

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"When enough people respond to the invitation to die, not with a salute but a smack in the mouth, and the mention of war empties the factories and fills the streets, we may be able to talk about freedom."
 —ALEX COMFORT

Blue Streak, Black Rod, Pink Mist - & Mr. Brown

THE CRAZY REALITY

ALL the parliamentary fuss over the Blue Streak Missile was simply the political game being played according to the rules, and will neither deter the government from pouring more money down the military drain, nor end the waste of human brains and materials on projects which are doomed to obsolescence long before they reach the stage of being mass produced. As Mr. Watkinson put it when explaining away the £65 millions spent on the Blue Streak: "If we are to keep the peace for an occasional expenditure of £60 millions-odd, it is very cheap at the price." Apart from the fact that if it could be pointed out that such is the case, then the Opposition should be much more worried with the £1.500 million spent each year on "Defence", the Opposition surely is not in a position to criticise the Government's expenditure on the Blue Streak since its spokesman Mr. George Brown was demanding a guarantee from the Government that

there will not be a period when there is no effective deterrent just because nothing will exist to carry it.

Thus the Labour Opposition has not offered an alternative to keeping up with the military Ivans—which involves the arms race we are now witnessing, but is at one with the Government in believing that this country should possess weapons which can be effectively directed against the enemy within the 4 minute breathing space which the political and military leaders will be granted when the Fylingdales ear is operating in a few years time!

Now it is almost certain that by the time the Fylingdales project is completed the "enemy" will have developed a counter measure which will either neutralise it or say cut down the warning time to 1 minute. In which case all the bombers and what-have-you now being developed to make possible a massive attack within the four minute period will all be out of date, probably some time before the project is completed. As to what one should do in this case is a knotty problem for all concerned. You can only keep the enemy busy scrapping his latest weapons of "defence" and "attack" by rendering them obsolete as a result of the counter-measures you take to neutralise his latest weapons!

Supposing the West had not developed the H-Bomb, then it is probable that the East would not have developed it either. Once they both had it then each had to develop bigger and more efficient bombs and faster means of transport to carry them to their ultimate destination. Then the question was to devise a system of warning which would prevent you from being caught with your military pants down so as to convince the enemy that whatever he sent over you could return on the same scale. And we are now at this stage. Fixed launching bases

are useless because the enemy can pin point them with his rocketry, so short of floating the British Isles and keeping the enemy guessing as to where we are from day to day, the Government has decided to try and keep our weapons on the move.

(What a lot of people seem to overlook, is that the very same problems that face the politico-militarists on this side of the power curtain are taxing their counter-parts on the other side. For they too must provide the "deterrents" to nuclear attack from the West, since they no more believe the assurances of the Eisenhower-Macmillan faction than these believe in Khrushchev's doves of peace.)

SINCE the Labour Opposition has pledged itself to playing this game it cannot, without leaving itself wide open to charges of hypocrisy and "political irresponsibility", object to the expenditure of huge sums of money on military projects which everyone knows will never be used. Think of the millions of young men who since the end of the war have been conscripted into the armed forces, housed, fed and clothed, trained in the use of weapons which have long ago been scrapped—all as part of a programme of "defence" or "deterrence". What greater waste of materials and man-power than that? Yet the Labour Government was responsible for this policy during the years it was in office and we can well imagine that its spokesmen could bring forward all kinds of arguments to justify the expenditure even though, in the event, not one of the post-war conscripts has fired a

single shot against the "enemy" over the Curtain! Why then howl when the government decides to scrap a weapon when a mere £65m. (or £100m.—what is £35m. more or less in a millionaires' game? The answer is just one nuclear submarine!) has been spent on it. They should praise the Minister and his advisers for having come to a decision when so little had been spent on a weapon which the enemy had already neutralised. Thanks should also be voted for the enemy which had the decency to let us know in plenty of time that it was a waste of time to mess about with missiles launched from fixed bases!

