . . In government, the village is the unit, and a genuinely democratic government: its laws are traditional and unwritten. Theft is almost unheard of, and the 'king of life by force or laws is unknown . . ."

There are features of the Hopi Way which an anarchist would be unable to accept, but it cannot be seriously suggested that the statist, competitive and warring way of the white man offers any superior alternative. On the contrary, the traditional Hopi have no doubt many things to teach their would-be guardians from the air-conditioned nightmare of the United States. May this pacifist people obtain the sympathy and support they deserve in their endeavours to preserve themselves in a world fast tending towards the uniformity of an ant heap.

S.E.P.

Prejudice Towards Roses

Continued from p. 3

where between the ages of twelve and eighteen by a very large proportion, perhaps an actual majority, of English boys, including many who will never read anything else except newspapers; and along with it they are absorbing a set of beliefs which would be regarded as hopelessly out of date in the Central Office of the Conservative Party. All the better because it is done indirectly, there is being pumped into them the conviction that the major problems of our time do not exist, that there is nothing wrong with *laissez-faire* capitalism, that foreigners are unimportant comics and that the British Empire is a sort of charity-concern which will last for ever."

This fact is only unimportant, Orwell argued, "if one believes that what is read in childhood leaves no impression behind". He thought that the fact that seven of the twelve papers he had been discussing belonged to the same combine as published the *Financial Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, was in itself "enough to rouse certain suspicions".

"This raises the question, why is there no such thing as a left-wing boys' paper? At first glance such an idea merely makes one slightly sick. It is so horribly easy to imagine what a left-wing boys' paper would be like, if it existed . . . Inevitably such a paper would either consist of dreary uplift or it would be under Communist influence and given over to adulation of Soviet Russia; in either case no normal boy would ever look at it."

But after all, he concluded, the stories he had been examining were not Conservative tracts, they were simply adventure stories with a Conservative bias, and it was fairly easy to imagine stories with a different slant, "taking rather more account of the realities of working-class life".

"Such things have been done before, though not in England. In the last years of the Spanish monarchy there was a large output in Spain of left-wing novellettes, some of them evidently of anarchist origin. Unfortunately at the time when they were appearing I did not see their social significance, and I lost the collection that I had."

★

THIS typically Orwellian reflection reminds us in turn that it was William Godwin, the 'father of anarchism' who greatly improved the standard of English children's books when in 1805 he started his admirable but financially disastrous publishing business, the Juven-

ile Library, for which Hazlitt wrote a grammar and Charles and Mary Lamb their *Tales From Shakespeare*. Godwin's first wife, Mary Wollstonecraft had, years before, written her *Original Stories from Real Life* with illustrations by Blake. *Things As They Are* is the subtitle of Godwin's most famous novel, and, curiously enough, we read at the beginning of *The Family From One End Street*, "This is a story of things as they are".

Here is the answer to those who counter Orwell's demand for left-wing children's fiction with the accusation that he was only asking for a different variety of the same veiled propaganda that he had been attacking. What one wants is a literature of real life, of things as they are, instead of one "sodden in the worst illusions of 1910" as Orwell saw it, or "utterly irremediably bourgeois", as the *Literary Supplement's* correspondent regarded it.

If we advocate children's stories with an anarchist or pacifist slant to them, we are told that it is somehow improper to expose children to propaganda, as though they were not exposed every day of their lives to the propaganda of the churches, the advertising agents, the armed forces, the government and the *status quo* generally. By all means let them have their innoculative doses of bellicosity, religiosity and uplift of glorification of violence, snobbery and money, of genteel triviality, and of Miss Blyton with her "well-loved Union Jack". But what a change it would be to be able to offer them something in which the implicit assumptions and values were those that meant most to us.

Coleridge tells an anecdote of his friend John Thelwall, who

"thought it unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden and told him it was my botanical garden. 'How so?' said he, 'it is covered with weeds'. 'Oh!' I replied, 'that is only because it has not yet come to the age of discretion and choice. The weeds you have seen have taken the liberty to grow and I thought it unfair to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries'."

More 'prejudice towards roses', more 'things as they are'. All we need is more unconventional writers, more enterprising publishers and more discriminating purchasers. The readers are waiting. Will the stories be any good? C.W.

