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Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"There are no such things as war-loving nations as contrasted with peace-loving nations, there are only Governments that find it expedient to go to war, as against other Governments that find it expedient to keep at peace."
—K. J. KENAFICK.

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Threepence

YEAR ONE - SPUTNIK ERA

IT is a faintly amusing, if unrewarding, game to try to imagine what the historians of the future are going to say about the Twentieth Century. Our speculations come to an abrupt stop, of course, if we adopt the pessimistic view that the second half of the century will be a direct progression from the first. For if world events continue as they have been developing there may well be no future historians to say anything about anybody.

We are convinced that the full extent of what an all-out atomic war would mean for humanity is not realised by many people, even among the so-called advanced nations. Ostrich-like, the vast majority hide their heads in the barren sand of their daily lives, so concerned with the trivialities of their restricted existences that their horizons automatically close in upon them.

'First Feed the Face'

This is perfectly understandable. As Captain MacHeath says in Bert Brecht's *Threepenny Opera*, 'First feed the face, then talk right and wrong,' and while two-thirds of the world's people can never feed their faces enough, their interest in and understanding of the wider issues of world affairs is bound to suffer. And unfortunately, even among the relatively well-off third of the world—among which Britain still retains a leading place—the ordinary people become, not more alert socially and politically, but smug and complacent and self-satisfied, identifying themselves with their ruling class, its

morality and standards and sectarian interests.

This is all the more frustrating for those who do concern themselves with social issues in view of the peculiar importance of this era. The dreadful explosions in Japan in August 1945 did not only presage the ensuing lunacy of nuclear weapons; they served notice on the world that a new and unlimited source of power had become a practical possibility.

Abundance Possible

For the first time since socialists and anarchists began dreaming their utopian dreams, the possibility of creating abundance and leisure with an advancement of humanity's control over its environment came into sight. The teeming, under-nourished masses of Asia, upon whose soil the product of Europe's science laid its first ghastly scars, could nevertheless have been behind the mushroom cloud the promise of a more abundant world—if not for them, at least for their children or their children's children.

But the twelve years from Hiroshima to Sputnik has strengthened the nightmare at the expense of the dream. The powerful nations which have had the resources to develop atomic energy have not been interested in using it to improve the lot of the peoples of the world. They are the three great imperialisms of our time—the British, clinging by adjustment to what they can salvage of their old domain, the Americans, buying with their dollars what in the last century Britain took with the sword, and the Russians, playing every trick in the game—brute force, diplomacy, arms dealing, spying, and poker-faced bluff.

Power or People?

Here, stark and plain, is the issue the anarchists have continually stressed: the conflict between power interests and the interests of the people. For which shall the resources of the world be used?

Put like that, anyone can give the right answer. But few can conceive a way out of the world's desperate

situation because few dare face up to the implications of the solution—the abandonment of power structure, nationally and internationally—the abolition of government and the destruction of the state.

Yet what is the alternative? The development of the Soviet Union provides the richest answer possible to those who still cling to statist methods of moving towards a classless society. The fortieth anniversary of the Russian revolution was celebrated this year. Not by the state withering away; not by the USSR moving one yard nearer to an egalitarian libertarian society different in kind from capitalism, but by

launching a satellite from a guided missile.

Decisive Times

Forty years of 'socialism' enable the men in the Kremlin to follow the crushing of a popular revolution in Hungary by boasting of their possession of inter-continental ballistic missiles, and their lead in the race to the moon! And the English show their sense of values by howling over the fate of little Laika, Sputnik II's shaggy passenger, but showing not the slightest concern for the masses of food destroyed in America, the

thousands of refugees from innumerable tragedies still rotting in dispersal camps throught the world, or the H-bombs carried on routine patrols by U.S. bombers stationed in East Anglia.

If there are any, future historians will see the middle of the 20th century as a decisive period in human history. It is the end of the liberal-democratic era and the beginning of a time when large states can survive only in totalitarian forms. And 1957 has been a decisive year in that it has posed in spectacular form the question: 'Destruction or creation?'

Which for the anarchist is the old question: 'The State or humanity?'

Short Political Memories

The Forgotten Canal

SIXTEEN months have passed since Nasser in reply to the Anglo-American withdrawal of financial support for the Aswan Dam project, retaliated by calling in a group of legal and engineering experts to draw up a plan for taking over and nationalising the Canal. Within a week he had launched a political missile right into the middle of the silly season (end of July) when even politicians are dreaming of free holidays (if possible) and a place in the sun (not politically speaking but literally). Cabinet Ministers discussed the grave situation, and Fleet Street welcomed the chance offered by the new crisis to boost sales by plastering their front pages with sensational headlines of impending doom. Suez, they declared, echoing the politicians, was a vital life-line to Britain and a large number of European countries. It was a floating pipe-line for the millions of tons of oil needed to keep European industry and transport moving. To close Suez for a week would paralyse our economy, would bring hardship to every British home, from the consequences of which it would take years to recover, etc.

Neguib and it was thought that he would be Britain's man, they built him up as Democrat No. 1 of the Middle East), Anglo-French politicians were busily working behind the scenes to achieve Nasser's overthrow by putting every obstacle in his way so far as the smooth running of the Canal was concerned. In other words if anyone was going to bring traffic to a halt in the canal it was the politicians of the countries which were supposed to suffer most by its closing!

By the middle of September, the Press having already warned us at great length that shipping in the canal was like a helpless child without the guiding hand of the Company's 250 highly skilled pilots who knew every idiosyncrasy, ever grain of sand and every weed in that treacherous waterway—by the middle of September all the British and French pilots staged a "voluntary" walk out. No one now at any rate, believes that these grossly overpaid and over-rated pilots gave up a Judge's salary and a Captain's status, of their own accord, without some promise of compensation if their noble "gestures" cost them their jobs (incidentally, some Member of Parliament should ask the Prime Minister what arrangements have in fact been made to square the pilots).

As the Press was retailing this tale of woe and building up Nasser as Enemy No. 1 (with the same technique as earlier, when he replaced

The "walk out" followed the failure of the London Conference on Suez and the subsequent Menzies mission to Egypt, but it failed as a weapon to force Nasser to his knees and to bring the Canal to a standstill. It was only when Israel, supported by France and Britain, made war on Egypt that traffic in the canal came to a halt. What the "allies" could not blackmail Nasser into doing they had done themselves by their armed attack.



AGAIN when Eden and his war-mongering friends were dragged from the canal zone by the scruffs of their political necks, we were warned by the government and the lick-spittles of the Press that it would be years before traffic in the canal could be restored to normal; that in any case the threat of Nasser was still there, for not only could he close the canal at will, but could charge exorbitant tolls, and would without a doubt pocket all the money, and the Canal, instead of being enlarged and deepened to meet the ever-growing requirements of the tanker traffic, would fall into disrepair and stagnate (the picture reminded us of the condition of our own internal waterways!).

