

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

It is error alone which needs the support of Government.

Truth can stand by itself.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

(in Notes on Virginia)

REFLECTIONS ON

FULL-EMPLOYMENT

AT the beginning of this year the government was telling us that the complaint from which the country was suffering was inflation: too much money was chasing too few goods. So measures were taken to curb spending; hire-purchase deposits were raised and cuts made in public investment and the social services. In the months that followed this diagnosis, unemployment has increased, (but is still below that forecast as the "minimum" for "full employment" by Lord Beveridge!) and production has fallen sharply, yet we are now told that we are suffering from a slight slump: that we have too many goods and there is not enough money about to buy them, so now the government has taken measures to encourage spending! All the shackles on Hire Purchase have been removed and public investment is to be increased by £125 millions next year, equivalent to about 150,000 jobs in the two year period, as well as a "major reinforcement" of the economy.

Though the Labour Opposition made great play of this reversal of the Government's economic policy, (and with general elections in the air they exploited every tactical advantage offered by the situation), we do not think the government had cause to be embarrassed. After all in January, when Mr. Amory took over from Mr. Thornycroft, he declared that two aims would remain "paramount" with him: "maintaining the strength of the pound and internal price stability". Everything else had to be sacrificed to the almighty pound sterling, including if necessary a few hundred thousand jobs. Now that pound sterling is strong again it is necessary to try and correct some of the troubles that have arisen in the process, and this Mr. Amory is trying to do by putting the financial machine in reverse! As Mr. Bevan concedes in last week's *Tribune*:

We are not in the old phase of boom and bust. There is never a real boom and never a real bust. There is only a persistent sabotage of productive potentialities.

He goes on to explain that the main reason for "the fact that the swing of the economic pendulum is not as violent as it once was" is to be found in the fact that quasi-Socialist principles have been inserted into the economy. The measures for increasing public investment are proof "of how past Socialist success is now relied upon to rescue capitalism from committing suicide".

Mr. Bevan and his friends may well be proud of having in part converted the Tory government to their way of thinking. But we wonder how many socialists who support the Labour Party will like to hear, by implication in what Mr. Bevan says, that Labour's economic policies are designed to save capitalism from committing suicide? Yet this is as much as the Labour Party would attempt to do if returned to power. The Labour approach to the economic problems besetting the world differs from that of the Tories only as to the measures to be taken to secure Mr. Amory's paramount aims of "a strong pound and stable prices". There is no question of either side permitting capitalism to commit suicide or of hastening such a process. Labour has no objection to a capitalist economy so long as a Labour government can control it.

Nationalisation far from representing a revolutionary approach to the methods of production, a first step in the direction of workers' control of industry and the abolition of the capitalist rationale for production, is simply the implementation of Labour's theory that capitalism can be made to work smoothly if the government replaces "private enterprise" by State control in all the major industries and services. And even this theory seems to have fewer enthusiasts in the Party than at one time, but whether this is due to sincere misgivings or simply betrays the opportunism of those leaders of the Party more concerned with winning elections and enjoying the fruits of personal power, it is difficult to say.

★

THE concern working people of all countries show for the question of full-employment is understandable... but spineless! Yes, spineless, because in the industrialised countries of Europe and America industry has reached a stage in its development where we should no longer be struggling to establish our right to a job but demanding access to the necessities of life as of a right: not the pittance of unemployment benefit or soup kitchens and relief when we are out of a job.

The idea that "he who does not work neither shall he eat" was an

approach to life the rough justice of which can be understood at a time in Man's history when mere survival depended on every member of the community doing his share of work. Life was the struggle for physical survival; work the symbol of life. Such is still the situation in great, and densely populated areas of the world, but not in the established industrial nations. Yet with modifications, emulating Orwellian cynicism, the concept that only those who work are entitled to eat has been carried into present society. Production has become an end in itself, unrelated to needs. Workers operate machines which produce goods simply to keep men in employment and the machines turning. Man's ingenuity is taxed to find new uses to which the machines can be put irrespective of whether what they produce is useful, harmful or useless. There are workers who spend a lifetime in the armaments industry producing weapons for their own destruction or which by the time they come off the production line are obsolete and automatically transferred to the scrap heap.

The workers themselves are the last to question the social value of their work. What counts for them is that they have a job which provides them with the money to buy food, shelter and a few frills to hide the emptiness of their lives. Coal

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Popes, Cardinals & Priests

ONE reason for the Catholic Church's continued existence is undoubtedly its high entertainment value. Even on quite ordinary occasions the magnificence of its ceremonial makes the performances of its Protestant competitors appear feeble and uninspired by comparison. It was not surprising, therefore, that the recent death of Pope Pius XII and the election of his successor should have aroused such widespread interest among those whose business it is to supply the public with the spectacular. After all, Popes are not elected every day; and with a young and healthy queen on the throne the prospect of a coronation at home is unlikely for many years to come. So for the newspapers and the newsreel and television corporations the Vatican circus must have seemed like an oasis in the desert of the everyday and humdrum.

They were not disappointed. It is true that at times the grand occasion took on the appearance of a comic opera. There was, for instance, the disastrous outcome of Prof. Galeazzi-Lisi's labour-saving method of embalming the Pontifical corpse, which began to rot even while it was lying in state in St. Peter's. As many of the faithful believe, quite wrongly, that the bodies of the saints have been preserved intact throughout the centuries there is likely to be some heart-burning when the question of canonization arises. And it is bound to arise, for the late Pope, with an eye to the future, had been careful to let it be known that he enjoyed occasional visits from the Virgin Mary.

Further light relief was provided by the stove used to make the smoke signals that announce the result of the election. At first it could not be found, and when eventually it was it failed to function as expected. Like most romantic legends,

the one about the black and white smoke makes an excellent story but leads to unsatisfactory results when attempts are made to put it into practice.

The indefatigable Prof. Galeazzi-Lisi also provided the element of scandal. Before the body was cold he had sold his account of the papal death throes to the press. Cynical Romans, long familiar with the venality of Vatican officials, were moved to remark: "They've even sold the Pope".

But on the whole it was the spectacular that prevailed. The suspense while the world waited for the result of the election was admirably maintained and not continued so long that interest could flag. The pictures of the occasion were suitably impressive, and the Swiss Guards in their Michael Angelo rompers added a nice touch of the picturesque.

The only thing that has been lacking is an explanation of what it all meant. There has been, it is true, a welter of speculation, most of it beside the point, both during the Conclave and after the election of John XXIII. The most that could be learned from it all was that the new Pope would not be like the last, John, we were told, would not, for instance, continue Pius XII's custom of addressing conferences of such diverse groups as midwives, engineers, and psychiatrists and advise them in detail on various aspects of their work. Ironically enough, the journalists who told us this were to attend the new Pope's first special audience, at which he lectured them on the profession of journalism and complained that in their accounts of the Conclave he had been unable to find more than two lines of truth!