Memories of a Catholic Girlhood

THE title of Mary McCarthy's recently published recollections of her childhood, *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood*,* might suggest a nostalgic account of Church and girlhood calculated to discourage many a reader. But in fact, as might be expected by readers of her previous books, the contents are absorbing, free from sentimental reminiscences or recriminations.

Few people can claim to have questioned the basis of their religious faith at the age of twelve by the process adopted by Mary McCarthy. She first conceived the idea as a trick to gain the attention and make an impression on teachers and pupils at her Catholic Convent School. This she succeeded in doing! Her intention was then to repent after a suitable period had elapsed, but in the subsequent discussions with the heads of the School when she had to put forward convincing reasons for her lack of faith, she realised that the theologians had no sound arguments with which to meet her doubts.

Orphaned at the age of six, the complexities of her new authoritarian background—until it was changed a few years later—might have crushed a less spirited and intelligent personality. As it happens a rebel was created in those early years.

Not that the author disliked her religion, or at least those aspects of it which appealed to her imagination. She loved attending mass and got a lot of pleasure from "the mystery and wonder" of some of the ritual. Grateful for the practical education in Latin and the lives of the Saints which she received at her Catholic Schools, Mary McCarthy claims that it was religion which 'saved' her in the early years when constant whippings and restricted freedom never seemed to get her down.

The three stages which made up her childhood were vastly different, which, coupled with a natural intelligence, may account for her self-possession as a child and her ability to cope cunningly with

situations which would have defeated most children.

First she had the attention of loving, easy-going parents (both died in a 'flu epidemic) until the age of six, then she was placed under the care of her Protestant Uncle and Catholic Aunt financed by rich, devout and bigoted Catholic grandparents who were not aware that the money which they provided was never entirely used for the benefit of Mary and her three younger brothers. Her periodic unsuccessful attempts to run away from her Uncle and Aunt in the hope that she would be found and put into a home, were the only acts of protest which did not end in punishment because Uncle and Aunte were no doubt afraid that the money would be withdrawn. Needless to say our author was quick to take advantage of these situations.

When she was eleven her maternal grandparents (one Jewish one Protestant), troubled by the tales which were related to them by the children on one of their rare visits, took over the care of Mary. In an atmosphere of intellectual freedom (they never attempted to dissuade her from the Catholic faith), Mary McCarthy developed into the thinker and writer she is to-day.

She has this to say of Catholicism:

"The Catholic religion, I believe, is the most dangerous of all, morally (I do not know about the Moslem), because with its claim to be the only true religion, it fosters that sense of privilege I spoke of earlier—the notion that not everyone is lucky to be a good Catholic. But—I am not sorry to have been a Catholic."

Catholic religious teaching does not seem to have done Mary McCarthy much harm, and no doubt Catholic readers of this book will be consoled by her statement that she is not sorry to have been a Catholic.

Unfortunately Mary McCarthy is not a typical Catholic product. The harmful effect of Catholicism has to be measured where the idea has stuck and where it plays a dominating part. M.

*Published by Heinemann, London, 21/-.

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December 3d.

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PEACEFUL REFLECTIONS

MR. LESTER PEARSON, a former Canadian External Affairs Minister, who was awarded this year's Nobel Peace Prize (how a politician can ever be a candidate for a Peace Prize baffles us; but it is perhaps no less ironical than that the Peace Prize is paid out of the fortune amassed by the inventor of Dynamite!)—we were saying, Mr. Lester Pearson in his Nobel lecture declared "We prepare for war like precocious giants and for peace like retarded pygmies". His words have been echoed by the "liberal-minded" press as some kind of discovery, as if in the day to day bustle of activity we had overlooked peace, but that once aware of the oversight, our leaders will surely do something to put things right!

Of course Mr. Pearson is right, but he is wrong when he believes that a step by step progress towards peace will be achieved by "frank, serious exchanges of views—especially between Moscow and Washington—through diplomatic and political channels". The Powers' militant approach to war and their ineffectual lip-service to peace cannot be viewed in isolation, as a human blind-spot. War is an integral part of our society; peace is not. It is, to our minds, most revealing that the Concise Oxford Dictionary defines peace as

1. Freedom from, cessation of, war, as—*with honour—at any price, make (bring about)—a treaty of—between two powers at war. 2. Freedom from civil disorder; the (king's)—, general—of the realm as secured by law.*

But War is not defined as a "cessation" or an "interruption" of peace, but simply as a "quarrel usu, between nations conducted by force, etc."