But now of course in this country

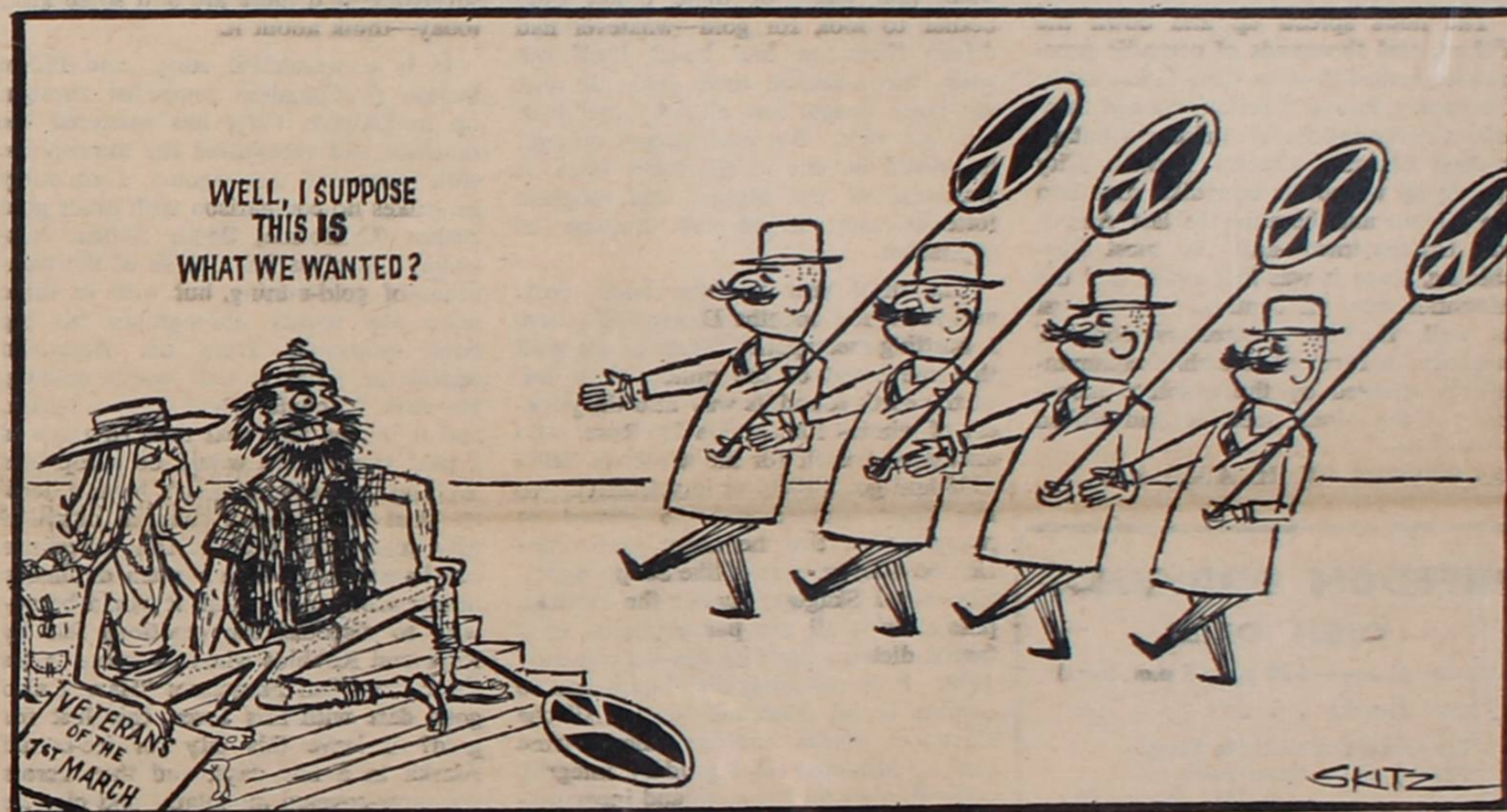
we are really up against it. The *Guardian* points to our dilemma in this "present insane race" when it declares

The disturbing thing about the present thinking in the Ministry of Defence is that it does not seem to know what it wants to replace Blue Streak.

Government hopes however are based (perhaps that is not the right word in the circumstances) on the use of missile carrying bombers and perhaps nuclear submarines. The latter are expensive toys (\$100m. each and according to a Pentagon spokesman 45 are needed for a "vengeance strike", that is about £1,200 millions for a set!) but very mobile, the former less expensive

and less mobile unless it is proposed to keep a striking force permanently in the air.

BUT enough of this crazy talk. It is crazy and real. And what makes these elaborate plans, these future projects, all the more crazy is the one real fact, which does not seem to be taken into account: that at any moment Russia and America, if they so wished, could blow the world sky-high, themselves included. And here they are, the politicians, scientists and militarists, ponderously discussing "deterrents" in 1965, and 4 minute warnings in 1963, and the Labour Opposition going through the motions of indignation about £65m. and covering up their own moral impotence by taking it out of poor Black Rod, who had only come to call them away from their double-talk to the more rarified air of the House of Lords!