We can be certain of one thing. During Pius XII's long pontificate the church became more political than it has ever been. In many countries Catholic

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GUN LAW IN CYPRUS

IT IS regarded as a feature of a 'civilized' society that the ability to use violence is vested exclusively in the forces of the State.

One of the arguments for World Government is to extend this principle, which is enforced within every nation-state, into the 'anarchic' field of international relations, so that order may reign between countries as it does now within countries. That would be regarded as a great step forward in human relationships, since such idealists hold 'order' to be more important than the liberty and integrity of individuals, and are not concerned with the social, economic or political pattern of a society as long as there is an absence of open conflict, and as long as government maintains law and order.

By this standard Spain and Hungary are peaceful societies and Cyprus will be as soon as the terrorists are crushed and law and order are re-established there.

The re-establishment of law and order, however, is proving a more difficult task than at first thought, and in pursuing it one of the cardinal principles of our civilization is going by the board—temporarily at least.

Arming Civilians

Civilians are being armed by the Government in Cyprus. British civilians, that is, of course. And this is taken as a great morale-booster and an indication of the authorities' determination to step up the fight against EOKA. What it is in fact however, is an admission of the inability of the Crown forces—police and military—to protect civilians.

But this is always the case. Citizens are never 'protected' by police, any more than property is. The function of the police is to appre-

hend an offender after the offence has been committed, and by the punishment doled out to him to deter others from committing similar crimes. It is retribution, not prevention, and the functions of judgment and retribution—or revenge, to give the truer word—which are god-like functions, are vested in the secular authorities which have to keep us in order because we do not accept the rule of God, which theoretically, should keep us good, i.e., servile, rendering unto Caesar, etc...

Who Shalt Not Kill?

In Cyprus large numbers of the population have, in spite of their apparent respect for Archbishop Makarios, rejected the rule of God as far as 'Thou shalt not kill' is concerned. And no wonder, for they have found their island occupied and turned into a base for the specific purpose of playing a part in the organised killing called war. From airfields on the island paratroopers armed to the teeth have already flown forth to the Suez fracas and to crush rebellion in Jordan. The British masters of Cyprus have no regard for 'Thou shalt not kill', but like to pretend a Christian abhorrence for killing when carried out by somebody else.

Now, however the pretence that law and order can be maintained on the island by the forces of the Crown has been given up. Following the attempts by the Government to put into operation its 'partnership' plan—which, naturally, is no partnership at all—EOKA, which twice in the past has called a halt to its violence when an acceptable solution seemed remotely possible, has now stepped up its activities and is claiming at least one victim a day, either civilian or soldier or policeman.

Whether EOKA's tactics will ever achieve the end they desire remains to be seen, but what they have demonstrated so far is their ability to penetrate the enemy's strongholds. Two incidents have shown this; the planting of a bomb in luggage being loaded on to a Comet transport plane, which went off too soon only because the plane was late in being loaded, and another bomb hidden in a settee in a NAAFI canteen, which killed two airmen and injured seven others.

All Sacked

The reaction of the military to these incidents has been to dismiss all Greek Cypriot employees from RAF establishments—three thousand of them—and from NAAFI canteens—another eleven hundred. These are all to be replaced, at some cost and inconvenience, by British personnel yet to be taken to the island.

And the reaction of the Governor to the daily toll of civilian lives has been to arm all British men who ask for revolvers. It is interesting to see that the British male civilian residents of Nicosia consist of about 320 bankers, lawyers, business men and civil servants. No workmen, you notice. No farmers or builders or clothing workers. The local population do the useful, productive work; the British are there as the master class.

These civilians are necessary for the British grip upon the island. And because these men like to have their families with them, their wives and children are exposed to the violence of EOKA also. This is a terrible thing—but what do they expect? British civilians don't have to stay there by law, as the soldiers do. The civilians hang on because

there are good pickings, salaries with expense allowances, cheap labour, sunshine, a standard of living not to be found so easily in Britain. In clinging to this they have to identify themselves with an occupying military power forcing its domination upon a resentful people.

Their Choice

If they choose to gamble with their lives and their children's futures in exchange for their prestige and bank accounts, they are doing no more than the fighters of EOKA and for a much shabbier reason. Mistaken or correct, the Cypriot resistance forces see their struggle as one for their freedom, their independence, their integrity, their dignity, their very lives.

The position of the British civilians in Cyprus is analogous with the hangers-on and collaborators of the Russians in Hungary or the Nazis in occupied Europe during the war. They are there to exploit a situation created by foreign domination, by imperialism, by the bayonet.

All Greek Cypriot employees of the British establishment have now been sacked—so that the supposed benefit of all military occupation, that it brings employment and prosperity, no longer holds. Four thousand Cypriots now have grievances and nothing to do. A good field for recruitment for EOKA, one would think.

The final division is now made. There can no longer be any contact, any friendship, between British and Cypriots. The British civilian stands armed beside the British soldier, surrounded by a population left with no room for any emotion but hatred and no activity but violence.

Gun law is triumphant in Cyprus. What a victory for the British way of life!

THE UGLY SHADOW

THE BRITISH COMMUNIST PARTY, by Henry Pelling. (London: Adam and Charles Black. 18s.).

AMONG the Ashantis (so a friend tells me) there is a saying: Each man has two shadows. One, large and impressive, is thrown by his virtues, the other, small and ugly, stems from his imperfections. Man must try to get the right place in the sun, that his big shadow may cover the little one. Then he is able to pretend, there is no little shadow at all.

This seems to me the position of the Communist Party-member in our time. Turn and turn he does, just as the light from Moscow turns, always ready to toe the newest Party-line, always trying to cover the shadow of the little freak, the British Communist Party, ugly, comical, full of pathetic pretences.

It was Sylvia Pankhurst, the suffragette, of all people, who founded the "Communist Party (British Section, Third International)" and she was more or less the first ex-member as well.

Since those days of 1919/21 literally hundreds of thousands of people went into the Communist Party and went out again. Could a party be formed of all the ex-members of the C.P. of Great Britain, it would by far be the biggest party in these Isles.

The book by Henry Pelling, a Fellow of The Queen's College, Oxford and author of books about the Labour Party, etc., is not about the many members who have left, but the few who got stuck in it. It is a nearly complete account of the British Communist Party since it started. With anti-like busyness he collected his material from all corners and hiding-places. Some of his sources had long been forgotten, many the average person has never heard of, but here they all are, all well documented and unassailable. From Tom Mann to Borodin and Pontecorvo, from M.L.I to Brian Behan, everything and everybody is mentioned, classified and indexed.

It is a good book for the student, clearly written and well printed. And, maybe, the author is not to blame, if one puts it down with a feeling of utter dissatisfaction. Perhaps it is, because the author finishes, where the book should really begin. Only in the last lines, when he drops his "objectivity at any price" and says:

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Book Reviews

... there can be few topics more worthy of exploration than the problem of now it came to pass, that a band of British citizens could sacrifice themselves so completely over a period of almost forty years to the service of a dictatorship in another country, and could find it so difficult to adjust themselves to the revelation of the dictator's all too human imperfections.

