

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"If you wait until the people are prepared for liberty you will never give it to them."

—LORD MACAULAY

31 Million Square Feet of New Office Building in Central London. There are now MORE PARASITES THAN WORKERS!

OPENING a new office block at Kew Bridge, the Minister of Housing and Local Government said he was determined to stop the concentration of all new office employment in Central London, pointing out that

"In Central London, 22 million square feet of new office buildings have been completed since the war, and another nine million square feet or so are in course of erection. . . . You can see the direct effects in traffic blocks and crowded rush-hour trains and buses."

The Minister was of course only interested in the problems created by the concentration of office employment and not in the ever-growing number of people employed in offices, at a time when office work is becoming more and more mechanised! In the United States already fewer people are employed in actual production than are employed in providing "services" of one kind or another. In Western Europe it is not quite as high though the trend is in the same direction. In Britain for instance industrial production since 1955 has appeared to be "stagnating" yet more people than ever are employed on the administrative, selling and distributive side of industry. Only last week the new president of the Advertising Association was proudly telling members at the annual dinner that advertising in this country now involves the spending of nearly £400 millions a year. "Advertising," he said, "brought countless new inventions, new products and new services to the notice of the public".

It had become recognised as an extremely important part of the process of selling and distribution, and contributed to our higher standard of living.

The contention is, presumably, that by creating mass demand for an article industry has been enabled

THEY'VE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD . . .

THE Danish financial newspaper *Børsen* has claimed that the scarcity of butter, because of the five-month summer drought, had resulted in price increases for Danish butter at home and abroad—notably on the British market—which will give Danish dairy farmers record profits. The paper said the price in Danish shops had been raised to a record price of nine kroner a kilo (about 4s. 6d. a pound) and Danish butter was also fetching a record price on the British market.

. . . But the Market Must Be Protected!

At the same time, Canadian Agriculture Department officials were saying that Canada had reached no decision yet on the sale of a second shipment of ten million pounds of surplus butter to Britain. But if approval is eventually given, the sale will be handled in the same way as a previous shipment of ten million pounds out of Canada's surplus stock of about 100 million pounds.

The previous deal was made after Canada got agreement from Britain's normal butter suppliers—the Netherlands, Denmark, New Zealand, and Austria—to make the sale at a price lower than that paid under the Canadian Government's price support programme. It is understood that Canada is canvassing these countries.

The Canadian press news agency said the sales help to keep the European butter price from rising to the point where consumers switch to some butter substitute, such as margarine.

to mass produce it at a cost within reach of the mass public. Even assuming this to be true, it would only apply to a small proportion of advertising, a large part of which is used for the purpose of conditioning the public to choose one brand or make of a commodity in preference to others. As to contributing to higher standards of living, it is clear that the way in which the advertising industry does this is not in the service it provides but in the well-paid jobs it creates for many thousands of people.

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THE dilemma of capitalism in W. Europe and the United States is that in seeking to reduce costs of production in order to successfully compete in world markets it must introduce the latest methods of production which are both time-saving and labour-saving, but in so doing creates unemployment conditions at home thus reducing the purchasing power in the even more-important home market.

Hence the growth of "services" during the past decade, some useful and beneficial, a large number socially useless, to absorb a part of

the displaced industrial workers and to provide jobs for those just entering the labour market. Professor Ingvar Svennilson, of Stockholm University, in a recent study of the Western European economy in 1975, has estimated that employment in services will increase by almost a third during the next fifteen years. This rise, he estimates, should absorb the whole of the natural increase in the working population and also the continuing movement of labour out of agricultural employment.

The recent steel strike in America provides one with an excellent example of what we have called capitalism's dilemma. According to Edward Engberg, former managing editor of *Business International*, the two facts which "made the strike and much else in our present situation comprehensible" are: (1) that in the first half of 1959 only one per cent., or 2,000 more industrial workers were required to produce one-

and-a-half times the tonnage of steel that was produced in 1947; (2) that over the same period

"the steel companies increased their administrative-clerical-payroll by one-half, an addition of 34,000 people. To be complete the picture lacked only a similar comparison of the money spent on contractual services, such as advertising, public relations, research and development, management, market and product consultation, etc.

The issue, declares Mr. Engberg in *The New Leader* (9/11/59) is

not management's right to replace men with machines but its right to displace one kind of employee, the production worker, with other kinds, chiefly salesmen and the civil servants of management.

Since 1945 in the United States the industrial labour force has increased by only eight per cent. but it produces 40 per cent. more per man hour. In the same period,

the ranks of those who make their living from services swelled 40 per cent.,

and they turn out less per man hour. Machines have also, to be sure, swept many office workers out onto the job market, but not as relentlessly, and not on the floors where the thinkers and executives, now stratified into junior, middle and top, hang their hats. Executives and professionals have increased in number during the past 10 years twice as fast as the total labour force.

And Mr. Engberg adds: "anyone who has witnessed the boom in office construction in New York City alone has adduced the trend for himself". Which is what we were saying in our comment on the Minister's revelation that 31 million square feet of new office buildings have been completed since the war or in course of construction in Central London alone.

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WE have nowhere argued that only those workers who actually produce something are doing a socially useful job. Indeed, we have

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LETTER

The 'Finance Capital' Racket

DEAR SIR,

FREEDOM, 14/11/59, draws our attention to the anti-social practices of the manipulators of "industrial capital" by referring to the £24½ million profit of Great Universal Stores. This figure is staggering indeed, but comparison with the monstrous racket known as "finance capital" makes the activities of Messrs. Wolfson, etc., insignificant and harmless. Recent figures issued by the British Bankers' Association show present bank advances to be £2,679,700,000. This largely created out of nothing, loaned to the community at around 5% (in order that the community may distribute its own wealth), perhaps gives us some idea why the banks find it necessary to have "hidden reserves" the figures of which are known only to banks.

If my statement "banks create money out of nothing" is doubted, I can do no better than to refer to the founder of the bank of England, William Paterson, an ex-pirate who being an honest man, admitted "the bank hath benefit of interest on all moneys which it creates out of nothing", and Mr. McKenna, chairman of the Midland Bank, 1934, "every bank loan and every bank purchase of securities creates money, and by similar reasoning destroys money".

Some idea of the power of banks may be gained by the following statistics issued by H.M. Stationery Office, June, 1959:

Total money owned by banks (bank cash, loans, bills discounted and bank investments)	£5,912,700,000
Total bank deposits, representing all money at call of community, except approx. .7 of 1% of this amount in pockets of public	£6,739,000,000

These figures do not include hidden reserves, the figures for which are of course unobtainable, and the amount of the National Debt owned by banks also apparently unobtainable.

Yours faithfully;

R. T. S. WEBB,
(Asst. Sec., Social Credit Association),
Wembley, N.W.15.

American Universities Resist the State

A UNIVERSITY lecturer speaking on the B.B.C. from Ontario last week stated that his view students today were less interested generally in ideas than in "a secure future". This coincides with views expressed in FREEDOM on a number of occasions, and while understanding their desire for security we must realise that the pursuit of it will tend to strengthen existing society. If youthful energy and intelligence are spent on establishing "a secure future" within this society, the chances of unorthodox ideas flourishing are lessened.