THE EASTER PARADE

THE expectation that the protest march from the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston, to Trafalgar Square, would be twice as big as last year's march, has been fulfilled. On Good Friday 9,000 people left Aldermaston and 10,000 arrived at Reading (last year the figures were 4,500 and 5,000). On Saturday 15,000 marchers reached Slough (last year 3,000) and on Sunday 20,000 arrived at Turnham Green (last year's figure for that dreadfully wet Sunday was 3,300). Last Easter Monday there were 20,000 people in Trafalgar Square, this year, as all the streets around the square were packed with people too, it is impossible to guess at the number, and estimates varied from 50,000 to 100,000.

To get these intoxicating figures into perspective, it is worth recalling that on Good Friday, Tottenham Hotspurs beat Chelsea before a crowd of 68,000, that on Saturday, Aston Villa lost to Cardiff watched by 55,000 people, and that on Easter Monday, 40,000 went to see the Wolves beat Notts Forest.

All the same it is evident that for many of us the Aldermaston March has become the Sporting Event of the Year, a rite of spring for the young and hopeful, and an annual airing for the conscience of the Left. To be honest about it, it is the cheapest, healthiest and most stimulating way of spending the Easter holiday. (Also the safest, since

none of the appalling number of road accident casualties last weekend were marchers, while the tedium of waiting for the march to get moving after stops was nothing to that which this country's motorists made for themselves on Monday—a 26-mile-long traffic jam in Hertfordshire, and a 23-mile-long one from Theale in Berkshire through Reading to Slough—on the route which the marchers had traversed more enjoyably a couple of days earlier). This year too, the dry weather (except on Friday), and the feats of long-distance marching during the craze for this sport last winter, took away from the march the air of an

endurance test or crusade of penitents which had hung about it in the last two years.

It would be interesting to compare the press treatment of this year's march with that of two years ago. The newspapers whose reports were derisive and contemptuous then, were full of glutinous phrases last week-end about "the great peace march" of "ordinary folk". The *Daily Mail's* columnist Henry Fairlie, who had misjudged the atmosphere, wrote a piece called "Blot on Good Friday", all about "cranks", and "exhibitionists" in which the key-words were "bed-sitter", "outer suburbs" and "beards", and in the

German March on Rocket Ranges

The first Aldermaston-type march to take place in Western Germany began on Saturday. Groups of opponents of nuclear arms began to converge on the Bundeswehr's rocket training ranges at Hühne from Hamburg, Hanover, Brunswick, Bremen, and Lüneburg. They hope to reach the barracks to-morrow afternoon and to hold a protest meeting outside the gates.

In view of the fact that an "anti-atom death" campaign was launched by the Social Democratic party and the trade unions more than two years ago, it is surprising that a march of this kind has not taken place before. Previous demonstrations against rocket weapons have had strangely little connection with the principle of opposing atomic warfare. Demonstrators at Dortmund last year merely wanted the removal elsewhere of

a British guided missile regiment; objections raised in Lippe were concerned with possible damage to the tourist trade.

Hühne is only two miles from the former concentration camp of Belsen and the marchers are carrying banners with "First Bergen-Belsen, now Bergen-Hühne" on them. Other banners have slogans such as "He who accepts atom bombs will die by them," and "Fight the atom bomb, or wait for the end of the world."

The marchers, who include many young boys and girls, have the support and encouragement of a number of public figures. These include Dr. Heinemann, the leader of the Pacifist wing of the Social Democratic party, writers, and leading Evangelical churchmen.

Guardian 18/4/60.

following Monday's paper, a column of letters rebuking him were published, while the *Mail's* reporter then wrote a long laudatory piece about "the biggest procession ever seen in Britain", "five miles of humanity demanding an end to nuclear war." The march in fact has become respectable.

OTHER differences from last year's march: The Communists, through some change in the Party Line, were participating under their own banners for the first time—an embarrassment for the organisers, though they did not make themselves such a nuisance as their half-brothers the "Socialist Labour League" did last year. Their presence of course, enabled the sporadic hecklers of the League of Empire Loyalists to yell the usual remarks about Russia and Khrushchev, but they would probably have done anyway. The newspapers say that there were more middle-class and professional people in the march than last year. I do not know their evidence for this, apart from the fact that numbers were bigger anyway. It was more interesting to note that there were more working-class marchers. Last year there were only two of those gorgeous old trade union or trades council banners which used to be such a feature of May Day marches. This year there were many more. There were more bands than last year, making up in their enthusiasm for their lack of

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FREEDOM

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BOOK REVIEWS

The Yellow God

AMERICA (both Canada and the USA) is a land where folk myths are recent history.