Since Marxists started to propagate their dialectical materialism, since "The Inevitable Evolution of History" had been invented by them, the writing of history became more and more the accumulation of facts, dates and figures. Hardly any consideration is given to the people in history. The Grand Old Duke of York is painted, pictured and glorified, but those ten thousand men whom he marched up and down, are just "ten thousand men", a nice round figure and no life.

Once, Revolutionaries were united on certain principles, like Internationalism, Education, Equal rights to the sources of wealth, Patriotism, Marriage and the Family, Army and the Armaments, State-kept Churches, etc.

There is not one point of these, where Russia and its Communist rulers to-day do not preach just the opposite from what they propagated in the aftermath of the first world war. But the same people, who once called themselves "The spearhead of the Revolution", the Gallachers, Pollitts, Dutts, etc., are still ready to defend whatever comes from Moscow.

Trotsky, Sinovjev, Radek, Stalin, Tito, Malenkov, every one of them was a glorious leader. Most of them have been discovered to be "traitors" and in the pay of the Capitalists". On the day when, let us say, Mikoyan replaces Krushchev, the same game will be played again.

Now, it is understandable, if men like Pollitt, etc., having grown old in their position, feel themselves unable to be anything else, than a "leader", and are ready to carry on, whatever turn events may take. But what about the members? The fellow-travellers? Why are there still some 20,000 people ready to call themselves members of the Communist Party in Great Britain? Despised by their Russian masters who ignored them, when they came to London, laughed at by their sister-parties in other countries, unable to call even their souls their own (organisationally the British Communist Party is subservient to the French C.P.), they wobble in the shadow of Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, Malenkov, Krushchev, or whoever plays the tune.

The answer will not be found in an accumulation of data, it will be found in the myth of the great and illuminated leaders, such brave, enlightened, god-like men, incomparable with any of us.

We can only hope, one day, there may be some historian writing history as it

really was made: by corrupt little weaklings, covering up behind each other, not daring to stand up for themselves but quite willing to sacrifice the life of millions to satisfy their lust for power. I am afraid, even in such a history, the leaders of the British Communist Party will still be the little ugly shadow of whoever is the big Russian or Chinese bully of the day.

MAX PATRICK.

Prison from the Inside

"BANG TO RIGHTS" is an account of two years Corrective Training served by Frank Norman in the prisons of Wandsworth, Chelmsford and Camp Hill, Isle of Wight. The author is the 'illegitimate' son of a costermonger and spent most of his childhood in institutions. By the time he was twenty-four he had been bound over once and had served four prison sentences. He was then sentenced for the fifth time and his book records what happened to him during this period, the people he met and the change he underwent when he discovered the purposeful activity of painting. Written without regard for literary style in a vernacular which is a mixture of cockney and prison slang, it is nonetheless recommended reading for those who believe that imprisonment is just.

The failure of prisons, police and punishment to provide an effective antidote to 'crime' has been a perennial theme of anarchists for many years. The idea that virtue can be inculcated by means of locks and bars has been exploded so often that one wonders how it is that it can still be seriously put forward. Yet one still finds indignant moralisers who advocate longer sentences and severer penalties and bemoan the 'soft' treatment prisoners receive to-day. Frank Norman, however, with five sentences behind him, replies in no uncertain tones: "Bird is bird," he writes, "whatever you like to call it: C.T., P.D. (Preventive Detention), Borstal or Remand Home, its all bird. So let's stop kidding ourselves, shall we?"

"Prison can only be usefully reformed by dynamite". This was the view once expressed to me by a comrade who spoke from experience. "Bang to Rights" is a confirmation of my comrade's opinion. In spite of all the efforts of reformers, prison remains one great "wasting of men," as the author puts it. The sad procession of men and women in and out of these grim, grimy mausoleums of the human soul is an ever present reminder of that mockery which goes by the name of 'justice'.

S. E. PARKER.

*By Frank Norman. Secker & Warburg. 15s.

Single Excursion to the FINLAND STATION

"WHEN rogues fall out, honest men come into their own". When Governments fall out, honest (and dishonest) men come into the truth about the governments. This was true of the 1914-18 war when the USSR published the secret archives of the Tsarist Government. Now the German archives are giving up their secrets and amongst the documents which the West has seen fit to release are a selection on "Germany and the Revolution in Russia 1915-1918". This selection has an interesting history. Something similar was done in 1918 by Sisson for the U.S. propaganda services but this was labelled as a 'forgery' by the German propaganda services.

Recently Dr. Possony was commissioned by Life to write up these documents for publication. However, the result was found to be too dull for Life, so Alan Moorehead was commissioned to knit the whole thing up into a popularized history of the Russian Revolution, this was done and the result half flesh, half fowl and the rest, red herring, is now on the bookstalls.

This selection ("Germany and the Revolution in Russia 1915-18"), by Z. A. B. Zeman, published by Oxford University Press (25/-) needs none of the trappings of Alan Moorehead. In itself it is sufficient to throw light on the Soviet methods of power politics, foreshadowed by the opportunism of Lenin and his group.

Every schoolboy knows by now, and every good communist denies that Lenin and his party were aided by the German government to travel into Russia from exile in Switzerland, through Germany, in order to further foment the revolution.

The initial negotiations were made by Parvus under the not very convincing *nom de guerre* of Dr. Helphand. He later quarrelled with Lenin but like Engels, Parvus belonged to the scorned bourgeoisie which gave a helping hand to the vanguard of the revolutionary working class, Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin and Krushchev!

Like most historical events the side-lights are most interesting. The 'excursion' from Switzerland was advertised in a Swiss paper. (Steps are being taken to organise a return. Address—S. Bagocky). To pacify the Entente, Russians were included who were in favour of continuing the war. To pacify the Germans, the Russians were to be exchanged with rehabilitated prisoners as soon as possible. To pacify revolutionaries with consciences they paid their own fares.

The irony of history is that this excursion did not save the Germans from defeat nor from revolution. It is true in history that "we have agents here, that do but teach bloody instruction which returns to plague the inventor."

J.R.

BRAVE REBEL

BRAVE COWBOY, by Edward Abbey. Foursquare Books, 2/6.

I HOPE large numbers of people will be misled into buying this book by the statement made on the cover that it is a "western novel". They will not be disappointed, for it is an exciting story, though hardly a "western" in the ordinary sense. Perhaps it might be regarded as the final "western", the end of the Wild West dream.

The cowboy who is the book's hero, lives in modern times. He still rides the range, a lot of the American West is still wild enough for that apparently, but taken over to make air-fields and places for testing atom-bombs. His friend, a city-dwelling intellectual, has been jailed for refusing to register for the draft (the cowboy himself has been out in the wilds, and has no papers), and the story tells of an attempted rescue.