Continued on p. 3

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★
What about a 'Last Minute' Effort for FREEDOM?

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Previously acknowledged ...	694 11 3
1957 TOTAL TO DATE ...	£734 17 5

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Fire Fund

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Culture & Big Business

IN a recent issue of *The Financial Times* an article entitled "Publishers Get Together" examined the present tendency for small publishing houses to be absorbed by larger ones or to be financed by outside interests.

Several important mergers have occurred during the past five years. Heinemann Holdings, which already controlled Peter Davies, have been joined by Martin Secker & Warburg and Rupert Hart-Davis; Collins acquired Geoffrey Bles and the Harvill Press; Putnam took over Bowes & Bowes; Max Reinhardt, as well as incorporating the Nonesuch Press, bought The Bodley Head and T. Werner Laurie; and, early this year, Methuen, already controlling Chapman & Hall, merged with Eyre & Spottiswoode. Frederick Muller is of course owned by the Australian Consolidate Press, and a few years ago Michael Joseph was purchased by Illustrated Newspapers.

Big Business Steps In

Outside financial interest in the publishing trade appears to be on a considerable and increasing scale. Last summer, Howard Samuel came from the world of property management and purchased McGibbon & Kee. His interest in the printed word is, however, not confined to books, for besides being a director of *Tribune*, it was recently announced that he has become the biggest individual shareholder in *The New Statesman*.

Control of the large Hutchinson group passed from the Hutchinson family in 1955 to a number of city concerns, including the Charterhouse Industrial Development Company. The industrial holding company of Thomas Tilling, which had long been a Heinemann shareholder, considerably increased its holding when Secker & Warburg joined the group, and it was, of course, the banking firm of Henry Ansbacher who financed the purchase by Max Reinhardt of The Bodley Head.

British Honduras - Send Another Gunboat!

BRITISH HONDURAS is a small colony in Central America. Little was known about it in this country until our newspapers warned us that Mr. Price of the People's United Party was intriguing with Guatemala and might attempt to join his land with that of his big neighbour. The hack correspondents looked up Whittaker's Almanac and told their readers of B.H.'s production of chicle, the raw material for chewing gum, but the real significance of the unrest there can be seen by comparing it with the situation in British Guiana. In the Caribbean area the British West Indian islands have federated. This should benefit the inhabitants as the islands are not self-supporting and there is not the grave problem of the white settler that upsets the African scene. In the West Indies a rigid colour bar has been avoided by two odd freaks of chance—miscegenation (usually white planters having children in the past by the negro slaves) and cricket, in which white and coloured play in the same teams. Of course the steady stream of immigrants in their thousands to this country is not a healthy sign. No West Indian in his right mind would come to this land of fog and rain unless he could count on a steady job that was not available at

home. There is also an under-current of racial prejudice in Britain that might quickly become bitter in the event of unemployment. But the Administrators and Governors have solved some of their immediate problems by federation and it was hoped that the two mainland colonies, British Guiana and British Honduras, would also join.

British Guiana, you may remember, when granted the chance to elect representatives, returned to power a Marxist party headed by Dr. Jagan. This did not suit the British administration nor the big sugar companies. In true imperial style a gunboat was sent and the Jagans were ousted from their positions on charges of conspiracy. In British Honduras a similar situation has arisen and another gunboat sent, the moral being that you can only have democracy as long as you vote right. There the political leaders of the P.U.P. favour federation with Guatemala, a country in which recently a left-wing government was overthrown by armed force while the United States having commercial interests there in danger of being nationalised took no action to save democracy but quietly ensured that the American way of life would not suffer. Mr. Price claims loudly that he is a Catholic, not

a Communist. He also has Pan-American ideas and was educated by Jesuits from North America.

£1,000,000 a year are sent to British Honduras from the government of this country. Obviously B.H. is not a source of profit to Britain. The motives of the government in hanging on to this small colony are, the same that prompted the Suez fiasco, power and prestige. On the Empire, Churchill said, "what we have we hold". Devoid of new ideas his successors still think in terms of imperial grandeur. Will they never learn that it does not matter who won the Boer War. Now South Africa and several African colonies are saddled with governments practising the most inhuman forms of discrimination on the grounds of skin colouring alone. In other colonies too people are demanding freedom from control by foreign masters. This oppression is done in our name by our so-called representatives acting as law-givers. Clearly the solution to the problem of the colonies and under-developed countries is to withdraw troops and governors and to send in doctors, nurses, farming experts, teachers, machines and livestock. This would build up more friendship and understanding than all the gunboats in the Royal Navy. F.T.

OCCUPATIONAL DISEASE

HAVE you ever, my dear voter, my dear taxpayer, my dear innocent, sat at a dining-table with politicians of different parties, men ready to denounce one another at the drop of a chairman's hand? It is an illuminating experience. The real gulf is not between them but between you and them. It is you they do not understand nor want to understand. They are close to and delighted with one another. They live in the same cosy world. They face the same professional problems, suffer from the same occupational diseases, talk more or less the same claptrap. They admire one another. No doubt the economics of the other side are unsound, the foreign policy dubious—but what brilliance, what wit, what noble eloquence, what magnificent service to the country!

In a world shaped and coloured more and more by politicians, the nations meet politically—and hardly any other way—to settle their differences. It is hard going. It could not be anything else. Men who have spent most of their adult lives plotting and jockeying for place and power meet other men who have been doing the same thing, all of them riddled with the same occupational disease. After looking especially stern and noble—or confident and smiling—for the photographers, these harassed men climb into aircraft, to be dropped down to argue with other politicians in expensive villas, chiefly paid for by men who can no longer afford a second pair of shoes. . . .

I know the politician says he wants to get on with something else. But often he has been dipped too deep. He no longer knows what that something else could be. He cannot imagine any other mode of life. And men who have long pursued and then enjoyed power cannot bear to lose it. Here even the emperors—a Tiberius, a Diocletian, a Charles the Fifth—made a better showing than the politicians, who cling to power though their hands are trembling claws. If they let go, they feel their real life is over. They may tell us—and themselves—that they look forward to obscurity and a rose garden; but the world that lights them up in the centre of the stage, that hangs upon their pronouncements, that rushes them here and there to save the situation at the last moment, that offers them platforms, conferences, midnight intrigues, an excited Press, unnumbered followers, power and glory, is the true mirror of their mind and heart.