The Klondike (called "Thron-diuck" by the Indians) is a small river in NW Canada 50 miles east of the Alaskan border and 300 miles inland from the Pacific.

The news spread up and down the Yukon, and thousands of nomadic prospectors rushed to stake their claims along Carmack's Rabbit Creek (renamed Bonanza Creek) and its even richer tributary (named Eldorado Creek).

*KLONDIKE (W. H. Allen) 30s.

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The Stonehouse Story

PROHIBITED IMMIGRANT by John Stonehouse, M.P. (Bodley Head 21s.).

ALTHOUGH the system of Parliamentary democracy is a rotten one, no anarchist will claim that there are not a few worthwhile people inside it.

However, after one unsuccessful attempt at finding a seat in Parliament, Stonehouse decided to accept an offer to work for a farmer's co-operative in Uganda.

the Klondike was the Catholic priest—Father Judge—who drove himself to death running the hospital: no nonsense about sheriffs and marshals.

In the summer of 1899—just three years after Carmack's strike—gold was found at Nome in Alaska, and the Klondike rush faded out as abruptly as it had begun.

It is a wonderful story, and Pierre Berton (a Canadian journalist brought up in Dawson City) has mastered the material and recaptured the atmosphere with great skill and vigour.

EXHIBITION

A Painter of Terror

THE Marlborough Fine Art Gallery of 17/18 Old Bond Street have given the whole of their basement gallery to a one-man-show of the latest work of Francis Bacon.

Using Velasquez's painting of Pope Innocent X as his subject, Fuseli's shadow world of terror as his gimmick, and the still from the film "Battleship Potemkin", of the screaming woman with the broken spectacles, as his guide, he caught and held the eye and the purse of the fashionable buyers.

Bacon, time and time again, sketched onto his black canvas his reflection of Velasquez's monumental painting and in his turn accepted the reflected homage due to Velasquez's portrait of his thinned pope.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

the first half of this book. Corruption is not carefully obscured, failures are not forgotten and many sensible observations are made.

"It is a mistake to think that Africans operate on a lower, shallower plane than Europeans. Their sensitivity of feeling can be as developed as that of the white products of western civilisation.

The second half of the book deals with the author's much-publicised return to Africa, but by far the most interesting chapter does not deal with the deportation but with a short visit to Tanganyika.

The Stonehouse escapade in the Federation is fully reported, as you will have guessed. Apart from showing us the struggle for power that is going on between Welensky and the Colonial Office, it does nothing but glorify the author.

The Stonehouse solution to all the problems of Africa seems to be in the vote; speaking of the educated African an almost unbelievable passage is to be found: "He may use his first vote fumblingly, but he soon realises from the lively personalities pleading for his support that his vote is valuable."

'We must love one another or die'

"In certain areas radioactivity would be so intense that people could avoid sickness and death only by leaving as soon as the fall-out had decayed enough to allow movement. No one could be allowed back into such areas for a long time."

IT'S the other side's fault of course; it's THEM, not us. But it always is. We never seem to get around to the notion that war is a product of the principle of government as such, preferring to see it as a matter of our good government forced reluctantly into war by their bad one.

But individuals have to be propagandised, conscripted and terrorised into war. Reluctance to go to war is also human nature. And war, even in terms of the most sophisticated explanations, fails to do what it sets out to do.

War solves none of the economic problems that are regarded as its ultimate causes, save for the disposal of surpluses during the war, and the replacement of destruction after the war. The war-maker nations are at a disadvantage during the war. The neutral competitors tool-up and make progress.

that Stonehouse sees himself as one of these "lively" people. He has written a whole book about Africa, and what is the title but the nature of Stonehouse's relations with the Rhodesian Federation!

R. J. WESTALL.

Riots in Central Asia

REPORTS are reaching the Western press of disturbances on a large scale in the steel town of Temir-Tau in the Republic of Kazakhstan in Soviet central Asia.

Later reports state that in a trial later in the month seven of the youths were put on trial, two sentenced to death, two ten years' imprisonment, and the remainder five years.