Bondi, the intellectual, does not want to be rescued at all. He regards his friend as an anachronism. After his two years or so of prison, he hopes to resume his career. Besides, his whole act of protest depends on his being prepared to face prison rather than register, and he feels that the protest would lose its point if he escaped. Burns, the cowboy, wants to take him, with his wife and son, to a remote refuge in the mountains, ultimately perhaps to escape to Mexico. Bondi plays with the idea, but dismisses it as impractical and unrealistic, although in the discussion the reader is left with the impression that it is the cowboy who is the more practical of the two. After all, he knows already what jail-life is like. But in the end Burns is forced to escape from the jail (which he had entered by making himself drunk), leaving his friend behind.

Burns is hunted up into the mountains, and succeeds in proving that a man on a horse, with a rifle, can hold his own in mountain country, even against police-cars, sub-machine-guns, walkie-talkies and helicopters. (He even shoots the helicopter down).

Anarchist ideas are mentioned quite openly. Burns and Bondi were members of an anarchist group at a university, where both were students, Burns only for a short time. When Burns is arrested, for being drunk and taking part in a brawl, it is found that he has no papers. The F.B.I. are notified.

"... known to have attended secret meetings of so-called Anarchist group."

'So-called what?'

'So-called Anarchist group.'

'What's that?'

'I don't know. They're against all government, that's all I know.'

'They're worse than Communists?'

'I guess so.'

The symbolism of the story is easy to

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

Anarchy in Tristan da Cunha

(NOTE.—The following passages are taken from a book review by Harry Paxton which appeared in the October issue of The Catholic Worker [New York]. The book reviewed was "Rock of Exile"—by D. M. Bovy. Devin-Adair Co., New York).

THIS little rocky island, far from the mainland, had no human inhabitants until the nineteenth century. The present community dates from 1816, when a British garrison was landed on Tristan to forestall any possible attempt to use the island to rescue the exiled Napoleon from St. Helena—far to the northwest. When the garrison was withdrawn, a Scots corporal obtained permission to remain there with his coloured wife and children. The community grew by castaways from shipwrecks and sailors who jumped their ships. In 1827 five Negro and mulatto women were imported from St. Helena as wives for some of the settlers. All the "founding mothers" were Negro. The community was based upon what our racists term "miscegenation."

The islanders had no political theories. They were simple men and women, most of them illiterate. They took it for granted that they had to work for a living, and did so. They worked as equals, created no authority, paid no taxes. Though these men were of the sailing element which many "social workers" find "difficult", they got along excellently. In the entire century and a half of this growing community, there was not one violent crime. They had guns—which they used against birds, sea lions and other creatures giving them

read. Bondi is the intellectual of our time, guilt-ridden, with an itch for self-punishment, with a fundamental acceptance of "things as they are" existing alongside his rebellious impulses. Jack Burns repudiates civilisation, and believes one can contract out of it if one is prepared to make the effort. He belongs to that current of American ideas that runs from Thoreau to Ammon Hennacy, and is the product of the days of the open frontier.

I think the author is pessimistic about the future. He sees modern society, with its mechanical cleverness, its immense resources, its teeming population, as something fundamentally destructive to freedom and creativity, making men less than men. The Sheriff and his deputies (modern style) are represented in a way quite different from that of the TV programmes. Their manhunt is something of a muddle, not aided by the appearance of a crowd of enthusiastic heavily-armed amateurs, eager to get a shot at the dangerous anarchist, the "Red" who has no draft card.

In England it is rather "bad form" for the anarchist to attack modern civilisation. Things have not gone so far here as in the United States, consequently no counter-movement has made its appearance yet. It is still thought to be rather quixotic to criticise the modern technological age. I doubt whether such a book as this could be written by an Englishman, unless he had a conservative or reactionary viewpoint. The libertarian is so desperately afraid of being accused of wanting people to suffer hardship that he dare not open his mouth.

It seems to me that references to the squalor of the Middle Ages, to the plays of Ibsen on TV, to the present higher material living standards, are neither here nor there. We are not in the Middle Ages, and the fact that things were bad then does not make them good now. The sheer facts are, if you look around you, that people are being conditioned to conformity by all the resources of modern science, that the beauty of the world is being buried under red brick, that the seas are being polluted with oil, that the atmosphere is being poisoned with radio-active substances, that the wild animals are being killed off, that all civilisations are becoming the same, that the forests are being felled, that the moors are being enclosed, that wireless and the airplane have made the world so small that it is increasingly difficult for the non-conformist individual to escape anywhere, that even a man's convictions can be changed by brainwashing and, to cap all, the very people who should protest against all this do not dare to because they are afraid of being accused of being "reactionary" or "romantic" or of being branded "impractical" or "unrealistic".

food or other necessities, but never against one another.

The little community grew—both internal growth, and the addition of other colonists, British, American, German, Danish, Dutch, Italian. There were no immigration restrictions—there was no immigration authority, or any other. The British Government, indeed, tried to create an authority—with rather amusing consequences. It empowered one of the missionaries who at times visited the island "to create a headman, a head-woman, an island council, and other officers. The appointments had been made but meant little to most of the islanders... The chief's position was particularly anomalous; he could hold no more power than the other men were disposed to acknowledge him, since he had no other means than the force of his own character of imposing his will."

It was in no way a communistic society—though there was a Village Common and much of the work was done together. Each family owned its own cottage, plot of land, etc. But their co-operative operations were in some respects quite remarkable to the author of this book, himself part of a society of orders and obedience. The first he noted, on the big rowboat which took him and others from their ships to the island was:

"... the oarsmen—as if by a pre-arranged signal outside our notice or else by some silent mutual understanding—all gave way together and began pulling shorewards with long, deep strokes. There appeared to be no captain, even self-appointed, and no word

Continued on p. 3

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

Vol. 19, No. 46. November 15, 1958

Reflections on Full Employment

Continued from p. 1
miners in this country and Europe are risking their lives digging coal knowing that a part of it is then dumped in quarries because there is no outlet for it. But what does it matter to them so long as they keep their jobs. 20,000 London dockers for whom there is no work nevertheless continue to report twice a day at the docks because by doing so they are entitled to attendance pay. Even that is a job. Millions of people are engaged in work which they despise because they are servile jobs, useless, time-wasting and from which each evening they flee at the double the moment the bell rings, but which, nevertheless, they would shudder at the thought of losing. After all everyone must have a job just as everyone must have had a mother!

SURELY the time has come for a new approach to work. We are still thinking in terms of *living to work* when science and technology has made it more than possible to think in terms of *working to live*, not only for those of us in the industrialised half of the globe but for the thousand million human beings in the rest of the world crushed and humiliated by appalling man-maintained poverty.