This is one reason why we now live in a world of crises, of scare headlines, of sudden alarms and deepening uncertainties. The ordinary sensible citizen,

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A Miscellany from Recent Publications

DISSENTING VOICES

ABSTRACT & CONCRETE

AMONG the statements that have reached my ears concerning my Carnegie Hall address (*Hope for this Hour*), were some critical ones that have caused me to reflect. Almost all of them had the same import: I dealt with the 'cold' world war as an 'abstract philosophical' question instead of a concrete political one, which latter treatment obviously amounts to helping swell the literature of invective piling up in both camps. I have finally perceived that I must attempt to clarify this matter.

The inner goal of the approach involved in my summons was just this distinction between the primary 'political' and the secondary 'philosophical' points of view. I have appealed just from politics, from its perspective, its speech, and its usages, but not to any kind of philosophy. Rather I appealed directly to the genuine concrete, to the actual life of actual men which has become smeared over and crusted with the varnish of political fictitiousness. The representatives of one side and of the other insist that the reproaches that they hurl at their opponents make up the only reality

—J. B. PRIESTLEY:
Thoughts In The Wilderness,
(Heinemann, 21s.)

who does not want power and glory but a quiet life, has less and less control over this world. It is one he never made. It does not reflect him at all. But whatever he may say, the careerist politician is completely and happily at home in it. In his heart of hearts he does not really want to change it. Consciously he may desire peace, quiet, an easy prosperity from here to Harbin; but there must be times when he unconsciously clamours for more and more crises, either abroad or at home, a world in tumult, a civilisation he can be busy saving while indulging himself royally. It has often been observed that the Communist leaders, while they may not actually want war, have no genuine desire for the peaceful settlements, the safe and friendly world, they are always talking about. Quite so. But then the Communist leaders are professional politicians with the lid off.

Take all these politicians out of this

★ Significant Questions

FOR the more humane use of scientific method, grounded not on technique, know-how and 'does it work?' but rather on a value judgment as to what life should be like, one must turn to thinkers quite out of the liberal-socialist main stream: anarchists like Kropotkin, decentralists like Geddes, Borsodi and Gandhi, Utopians like Fourier.

The questions that now interest me are not the 'big' ones: What To Do About Russia?, Is Planning Incompatible With Capitalism?, Will There Be a Depression? Does America Need a Labour Party or a Revitalised Democratic Party—or just a Dozen More TVA's?, Is World Government the Answer to the H-Bomb? These seem to me either unimportant or unanswerable. So long as the dominant areas of the world are organised in vast super-states, whose economic base is large-scale industry and whose political base is tens of millions of helpless 'citizens', I see no hope of significant improvement. Nor do I see any signs that any considerable number of my fellow men are now in a mood

to break up such monstrosities into communities human in scale. So in terms of mass action (i.e. of politics as the word is now generally understood), our problems appear to be insoluble. They may yield, I believe, only to a much more modest and, so-to-speak, intimate approach. Reform, reconstruction, even revolution must begin at a much more basic level than we imagined in the confident 'thirties.

It is the 'small' questions that now seem to me significant. What is a good life? How do we know what's good and what's bad? How do people really live and feel and think in their everyday lives? What are the most important human needs—taking myself, as that part of the universe I know best, or at least have been most closely associated with, as a starting point? How can they be satisfied best, here and now? Who am I? How can I live lovingly, truthfully, pleasurably?

—DWIGHT MACDONALD:
The Responsibility of Peoples,
(Gollancz, 21s.)

★ Parades and Brigades

IT is logical nonsense to accuse the Marxists of collectivist thinking because they place society above man, and then proclaim ourselves that the nation stands above the individual. Either no community ranks above the individual, or all do, be it the people, the state, the empire, the class, the party, the proletariat, the organisation, or the nation. The difference between the individualist and the collectivist is not that the one denies the existence of the group and the other of the individual. Their difference lies in the value which they assign to the one in relation to the other. The collectivist thinks that the organism whose purpose we must fulfil is society, and that man's significance is a derived one—derived from the measure of his service to the community. The individualist on the other hand, thinks that we have our own purpose for which we live, and that the purpose of society is a derived one—derived from its usefulness to man, not man the type, but man the individual. . . .

However, populous, large, powerful nations cannot withstand the collectivising trends of crowded living indefinitely. Weak as the individual is, he is by nature at first oppressed and then impressed by physical strength. Representing an infinitesimally small share of his country's sovereignty, he has no chance of resisting the influence and spectacle of mass deployment which must eventually swallow him up in an orgiastic cloud of panting nationalism. Being outclassed, out-towered, out-numbered, and out-awed on all sides by packs and groups and gangs and clans, he will at last lose faith in his own significance and replace it with a new faith—faith in the significance of the organised group. The happiness he found previously in his home and in the circle of his friends, he now finds in parades and brigades, and in the excitement of continuous communion with the multitudes. The new man of, for, and by the people, having for ever the welfare of humanity in his infected mind, becomes a callous brute to his friends and family when they venture to claim a personal share of his existence. When he hears the bugle call from the masses, he gets up from his dinner table, grabs his overcoat and flag, and steps over the arms of his cry-

ing children into the arms of his new mistress, the people, to whom he belongs and to whom he thinks he owes primary allegiance. If humanity demands it, he will slaughter all objects of his individual affection, and his fortitude and choice will be entered on the heroic pages of history as we have done with that virtuous Roman general whom we are still taught to admire because he executed his own son on the ground that, though he had won a great victory, he had done so by disobeying orders.

—LEOPOLD KOHR:
The Breakdown of Nations,
(Routledge, 30s.)

★ TO FIGHT ALONE

LISTEN, Comrade Lopatkin,' Tepikin suddenly said in a loud voice. 'Today you are the victor. And we are all amazed at the way you went through hell and high water. But your nature, dear comrade, is selfish. You are a lone wolf. Before I met you I would have said that in our country it was impossible to fight alone. I still say it is difficult. The collective helps you, defends you, takes care of you and gives you material support at the right time. But you keep out of the collective. Yet we are always ready to extend to you . . .'

Lopatkin pondered for a moment . . . He thought of all this and suddenly felt anger rapidly rising in him. Then memories came crowding—memories of Sianov, the workman who had helped with his machine in the Urals, of the unknown benefactor who put twenty potatoes into the haversack . . . These people were still working, each in his sphere; and knew nothing of the existence of Tepikin, Avdiyev, Drosdov. . . . Suddenly Lopatkin realised that his peaceful raft had been seized by the current and was being driven out over the rapids.

'We are not going to stretch out our hands for your material support—we are going to fight you!' he said, and it was impossible to make out whether the fire that burned in his eyes was mockery or concealed hatred. . . .

—VLADIMIR DUDINTSEV:
Not By Bread Alone,
(Hutchinson, 18s.)