The full extent to which our uniform society is responsible for the dearth of interest in ideas among students cannot be assessed, but it is easily seen to be one of the causes. We wonder too, how much fear contributes to the stifling of free thought or discourages outspoken declarations of principles which oppose the "establishment".

Many a timid student must have been scared by Lord Charley's statement in the House of Lords in June 1957, when he drew attention to the increased activities of MI5—Britain's secret police—in the universities. (*Freedom Reprints* 1957). In pointing to the activities of the security officers he was doing a service, but he was rather naive when he said:

"I sometimes think that if the national leaders realised the sort of subterfuges and tricks which the security officers use for the purpose of obtaining information,

Liberté, Egalité, Etc. . .

PARIS, NOVEMBER 13.

France is detaining without trial 5,139 people, nearly all Algerian nationalists. The Ministry of the Interior has asked for more money to provide places for 6,700 in the internment camps.—

Associated Press.

Phone Tapper's Paradise

WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 9.

About 36,500,000 United States homes nearly three out of every four—have telephones, the Census Bureau said today.—*British United Press*.

and the evils which result from the material they get, those national leaders might think again . . ."

The important point, however, is that Lord Chorley quoted MI5 as claiming to have "assistance" from members of the teaching staff at nearly every university in Britain!

Recent United States history, particularly in the McCarthy era, tells the same story. F.B.I. agents on the campus discouraged students from expressing non-conformist ideas, however slight, and one could reasonably conclude that demands of loyalty made on the students are even greater than in this country. It is, therefore, encouraging to read reports from the United States of several universities having turned down a Federal Government offer of students' loans because of the conditions attached. These are that students applying for loans: "do not support any organisation that believes in or teaches the overthrow of the United States Government by force or violence or by any other illegal or unconstitutional methods".

It could be argued that any government would be foolish to subsidise the education of men and women antagonistic to it, an argument which could be countered by the view that "healthy, democratic government" can stand up to criticism, unconstitutional or otherwise; but here we are interested for the moment in the reactions of the university authorities which we presume have student support although this point is not made clear in the reports we have read.

Yale and Harvard, Princeton and several other Universities have actually returned the Federal loans, and Dr Whitney Griswold, President of Yale, has stated in protest against the conditions that:

"Loyalty cannot be coerced or compelled. It has to be won. Loyalty oaths are inherently futile as no subversive or treasonous person hesitate to use them as a cloak for his intentions.

"The universities of the free world, especially those of England and the United States, have taken the lead in resisting and doing away with such

oaths."

Dr. Pusey, President of Harvard University, in a letter to the U.S. Commissioner of Education has said that the conditions show "an unwarranted lack of confidence in American young men and women, in American education and in free inquiry"

It does not necessarily follow that students will seek after or are interested in "free inquiry", but the reasons put forward for rejecting the conditions of loans laid down by the Government show that there is still an influential spirited group in the United States sufficiently opposed to thought control to the extent of rejecting Government direction in education even although they may be "loyal Americans" in other respects.

Maybe it is the "other respects" which will ultimately count, but there are too few protests against Government control to ignore this one by a section of people who are moulding the minds of a generation destined to become some of the leaders of society. What they learn to-day may decide how they may act to-morrow

Racial Fanatics

CAPETOWN, NOVEMBER 10.

A couple who adopted an abandoned baby but were later ordered to give him up because he was classified as Coloured (of mixed blood), have now been told that they can keep the child—provided they leave South Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beecher, of Hazendal Estate, Capetown, will leave for England, with the child, Thomas, aged two, on Friday. Their air passage has been paid by the Amalgamated Society of Woodworkers in Britain. Yesterday they were told by Mr. Tom Naude, the Interior Minister, that they could keep Thomas if they left the country.

The Beechers took Thomas as their child after he had been found abandoned in a paper carrier bag inside a Roman Catholic church. On October 30 they were notified by the Social Welfare Department that they could not keep the boy because he had been classified as Coloured—even though his parents were unknown.—*Reuter*.

This is Their Life

SINCE the war the picaresque novel has come back into favour, particularly among younger authors. Originally the *picaro* was a wandering rogue used by writers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as a sort of roving correspondent on the contemporary scene. People like Defoe, Fielding and Smollett took as much pleasure in describing the social set-up around them as in telling an actual story. When society became duller and more settled, the plot began to dominate novels and the knock-about picaresque went out of fashion. Social documentary became far more sedate (though there was still *Sybil* and *Oliver Twist*).

In the last few years, along with all kinds of other experiments, the picaresque framework has been revived in modern dress. One of the pioneers was Joyce Cary; examples of recent picaresque novels include *Hurry on Down*, *Under the Net*, *Happy as Larry*, and *The Ginger Man* (not *Lucky Jim*). But these novels are documentary only in a minimal sense; the leading documentary author today—Angus Wilson—is far from picaresque. Perhaps the only really good writer of old-fashioned documentary picaresque is Colin MacInnes.

The point of picaresque is that the hero has few roots and no sense of responsibility; the point of documentary is that the description of the social environment is more important than character or plot. *City of Spades* (1957) and *Absolute Beginners* (1959) fulfil both conditions.

In the first there are two heroes (who speak alternately in the first person)—a Nigerian student and an English liberal intellectual. In the second there is one (who speaks in the first person throughout)—a boy of 18 who takes pornographic photographs. MacInnes is not interested in probing the minds of his characters nor in sculpting elegant works of art. He is interested in depicting London society—low society in particular—and his technique is to endow his heroes with gregarious tendencies and set them down in the middle of it all.

In these two novels we meet—apart from the heroes—a sort of Hogarthian cross-section of the London anti-heap. Through MacInnes's pages parade Englishmen, Australians, Americans (North and South, white and black), Africans,

Jews, Indians, crooks, whores, ponces, pimps, queers, lesbians, nymphomaniacs, drug-peddlers, drug-addicts, jazz-addicts, singers, dancers, writers, bohemians, teds, layouts, housewives, students, civil servants, policemen, TV and radio types, debs—most of them with delightful mad names that Dickens or Fielding would have relished. The panorama is perhaps not as authentic as Frank Norman's but it is vast and lively.

The scenes are in Brixton, Southwark, Stepney, Holloway, St. Pancras, Maida Vale, Notting Hill, Pimlico, Soho—London in tatters. MacInnes is an Australian, but he knows London and feels strongly about it: "... my God, I love this city, horrible though it may be, and never want to leave it, come what it may send me." In a way his subject is London, seen from the point of view of drifting intellectuals, criminals, degenerates, negroes, teenagers. But it is not just entertainment, wonderfully entertaining though it is. The undertones are serious and ultimately, as all good picaresque or documentary must be, moral.

The titles are significant: *City of Spades* is about the colour problem; *Absolute Beginners* is about the "teen-age thing" and—especially at the end—about the colour problem too. Much of the dialogue and narration is explicitly concerned with these subjects, and the author does not scorn to break off and describe details—clothes, jazz, Jews, food, anything that helps to complete the picture he is painting. The difficult feat is brilliantly carried off—less so in *Absolute Beginners*, I think, where MacInnes tends to get too involved in his story.