Nowhere, in nearly two columns of definitions of the term war does the word "peace" make an appearance, whereas, instead, "peace" it would seem has no meaning except in relation to strife. Even when we are "at peace" we are "in a state of friendliness, not at strife (with)". But when we are "at war" we are not "not at peace" but simply "engaged in hostilities with enemy". There is implicit in these definitions that struggle and strife, latent or active, are the normal conditions governing men's lives. "Peace", unlike "war", has no definition of its own; it is not a natural state of being.

THIS is not an exercise in philology; it is, however, a necessary first step in trying to understand the problems of war and its place in the social pattern as a whole. To isolate war from the struggles between individuals and groups of human beings (which incidentally are regulated, but also sanctioned, by law), is as unrealistic as it is dishonest. The world is continually at war with itself; war in which lethal weapons are employed is only an extension of the conflict into which Man is thrust the moment he utters the first squawk of life!

Society is not simply divided by national frontiers—which are no longer the "insuperable" geographical barriers of early Man, but man-made barbed wire entanglements, machine gun posts and invisible Iron Curtains. It is also divided by social and economic frontiers within nations. Every family, every school, office and factory is a potential source of conflict, of struggle for ascendancy, of rivalry and petty jealousy, since the generally accepted social pattern is aggressive, authoritarian and hierarchical.

We are not suggesting that modern wars are the result of, or an outlet for, Man's aggressiveness. We do suggest, however, that the politicians and the financiers would be left to fight their wars among themselves if ordinary men and women were not predisposed to look upon war as one of the inescapable burdens of life. And this fatalistic outlook stems from the struggles and conflicts, on the much smaller scale, within the family circle, at school and at one's place of work, which in turn are accepted as basic ingredients of man's "nature".

The growing public concern with the threat of a war of annihilation (to which we referred at some length last week) is doomed, in advance, as an ineffectual skirmish if we naively or consciously refuse to recognise war as an effect, not a cause, of social upheaval and unrest. "War is the continuation of diplomacy by other means". The management of relations between nations, as diplomacy is defined, is complex because the politicians of every nation or the spokesmen of particular groupings of financial interests are trying to grab more than they give in return; indeed diplomacy combines the worst features of big business; blackmail, cartels, corruption and power. It is an unending struggle; solutions are provisional and Treaties respected only so long as it suits the parties to them to do so. Political alignments are purely matters of convenience, and the "bonds of friendship uniting our countries", which the heads of State always prate about when they pay each other official visits, a lot of eye-wash. (Compare the Royal welcome given to the Queen in Paris a few months ago with the snarlings a few weeks ago when this country supplied arms to Tunisia; or the upsetting of political alignments over the Suez venture).

Why are international relations apparently so "strained"? The answer we are given is that Russia has aggressive intentions (and of course the Russians are told that the United States is preparing to make war on Russia!). But neither of the two Big Powers intends to make war for the sake of war. It's what they want and their ability or inability to reconcile their respective wants which decreases or heightens "world tension". The threat of war may be an argument for convincing the other party, just as many a small nation has been "persuaded" into liking Ike by dollar diplomacy, but neither war nor dollar loans are ends in themselves. War and finance have always been potent arguments in the diplomat's bag, long before Lenin's shadow destroyed international socialism and the American way of life paralysed the human brain. The history of colonialism is the success story of bludgeons wrapped in Bibles, or neat, and British hegemony her control of the "waves" and of the money markets. It is sheer hypocrisy or stupidity to suggest that something has changed in international affairs—*apart from the distribution of power*. When the Press and politicians of this country deplore the new power line-up they are behaving in a no more dignified way than the fox and the sour grapes. They are not opposed to power, but to it being monopolised by Russia and the United States.