A Year of Grace-or-You have been Warned

Continued from p. 3

"Before we proceed to discuss this letter, it is better perhaps to discuss the more important question first, in fact the reason for this Meeting. As you are all no doubt aware, we have sent in the past five thousand years some of our most able delegates to a little speck of matter known as the Earth. In spite of noble efforts on their part and in spite of the obvious suffering endured by my representatives, and I may even add that although a full and complete programme for a happy and healthy existence has been provided at various times, the wingless ones have done nothing but contort my most fervent desires. They have burnt, crucified and thrown into prison some of the most noble minds and even though I have left them with their own free will to choose between good and evil, they have nearly always chosen between one form of evil and a worse manifestation of the same. I therefore feel that to leave them to their own designs would be a just fate. But before we abandon them to their own folly, perhaps a few opinions might make the suggestion more unanimous. The debate is now open."

A deathly silence followed the announcement, so many present cherished memories of their sojourn on Earth. Up went Kropotkin's hand, the first to speak. "Perhaps, my Lord it shows the poverty of sending delegates anywhere; perhaps a new approach is needed. Men are after all good at heart." "Nonsense," chirped in G.B.S., there is nothing worthwhile to preserve on earth, let it go its own way and perhaps after it's all over a new breed of people might arise, strong and virile, to build a true Society." "Point of order, sir," said Ghandi, "but virile is a word not used here, we cannot have blasphemy." Francis of Assisi stood up to say that, "although it was all right to discuss the future of mankind, nobody had as yet mentioned the beasts, who are just as important as people, in fact they are 'people' of a different shape." Many concurred with

FREEDOM of the situation worth considering. Many of these reproaches on both sides are, in fact, realistic enough; but in order for this reality to be regarded in concrete, it too must first be freed from its encrustation of catchwords. Enmeshed in the sphere of the exclusively political, we can find no means to relieve the present situation; its 'natural end' is the technically perfect suicide of the human race.

It is just this impotence of politicism, which the propagandist rhetoric of the orators of both camps will soon no longer be able to conceal, that must be recognised to-day before it is too late. It is up to those on both sides who have not yet fallen into the total politicization to reflect on themselves, and in so doing reflect in wholly unphilosophical concreteness of existence. Despite the overwhelming phenomenon of groups of states whose teeth are still sunk in one another, some such men still exist. If these men, despite the weighty scruples against the opposing system that beset even them, will begin to speak with one another—not as pawns on a chessboard but as themselves, partakers of human reality, a tiny seed of change will have been sown that could lead to transformation of the whole situation.

—MARTIN BUBER:
Pointing the Way,
(Routledge, 25s.)

★ THE THING

are upholstered because they are well-fed. Their air of moral superiority is really an assumption that someone else will always cook their dinner—and a good dinner at that. . . .

Is the THING any use? None at all except for its members. Most people lead industrious decent lives without the moral guidance of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Those who wish to read books or listen to music do so without seeking the blessing of Sir Ian Jacob. It would be a great improvement in every way if we got rid of the THING. The country would be more alert, more receptive to new ideas, more capable of holding its own in the world. The THING is on the surface a system of public morals. Underneath it is a system of public plunder.

—A. J. P. TAYLOR on
"Who Governs Britain",
(Twentieth Century, Oct. 1957).

that opinion by signalling their approval with rapid flashes of light from their halos.

★ SO the debate continued, many thought that for such a speck of dust a General Meeting was really making a mountain out of a molehill. At one stage it was almost decided to leave the world to its own fate until Rabbi Yochanan rose to speak. Having been here so long his opinion was always respected.

"I have found as a result of my own exhaustive inquiry," said the Rabbi, "at least eighty-two practising Christians, forty-nine practising Jews, one hundred genuine Buddhists and twenty-five all sorts, who belong to no organized religion, who in our own terms might be regarded as Saints. I ask the question, therefore, are the innocent to suffer with the guilty?" Again many halos twinkled their approval.

One saintly delegate suggested sending another delegate to give the world one more chance and he mentioned Jesus as the best candidate, as in some ways he had had the greatest success. Jesus rose to reply, "As I must have said when we first discussed my second going, I cannot go down again for as long as there is no change of heart and my followers believe in little that I taught them. My welcome now would be no better than the one I got before. Now-a-days, they would see me as a crank and pacifist and I really have no desire to go down. But I do have a suggestion to make, let's leave it for another year, perhaps something sane may develop."

As the debate had lasted for hours and the multitude was getting tired and hankering for their soft clouds to rest in, the last suggestion was greeted with the greatest display of twinkling ever seen. It dimmed the stars of heaven. The suggestion was unanimously carried. And so mankind received one more year of grace either to save their world or face the wrath of heavenly displeasure. S.F.

The (Conveniently) Forgotten Canal

Continued from p. 1

When by April of this year the Canal was in fact opened to traffic of limited tonnage and draught, the government warned British shipping firms that navigation in the Canal was fraught with all kinds of dangers, such as wrecks, unexploded mines and of course inexperienced pilots! However as 313 ships of competitors safely negotiated the Canal by the end of April, British shipowners, being more concerned with their financial interests than being pawns in the Government's face-saving game, obliged it to reverse its decision, and by the middle of May, British shipping too was using the Canal. France, abandoned by her last ally dug her heels in just a little more, in a last despairing gesture on behalf of French financial interests. But when she saw that the bull-dog spirit, and standing alone, made no impression on the business-hungry oil and shipping interests of perfidious Albion, she too capitulated. And with the ending of that memorable last ditch stand, the political and Press curtain was lowered on the Suez Canal crisis!

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THE present silence is understandable, for every dark foreboding to which the public was subjected by the sensational Press and the government was in the event proved false. Here are some of the facts as reported by Michael Adams, the *Manchester Guardian's* correspondent, from Ismailia last week:

To-day the canal is busier than ever before. During the last half of November an average of just on 50 ships a day passed through in one direction or the other. Almost all of this increase is accounted for by the growing number of tankers using the canal—and as the average size of the tankers is growing too, the increase in the quantity of oil passing through the canal is larger still (approximately 10 per cent. between July, 1956, and July, 1957). The size of the tankers is still limited by the depth of the channel, which at present can accommodate ships with a draught of 33 ft.; the director of the Suez Canal authority has promised that this will be increased to 33½ ft. by December 16, and to 34 ft. early in the new year. By March, 1958, it should be back to the pre-Suez figure of 35 ft.

Understandably enough, all this is a source of pride to the Egyptian administrators and to the technical staff of the canal authority. They were told that the running of the canal was far too complicated a job for them, that canal pilots needed an initiation of many months before they could be competent to take even the smaller ships through the canal. There was much talk of hidden currents and other professional hazards, and the departing British and French pilots hinted darkly at the chaos that was bound to follow their defection fourteen months ago. Yet with the traffic at its highest rate in the history of the canal (on November 22 the record number of 64 ships passed through), there has been no congestion, no dislocation, and no more than the normal number of minor incidents.