Picaresque should be superficially amoral and here the later novel loses some of its impact. The nameless hero is a bit too good for the part he is playing; his friends seem to be hustlers almost without exception (honest work doesn't figure prominently in the MacInnes world) but he is not a very convincing one himself. Nor do his emotional relationships with his girl-friend and parents quite come off; he thinks too much.

But these are small complaints. The important thing is that MacInnes is dealing with characters and ideas and situations that are hardly touched by modern fiction except in thrillers or psychological studies. Through the medium of his amused but angry mind we see some of the outcasts of our smug society struggling to assert themselves. We are not asked to pity them—any more than they pity themselves—but we are forced to take notice of them. If we close our eyes or pass by on the other side it is not the author's fault.

His own place is clear. The Jewish poet in *Absolute Beginners* says: "England is dreadful, and the English—they're barbarians. But three things of theirs I cherish most sincerely—the lovely tongue they thought up God knows how

BOOK REVIEWS

A MAN ON THE LEFT

THE *ACHILLES HEEL*, by Manès Sperber. Translated by Constantine Fitzgibbon. André Deutsch, 18s.

"THE Achilles Heel" is a collection of essays written between 1953 and 1956 by Manès Sperber, previously known in this country for his trilogy of novels: "The Wind and the Flame", "To Dusty Death", and "The Lost Bay".

The first of his essays—"Positions, an Essay on the Left"—is an examination of the dilemma of a former communist militant who still regards himself as a member of the 'left'. Is there still a left? If there is, can the left remain independent of both the old right wing of western capitalism and the new right wing of Communism? What is the meaning of the term 'left'? These are some of the questions that Sperber poses. His answers are such that one is alternately pleased and annoyed by them. He indicts those who seek to identify anti-capitalism with the communists and opposes those who seek to use totalitarian methods to combat totalitarianism. Yet he advocates the defence of western democracy "at any price"—an attitude which could easily lead to a sanctioning of totalitarian methods. (His curious view that the state direction of industry in the U.S.A. and Britain during World War II did not "damage either... the liberty of the individual or... the right of free association" is indicative of his blind spot in this direction). He can write: "The ideology of the left wishes to convince and not to dominate. It thus tends towards a society in which man shall not be governed but shall be master of his own liberty...". Yet he believes that Europe should be united into a federation of states as a means of making war impossible and in doing so ignores the fact that such a unification would strengthen the power of government. And what would happen to the tendency "towards a society in which man shall not be governed" in such a situation?

Sperber's second essay—"The Police Conception of History"—contains some good and strong words about Sacco and Vanzetti (e.g. "These two victims became towers of strength, owing nothing to anybody and everything to their conscience. No political party has been able to claim their heritage, and their case has refused

any sort of transference. 'My name will mean justice and liberty, nothing else', Vanzetti predicted"). In this essay he contrasts their case with that of the Rosenbergs—to the detriment of the latter. Not having studied the Rosenberg case I cannot judge how accurate his criticisms of it are, but it does seem that he makes a valid point when he argues that there was a crucial difference between it and the Sacco-Vanzetti case. That is, that Sacco and Vanzetti faced their persecutors with the spirits of free men, whereas the Rosenbergs were not only victims of the law, but also of the Communist Party apparatus.

The remaining essays of "The Achilles Heel" are on hatred, psycho-analysis, T. E. Lawrence, and literature.

Manès Sperber is a writer whose concern for the human condition is deep and serious. However one may disagree with some of his ideas, one cannot deny his compassion for mankind, nor his wish to defend the dignity of the human person. He is at his best when writing about such people as Sacco and Vanzetti, and even when his sensitivity is muffled by an indiscriminate acceptance of industrialism, or his logic upset by the panaceas of political socialism, he is always a man on the left—that 'left' which aspires to liberate men from all oppression.

S. E. PARKER.

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and I try hard to write in, and the nose instinct of their engineers, and seamen, and explorers and scientists, to enquire, to find out why, and their own radicals that bounce up every century to flay and slay them, never mind the risk. So long as they have those things I'm glad to be with them, and will defend them." Colin MacInnes is deeply involved in each of these three things. May he long be with us. N.W.

**City of Spades* and *Absolute Beginners* are published by MacGibbon & Kee.

Pie in the Sky

PROVIDENCE ISLAND, by Jacquetta Hawkes. (Chatto & Windus, 16s.).

STOCKS in the book trade, as well as on the money market, fluctuate with weather. Now that the 1959 summer is nothing but a fading memory, it is time to take another look at Utopias. Nothing, of course, is worse for Utopias than genuine well-being; despite which, this year, they haven't done badly.

If you didn't make it to Cavallo this summer, one book for you is Jacquetta Hawkes' *Providence Island*. A flint tool found in Melanesia by an American airman leads to the discovery of a Stone Age culture. Characters: an ageing don, resentful that life has eluded him, and staking his all on a remote chance; Miss Hawkes herself, thinly disguised as a research Fellow; and several volatile but likeable young men. This party might have contained all the ingredients of a Utopian expedition, even without an island thrown in. However, as Utes know, this genre is incomplete without the central thesis, or productive myth. In this case the sources are Margaret Murray's *God of the Witches* and G. Rachel Levy's studies of early man, with a strong dash of J. B. Rhine. The Magdaleniens turn out to be all that nuclear man is not: pacific, artistic, uninhibited. They have never had the authoritarian state (they refused to make atomic spears in the 8th century before Christ) or the trappings of democratic

rule. Everybody on Providence is attuned to everyone else; and strangely enough, everyone gets their own way. Instead of television, they have 'mind-pictures', or, in modern parlance, E.S.P.

Miss Hawkes is obviously wrung by the inhuman aspects of our culture (the climax comes when the Yanks want to use the island for an H-bomb test). Her happy end, in which the Yanks are defeated by superior telepathetic forces, is not unnaturally, a fantastic one. *Providence Island* is worth reading purely as an emotional record. Rich in poetic mind-pictures, its technical detail should make at least a few itch to take up archaeology. The most lasting impression is of the authoress herself, who obviously writes, as well as digs, not for the power or the glory, but because she enjoys it.

Vojago al Kazohinio (S.A.T., 18s.) comes to us from the Esperantist press. This is a fable about a society which possesses two ideas, 'good' and 'not good', which are self-evident truths to every citizen and make up the whole of abstract thought. The Kazohinians have refrigerators, communal laundries, and unlimited automation. This Utopianism derives from the hygienic Wells of *The Sleeper Awakes*, and is exceeding boring. As a study of the problems of social living, this book is pre-Stalinist (it was written during the 1930's) though it has a weird affinity with the Khrushchev era. A.D.F.