"Full-employment" is the slogan of wage-slaves in an unfree society. It is an insane society which is embarrassed by too many willing and skilled hands, and food and industrial surpluses. In a free society there can be no unwanted surpluses because production will be geared to needs; no unemployed because the more of us there are in the world the lighter will be our task of providing for the needs of everybody.

But one cannot legislate for the free society. It can only be born by the actions of men and women who have understood what freedom is all about and desire it more than anything else that present society and the political word spinners have to offer by way of consolation prizes in its stead!

Anarchy in Tristan da Cunha

Continued from p. 2
of command was uttered. It was a long time before even the helmsman spoke; and then it was only to give directions as to our approach to the shore. The quiet, almost apologetic tone of his voice implied that he was merely issuing information, nothing so presumptuous as instruction."

There has been "progress" during the past ten years. The Colonial Service has appointed an Administrator over the islanders, a South African company is exploiting the fisheries, money has been introduced (they had none previously), a store with canned food, and a doctor and a hospital—where they had previously needed neither doctor nor dentist! As the island has been made a parish of Cape Town, South Africa, its days of racial equality and harmony are probably numbered. Also, with compulsory education, the poison of racism will almost certainly be supplemented by the poison of nationalism, and children of British, American or Dutch ancestry may already be learning that they are a different "breed" from those of German or Italian ancestry. Apparently this free community is being "progressed" in a society of authority and obedience, racism and nationalism, commercialism and crime—the "higher standards" preparatory to conscripting the islanders into the next war.

VISIT TO CYPRUS—3

(Continued from previous issue)

IN the towns the buses, all run by private enterprise, are unmistakably British cast-offs, hardy survivors nearly always retaining destination indicators which surprise one with the intimation that London, Llandudno, Morecambe, Eastbourne or Exeter lies round the next bend. Their younger passengers are often smartly dressed after the Western fashion. The older men are grey-haired, with wrinkled brown faces adorned with huge twirled moustaches. The poorer women are clearly vassals, draped in unbecoming black, and are mostly thin and worn-looking, and if occasionally brisk and rounded are never blooming. There are handsome young Greek Cypriot men—often in modern cars flashing along the one-way-traffic streets with horns screeching—and young Greek Cypriot women of a beauty to match their faultless clothes, chaperoned by mothers still lively, despite overweight, their fat bodies quivering over every sunken bone.

The streets within the walled towns are a curious blend of Eastern bazaar and modern European shops, with a mosque or cathedral almost next door to a bank of plate glass, marble walls and wondrous wrought ironwork. Conspicuous even among the generality of short broad Cypriots are many dwarfed individuals. There are importuning beggar women, sometimes in bare feet and perhaps carrying a baby. There are burly British policewomen, universally disliked by Armenians, Greeks, Turks and British. There are Greek Orthodox Church priests who seldom speak to a Britisher however politely and enquiringly addressed.

Weaving in and out of these narrow streets and their jostling crowds are jeeps loaded with R.A.F. and Army police in red caps and khaki shirts and shorts. Stiff with tension, all but the drivers grippings instruments of mechanical multiple murder, they appeared to the visitor as neither necessary nor nice. While we were in Cyprus all other troops than those on duty in them were forbidden to enter the walled towns. It was almost impossible for the impartial observer to fail to place in parallel classes the simple Cypriot and the deprived British Forces suffering under the same military authority and inhibited government of this Crown Colony.

Within the walled town of Nicosia, in which so-called selective killings took place regularly, I felt no fear for my personal safety. Among the crowds, scores of British servicemen's wives pushed prams as they shopped and gossiped freely. I once stood at the top of a flight of school steps to photograph a church, and I was politely invited by one of a group of Greek Cypriot schoolgirls to step within the shade of the school porch, although one cannot doubt that a part of her church and school tutelage was devoted to maligning my kind without discrimination.

One day a middle-aged Englishwoman in a car gave my wife and me a lift from the Turkish quarter of Nicosia. In the Greek quarter we encountered the occasional dismounted army patrol, their sentries clutching Sten guns ominously. At once our kindly escort sounded the alarm. "I sensed there would be trouble to-day. There will have been a killing hereabouts. Well, let the Cypriots kill each other. Don't you two enter a Greek church or you will be shot in the back by the devils!"

There had been no killing, and we survived unscathed our church visiting. It turned out that our scared driver was a former Cyprus Government women's police officer—which probably explained her reaction.

Scares are not confined to Britishers. One night a crowd of thousands of Greek Cypriots living in the suburbs of Varosha rushed out of their homes in response to violently pealed church bells. Buses, cars, lorries, trucks and taxis were placed as roadblocks on all streets leading from the Turkish-inhabited old town of Famagusta. Armed with sticks and suchlike to repel a rumoured Turkish invasion of the Greek quarter, the crowds were fortunately dispersed without harm being done when it was made clear the rumour had been set alight by the torchlight procession of a peaceful Turkish Youth Day procession.

When a group of Turkish Cypriots joined Greek Cypriots in the Old Trade Unions May Day march in Nicosia, Turkish Dr. Kuchuk denounced the fraternising Turkish trades unionists in scathing terms. In the Ku-Klux Klan atmosphere of the Greek Cypriot EOKA and the less publicised Turkish Cypriot

TMT, in which Turkish throats are cut and Greeks are battered to death by fellow Cypriots, clearly their mutual mistake is of being persuaded to forget their common name and insisting on the prefix Greek, Turkish, or Armenian. This betrayal of the Cypriots by themselves differs in no essential from what British rule brings about, an unwarranted interference in the private lives of mostly innocent people.

It is not surprising that the official 1956 census of the population divides the total figures into those of the religions. This analysis is:—

Greek Orthodox	416,986=78.8%
Moslem (Turkish)	92,642=17.5%
Other Religions	19,251= 3.7%
TOTALS	528,879 100.0%

There is a separate education system for each religion and education is voluntary. The most influential body in the country, the Greek Orthodox Church, has for its Cyprus head the renowned Archbishop Makarios, styled Ethnarch. The Ethnarch is elected by a body of ex-officio members of the clergy and general representatives of the laity, the latter being elected by special representatives of the Greek Orthodox community. I was unable to discover how these special representatives were appointed, but I doubt if the Greek Cypriot shepherd and his kind would have much say in such matters.

The Ethnarchy has a Council consisting of thirty members. These are described as leaders of nationalist political parties, right-wing mayors and journalists, all nominated by the Ethnarchy. That this Christian body, avowedly seeking to promote Enosis, is the parent of EOKA (Ethniki Organosis Kyprion Agoniston) is as sure as that EOKA chief, Colonel George Grivas is, ironically enough, a product of the British Intelligence Service who won renown as a guerilla commander harassing the German occupation of Greece during the 1939-1945 war.