The traffic can be expected to go on increasing rapidly, especially in view of the sharp rise which is expected during the next decade in the output of oil from the Middle Eastern fields, and for this reason the modernisation of the canal is becoming an urgent necessity. The Egyptian canal authority has just invited tenders for the widening of the canal, to allow it to cope with this further increase, and Mr. Mahmoud Yunis, the director of the authority, has just been to the United States for discussions with American experts about questions of modernisation and re-equipment.

There are 222 pilots to-day (the old Suez Canal Company considered 250 the ideal number) and recruiting has ceased, since the Egyptians say this is as many as they need. Exactly a hundred of them are Egyptians, and next come the Greeks and Germans, with 28 and 21 respectively. After the Russians there are

ACCORDING to Paul Rassiner (in "Le Parlement aux Mains des Banques", published by "Contrecourant", 34, rue des Bergers, Paris 15eme), the French Revolution of 1789 is to be understood as the political and juridical sanction of an economic power which had gradually been slipping out of the hands of kings and nobles to be gathered into and be tightly held by those of the bourgeoisie. Taking the French one as a model, a genuine revolution is accordingly one which effects the transfer of economic power from one class to another. Although he has not expounded it in any of his major works, Rassiner has said to me in conversation that he believes the only chance which salaried workers have of achieving their revolution is by seizing economic power before thinking of any other transformation. The great Marxist error, he contends, is that the proletariat can achieve economic power by the violent conquest of political power, whilst the Blanquist error was that the same end could be obtained by conquest of political power through parliamentary means. Questions of strategy apart, one thing is certain, that the revolution does not justify the hopes it raises and the sacrifices it demands, if it excludes the class in whose name it is made from the possession and management of the goods of the earth.

Since, to the extent that a country is capitalist, economic power operates supremely through the medium of money, as power to buy, to invest and to loan, it stands to reason that most of it should be detained by bankers and banks. We see in the XVIth century the bankers Fugger play a most important part in the election of Charles Vth to the throne of the Sacred Roman Empire. Later the bankers Perregaux and Le Couteux finance the *coup d'etat* of the 18th Brumaire, and the banker Fould finances that of December 2nd by which Napoleon IIIrd proclaims himself emperor. The French 3rd Republic is under the Rothschilds who through their various branches, so Rassiner affirms, control also the policies of Queen Victoria and the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

One wishes that such sweeping and alarming statements were well substantiated. But if Rassiner does nothing of the kind as regards Great Britain or the United States, he provides an abundant documentation concerning contemporary France, in part assiduously gathered by himself from the press, and drawn, in part, from "Les Documents politiques, diplomatiques et financiers" edited by Roger Mennevee, from "Les financiers qui mènent le monde" by Henry Coston, and several issues of *Le Crapouillot*, edited by Jean Galtier-Boissiere. The picture he presents to us is of the time when Mendes-France became Prime Minister the interests of American banks were represented in Parliament by Rene

twelve Poles and twelve Yugoslavs, and rather surprisingly nine Americans have managed to survive the growing animosity between the Egyptian and American Governments. The remaining 25 come from nine countries as diverse as Norway and Persia, Spain and South Africa, so that something of the canal's international character is still maintained on the operational side as well as among its users.

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WE are not suggesting that the facts show what a nice man Nasser really is, and that every Englishman who thought him otherwise should send him at least a Xmas card to make amends. We have used the Canal issue as an example of the pernicious role of the Press, as a mouthpiece of government and power politics, in spreading false information, in creating anxiety and fomenting unrest of the unhealthy kind, without ever taking the trouble to correct the picture when events have proved the rumours and forebodings false (*The Manchester Guardian* is an exception to the rule both at the time of the "crisis" as well as after it, and while we "hate their politics" we take our hats off to their journalistic integrity).

If ever a body of men had the power for public good or harm it is the Press. Their handling of the Suez "crisis" and the aftermath, is one of the examples which show quite clearly that to-day the Press is the enemy, "the opium" of the people.

Pleven, former secretary of Jean Monnet; those of the Rothschild by Rene Mayer, and those of the Gradis, Servan-Schreiber and Lazar, wittingly or unwittingly, by Mendes-France himself. The Rothschilds had interests in North Indo-China, destined to fall into the hands of Ho Chi Minh, and the Lazar, Gradis and Servan-Schreiber had some in Viet-Nam and were hopeful to secure huge contracts with Mao Tse Tung. By the coalition of these two groups the American interests in a continuation of the war, represented by Rene Pleven, were defeated, and peace was brought to Indo-China, for which *L'Express*, founded and owned by Servan-Schreiber, loudly campaigned, on "humanitarian reasons". So one is left to wonder whether the main obstacle to the solution of the Algerian conflict, which is costing France so much money, honour and blood, is not the fact that it is a financial preserve of the Rothschild.

Another banking concern, "Le Consortium du Nord", finances the Communist Party. Are they backing what they believe to be the winning horse or acting shrewdly "just in case", like so many workers in France and Italy who vote communist at the elections, and like a few "angry young men" who are pleased to see Communists applaud at their anger?

Why, it may be asked, if bankers are so powerful, do they not all join forces and rule the world truly and properly? Probably for the same reason why Khrushchev does not join forces with our Macmillan or Mao Tse Tung with Eisenhower. But if such union was never achieved it was not for want of

trying. The initiative came from the cream of the banking staff and bodies of government advisers, who (talk about a managerial revolution) founded in 1922 the Synarchist Convention of Revolutionary Action (C.S.A.R.). With the support of bank Worms & Co., this organization supported in turn Fascism in Italy, Rivera and Franco in Spain, Hitler in Germany, the Cagoule and the Vichy government in France. In one of their documents they stated: "We disapprove of revolution in the streets. We try to avoid it everywhere. We make our REVOLUTION FROM ABOVE". It is pure coincidence, I suppose, that Stalin some ten years later should proudly make use of the same formula; pure coincidence also that his successors should have shown such a marked distaste in Hungary for "revolution in the streets".

The history of the Synarchy proves that no combination of bankers ever succeeded in ruling the world. It would even be safe to advance that nowadays they do not rule a single country, in spite of the contrary belief cherished by some class-conscious workers and certain people of all classes who like to give the impression that they are in the know. The picture of a few men coolly deciding the fate of millions over a cup of coffee in a specially reserved lounge in some luxurious hotel has a very strong appeal for them, for it saves them a lot of thinking when they are confronted by some baffling and intricate event they never saw coming.

Personally, I would rather subscribe to the opinion of Milovan Djilas who writes: "Certainly the monopolies play

an important roles in the politics of the Western countries, but in no case is the role as great or the same as before the First World War, nor even as before the Second World War. There is, in the background, something new and more essential: an irresistible aspiration towards the unification of the world. This is now expressed more strongly through statism and nationalization—or through the role of the government in the economy—than it is through the influence and action of the monopolies" (*"The New Class"*, p. 213).