Interpreting Kronstadt & Makhno

Continued from p. 3

"Meanwhile there arose the problem of putting into practice the basic principle of anarchist economy—the exchange of commodities freely arranged between free organisations of free producers. The south Ukrainian peasants had plenty of grain: what they needed was manufactured goods. Accordingly a Gulyai-Polye comrade was sent on a tour of the towns. He seems to have been cordially received by the workers everywhere, and in Moscow he met with tangible success."

After the first successful exchanges under this reciprocal economy, the results of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, which opened the Ukraine to the German and Austrian armies, became apparent and Gulyai-Polye fell in the early spring of 1918. Makhno decided to wait until the harvest season before seeking to re-establish the revolution independently of the Bolsheviks, and spent the intervening weeks going round the big centres of Russia. "He wanted to find out for himself what had happened to the anarchists, and what they were intending to do. He wished to see what Bolshevik supremacy meant in practice, and what was the position and attitude of the workers in the big factories. He needed to know first hand what help and what obstruction he might expect for his coming revolution in the south." But the drive against the anarchists begun in Moscow in April and the wave of arrests by the Cheka had had their effect.

"A depressing feature of his tour was to note the general eclipse of the anarchist movement. . . . To the young man from Gulyai-Polye, Moscow appeared as 'the capital of the Paper Revolution', a vast factory turning out empty resolutions and slogans while one political party, by means of force and fraud, elevated itself into the position of a ruling class.

"Here again the anarchists seemed cowed and demoralised, largely concerned with keeping out of trouble. . . . He attended a conference of anarchists including a few like himself from the south, but no one present seemed to intend to go back there and fight for his convictions. . . . There seemed an unbridgeable gap between what Makhno

was burning to do and the general mood of the movement. Afterwards, when his revolution had flared up and been extinguished, his historian (Archinov) was to suggest that the anarchist leaders 'had overslept' the Makhno movement."

It was not until the spring of 1919 that the anarchist intellectuals began to join Makhno. "Of those that did succeed in arriving only Volin and Archinov remained loyal to Makhno to the end; the others, after a few months found it impossible to reconcile anarchist theory with partisan practice and left him." On the question of the Makhnovist movement's constructive potentialities, Footman writes:

"It seems irrelevant to argue the question of Makhnovite capacity for constructive achievement. Many of their ideas made sense to Ukrainian peasants whose one political obsession was to be rid of any outside interference. Most of their ideas make nonsense when applied to any larger or more developed administrative unit. If left to themselves, Makhno and his advisers might, by trial and error, have so modified their ideas so as to make possible some more or less workable social order. But they had too many enemies and were always on the run. They had no constitutional apparatus. Their supreme authority was the Congress, but they were often chased out of their centres before the Congress sessions could be held. . . . It was an army—an outstanding partisan army—with great powers of arousing peasant enthusiasm and a number of rather muddled ideas."

Mr. Footman provides a very readable and fast-moving account of the three-sided partisan warfare conducted with great ruthlessness and brutality by all sides and ending in a nightmare of pointless bloodshed. For an anarchist interpretation of the lessons of the defeat of the Makhnovist movement the reader should turn to Volin's *The Unknown Revolution*, where he will find few of Mr. Footman's conclusions contradicted, but some of them deepened and widened.

The present volume is to be welcomed as the most serious attempt outside the anarchist movement to chronicle and analyse these two aspects of the Russian revolution. C.W.

More Parasites than Workers!

Continued from p. 1

repeatedly pointed out that a large number of workers engaged, for instance, in the armaments industry, are doing work which is diametrically opposed to the interests of humanity. But it is quite clear that there is a growing number of employed people who neither produce nor provide goods or services which benefit the community, who have "easy" jobs and short hours and whose relatively high wages and untaxed "perks" are dependent on the less favourable conditions and wages enjoyed by productive workers employed by the same employers. And to the extent that they accept such a situation they are parasites so far as the productive workers are concerned no less than the boss is to both of them.

Far from Mr. Macmillan's summing-up of the Election result being true—that the class struggle in Britain is a dead letter—the contrary is in fact the case, with the difference today, that the producers are now in a minority! What is fantastic is they do not yet seem to have realised that if anything their position has been made that much stronger in any struggle they might engage in against the system (even though "public opinion" will be increasingly antagonistic as the disproportion between producers and non-producers increases).

To our minds workers on the production side of industry are entitled, as well as in a position, to demand either large increases in wages or drastic cut in hours of work. Only by determined action will they halt this new phenomenon of the "Service Economy" as the *Guardian* calls it.

Mr. Engberg in his *New Leader* article put it almost anarchistically, if we read him between the lines, when he maintained that

As long as we persist in confusing virtue with a full day's work for a full day's pay, and until some better method than "people's capitalism" comes along as a means to distribute the power to consume, the corporate civil servant, and Parkinson's Law, are all we have.

The "better method" to our minds will emerge when workers will become aware of their power as producers as well as of the potentialities for the full-life contained in a society based on leisure.

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MATERIAL well-being is within the grasp of all the peoples of the world. The contribution we can make to the underdeveloped countries is not money but in the first place our surplus food and secondly what in a rational society we would consider our surplus machinery. In this way the have-not countries could provide themselves with the tractors and plant they need to increase their food- and consumer-production and the have-countries could still provide all they need and in a third of the time now spent by the majority of people earning a living.

It won't happen tomorrow, we know, but even Mr. Engberg, who is no anarchist, implies that the present system is crazy and that but for it we could not only enjoy a life of plenty but, with it, plenty of leisure as well!

IF YOU THINK "FREEDOM" IS PERFORMING A USEFUL SERVICE, HELP US BY SUPPORTING THE DEFICIT FUND.

INTERPRETING KRONSTADT & MAKHNO

PEOPLE AND IDEAS:

WHEN, three years ago *The Unknown Revolution*, the second volume of *La Révolution Inconnue*, was published by FREEDOM PRESS in this country and by the Libertarian Book Club in America, it became the only account in print in English of two aspects of the Russian Revolution of the greatest interest to anarchists: the Kronstadt Revolt and the Makhnovist Movement in the Ukraine. The increasing flow of academic study of Soviet history and institutions in British and American universities, which has earned the name Sovietology in the last few years has tended to neglect these aspects of the revolution. E. H. Carr for instance, in his *The Bolshevik Revolution 1917-1923* dismisses the Kronstadt revolt in one sentence. Now, however, under the auspices of St. Anthony's College, Oxford, in the second of its "St. Anthony's Papers" to be devoted to Soviet affairs, there have appeared two long essays on these themes "The Kronstadt Rising" by George Katov, and "Nestor Makhno" by David Footman.*

Unlike some of the Western Sovietologists, both these authors are as familiar with the anarchist sources as with the Bolshevik ones—on Kronstadt: Ida Mett, Yarchuk, Berkman, Goldman, and Volin; on Makhno: Archinov, Volin, and Makhno's own memoirs. The Soviet sources on which Dr. Katov draws are principally those published in 1931 on the tenth anniversary of the crushing of the Kronstadt rising. He remarks that after 1931 it "ceased to be a subject on which Soviet historians would engage in (and publish) research, however conformist or biased it might be". The Soviet sources used by Mr. Footman are works by Kubanin, Antonov-Ovseenko and Yaroslavsky, and he notes that the importance the Bolsheviks attached to Makhno "is shown by the violence of the vituperation and the paucity of fact in relevant Soviet writing." Similarly, Dr. Katov says of Kronstadt:

"The records of the events in those fateful days are scanty, and those that exist are often inaccurate. Indeed, they are mostly lies, wicked lies and pious ones. The mere fact that these lies are still repeated now, more than thirty years after the events, both in text-books of history and in serious monographs that claim scholarly impartiality, shows that the occurrences of 1921 have not yet lost their political significance and that the conflicts, which called them into being, have not yet been resolved or outlived."