YET if we, the ordinary people of the world are to solve the problem of war we must eliminate power in international relations. Clearly this involves the abolition of nations as separate economic and political units. But this will never come about until that same power structure is eliminated from our existing national boundaries. A tremendous undertaking! Especially if one thinks of it in terms of a population of 50 millions. But it is not a problem of changing the outlook of 50 million people; the first important step is for you to formulate a philosophy of life for yourself in which you can be yourself, without encroaching on the freedom of others

PEOPLE AND IDEAS

PREJUDICE TOWARDS ROSES

"It is children that read children's books, when they are read, but it is parents that choose them. The critical thought of the tradesman puts itself therefore into the place of the parent."
—William Godwin to Charles Lamb, 10th March, 1808.

CHILDREN'S books have been bought in enormous numbers during the last few weeks, and next week they will be read with avidity or put aside in disappointment. What an industry the children's book business is—all those annuals, the endless output of horsey books, the inexhaustible productivity of some of their writers! (When George Orwell suggested that 'Frank Richards' must be a syndicate of writers since no single person could have churned out all those school stories for thirty years and more, he got an emphatic denial from Mr. Richards himself). In the *Enid Blyton Diary* for 1958, we learn that that lady has over three hundred titles to her credit.

Two thousand books for children are published in this country every year—one tenth of the total output of books of every sort, but in spite of the enormous variety and the great improvement since the war in standards of typography and presentation, and in the range of well-designed cheap books, there are many gaps in the repertoire of children's books, especially of the kind of book that readers of this paper would like to give to their children.

These are not so apparent in the 'non-fiction' category. There never were more books to answer the eternal *How?* and *Why?* of childhood, from the cheap and attractive Puffin picture books to the *Oxford Junior Encyclopaedia*. When however the subject is less explicit than tropical fish, how a motor-car works, or the story of aviation, the range of really good books is more limited. Changes in our lifetime in the teaching of history—from lists of dates, kings and battles to the idea of social history, the 'project' system and local studies, have altered and vastly improved the kind of books offered to children both inside and outside school, but I have not yet found a book written at a child's level which reflects what I as a result of adult reading would regard as the 'true' history of this country, let alone one of the British Empire.

The blank incomprehension you so often meet in talking to adults about questions of, say, imperialism, population problems, soil conservation, the 'under-developed' countries, town-planning, penal reform, mental health, and so on, shows what enormous gaps there are in their understanding of the world they live in, and in the literature made available to them in their early years. It is no use saying that these are topics beyond the interest of children because after all, one of the pleasant things about

or being subjected to their dictates. You, as an individual can do this whatever the rest of the world decides to do or not do.

"But what is the point if only a few of us make the effort?" you may ask. "Will it make any difference to the world situation or conditions?" The answer to the latter is that it probably won't. But then neither has being one of a vast flock of baaing sheep prevented two world wars, or ended a cold war as consuming in human energy and natural wealth as the two hot wars put together!

To your first question however there is a positive answer. To be oneself is to realise the power which is in each of us, and the consciousness of one's uniqueness. Class and race feelings, the yearning for status and honours are manifestations of people who have not understood the importance of "I am me." Being oneself deepens relations with others; it gives one insight and understanding where children are concerned—for their future happiness as well as one's own. Being oneself, furthermore, helps in distinguishing between real and artificial values, between what is worthwhile and what is superficial. Finally when you are yourself, Peace is not "freedom from" strife, -war, -noise or -insecurity, but a state of being—or beauty symbolised by the rose of that name.

children is that they are capable of taking an interest in everything. It is a matter of presentation and of the qualities of the authors.

IT is because they are an attempt to fill this kind of gap, that the series published by Rathbone Books are to be warmly welcomed. These are large-page (13 x 10 inches) illustrated books designed, I should say, for readers of nine to eleven upwards. Because there is no 'talking-down', no patronising of the reader, they are equally attractive for adults. The latest, *Feast and Famine: The Wonderful World of Food* by Lord Boyd Orr* is a model of this kind of didactic literature, a history of man from the Old Stone Age onwards, in terms of the search for food. The innumerable ways of approaching the subject are skilfully related in Lord Boyd Orr's text: mediaeval peasant farming, the discovery of the New World, the industrial revolution, improvements in husbandry and stockbreeding, genetics and the nitrogen cycle, the growth and redistribution of population, diet and health, food distribution and storage, the dust bowl and TVA, the work of bodies like FAO and WHO, the challenge offered by the fact that over half the world's population "is known to be eking out a miserable existence of perpetual semi-starvation", the anomalies of 'over-production', the need to "create a balanced economy of farmers and factory workers". Nor are the pleasures of the table and of attractive tableware neglected.