Among the recreational rivals of the Cyprus imbroglia can be counted the cinema with its quota of crime and other diversions. Whatever may divide the British and Greek representatives of Christianity politically it is probable that

Popes, Cardinals and Priests

Continued from p. 1

penetration of secular organizations became a deliberate policy with the object of capturing commanding positions for the church. Catholic pressure groups have become a familiar feature of political life, especially in the United States; and the noisy protests of Catholic Action, the Legion of Decency, and the Catholic Worker movement have been heard with increasing frequency. And, not content with urging its members to work for positions in Parliament, local government, the editorial boards of newspapers, and in broadcasting and television, the church has pursued a policy of competitive breeding, urging the married faithful to have large families in the expectation of being able to command an eventual electoral majority when the proportion of Catholics in a population has risen enough. In overcrowded Holland the bishops promised the Pope that they would have an electoral majority by mid-century, a promise that has now been fulfilled.

But of all States, those that have come most completely under Vatican domination are those of Spain and Italy. In Spain this resulted from Franco's success in remaining in power; in Italy it has come about in spite of Mussolini's defeat.

At the end of the war Pius XII found himself in the position of a man who, having backed all the wrong horses, not only failed to lose his shirt but was able to recover his stake money—with interest—from the bookmakers. Two of the dictators he had supported—Hitler and Mussolini—had been defeated, and Franco was still *persona non grata* with the Allies. But if he could persuade the Allies that in the church they would find a useful barrier against the Communist tide that seemed on the point of sweeping across Europe then he would keep most of his suzerainty. The claim that the church was a bulwark against Communism had been advanced before, but it did not become a real selling point until after the war, when Russia appeared for the first time as a real menace.

By persuading the Americans to support the Christian Democrats the Vatican was able to secure the election of a government that would be subservient to it. For the Christian Democrats owe much of their electoral success to American dollars—dollars that the Italians have

been led to believe would not be forthcoming if the Socialists or the Communists came to power. The American taxpayer, of course, believes that this financial help is used to sustain the Italian economy, maintain employment, and alleviate misery that might induce its sufferers to vote Communist. But in fact a great deal of this American money has no effect whatever on the Italian economy, since it is promptly returned to the United States in various private banking accounts. So those Italians who hoped for economic security as a consolation for not voting for parties they would have preferred have been doubly cheated. And by an irony of history the church to-day has gained almost as much control over the lives of Italians as Pius IX had over the subjects of the Papal States before his temporal power was wrested from him by Garibaldi and Cavour.

In Germany it was again American support that brought the Catholic Dr. Adenauer and his Christian Democrat party to power. Unlike Italy Germany has a strong Protestant tradition. Consequently the connexion between the State and the Vatican is less intimate than is the case in Italy, the church's privileges being fixed by concordat. But the Vatican still has considerable control over the German Government by direct influence of the Chancellor and his party.

In Britain and the United States there is no formal connexion between the State and the Catholic Church, neither country having a concordat with the Vatican. Nevertheless in both countries the Papacy is able to exert considerable pressure on the governments indirectly through individual Catholics in high places and by its control of the block vote of the Catholic minorities.

With the death of Pius XII there was the possibility of change. Perhaps with the example of Krushchev's denunciation of Stalin in mind, many people hoped that the struggle for power in the Vatican would result in a radical change in Papal policy. Not that there was any likelihood of a denunciation of Pius XII by his successor; for, whatever his faults, the late Pope was a long way removed from, say, Alexander VI. And in any case Vatican squabbles are conducted

with more discretion. It was known that some cardinals would have preferred less politics and more religion—a fact that led to much speculation about the prospect of a "pastoral" Pope rather than a "political" one. In fact the distinction is not very great: the Catholic religion is so all-embracing that it regards politics—and, indeed, nearly every human activity—as falling within its domain. At best a change of Pope could mean a change of means, but the end would remain the same: world domination, with everyone living in a society based on Catholic concepts.

Whether this would be better than living under Communist domination, in a society based on Marxist-Leninist concepts, is debatable. It is a question we shall hear debated a good deal in the future as we are asked with ever-growing insistence to choose between these two alternatives: either Communism or Catholicism. The danger is that many will forget that they do not have to choose either.

Catholicism is likely to be hawked increasingly under the guise of a "bulwark against Communism". But if we examine the present situation we might well come to the conclusion that what we need is not so much a bulwark against Communism as a rampart against Catholicism. In Britain, where the Communists have had the same opportunities as the rest of us to propagate their ideas, they have succeeded chiefly in making rare fools of themselves, and they are likely to remain a small, discredited minority for a long time to come. There are no separate schools, paid for out of public funds, for the children of Communist parents; but the Catholic Church has made sure that its children are not exposed to educational influences other than its own. Nor do press and radio show any concern for Communist susceptibilities, though they are careful not to tread on Catholic toes. And if Communists are the representatives of a discredited organization, Catholics operate under an aura of undeserved respectability, despite the record of their church, which is as bad as that of the Communist party in every respect.

Another point to be considered by any one trying to make up his mind which

they are as one in their attitude to the moral welfare of the cinema patron. I happened to look in at one government department, a section of which catered for film censorship.

There in a cosy little cinema theatre a French film had for audience a middle-aged Englishman seated between two lovely young Greek Cypriot girls whom I guessed to be his assistant censors. I asked a Greek Cypriot official was this censorship for political reasons. He replied: "Oh no," and significantly gestered the shape of a woman's bosom and thighs. It was interesting to see in operation the same care Britain takes of Britishers in this respect extended to Cypriots in the land of Aphrodite, and by the identical class of superior people completely immune from all harm while engaged in this occupational risk of their moral natures.

There are five Greek, three Turkish and two English daily newspapers (as well as seven Greek weeklies) printed in Cyprus. Every British newspaper and periodical of national circulation, and other European newspapers, are on sale in Cyprus only one day late. The Cyprus Broadcasting Service gives long and interesting bulletins of news in English, Greek and Turkish, of which the "headlines" are repeated at the end of the broadcast. This service gives also the Overseas programme of the B.B.C. and a daily programme in French which includes news. Television, still in the experimental stages, started in October, 1957, and provides two programmes a week within an extremely limited radius. Yet "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" is still the slogan realm of "Nation shall speak peace unto Nation".

Of the two Cyprus newspapers printed in English *Cyprus Mail* is the least disliked by the occupying British. *Times of Cyprus*, the other daily (both of them appear on seven days of the week) in English is always looking for an opportunity to criticise the British, more or less obliquely. It seldom has to look far. Neither newspaper is in the top class, but their difficulties are great—although I found their understandable misprints more excusable than their execrably executed cartoons.

I visited the offices of both these newspapers. *Cyprus Mail* appeared to be run entirely by Cypriots. The more outspoken *Times of Cyprus* has an all-English or Dominions trained editorial staff which knows what it is writing about, although its knowledgeable pens can scratch unfairly. The paper's pro-Greek Cypriot bias led once to its editor, the Irish Charles O'Connell Foley, being fined £500 for expressing a view which would excite no authority's animosity to that extent in Britain. The middle-aged Foley's male assistants are keen youngsters—three English, one Canadian, an Australian, and one who described himself as an Armenian from Ethiopia. The two girls on Foley's staff are an American and a Russian, both lively and critical in outlook.