There is little point in attempting to summarise his account of the actual political and military events of the Kronstadt rising and of the falsifications by the Communist Party (Lenin and Trotsky, he notes "could not admit that the Communist régime was capable of being threatened by a genuinely proletarian movement, and when such a movement arose, they had to crush it, and to interpret it to themselves and to the world as a counter-revolutionary coup"), but it is worth quoting his interpretation of two aspects of the rising; the ideology of the Kronstadt insurgents and the role of the anarchists.

The rising in March 1921 took place just when Lenin was preparing the way for the New Economic Policy. The Kronstadt sailors saw however that the policy of economic concessions was to be accompanied by a tightening of political control by the party, and their *Kronstadt Ivestia* declared on March 15th, "That Lenin, as a benevolent old landowner, intends to make a number of small concessions to the peasants only in order to screw up even tighter the jaws of the vice of Party dictatorship is shown by his sentence: 'of course we cannot do without coercion, because the country is terribly impoverished and tired.'" And an article *Socialism in Inverted Commas* enumerated the misdeeds of the party leadership which, promising a free rule of labour, had in fact produced a "bureaucratic socialism" with Soviets consisting of officials who voted obediently as they were ordered by the infallible commissars. To this the Kronstadt sailors oppose the programme of "a socialism of a different kind, of a Workers' Soviet Republic where the producer himself will be the full owner and disposer of the produce of his labour". Dr. Katov comments:

"The popular masses were beginning to understand that the ideal order towards which the leadership of the Communist Party was steering the Soviet

State was based on a principle according to which all efforts of individual members of the community were to be regimented so as to serve exclusively the needs of society as a whole. What these needs were was to be determined by the Communist leadership of the State, which undertook, in exchange for their loyalty and total submission to the State and Party directives, to provide for all individual citizens those needs which the leadership considered legitimate. This Marxist ideal was fundamentally unacceptable not only to the peasantry, but also to a large part of the town proletariat. . . . This opposition to the basic principles of 'scientific socialism' as represented by Marxism was deeply rooted in the consciousness of the Russian masses and, however rudimentary its expression in the semi literate journalism of the Kronstadt rebels might appear to us, it deserves the attention of the historian as perhaps the most articulate expression of that stifled opposition against which the Communist leadership of the Soviet State has been waging a relentless war for the last thirty years."

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ON the question of the relations between the leaders of the rebellion and the anarchists, Dr. Katov notes with surprise that in his biography of Trotsky, Mr. Isaac Deutscher states that the Kronstadt rising was "led by anarchists". The facts, says Dr. Katov, are as follows:

"In 1917 the anarchists had a stronghold in Kronstadt where they had a resident agitator, a certain Yarchuk, who was working under the directives of the anarchist intellectual leader Volin (Eichenbaum). The anarchists played a certain part in the defiant Kronstadt Soviet, where they were opposed by Trotsky's followers. In June 1917, a group of Kronstadt sailors attempted to kidnap the Minister of Agriculture, Chernov. These men were anarchists and were carrying the anarchist black flags. We have mentioned the closure of the Constituent Assembly. Here again it was an anarchist Kronstadt sailor, Zheleznyak, who in January 1918 helped the same Chernov—the chairman of the Constituent Assembly—rather roughly from his chair, saying that the men guarding the hall (whom he commanded) were all tired and needed a rest and that the talking should stop. In the Civil War years both Yarchuk and Zheleznyak left to fight the White-Guardists in the south of Russia and neither of them ever returned to Kronstadt.

"When the Kronstadt rising broke out, most of the anarchist leaders in Russia, including Volin and Olga Taratuta, were in jail. A fortnight before the Kron-

stadt outbreak the funeral of Kropotkin took place, on which occasion the black flag, for the last time, was carried through the streets of Moscow. It was then that the Cheka was forced to release, reluctantly, six of the anarchist leaders on parole, so that they could make their last farewell to their spiritual leader. During the Petrograd disturbances in February 1921, the anarchists managed to issue a leaflet in which they called for an insurrection against the Communists, but they warned the proletariat against seizure of 'state power'. This, according to the leaflet, would lead only to the re-emergence of tyranny, as had recently been made plain by the seizure of power by the Communists. It is possible that Yarchuk, who was in freedom at that time, had something to do with this agitation. But Yarchuk never went to Kronstadt and was arrested on March 8th. He was accused of 'contact with the Kronstadt rebellion', but all political suspects arrested at that time were accused of just this crime. There were at that period a number of foreign anarchists in Russia, including Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman. They were by then quite disillusioned with the way the proletarian state was being run by Lenin and the Communists. As is clear from Berkman's diary, the Kronstadt rebellion took them by surprise. They did not become the dupes of the 'White-Guardist rebellion' legend, and soon understood that this slanderous accusation was only a preparation for the bloody suppression at the hands of Tukhachevsky. The foreign anarchists addressed a pathetic appeal to Zinoviev, asking him to intervene and prevent bloodshed by starting negotiations, and they offered to appoint a Committee of six, including two anarchists, in order to resolve the differences with Kronstadt by peaceful means. The appeal, signed by Goldman, Berkman, Perkous and Petrovsky, was handed to Zinoviev on March 5th and it is not impossible that the telegram, dispatched to Kronstadt from Petrograd on the 6th and offering to send to Kronstadt a joint Party and non-Party fact-finding Commission was a direct consequence of the initiative taken by the foreign anarchists. But even so—the fact that it was rejected by the Kronstadt Provisional Revolutionary Committee tends to show that there was no direct contact between the bewildered anarchists in Petrograd and the determined leaders of the Kronstadt sailors and soldiers. . . .

"Kronstadt produced a strong impression on the international anarchist movement. The anarchists were quite outspoken in their condemnation of the Soviet methods of suppression and in their sympathy with rebels. They embarked on bitter polemics with Trotsky

on this question, after his exile, and published a well-informed pamphlet on the rising. But they always claimed that they had never led it. . . . Both Berkman and Goldman deny having ever instigated or led the Kronstadt rising. And Volin, having devoted a chapter to the Kronstadt rising in his *La Révolution Inconnue*, deplors the fact that the Kronstadt sailors could not rise to a full understanding of anarchist ideals. The furthest one can go in meeting Mr. Deutscher's extravagant assumption that anarchists led the Kronstadt movement is to repeat Ida Mett's cautious estimate: 'One can only conclude that the anarchist influence on the Kronstadt insurrection was confined to the idea of workers' democracy, which anarchism propagated.'