Rassiner gives a list, with full details, of 80 members of the French Parliament who play at the same time a leading part in the administration and management of industry, commerce and finance. They certainly would not pass a law to damage the interests of the big monopolies of which they are part and parcel. There are probably others, a few others, beside those 80, whom Rassiner has not yet succeeded in identifying, but they are not the whole Parliament, nor do they always carry the day. We must keep a sense of proportion.

How interesting, however, it would be to draw up a list of the British counterpart to those 80 parliamentarians! When elections come it would be highly instructive for the common voter to know that the candidate who comes forward with the pretension to represent him is already on the board of directors of some big concern, and has therefore far more important and material interests to represent than those of the common voter. Is there a Rassiner among the readers of FREEDOM?

GIOVANNI BALDELLI

— REALITY —

BANKS CONTROL FRENCH PARLIAMENT

— FANTASY —

A Year of Grace - or - You Have Been Warned

GOD shifted his position in his heavenly throne. It had become decidedly uncomfortable, for, after having sat for seventeen centuries he could now begin to discern distinct beginnings of pins and needles. He had been somewhat troubled by one little globule of matter in his vast domain. Reports that had so far come in were rather disturbing and the latest indications were that the trouble threatened to spread. To eliminate the speck of disturbance could be so easy, after all he had done it before, yet at the same time he felt somewhat attached to it. Having spent six days making it and one day admiring it he was in two minds about it. "Oh well," the best thing to do would be to call the Heavenly Host together, members and associate members, and discuss the whole business. Yes, that's about the best thing to do.

He laid his most holy hand upon the head of a cherub sleeping peacefully these last three centuries at the foot of the throne, "Wake up my boy and get the typist to type a letter across the sky informing everyone about a General Meeting to be held in the Palace of the Solstices on the 25th of December."

The cherub woke and lazily yawned, stretched himself, fluttered his wings and rose beautifully and gracefully into the firmament, his halo having a little difficulty in keeping up with him.

The most Holy One settled himself in his new position. Perhaps a little music of the spheres would help to restore his troubled mind. A wave of his hand and the heavens resounded with the most heavenly sounds, drifting, melodious, enchanting music; nostalgic memories began to appear to the most Holy One, memories of youth and early achievements. Suddenly, amidst this wonderful reverie, in burst Gabriel, frantically waving his wings, frightened and visibly disturbed. "Oh Sir! Oh Sir! it's terrible, terrible Sir! They're letting them off again, bigger bangs than ever before, I was so frightened I thought I'd never get home." "Calm yourself now Gabriel," the most Holy One said, "You mustn't let things like that upset you. Here now, have some of the Heavenly wine, a good vintage it is too. Now my son, tell me all about it." The most Holy One waved his hand and a great calm descended upon the immediate vicinity.

"Well, your Highness," said Gabriel, "I went down to Earth to see if I could help, as I heard such a pitiful cry of a lonely little dog. At first I had great difficulty in finding the source of the cry, it seemed to come from all over, Bleep—bleep—bleep it went, and imagine my astonishment when I finally found her in an aluminium cage circling the earth,

round and round it went." Gabriel stopped to catch breath. "Anyway, I gathered her soul before she died poor thing. Well, the chase had tired me out somewhat so I popped down to earth for a while and sat down on a roadway to eat an orange, when two of the wingless ones nearly sat down on top of me. I moved away in time but before I left I heard them say something about sending a rocket to the moon. Imagine extending such terrible influence as they already have! I forgot about it and rose to go home. No sooner had I started when a terrible explosion shook the world right under me, I sailed clean across the world, but no sooner had I got to the other side when a second bang, bigger, brighter and more frightening shook the other side of the earth, it nearly frightened the holiness out of me. I hurried straight home. Terrible, isn't it?" The Lord laid a fatherly hand upon Gabriel and said, "Peace be with you my son, we're going to discuss the whole matter soon. Take a holiday and relax, here, have the rest of the wine and get a good millennium of sleep." "Thank you, father, I feel much better now," and off he flew to find a soft nook in some passing cloud.

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WHEN the message of the Meeting appeared in the sky, Jesus and Moses were playing chess and drinking Nebulous nectar. "Your move," said Moses. "You mean our move," replied Jesus, "look at the sky." Moses turned his head upwards. Across the great sky in orange, blue, and red colours was a message written in the most wonderful way. "General Meeting on December 25th, Palace of the Solstices. I wonder what's wrong now," asked Moses, "the game is getting rather interesting, but I suppose we'd better hurry." But Jesus remained silently staring in wonderment at the wonderful writing.

"You know," said Jesus, "even though I have been here one thousand, nine hundred and fifty-seven years, I still can't stop wondering at all this beauty." "Yes, indeed, I was like that myself," replied Moses, "even now I still sit and wonder at all this. Funny, isn't it, do you know what they call it on Earth?" "No, what?" asked Jesus. "The Aurora Borealis," said Moses. They looked at each other and smiled and holding hands they both flew off to the Meeting.

The Palace of the Solstices was built amongst the most beautiful hills of heaven. The roof was made of gold studded with tear drops of many saints and martyrs glistening like diamonds and supported by innumerable pillars made of marble and rhinestones, while suspen-

ded as if from nowhere, were huge lanterns each with a bright star inside that filled the Palace with a light of immeasurable beauty and softness. In the midst of all this stood the throne of the Almighty.

The vastness had by now begun to fill with angels, saints, martyrs and anarchists. Each seat in the hall had a fluffy bit of cloud for cushioning, while flagons of red wine stood dotted all over within easy reach of everyone who wanted to drink. Early arrivals at the Meeting were Ghandi and G. B. Shaw in his usual knickerbockers, but with two wings protruding, was heard saying in the most emphatic tones, "I've denied this all my life and I still deny it now." How Shaw had got up there was a mystery. Some outside influence no doubt.

Tolstoy and Kropotkin arrived together and posed for pictures for *Timeless To-morrow*. They were comparative newcomers and always good for a story. Rabbi Yochanan and Elijah arrived in a fiery chariot drawn by two flaming horses, they parked near the entrance and were just in time to greet Jesus and Moses as they flew in. All four greeted each other warmly, kissed and shook hands and walked briskly in to take their seats at the foot of the throne.

Vast multitudes had now gathered, filling the hall with millions and millions of shining halos while a mighty song rose from the holy lips in praise of the *Status Quo*. When the song had died, a fanfare of ten thousand trumpets by ten thousand angels was sounded announcing the arrival of the Almighty himself.

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HE, blessed be his name, arrived holding a lamb in one hand and a lion in the other, symbols of strength and humility. He placed these two animals at the foot of the throne and facing the vast gathering, began his address.