SAM WALSH.

(To be concluded)

side to choose is the possibility that the Vatican and the Kremlin may come to terms with each other in the future. They have, after all, other things in common besides their terrible records. The chief Catholic objection to the Communists is that they are "atheistic Communists". A little less atheism and a few concessions by both sides could well pave the way to a concordat.

The conclusion to be drawn from this conclave, as from every other in recent years, is that the new Pope will be very much like the old. There will be superficial changes, no doubt, but fundamental change is in the nature of things highly unlikely. A Pope is elected, and the cardinals who elect him choose as far as possible a man like themselves: the Pope appoints the cardinals, and he appoints as far as possible men like himself. The system is largely self-perpetuating.

It is true that there are in the church men vastly different in outlook from the Popes and cardinals, men who are more concerned with promoting a little brotherly love in the world than with playing with power. There are men like Father Borelli of Naples, who spends his time trying to save some of the children from the human wreckage that has come to grief in the most ghastly slums in Europe. And in France there were the worker priests, who went out and shared the lives of the poor. But men like this stand little chance of rising to high positions in the church. Their essential simplicity debars them from high office, where astuteness, learning, and diplomacy are more highly regarded than mere goodness. If such a man ever rose to be Pope he would not change the church: the church would change him.

EDWIN PEEKE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

What is the Success of the Newsletter Movement?

The leading article in FREEDOM, for Nov. 1st refers to the apparent success of the "Newsletter" movement. This is the paper run by Peter Fryer, the ex-communist, and a number of other people to whom the label "Trotskyist" is conventionally appropriate, whether or not they have any admiration of affinity for the late Leon Trotsky.

As the writer says:

"The Newsletter . . . presents as militant and direct a line as any bunch of politicians will when they set out to gather the support of militant workers."

The fact is that in a few months, they have been quite successful in attracting such support, to the extent that some unions, such as that of the Building Workers, are threatening to expel any members who contaminate themselves with such militant activities. The Newsletter has caused consternation among official circles by its plan to hold a National Rank and File Congress on Nov. 16th.

What I would like to be able to understand better is, why does such a movement gain support which the anarcho-syndicalist movement has not been able to get?

Within the last few years there have been two periodicals devoted specifically to anarcho-syndicalism, both of which have been forced by lack of success to suspend publication. These consistently pointed out the futility of the Trade Unions, and the impossibility of them being of any use to the workers. FREEDOM, while declaring and maintaining a policy of not confining itself to industrial issues, has nevertheless devoted a high proportion of its space to these questions, and during crises such as the dock strike

of four years ago the headlines and leading articles dealt exclusively with them for weeks on end.

These papers, and the groups behind them have for years called on workers to organise on the job, not only to fight the boss here and now, but to take the means of production from him. The *Manchester Guardian* has made it plain that it regards these attitudes as absolutely improper, but it would appear that they have only just come to its notice through reading The Newsletter. Furthermore, the anarchists have a philosophy, outlook and tradition into which industrial organisation and struggle on the job fit naturally.

We all know that if any of the anarchist or syndicalist groups were to call a national rank and file congress, no one would come to it, and perhaps I am wrong, but I do not know of anyone being expelled from a union for being concerned in the production or distribution of *The Syndicalist* or FREEDOM, or the leaflets which the Anarcho-Syndicalist Committee published some years ago.

However, The Newsletter has reached its present position in a few months.

I can suggest two tentative reasons:

- The group sponsoring it has better contacts among militant workers on the job. This is due in part to the fact that they have been active in the past in the ranks of the Labour and Communist Parties.
- They are still fairly well "integrated" in the structure of the political left, so that the workers who follow them have no feeling that they might really have to organise for themselves in an anti-capitalist struggle, without leaders.

U.S. Elections

Change of Masters

"I do not see where there is anything that the people consciously want the administration to do differently. If I am wrong I would like to know what it is."

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER commenting on the Democrat's election victory, 5th November, 1958.

It seems quite probable that Eisenhower's somewhat querulous remark on the consciousness of the great American voter has more than a grain of truth about it, but it does not alter the fact that Republican administration is not what is wanted. It is improbable however that the President has no idea what he should have done differently. Even he, out of touch as he no doubt has been, must have had reports (delivered, one may presume, at the nineteenth tee) on the current feeling of the electorate; it cannot be beyond the powers of the professionals in the party to have put to work the market-research experts (unconscious division) to check the state of the political pulse. Selling politics is no different from selling goods, but it is always necessary to create a demand based on something the consumer may think he wants. The Democrats appear to have been selling the correct product.

In all fairness it should be noted that the Democrats were in a better position to sell—for the product most sought after was change. Anything for a change; the vague dimly-felt hope that a difference in administration would make a difference in practical results.

At the same time it has become almost traditional in off-year elections for the party not in power at the White House to gain ground. Add to this the uncomfortable feeling that unemployment figures were not impressing themselves upon the Republicans, that the recent recession has made the electorate jumpy, that continuous foreign crises unnerve even the most stolid voters, and perhaps even a genuine swing to more liberal and enlightened ideas.

The swing over to the Democrats, which has been compared to Roosevelt's "majestic sweep to power in 1936", bears little comparison in fact. The "New Deal election" was a triumph for Roosevelt and a policy which promised better things for people who had nearly starved in the depression years, and those who whilst not so hard-hit could remember the agony of those lean years. This year's election has not been a triumph for a specific leader—for the Democrats do not possess one of any account; nor has it indicated the electorate's desire for a specifically new policy—for the same

reason. The result is much more an indeterminate impulse against policies hardly understood (and many of them have been impossible to understand) in the forlorn expectation of something better turning up.

Undoubtedly votes have been cast in favour of personalities not policies. The bemused, confused "average American" suddenly confronted with a situation in which he can detect no "issues", no well-defined, over-publicised disputes, has been forced to make an intuitive choice of the better man rather than the party. It seems likely that the new Democrats had the better men, though the probable effect may not be very noticeable. A slight change of attitude here and there, an almost imperceptible shift of emphasis on one thing or another. It may seem like a radical change in a country which, for all its progress and twentieth centuryism has not really changed at all for twenty years.

Numerically the Democrats hold approximately a two-thirds majority in both the Senate and the House of Representatives, whilst of course the Republicans still have the Presidency. It is to be assumed that the President will neither take nor have a great deal of interest in his next (and last) two years of office. Meanwhile the Democrats will search frantically for a "man of stature" on whom they may pin their faith as next President. The Republicans will have to make do for the present with Nixon or Rockefeller, unless they can find a more inspiring candidate for their uninspired cause.

Both parties have a problem, for both are divided amongst themselves. The Republicans are split between Right (reactionary) and middle factions, and the Democrats between Southern (largely reactionary) and middle factions. The two "middles" are probably nearer one another than their respective extremes. (A situation to which we are accustomed in this country.)