It is difficult to see how the text of this book could be bettered, and the illustrations (there are over two hundred, mostly in colour), are equally good—drawings, prints, photographs, diagrams and Isotype graphs. The whole spirit of this captivating book is that of the excitement of finding out about this world and the pleasures and responsibilities of living in it. Other books in the series include James Fisher's *Adventure of the World*, Ritchie Calder's *From Magic to Medicine* (from which Freud is not excluded), and Lancelot Hogben's *Man Must Measure*, which Bertrand Russell has called a "masterpiece of simplification without falsification".

THE most obvious of the empty spaces in the shelf of children's books is however in fiction, even though there is such an enormous output of it. Children's stories are of two kinds; *fantasy*—fairy tales, animal stories, anthropomorphic railway engines, space fiction, etc., and *fact*—stories which purport to relate to real life in the real world. But where are the stories about children who go to primary and secondary schools, who live in the miles of identical houses in cities, suburbs and housing estates, who play in the recreation ground or the bomb site? I remember the immense pleasure and excitement I had from the stories in a school book about the Bargery kids (I think it was in the limp green books of *Fundamental English* by P. B. Ballard). The only similar story which I have ever come across since is Eve Garnett's *The Family From One End Street*. I am not surprised to hear that this has been reprinted thirteen times since 1937, nor to see a school librarian writing that it is "significantly, always in demand". But what happens when a child wants more books like it?

A recent article in *The Times Literary Supplement* discusses just this theme under the title "Wanted: A Literature".

*FEAST AND FAMINE by Lord Boyd Orr. (Rathbone Books, 17s. 6d.).

The correspondent began by commenting on the "new face of young readers for whom there is no natural literature":

"They are children from bookless homes, who, under the old order, would have attended elementary schools, but who now go to secondary modern schools most of which have growing libraries of their own. No one who has watched over the founding of a library in one of these schools can fail to have been moved by the rout of the comic to which it has led. The comic used to be the habitual reading of these children because it was the only literature that fell easily into their hands. There were no books at home, and Dad and Mum were rarely caught reading . . . to join a library meant voluntary effort of a kind that did not come naturally in such neighbourhoods; a deliberate step in the direction of self-enlargement. So it was the comic; until suddenly, in school of all places, where it was not to be avoided, sprang up a library of which membership was automatic. Almost at once the book drove out the comic. Not entirely, of course, but a child who had read nothing but comics, incessant comics, now had time and appetite for only a few."

This writer found that apart from a few immortals like *Treasure Island* and *Tom Sawyer*, the books that were borrowed continuously were not fiction at all. It was the modern children's stories that stayed on the shelves. The exceptions, the ones that got worn out through constant borrowing were *The Family From One End Street*, *Emil and the Detectives*, and, strikingly enough, one or two boy's books by modern poets (Roy Fuller's *African Gold* and C. Day Lewis's *The Otterbury Incident*—based on the film *Nous les Gosses*). The reason, the writer discovered, was that

"in texture, mode, allusion and style, nearly every reasonable book written for the young is middle-class . . . utterly irremediably bourgeois. The tone is not aggressive, or obsessive: but it is persuasive . . . It was the teacher-librarian who, from the fidgeting of his classes, came to know just how difficult it is for a child who does not share middle-class assumptions to feel at home in the world of a book that does".

If you think that this writer is exaggerating think of your own experience in reading aloud to children, the clichés, the passages that don't ring true, the tedious bits that they, quite rightly, regard as sloppy. The *Literary Supplement's* correspondent asks:

"What can be done for these children who want to read but are held back by this irritating barrier? It may be argued that nothing can be done: that we have already seen what self-consciousness can result from deliberate attempts to write proletarian literature. But this is a hard answer. Are the children to wait until another slow instalment of our unhurried revolution has blurred the boundaries of class outlooks? Are they to wait until the gifted ones among them have become writers: somehow without becoming bourgeois themselves? Or are they to hope that some, at least, of those who already write for children will become aware of this vast, pathetic, thwarted appetite and now and then revise their style and their settings accordingly?"