"My very own, before we proceed with the main matter to be dealt with to-day, I wish to read a communication I have just received from below.

"Your Royal Highness, Saints, Angels. Etc. It has become extremely difficult to place in their correct categories recent arrivals from Earth. Weighing them on the scale of Good and Evil has become a frustrating job. So many men do good for bad motives and so many do evil for good motives that the original machinery of classification has completely broken down. To facilitate the whole process, I respectfully suggest we re-define the rules of procedure. I trust you will give this your immediate attention. Yours devilishly.—Nicodemus."

Continued on p. 2

Fixing the Vote in the Southern States

FREEDOM of choice is one of the myths of political democracy which if analysed boils down to the fact that we are given the choice of voting for one of two or three parties every few years.

Democrats will argue that however imperfect the system it is much superior to the single party concepts of communism or fascism, to which the anarchist reply is that democratic governments still manage to legislate for and carry out unpopular measures without giving the appearance of being dictatorial. The real difference therefore, as we see it, between parliamentary democracy and the single party system is one of method. That there is more freedom of expression allowed in fields outside politics in 'democratic' countries is not denied, we are only referring to political methods (we must not forget however, that individual freedom under any political system is likely to be curtailed—and indeed is—any time a government thinks it is necessary). Then it is a question of strength and how much the citizens are prepared to allow themselves to be dominated. Apart from a whimper now and then they unhappily seem to be prepared to put up with a lot.

The issue of course is not always simply between those who govern and the governed. In countries where

there are racial or religious barriers, there is an identity of interest between the men in power and the strongest group of citizens, and strength is not always gauged by numbers but usually by economic and political control.

In many parts of the world it is a minority of whites who rule vast areas and large numbers of people with different coloured skins. Where this occurs the underprivileged have no redress even though the principles of democracy are supposed to apply to everyone.

In the Southern States of America this hypocrisy is blatant. The white Southern political leaders supported by a majority of white citizens talk loudly of freedom and democracy and the evils of communism while practising a most insidious form of totalitarianism.

In a further attempt to hold back the move towards racial integration, the State of Alabama, which has a high proportion of Negroes to Whites, approved last week a constitutional amendment to abolish Macon County, where Negroes outnumber Whites by seven to one. The reason for the change is given in a report from New York which states:

In Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia the racial mixture is very uneven, and only in a few big cities is the preponderance of whites overwhelming. Since

voting in most State affairs is done county by county, an elective system that gave the vote as freely to Negroes as to whites could pack the State Legislature with Negroes.

Alabama yesterday took the step that these three states have been anxiously considering ever since the Supreme Court's integration order of May, 1954. It has started to reshuffle the white and Negro populations by rezoning its counties. It approved by a heavy vote an Alabama constitutional amendment to abolish Macon County, where Negroes outnumber whites by seven to one. The whites nevertheless outvoted the Negroes by two to one, which is the average population ratio of the state. The State Legislature may now order the neighbouring counties to absorb the parts of what was once Macon County. It was not the county alone that voted for its own abolition. The whole state voted and gave to a desperate ruse at least the appearance of a popular referendum.

In the Soviet Union people who oppose the régime are shot, imprisoned or banished to Siberia. If, however, they co-operate they stand a good chance of surviving and might even become one of the privileged. This is totalitarianism at its most obvious.

In the Southern States, Negroes are not shot or imprisoned by Government edict, but they are just as effectively deprived of their freedom. Maybe there are worse indignities than being shot!

From the Depths of the Cellar

JACKSON is back. He wandered in the other Saturday night to survey the skiffle scene. "Bums," he muttered, "Just a loada bums." From the way the skirts were whirling we weren't sure how personal he was getting. People have said that sort of thing before when asked for cash. But Jackson is something of an expert in these matters so we gave him the depth interview treatment. He did a prompt crash dive into his guilt-laden unconscious and came up directly with the answer—all gift-wrapped in a nutshell and still reeking of reindeer. "Too cheap," he said.

We mulled this one over. Jackson is no Santa Claus. He might mean one of two things; either the demand exceeds the supply, or else the tinsel is tarnished. According to the box-office the first of these is, as the experts put it, intrinsically implausible. In other words, for the twenty or so people who wander in and help pay for the band there is room for another forty or so to help pay the rent. On the other hand, although the decor is not up to Diaghilev there are plenty of cellars in Soho with more purple fungus on the ceiling and toads in the walls which still manage to pull in the customers. So we were puzzled.

"It's this way," explained Jackson in his let-me-be-your-father style of delivery. "For two shillings, or even one-and-six, you offer to provide topical entertainment, room to trip the light fantastic, and throw in a free cup of coffee or a lemon tea! People don't believe you. What's the angle?" As best we could we told him that the Malatesta was not meant to be a commercial proposition. Only the band gets paid, and then barely enough to cover their expenses. The idea was to provide an evening of entertainment that even anarchists could afford. Nothing was ever too cheap for them.

"That, if you will excuse my saying so," observed Jackson, "is a load of horse manure." (There is a good deal of the poet in Jackson). "These hard up anarchists who can't afford to support their own club may be found," and here he spoke with an air of considerable authority, "supporting our national brewers in several nearby hostels. The remainder, if not watching the telly, are most likely in another coffee house spending twice as much as they would down here."

Dumbfounded by his remorseless logic we mimed for a brief explanation of this unhappy state of affairs. His hard old face softened with an avuncular warmth. "The simple truth of the matter is that you are sick of the sight of one another and will walk miles and pay a fortune just to see another face. What you need in this place is some fresh blood."

We wondered whether he envisaged it

dards of living under capitalism, and there is no evidence that the workers are desirous of ending capitalism.

Intellectualism

Hence our critic is living in an intellectual dream-world. Because he has seen the social revolution in terms of the class struggle he has to believe in the existence of that struggle in order to have faith in (or even desire for) the social revolution. Being unable to blame the workers, who are fulfilling their historic mission just by being workers, he must blame the anarchists, who have the answer to it all, but are too concerned with taking responsibility for their own lives to worry about the working class.

Our proletarian intellectual therefore suffers frustration and disillusionment with the anarchists. But this is inevitable, because he is chasing a myth. The myth that a militant revolutionary working class *not* composed of free-thinking, integrated individuals can make a libertarian revolution. This myth is the product of what I call proletarian intellectualism.

The anarchist insistence upon the importance of the individual is based upon the recognition that he is the primary unit of society. And the form of society which the anarchists desire is one in which the individual is not swamped by the collective. Social theoreticians of all schools are prepared to ignore the individual's needs in the interests of society. In the patriotic state this clearly applies, but it applies also to those who think in terms of masses and classes and discontent the primary unit. A mass, a class, any form or section of society is a collection of individuals. Enlightenment, understanding, responsibility, militancy, do not exist in that society outside of the individuals.