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THE account by David Footman of Nestor Makhno, is lucid and exciting. Makhno's was, he says, "one of the very few revolutionary movements to be led and controlled throughout by members of 'the toiling masses'; and he provides the one instance in history where for a period of months and over a wide area supreme power was in the hands of professed anarchists." When Makhno returned from prison to his native town of Gulyai-Polye in the Ukraine he founded a Peasants' and Workers' Soviet which in August 1917 seized all large land-holdings, factories and workshops. In October, the Bolshevik *coup d'état* made little stir in the town:

"It took some weeks before it was possible to form a clear idea as to what had happened; and of course, much longer before the new Petrograd régime could exercise effective control in the provinces. But the slogans 'Land to the Peasants' and 'Factories to the Workers' were perfectly acceptable. To Makhno's peasants it seemed that the inhabitants of Petrograd were doing just what they themselves had done a few weeks before."

Friendly but reserved relations were maintained with the Soviets of neighbouring towns, which were dominated by the Bolsheviks and Left Social-Revolutionaries, but they filled Makhno with misgivings. "There were too many arrests". He was convinced that a trial of strength between the two parties was emerging, and that lack of unity among the anarchists prevented them from being more than "the tail of the Bolshevik-Left S.R. bloc". He set his hopes on the anarchist movement in the capital cities, "but his letters to them asking for advice and guidance remained unanswered."

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Virtuosity and Virtue

IN any list of novelists that have emerged in England during the last ten years the name of William Golding would come very near the top. He wrote three novels before this one* and they have a particular interest for us, quite apart from any literary appeal. Golding is concerned with human nature, and anarchists more than any other political group are concerned with human nature; he is a teacher, and anarchists are deeply involved in the problems of teaching. He has examined man from various points of view—in an artificial society, at his most primitive, in isolation—and has more to say to us about basic matters than any other working novelist. Even if you don't read novels you should read these.

Lord of the Flies (1954) was an astonishing first novel. Schoolboys marooned on a South Sea island turn the story of *Coral Island* upside down and in their behaviour enact the political and religious history of mankind. Never has the lust to rule and to be ruled been more sharply described. *The Inheritors* (1955) was an equally astonishing second novel. This time it is Wells who is overturned. A group of gentle, pre-human people who think in pictures and represent man before the Fall are confronted by some of our own clever, ruthless species. *Pincher Martin* (1956) went even further back, to the nature of man, stripped down to a few days' fight for survival on an Atlantic rock; the few days turn out to be simply a few seconds' refusal to die, linked in the mind of the drowning man with the memory of an aching tooth.

Three things stood out in these three extraordinary novels: the tremendous originality and force of the conception; the almost unbelievable skill of the execution; and the mind of the author

behind it all. The first is obvious. The second is indisputable; no one has been able to create schoolboys, prelapsarian near-men, or man at the end of his tether with such conviction, to fix them so firmly in space and in the mind of the reader (this power came across in the radio versions of the first and third novels too). The only complaints that could have been made are that the empathy is so absolute that it is unreadable (in the beginning of *Pincher Martin*, for example) or that the author is altogether too skilful (thus it was some time before any critic pointed out that the rock in the same novel is imaginary; before that the clues left by the author were thought to be inconsistencies!).

Golding could reply that in each of the books he gives the reader a chance at the end. One of his most characteristic "gimmicks" (his own word) was the trick of introducing a normal human view at the close of the novel. The naval officer who rescues the boys, the humans who capture the Neanderthal child, the men who have to do with the body when it is washed up—these suddenly snap the whole into focus, send a flash of ironical light into some of the dark corners. The repetition of the process was perhaps regrettable, but every time it was brought off perfectly.

Behind the admiration for the design and the technique was the really interesting problem of Golding's mind. What sort of a man had these ideas? What sort of a man could carry them out so well? What was he getting at? His fourth novel seems to give a sort of answer, but it is disappointing. Golding has stated that he sees no point in doing what has been done before or what anyone else could do, and in the past no one could quarrel with that; but the new book is not so very special though it is still impressive.

For a start, he has come down to earth. His first-person hero (surely a mistake for such an author) is a nearly

contemporary slum-child who, after being rescued in odd circumstances by a mad parson, becomes an (unconvincing) artist. He looks back on his life to see where he lost his freedom (why?). He keeps talking about his fall from freedom, the "free fall" of the title. He goes over episodes in his past and comments on them. As one might expect, many of the episodes—particularly those set in school or the asylum—are superb, spare, terrifying, biting, beautiful. But the commentary is little more than a trite mixture of Joyce Cary and Charles Morgan. The "gimmick" has been taken from the end and scattered here and there all the way through; it loses the sudden power it had before. And the most desperate episode, in a German prison-camp—which one might have guessed would be the best—is nothing more than embarrassing.

At the same time the religiosity, which was becoming rather intrusive in *Pincher Martin*, is now almost overwhelming (why must novelists go all transcendental?), and the theme of a painful rebirth from a symbolic womb is rather ridiculous. Each of the other books was, in the end, about freedom and virtue. But each was a fable, not a strident sermon; even the coda was implicit. Now, apparently, the reader must not be allowed to miss any significant point in the search for a paradise lost, in the lesson. Over and over again he is asked, "Here?" and before he can open his mouth the reply comes back, "Not here." This will not do. A novel is not a catechism.

If a very young man had written this novel and given it to Golding to look at, you could imagine him saying: "Yes, not at all a bad idea. The bones are good, but there's too much flesh on them, d'you see? If you want to make it good you must cut all this flesh away. Cut this out—right—and this, and this." Back to the bone, Mr. Golding! (Though I must say he does the flesh very well).

**Soviet Affairs*, Number Two, ed. by David Footman, (Chatto & Windus 16s.).

**FREE FALL*, by William Golding (Faber, 15s.).

VIEWPOINT ON ANARCHISM

Have Some Triffid on Your Crumpet

IN case you are wondering what this article is about I'd better explain that the Editor, knowing that I was off on a holiday, extorted a promise from me to write up a half-baked lecture given at the summer school. Somehow I seem to have lost interest in that lecture, but I have found the time to read a science fiction classic called "The Day of the Triffids."

For the benefit of anyone who hasn't read this epic I'll give you one of those garbled "book of the film" accounts to set the scene for my own stray thoughts. These won't interest you any more than the lecture would have, but it gets me out of my moral debt to the Editor. (How in hell did I ever get in his debt?)

Anyway, the Triffids are a kind of cabbage, only different. They are intelligent, they walk and talk, and they kill and eat flesh. Almost human in fact. They are farmed because of the high grade oil they produce.

One day an unnatural disaster overtakes the people of this planet and they all go blind. All, that is, except the author, who was in hospital with his eyes bandaged at the time, and various other characters who missed the celestial fireworks because they got stinko blind the day before and slept through the performance. The point is that only a handful of odd bods survive, because blind people are pretty helpless when it comes to independent survival, and the Triffids don't help. These sinister vegetables seize their opportunity to break loose and take the place apart.