A FRIEND of mine met a well-known writer of children's books the other day. He found her a charming lady, worried about the servant problem and the cost of living, who thought that General Franco was the saviour of Spain. I was reminded of Orwell's conclusions in his well-known essay on "Boys' Weeklies".

"Here is the stuff that is read some-
Continued on p. 2

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Bourgeois Proletarian Intellectuals—3

Authoritarian Alternatives

NOW, the relationship between the heart and the head leads us to the chicken and the egg question. Which came first; which conditions which? Most adults interested in social questions pride themselves upon their reasoning capacity, and socialists firmly declare themselves to be 'scientific', i.e. they use the objective, coldly logical methods of science to explain their case.

For these, there is hardly any term more damning than 'sentimental' or 'emotional'. It is small wonder that two or three conferences ago the leaders of the Communist Party had to issue specific directives to the comrades to 'be more human', since it was being noted that the dogmatic, ruthless, 'scientific' approach was scaring away so many people from the party.

Yet for how many is the progress of social ideas and individual protest a business of emotional, moral indignation being the first impetus, to be crystallised and justified later by the intellect? Doesn't one feel first and then find the mental justification later?

Reason Follows Feeling

This is, after all, in accord with our own infant development. For years we are not amenable to reason. We make known our demands—our hungers, our discomforts—in no uncertain manner and simply want them satisfied immediately. We feel and express our feelings long before we can reason. When we grow up and have to learn to live in the world with other people, we learn to adjust, to compromise, which is itself a painful process, pricking our egos as it does, but is the line of least resistance and saves a lot of trouble in the long run.

This adjustment can be carried out in two ways. It can be the result of recognition of the rights of others and respect for those rights as equals, a gradual education through love and respect by both children and parents. Such a happy adjustment one would hope to be the result of a libertarian upbringing in conditions of emotional security. Or the adjustment can be nothing more than a conditioning through force, the authority of the parent wearing down the natural rebellion of the child into acquiescence and defeat. From such a process is calculated to emerge an unhealthy personality, with deflated ego and emotionally stultified. Such a character would be expected to find it difficult to establish a love relationship on terms of freedom, equality and respect for the liberty of the partner, but would be emotionally ripe for flag-waving, drum-beating and the paraphernalia of mass demonstrations with their boosting of the inadequate ego through identification with the leader, God, King, or, of course, class.

Class Equals God

It is not often enough realised that the socialist deification of the working class

HOW TERRORISTS ARE MADE

HOW terrorists are made was demonstrated in the Paris Assize Court last Monday, when 26-year-old Mohamed Ben Sadok was on trial for shooting Emir Ali Chekkal, a former vice-president of the Algerian Assembly in Paris last May.

Mohamed Ben Sadok said: 'It was during my first trip to France, to attend a boy scouts jamboree that I really became conscious of the Algerian problem.

I was only 14 then, but I realised the difference between free nations and the countries living under a colonial yoke.

At home I went to school and was taught French. I avidly read stories of the French revolution and the resistance.

Emile Zola, Jean-Paul Sartre, Albert Camus, made me hate injustice. Yet I lived in a world where all was unfair, unjust.

After I graduated from a technical Algerian school all I could get was a job as an unskilled labourer. As a conscript whatever one did there was always a difference between the natives and the French.

Later I returned to France. Again I was struck by the liberty enjoyed by French workers. When I sat for an exam to become a qualified plumber I came out first, which would have been absolutely impossible in Algeria.

I am deeply sorry I had to kill someone. But what I've done was as a Nationalist who loves his country. I could not remain indifferent while my brothers, my cousins, the whole country struggled and suffered.'

performs the function of identification with strength for the self-denying, in exactly the same way as the worship of God, especially through identification with Jesus his son who came to earth, allows the weak and the humble to share almighty power.

One has only to note the denunciation of Egoism and of the personality, and to follow their arguments giving social environment sole credit for the moulding of mental attitudes, denying in the face of all argument the unquenchable personality and even the results of heredity, to understand the fear of self, the fear of freedom, and the fear of anything they cannot control by social institutions, that lies behind the phoney science of the socialists.