Americans now face the prospect of a two-years election, during which time they will be coaxed and courted unmercifully. Issues which hitherto have been unimportant will begin to loom large, men who have been as nothing until now will suddenly become the prophets of a new and shining era; industrial workers will be heralded as the salt of the earth, and farmers the backbone of the nation. Negroes may even be considered by some—though temporarily of course—to be first class citizens. A vote is a vote is a vote.

Is it simply that there are to begin with, more people interested in that kind of line, so that after the first half dozen comrades have written, edited and produced the paper, there are still some left to devote their energies to selling it?

As I think there must be many among the readers of FREEDOM who are better able to assess these questions than I am, due to experience in this type of propaganda, and more intimate knowledge of the way things work in factory politics, I will leave it at that, in the hope that they will contribute to a discussion.

It is, finally, reassuring to notice that despite the despair in some anarchist circles, there still are militant workers, and even the Trotskyist had to admit:

"They don't trust leaders and they won't join parties, but they will organise themselves to fight the boss on the job. It's a great opportunity for you anarcho-syndicalists."

London, Nov. 9. PHILIP HOLGATE.

Welsh Nationalism, the Friesians and Anarchism

THIS letter concerns the letter from a reader about Welsh Nationalism in FREEDOM of Oct. 18th, and the reply by Donald Room in the issue for Oct. 25th.

It would be very sad indeed if anarchism could offer no solution for a people struggling for its independence. The solution depends on the willingness of a people to seek real freedom instead of putting its hopes and confidence in governments and in leaders and supermen who should be avoided like the plague.

One of the many examples of a people's determination to maintain its separate identity was that of the Serbs. This people was conquered and subdued by the Turkish government in the 14th century, and the Turks tried to destroy every trace of the Serbian culture and language and to make good Moslems of the population. But during the 500 years of Turkish rule, the Serbs kept to their culture, customs and language, in spite of the fact that for the first 400 years there was not the slightest hope of their being freed from the yoke of the Turkish government. In the nineteenth century the Serbs got their independence, and then they made the mistake of appointing one of their leaders in the struggle for liberty as their ruling prince. This prince and his descendants ruled Serbia until the last of them was driven out by Tito, who to-day rules them with his iron hand.

Yet political independence and a national government with its coercive institutions are not necessary for a people seeking to keep to its own customs, language, and way of life—these attributes depend exclusively on the sentiments of the people concerned. About 30 miles from Berlin live a group of people called Wends, perhaps 100,000 all told. They have their own language and customs, which are quite different from those of their German neighbours. Their language is related to the Polish language, but they wish to be neither Poles nor Germans, they want to be Wends, and to retain their customs and language.

Seven Weeks to Find £363!

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT!

WEEK 45

Deficit on Freedom £900
Contributions received £677
DEFICIT £223

October 31 to November 6

London: J.S.* 3/-; Caterham: F.B. £5/0/0; Mexico: M.S.F. £3/10/0; London: Anon.* 1/4; London: T.F.* 5/-; New York: L.S. £8/15/0; London: D.S.M. 2/6; Glasgow: J.M. 5/-; Hindhead: F.N.F. 5/6; Sheffield: H.W. 6/6; N. Rhodesia: Anon. £1/0/0; London: P.F.* 10/-; London: D.S. 2/6; Middlesbrough: P.E. 10/-; Coleshill: D.N. 1/-; Farnham: D.M.B. 10/6; Wolverhampton: J.G.L.* 2/6; London: L.J.B. 11/-.

Total ... 22 1 4
Previously acknowledged ... 655 1 1

1958 TOTAL TO DATE ... £677 2 5

GIFT OF BOOKS: London: J.L. Molins: E.R.J.

*Indicates regular contributor.

RITA MILTON is certainly right when she says that students at this University do not question the basis of our society. We question very little. We are interested in our academic work which if successfully completed is the key to a rising status in society. Alternatively, some of us aim to scrape through our course with the minimum amount of work and the maximum amount of enjoyment. Enjoyment is found in playing cards, listening to jazz and going to the pictures.

New (or old) controversial ideas play a minor rôle either in the lecture-rooms or outside them. Even in the social science faculty I find that very little serious discussion of the nature of our society takes place. Most of us are busy learning the currently accepted theories and the stock objections to them.

The recent report of the University Grants Committee points out that the danger of University education is that the specialist is driven "to memorise as

much as possible . . . in the limited time available, leaving him with no time to develop his powers of thought to acquire any knowledge outside his subject."* In my own view this is not the "danger" of University education but a pretty good description of its present state.

Outside the lecture rooms the most flourishing societies are believed to be the religious ones (I don't go, so I don't know the actual membership. A few Marxists remain and attract a discussion group of a dozen or so. The political societies with the election pending are making an effort and have succeeded in obtaining a total membership of about one hundred students. Gone are days of economic depression and so too, it seems, a very active interest in politics. The Rationalist Society failed two years ago. This year a few of us have revived it: we now call ourselves the New Thinkers. We include the religious types—to broaden our scope and to attract bigger audiences. I doubt whether we can be much of a force given the present "closed" minds of most students.

Rita Milton mentioned the fact that she felt she was not communicating her ideas: this is true. But I doubt whether very much can be achieved in the field of education by the usual intellectual methods of talks, discussions and pamphlets. The general approach of students is prejudiced: their total outlook must first be changed. Perhaps a mass propaganda campaign with the slogans and catchwords of the electioneer or advertiser might alter it. I fear that the alternative must be the 'tiny minority' of anarchists mentioned in Rita's report.

I thought Rita in her talk too complacent about the numerical smallness of the anarchists. But I hope I am not confusing complacency with the realisation that organisations cannot grow without the substantial financial backing which the anarchist movement does not possess. Given the generation of students at present at this University, the days of "an articulate group of people capable of encouraging individual responsibility in schools, universities or wherever they have chosen to work" (Rita Milton), are as remote as Mr. Ted Hill's probability of becoming Prime Minister.

The Union University, Birmingham, 15. DAVID LANE. Nov. 6, 1958.

*University Grants Committee Cmd. 534 9/58. para 74.

MEETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP

Regular Sunday meetings now held at "Marquis of Granby" Public House, Rathbone Street (near Percy Street and Oxford Street), 7.0 p.m.

NOV. 16.—Philip Sansom on WHAT IS ANARCHISM?

NOV. 23.—Francis Tonks on ANARCHISM AND NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

NOV. 30.—Rashard Gool on AN EVALUATION OF 'DR. ZHIVAGO' (Pasternak)

Dec. 7.—Donald Room on THE BOMB-THROWER MYTH

DEC. 14.—Max Patrick on Subject to be announced

DEC. 21.—Philip Holgate on EDUCATION AND THE FUTURE

CROYDON LIBERTARIAN GROUP

For details of meetings and other activities, please write to:

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