All this is neither here nor there so far as we're concerned. As I was saying, the main point is that only a handful of odd bods survive. Let me spell this out in case you got lost back there. Organized society no longer exists. We're as good as back in the jungle except we still have the stored resources of the old society in terms of food, manufactured products, and a bit of technical know-how left over. This will tide us over the next year or so, but after that we live on what we can produce in the kind of society that we choose to form. Forget about all those lousy Triffids and poor blind bastards and let's concentrate on what would happen if we were faced with the problem of survival when the fabric of our present society is hanging in shreds. One thing we can be sure of is that groups of survivors would rapidly reform themselves into social units of one kind or another. On his own Man simply can't survive. It is only because he is a social creature that, despite his puny strength, he has managed to keep the wolf, and a few other well-equipped sets of mandibles, from his door. His strength lies in his organizing ability and his capacity for co-operation with his fellows.

The questions that look interesting are what sorts of social groups would form? How large would they be? How stable? What cement would hold them together? What sort of relationships would spring up between these diverse groups?

Even more interesting are the questions: What sort of group would the professed non-authoritarians like you and me form? How large, stable, etc.?

Now, in this book we weren't really talking about, the author does us the favour of bringing in three types of society on the road back to what passes for civilisation. One is a pseudo-religious pie-in-the-sky outfit that dies a rapid and nasty death because (a) it is all screwed up with the cretinous bogus morals of our present society, like marriage and monogamy and doing what

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*Indicates regular contributor.

you're told like good little kiddie-winkies; (b) too much time is spent seeking guidance from the Almighty instead of accepting personal responsibility to work out their own fate and meeting the challenge of the situation in a realistic fashion.

Another authoritarian, militaristic shower does quite well for itself. Having grasped that a power vacuum exists, these maniacs, who look very like our present incumbents, proceed to fill it.

The third group is a sort of libertarian, humanistic outfit, and I'm glad to say that they make out best of all. Which is roughly where the book ends and where I'm going to start asking some awkward questions.

Let's suppose that you and me and about 50 other readers of FREEDOM survive the holocaust. (We are among the blind drunk). Somehow we get together and organise ourselves a cosy little anarchist society, or at least a group that has the makings of an anarchist society in it. Not being power-conscious we don't rush out to arm ourselves with machine guns and flamethrowers. Being full of brotherly love we reckon to get along and have our differences in an intelligent, matey way. Forgetting what the anarchists we know are really like, including ourselves, let's pretend that all goes well until... You remember those power maniacs? Well, one day over the hill they come, complete with tanks and artillery, informing us that we're to join their club. (It's a bit like this in the book). Joining their club is like joining the Inland Revenue club—it's hard to say no.

So we're right back where we started. Conscripted, taxed and censored at the best; tried, imprisoned and hung at the worst. Civilisation triumphs!

There's a moral in all this, and because I'm a very moral sort of bloke I'm going to drag it out and make a song and dance about it.

Let's backtrack a bit and suppose that, happy in our little anarchist society, we nevertheless had the gumption to foresee that some power-hungry lunatic would probably turn up sooner or later to tell us what is good for us. Having divined this prospect we are faced with a choice between four main policies. 1. Bury our heads in the sand. Forget all about it. Pretend it will never happen. This is the standard policy of the vast majority of mankind, and it leads straight to the sheep pen.

2. While foreseeing the event we decide on the holy-joe "My love is greater than thy wrath" passive resistance line. Maybe we can talk them out of it. The outcome of passive resistance campaigns depends (a) on the willingness of the resisters to suffer for the stupidity, greed, etc., of others without resorting to violence themselves; (b) on the ruthlessness, cruelty, stupidity, etc. of the power crusaders. In the circumstances I don't think I could muster that much patience, forbearance, charity, brotherly love and masochism. I know my limitations, and I suspect they are not much greater than yours.

3. Get the hell out of it before the government arrives to enslave us. While this sounds tidy it only sidesteps the issue. Not only is it damned inconvenient to pull up stakes, leave everything you've worked for, and revert to a primitive nomad's life—it just won't work. Wherever you go, sooner or later some creep will turn up with all the apparatus of government and invite you to join the club.

Even if there were some secluded mountain top so remote as not to be worth the trouble of pushing around, this is still no solution. Come to that, if I wanted to contract out of the present mad-house that badly I daresay I could find a spot in a mangrove swamp where

A Spinster's Approach to Sex?

The following is an extract from a letter published in the Guardian. However fascinating it may be for so many of us to interest ourselves in the various methods of interfering with the natural results of the sexual act, let us not pretend that it is either a virtue, a necessity, or an acceptable answer to the question of the starving millions, any more than is suicide or cannibalism. Indeed, I find it surprising that cannibalism has not been seriously advocated as the practical solution to the modern world's difficulties—it is only slightly more disgusting than contraception and a hundred per cent. more effective in reducing population—Yours, &c.

the income tax and census man would leave me alone to wrestle with the bo-constrictors. But the fact is I don't want to live in a goddam swamp. I want to live right where I am for as long as it suits me. I want my friends round me and all those little extras like a roof over my head, medical attention when I get the DTs, the occasional pint and a bit of slap and tickle. No, despite what my friends may think, I am at heart a social creature. Which is why we don't run away no matter how crazy it gets.

4. Prepare to meet force with force. Estimate the size and resources of the enemy and pull the trigger, if not first, then a smart second, and a sight more accurately.

This is the one course of action that offers the chance of retaining our precious freedom. The trouble is the moment we embark upon it we are up to our necks in power politics. We know that if the enemy is 500 strong and we can muster only 50 we have to look around for some trusty allies. If the self-appointed enemy has tanks we must meet them with tanks or bazookas. In fact, like it or lump it, we produce our war machine. Where, then, is our precious freedom? Of course, being anarchists we know that this is only a temporary expedient and that once the war is won (?) all we have to do is bury the dead, disband our army... and wait for the next fire alarm. Being anarchists we also know that power corrupts, and the more powerful our external enemies become the more power we have to muster to meet them. Clasp all this corrosive power to our righteous bosoms we one day wake up to find that Tweedledum at home looks very like Tweedledee across the barbed wire.

All this sounds very logical to me, but maybe I lost the thread somewhere. Maybe there is a fifth or sixth alternative that my weary eyes, encrusted with the cataracts of a formal miseducation, have failed to see. If so, and your eyesight is up to par, drop me a postcard or I shall begin to get pessimistic. Be that as it may, what vision I do possess tells me that power, like gravity, will always be with us in one form or another, and like gravity, we'd better get used to it.

I have the power to spit in your eye; not that I want to, mind you. But even if I did I would give pause at the thought that you have the power to spit in mine. This is known as a "balance of power". Come to that, if I really put my mind to it, I have the power to knock you off à la Capone, and vice versa and the injured party wouldn't be in any condition to return the compliment. As things stand neither of us exercises this power (although at times I'm sure we're tempted) because we are not willing to take the consequences of doing so. Other people have the power to set the score straight.