To this we must now add now the dawning realisation that socialism provides the means for ambitious, strong personalities to get to power over their followers. This places the socialists in a terrible dilemma, for they cannot tamper with the means to power for the individual without interfering with the means to power for the party. Same means. Therefore they can only build their power structures while at the same time hoping to prevent individuals from using them for themselves. But the State cannot be taken over by the whole working class, only by its representatives—i.e. individuals! And what is more, individuals conditioned by the very ideology of socialism to think in terms of power!

Few Can Escape

This and many other dilemmas can be solved for the disillusioned socialist by swinging over to anarchism. Unfortunately he is so likely to be a confirmed authoritarian.

Inasmuch as we are all born into an authoritarian environment it is difficult for anybody to escape the taint. Probably none of us do completely, and even when we do look around for means of rebellion we find the most readily available channels are themselves authoritarian—political or religious.

If a young person feels the need to rebel against the *status quo*, the establishment in any field of social endeavour, he or she is most likely to fall into one or other of the obvious and well-known alternatives, the political parties and the non-conformist churches. Unless, of course, rebellion takes the a-social form of rock 'n' roll, skiffle and such—shall we say, cultural?—means of self-expression which are not exactly respectable, slightly bohemian, or the anti-social form of delinquency, Teddy-Boy crime, and so on.

Leaving aside these exotic forms of rebellion, which are not, however, without their social significance, we are left with the only widely available means for the expression of a social conscience—the so-called parties of progress, the socialist parties of the Left. In industry, in the absence of any revolutionary movement among the rank and file, the only channel for organisation against the boss remains the trade union. The young hopeful may well enter the TU movement imbued with ideas of the class struggle, of workers' solidarity in the cause of their own emancipation.

All Authoritarian

However long his enthusiasm may last, the first contact with organisations thought of as in conflict with capitalism may well have a lasting effect upon him. For the organisations mentioned have one thing in common—they are all authoritarian. As such they also have that much in common with the schools through which pass most of the population, and the function of which is to condition the person for his place in society.

Your rebel, therefore, is most likely to start off with some level of Marxist or Fabian ideas, or if he sees emancipation as coming through industrial struggle, with the conception of the trade unions as the main channel for this struggle. Added to which he will have been conditioned in earlier life to accept leadership and authority.

When his chosen channels of rebellion turn out to be nothing of the sort, he either becomes disillusioned completely and drifts away from all activity, or, making some effort to understand the false basis for his previous position, moves towards a more revolutionary approach. In the industrial sphere there is no organisation to receive him, and the position of the non-trade-unionist is an impossible one in many industries. Theoretically the syndicalist position is tenable, but there is no organisation to propagate it, still less to translate it into action.

In the social sphere, in the equivalent of the political party, there is the anarchist movement, and here the refugee from socialism will meet a very different

body of people from those he has left. Not merely different in the theories they hold, but different, as is to be expected, in their whole attitude to life and society.

Whereas many socialists are almost idolatrous in their attitude to progress, seeing it as the passing expression of the inevitable unfolding of historical processes, anarchists are quite cynical about it. They question what it's all about, what is the point of continually raising material standards of living while human society disintegrates, human relations deteriorate and the State creeps more and more into its deadly control of every facet of society. P.S.

(To be continued)

Government Defeated by a Wheelchair

THE farce of Parliamentary democracy was again exposed, this time in Australia where the government was defeated last month by the vote of a "desperately ill" Labour senator. The *News Chronicle's* correspondent in the spot described the scene in these terms:

Senator J. Arnold, who had a major abdominal operation 12 days ago, flew the 300 miles from Newcastle to Canberra to vote with the Labour Opposition.

White-faced and motionless, Arnold was wheeled in silence into the chamber by attendants and a red-capped nurse. He wore a leopard-skin dressing gown. Not once did he raise his head as colleagues showed their concern.

His vote was essential. Senate party numbers were even. Any motion where voting is tied is defeated.

Even the government apparently anxious not to have a dead man on its "conscience" allowed the Labour Opposition's demand for an immediate vote though it had previously adopted delaying tactics for a whole week before! Senator Arnold was taken back to hospital as soon as the vote was taken.