Before you can have a strong, libertarian, revolutionary working class you must have strong, libertarian revolutionary individuals to compose it.

running down the walls or as an ornamental pond with goldfish in the centre of the floor. He sighed and became very practical. "You need people. Young people. *Girls*." It was fascinating to watch him sleuth his surefooted, nimble-fingered way to the heart of the matter. There is no doubt what motivation he has done most of his research in.

Accepting his appraisal of the problem we enquired after a remedy which would not involve too close a contact with the police or moving down to Brighton. "Write to the hospitals," he advised. We thought he was back to his blood fetish, but it turned out that nurses abound in hospitals and are ever in need of healthy recreation in their off-duty moments. "Leave notices on the tables in all the other coffee houses," he added. We opined that any letter to a Matron inviting her girls down to an anarchist club would have to be very carefully worded indeed, and the regular dispersal of clandestine literature over London's sleazier coffee houses would require a devoted and intrepid fifth column.

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't have enough brains, talent and initiative in the anarchist movement to tackle little difficulties like that?" he scoffed. We thought about all the brains and initiative that anarchists didn't use writing for and selling FREEDOM and in supporting the club, and we thought about all the spontaneous artistic talent which made it necessary to hire outside skiffle groups to entertain outside people, and we thought... Does anyone know a good copy writer?

BOB GREEN.

MEETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP

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

LECTURE - DISCUSSIONS

DEC. 29—No Meeting
 JAN. 5—G. Ostergaard on LABOUR & PUBLIC OWNERSHIP
 Questions, Discussion and Admission all free.

HAMPSTEAD LIBERTARIAN GROUP

Fortnightly public discussions are held on alternate Mondays at 7.45 p.m. in the basement of 12, Oak Hill Park (off Froggnal) N.W.3. Nearest tube station: Hampstead (Northern Line).

December 30th, 1957,

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Introduced by BOB GANNON.

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 London Anarchist Group Meetings (see Announcements Column)

Every Wednesday at 8 p.m.
 BONAR THOMPSON speaks

INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST CENTRE MEETINGS

Discussion Meetings every Thursday at 8 p.m.

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Bourgeois Proletarian Intellectuals—4

Where is the Class Struggle?

ANARCHISTS are free and easy in their coming together, in their relationships with each other, and in their work for the movement. Their attitude towards the movement is not that it is something apart from them, something to which they must subject themselves. The movement consists of them, and they are the movement; it is not an abstraction to be served like the nation, the state, the country, God, or the Party, or anything else but the collection of individuals with whom they associate on equal terms.

This may seem naive to anarchists reading these words, for perhaps they have forgotten, or never knew, how different this is from other organisations. As I have already said, I have had no inside experience of other organisations—but outside observation has been enough. I have on occasions been quite sickened by the way I have heard Socialist (within the same party) speak to each other,

with no tolerance for a different attitude—because no different attitude is allowed.

The Arid Ideology

Political parties practice discipline, so comradeship is not necessary. But isn't it rather strange that the very people who speak of brotherhood throughout the world can't practice it among themselves? It is partly the fear and hatred of heresy, which we have already dealt with, which sets the tone, but also it is the stern dedication to the cause of the emancipation of the working class through political action which dehumanises the comrades. If only they would start by emancipating themselves from the deadly, humourless dogmatism which they serve; if only they would stop talking about serving, about duty, and all that servile rubbish; if only they had realised that the human brotherhood which is supposed to be socialism has got to start with *them*, well, maybe the word could still have meant something warm and human instead of the arid ideology of expediency or dogma—or both—which it is to-day.

People begin to call themselves anarchists for a variety of reasons, and to further the social revolution is only one of them. To enrich their own lives, in some way or another, is likely to be the most common. Now if this were lifted out of context, as it may well be, it could be quoted most effectively by any dishonest enemy to show the anarchist movement to consist of petty individuals all in it to feather their own nests. There is one absurdity noticeable in that right away—that no smart guy in his right senses and wanting to feather his nest would come into the anarchist movement to do so! It just ain't got no feathers!

Human Relations

No, the riches to be got out of the movement lie in the realm of imponderables difficult to describe. But they are in the field of human relations, not of material gain. I remember well the description given me by one of our Glasgow comrades of the effects of their propaganda among the workers; of how a dejected, defeated little man would begin listening in an apathetic manner, until he began to catch on to the anarchist case. Over the months he would straighten up, smarten up, and begin to feel able to look anyone straight in the eye. The anarchists were not asking him to vote for them, to serve them, even to join them; they were asking him to be himself and stop being a sucker for those who exploited him.

A simple enough message, but packed with social dynamite. And how much more meaningful than to be told that he had to understand the difference between *labour* and *labour power* before being a candidate for the classless society! Anarchism is concerned with developing the self-respect of the down-trodden so that they can emancipate

themselves. It is a matter of personal integrity—and integration—and the achievement of a freer and more satisfactory personal life through the realisation of responsibility.

Don't Wait!

Nor is it necessary to wait for the masses to arise or to go to the ballot box in their revolutionary majority to usher in the new order. At individual level and at group level there is a tremendous amount that can be done for the enrichment of individuals' lives even under present circumstances. True the full scope of social freedom must wait until the rest of the world want it, but there is not the slightest reason why any anarchist should lead the lonely, stultified, narrow existence of subtopian man to-day.

Now this kind of talk can mean nothing to a person imbued with what is basically the Marxist attitude of the class struggle, and I can understand the frustration of the individual who has intellectually rejected Marxism on the political level but whose heart is still beating for the class struggle part of it. For him, the economic issue is the only one which matters. Fight the social revolution in the economic field, he demands, and the free society can be brought about in no time.

All other issues, says our friend, are side issues—mere dilettantism. All this talk about individual integrity, about free love and sex, libertarian education—this is intellectual eyewash which is just wasting time and preventing us getting on with the real struggle in the workshops.

Workers Not Interested

Personally, I have noticed one factor which more than any dilettantism on the part of anarchists is holding up the class struggle. This is that the workers are not interested in it. This obscure fact may have escaped the notice of our militant comrades, or perhaps they attribute it to the fact that the anarchists are too busy discussing philosophy to get out and *make* a class struggle? The most that one can see at the present time is the occasional sectional battle for a wage increase or for some other trifling gain for a small section of the working class. And in many cases—the present busmen's claim for example—a victory for the small section is going to rebound against the interests of the rest of their class, since fares will go up.

These small-scale engagements could be regarded as battles in the class war if you could see any glimmer of class-consciousness behind them. But you can't. The workers are not thinking of themselves as a class; only the Marxists and those influenced by them are doing so because their theory tells them to. We can, if we wish, support workers in a struggle to keep or improve their standards of living, but they are stan-

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