At one time I seriously contemplated sending my old headmaster to a well-merited grave. God knows he deserved a rest from all the power he exercised. Had the Nazi invasion materialised to upset the internal balance of power I was all set to demonstrate my power to aim a gun in his direction and squeeze the trigger as often as it took to drive the point home. In the event Hitler never made it and I forewent the luxury of settling the old hypocrite's hash. Today, even though my personal feelings are less directly involved, I still wish I had the power to prevent him and his kidney from continuing to manure the minds of the young. The world would

COMING-OF-AGE TREAT

There is an urgent need for dental health education in the country as a whole, says Sir John Charles's report, and more especially in the North of England, where the extraction rate is high. The attitude of mind that prevails in some areas is illustrated by one case:

A senior school girl was undergoing treatment at a clinic for a chronic gum infection that showed little sign of improvement because she refused to clean her teeth. In despair the dental officer sent for the girl's parents, hoping they would insist that she carried out the necessary home care. Her father, however, replied: "Don't waste your time on her, miss, it isn't worth it. You see, I give all my children a set of false teeth for their twenty-first birthday."

Guardian. [We are always being told that the family is all-important to the child. Surely what the child needs is love and guidance based on wisdom, which most parents are neither capable or qualified to provide.]

be a better place to live in.

The trouble with my old headmaster was not that he had power, but that he had too much and didn't know how to use it. Five or six hundred young people had to endure his Victorian Christian impulses because there was no obvious way of exposing or checking him. He was virtually a dictator in his own little fascist parish and the system operated to maintain him in power. Provided he cloaked his sadistic activities under the holy guise of maintaining discipline he could terrorise every child placed in his charge. If for no other reason, the staff would back him up because of their jobs. The Education Committee would back him up because they appointed him and believed in the system of institutionalised violence anyway. The quivering prefects had their own fish to fry, and parents either couldn't care less or thought it all very proper. Weak and nasty as he was, the old pervert couldn't go wrong. Moreover, it should be added, the sheep in his charge had very little to be proud of, since a modicum of organised resistance on their part and he would have been obliged to change his tactics. Still, the sheepishness of the sheep is one of the facts of life that any social system has to take into account. The power tycoons exploit it, and anarchists have to protect themselves and the sheep against this willingness to queue up for the slaughterhouse.

Since power is inherent in the nature of things, what is it we object to? Nobody ever started an anti-gravity movement that I heard of. What I object to—about power, that is—is not that it exists, but that it is abused. If it is true, as the litany runs, that power always corrupts, then I guess we might as well believe in original sin. For my part, although I can see that power, like gravity, can be dangerous, there is no logical necessity for its being harmful. If it were otherwise then we are all damned by the power we have to make or mar the happiness of others. Furthermore, unless I constantly exercised my power to keep the hounds of State at bay I should enjoy even less freedom than I currently contrive to hang on to.

Since I am well launched on the course of heresy I might as well put my foot right in it. Another bit of dogma masquerading as pukka anarchism is the contention that reform is a waste of time. Without boring you with all the pros and cons let me refer back to that reptilian headmaster of mine. There is in fact a loophole in the system, whereby his abuse of power could be curbed. Any parent can write to his child's headmaster expressly forbidding the use of corporal punishment in school. The "right" to beat the bejesus out of a child is invested by law in the parents and they are not obliged to transfer this "privilege" to other adults. Any teacher or headmaster who defies such an injunction

MUSIC ON A SHOESTRING

DONALD CAMPBELL, the world water-speed record holder, was recently quoted as saying that we spend not enough money on science and too much on the arts. Perhaps he did not know that the Government grants about one million pounds per annum to subsidise or encourage all forms of art in this country, both professional and amateur, in contrast to the thousand millions spent to develop the art of war in which science has a large vested interest.

One quotation from the recently published Annual Report of the Arts Council of Great Britain, *The Struggle for Survival*, price 2s. 6d., illustrates the sort of second-class budget on which a leading musical organisation has to depend: "The grant of £4,300 for the London Symphony Orchestra Ltd., includes £300 towards the cost of purchasing a second-hand van." (1).

L.C.W.

NARCOTICS

To the Editors of FREEDOM.

I would be very interested to hear on what evidence "G" bases his claim that certain drugs mentioned in his articles are less harmful or at least no more harmful than alcohol. Statements of this kind should not be made without some kind of scientific, statistical, or other relevant evidence to support them. I must ask "G" to supply that evidence if he wishes me to take his articles seriously.

Yours,
NICHOLAS J. TEAPE.

Ipswich, November 21, 1959

can be arraigned for common assault. If enough parents could be persuaded to take such a step, and plenty lack only the knowledge and not the humanity to do so, corporal punishment would go the way of the rack, the wheel and the gouging iron. It would be hard on the headmasters who lack the intelligence, benevolence and strength of character to run a school any other way, but they could always get a job castrating pigs.

At this point if I were saying all this at an anarchist meeting, we would expect squeals of anguish from one corner, and sharp sucking of teeth from the front row, "tut-tuts" from under a furrowed brow to the left, a muttered "spheroids!" to the right, apoplectic glares from the back row, and urgent scraping of chairs, shuffling of feet and slamming of the exit door. Shouts to the Chairman to let an anarchist speak for a change would come from several quarters at once. Protests would flood in about playing the enemy's game, turning for assistance and thereby tacitly recognising a legal system we despise and refuse to acknowledge as fit to dictate our conduct. Someone would utter the mystic cry "Direct Action" and do nothing further; as if writing a letter were so indirect as to be round the bend. That the enemy fails to disappear in a puff of smoke upon the incantation is a constant source of surprise to me, seeing how often this simple avowal of faith in Direct Action precedes complete paralysis. For my part, while sharing the lofty ideals of anarchism, I am obliged to make the best of the world as it is. If it were possible to abolish or even reduce corporal punishment by action direct, indirect, or by holy cries, then I should favour such a course, because I believe that the next generation would be that much less pathological than ourselves if those emotional cripples at present wielding the cane were relieved of this bit of power. As far as I can see the approach most likely to succeed is the one indicated, but if one of the criers of holy words will show me how better to achieve the same end I shall gladly listen.

BOB GREEN.

MEETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS
LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP and MALATESTA DEBATING SOCIETY

Meetings now held at
The White Bear (Louche Bar)
Lisle Street, W.C.2. (Leicester Square)
Every Sunday, 7.30 p.m.

NOV. 29.—Donald Room on
THE ROMANCE OF CONSCIOUS EGOISM

DEC. 6.—S. E. Parker on
SOME IMPLICATIONS OF INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM

DEC. 13. Arthur Uloth on
INCEST.

DEC. 20.—Debate on motion:
"That B.B.C. English is corrupting the English Language".

EAST LONDON DEBATING COMPETITION (Round One)

REPLAY
Monday, December 7th at 7.15 p.m. at
The City Literary Institute,
Stukeley Street, W.C.2.

MALATESTA CLUB
on a motion to be arranged.

Dec. 20th, 7.15 p.m. at
"White Bear", Lisle Street, W.C.2.

London Anarchist Group will propose the motion "That B.B.C. English is corrupting the English Language".

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