What are the People Thinking?

Continued from p. 1 ignores its wishes on a matter which nominally could be the difference between life and death.

It might have been assumed that the answer to part b. would have been equally overwhelming in its approval of the de-militarisation of Germany. From every point of view the withdrawal of hostile troops away from one another would appear to be a favourable plan—especially on an equal basis, and with the added merit of a relatively disarmed German army. There is a clear majority opinion but what can we make of the 20 per cent. who disapprove? Do they not want the Russian troops further away, or is it that they prefer the shield placed well forward? A shield which we all know is quite useless against even so lowly a missile as the IRBM (intermediate range), let alone the ICBM (inter-continental).

The answer to part c. is, by our original definition, not of much value, but even if we give the 33 per cent. who would like Germany to indulge in atomic missiles the benefit of considerable doubt, our previous remarks still apply, but in addition Germany becomes the first target. This point struck home for a number of the more subjective answerers in the second question of the poll, which was:

Do you think the Americans should or should not be allowed to set up bases in this country (Britain) for rocket missiles carrying atomic bombs?

Should be allowed	31
Should not be allowed	55
Undecided	14

All of a sudden it seems 14 per cent. (the difference between 55 and 41) realised that although they were undecided (12 per cent.) or approved (2 per cent.) on the question of Germany being target number one, they were not at all keen on having Britain in the same position.

There were three other questions in the poll, one on the subject of American planes based in this country being armed with hydrogen bombs, against which were 49 per cent., whereas 26 per cent. consider-

NOTEBOOK

RESISTANCE TO AUTHORITY

IN connection with the editorial in last week's FREEDOM "Declare War on Politics", the following letter published in the current issue of the *New Statesman* is of particular interest:

SIR.—Mr. Hyams is quite correct in stressing the futility of agitation on the part of intellectuals in an increasingly monolithic state; but this does not mean nothing can be done. Mr. Hyams presumably shares the almost universally accepted doctrine that industrial action by the masses is never justified when made for political purposes. In fact, of course, industrial action and possibly the spreading of sedition is sometimes the only effective way of showing public opinion. Until intellectuals are prepared (as Socialist pioneers were) to go to prison for their convictions, then all the organisations, letters, and talk of intellectuals in the world will not affect the Cabinet's contempt for public opinion one little bit. The Left (whether Labour or Communist) fools itself that public opinion made the government withdraw from Suez. If it had not been in the interests of American capitalism to exert considerable pressure on the government then only political and industrial action by the masses might have saved us from a third world war.

"Lamp-Post Anarchists"

ONE or two correspondents thought we were a little hard on the "lamp-post anarchists" of Paddington when we wrote (*Looking Beyond the Nearest Lamp-Post*, FREEDOM 16/11/57) that they "will obviously be quite content to live on an island of imitation 'period' street lamps surrounded by a sea of sodium lights hoisted on hundreds of 'emasculated gibbets'." In fact we do not appear to have been far-off the mark. In a letter to the *Observer*, Mr. J. D. Scott, the novelist, whose original protest we published, points out

We accept the standards of electric lighting the Paddington Borough Council propose, and we said in our first letter to the Council that we welcomed them.

In that case, where are the "emasculated gibbets" to which they referred at the height of their lamp-post militancy?

Paddington Borough Council in its turn announced that it was going to

re-open negotiations with the residents of Newton-road and Monmouth-road about the lighting of these roads. Speaking in support of a motion to this effect at a meeting of the Council, the Acting Leader, Alderman Lawrence, said this would demonstrate to everyone that the Council was anxious to behave in a democratic fashion and to give due weight to representations made to it by any section of the ratepayers.

Will they all declare that it was one big misunderstanding and Newton Road will take its place once more as a political—as well as Paddington—backwater?

Political Incurables

FRANCE has a new political party—of the Left. The Left Socialist Union, as it is called, is a merger of a few minority groups, the following of the weekly journal *France Observateur* (whose editor, Claude Bourdet leads the Union), and any waifs and strays from the Socialist Party and the ranks of disillusioned Communists of the various vintage, pre- and post-Stalin, and post-Hungary.

MEETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

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DEC. 19—Alan Albon on
IS MUTUAL AID A PRACTICAL
POLICY?

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