It will be remembered that Karaganda was one of the centres of Stalin's concentration camps, where the prolonged strikes of 1953 heralded the dismantling of the forced labour system.

longest, e.g. the United States, and to the 'defeated' who have to be retooled from scratch by the 'victors'. Which are the most economically powerful nations in Europe and the Far East today? Defeated Germany and Japan.

The whole pattern of "ways of life" which war is supposed to defend, are in fact broken up by war. Established supremacies are overthrown, income is redistributed, standards of living and of morals undergo drastic change.

War is the only time when the State really takes notice of the individual. He is, for a change, well-fed, clothed and housed. The suicide rate declines. The individual's function in society becomes important, since society is engaged upon an identifiable, limited and realizable task: the defeat of the enemy.

The State grows in importance as a bureaucracy: shortages enable it to play favourites, while the necessity for strict obedience is unquestioned in the face of danger.

"War is the health of the State. It automatically sets in motion throughout society those irresistible forces for uniformity, for passionate co-operation with the government, in coercing into obedience the minority groups and individuals which lack the larger herd sense.

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'We must love one another or die'

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to them really to be converting them." Since the State functions so well during such a period, the tendency has been for governments to become more totalitarian. Seen in this light war is not a catastrophe, nor is it an accident. It is a means of government, and an end of government. The enemy, chosen before the war, becomes an object of emulation. We have to adapt our "way of life" to meet the challenge of his. We become what we behold. If he has more bombs than us we must have more bombs than him. If his satellites go high, ours must go higher. If he chooses science as the emphasis of education, so must we. For we must become similar to him in order to settle our differences! It is all logical, but it is the logic of the madhouse. What went wrong we ask. What got left out of the calculation? The answer is in that tarnished and shop-soiled word *love*. "We must love one another or die!" And by building our society around power and not around love, we have chosen a death-centred society. As James Hemming remarks:

"Up and down our society—and beyond it, between the nations—we can observe a rampant competition for status and power. Every day is tormented by endless, uncouth, and often ruthless, jockeying for position. You cannot have power relationships and love relationships at the same time, and the power relationships have it."

In the definition given to love by Erich Fromm, it includes care, respect, responsibility and knowledge. Accordingly the love of one's fellows is not a sentimental phrase, but a social necessity.

On the basis of *care*, the useful institutions of society have been built for ages. The need for human co-operation has been as great a driving force in human nature as the resolving of conflict in aggression, and has developed more permanent institutions; those in which the individual is regarded as an end, and not as a means to some end which is thought to be greater than the individual.

The respect of the individual for others (and for himself) would bring a more genuine cohesion in society, than its denial in the face of racial or national differences. A respect for differences is more desirable than a passion for fictitious equality, and a heightened *self-respect* would prevent an individual from allowing himself to be led, conscripted, propagandised, or forced into situations "because everybody else does it."

The responsibility of the individual, again both to himself and to others, should bridge the gap between theory and practice, between work and leisure, which has made for fragmentation and specialisation in life. What Marx called 'alienation' has gone further than the alienation of the worker from the 'fruits of his labour'. It has led to the alienation of the worker from his product. Increasing mechanisation and 'rationalisation' has meant a decline of craftsmanship and a viewing of work as something to get away from when the whistle blows. A restored sense of responsibility for the meaning of a person's work in relation to society is a necessity.

And knowledge too: an awareness of what individuals need, feel and think. A healthy scepticism and a critical awareness of the world around are prerequisites of a free society. It is also necessary to reduce the scale of the units of which human communities are built and administered, in order that the individual does not lose touch and interest. An ability to understand the workings of society declines as that society grows more complex and huge. . . .

Without 'loving' as Fromm defines it, mankind turns to the destruction which is ultimately self-destruction. The standards of society turn away from tenderness to toughness. Frustrated creative instincts turn to destruction and to the rat-race for power; whether expressed in financial, political or status terms. The scale on which modern centralised society is built makes disaster, when it comes, ever more gigantic.

The destructive potentiality of the H-bomb is the logical culmination of the mass-society. J.C.R.

New Zealand Letter

In a passage calculated, perhaps, as much to wound as inform, Kenneth Tynan wrote, "small nations tend to venerate what is peculiar to them. Spain has its bullfights; San Marino its postage stamps; Britain its queen." He might have added: "and New Zealand its All Blacks."

The All Blacks—the terms refers to the colour of their shorts and jerseys, not of their skins—are New Zealand's representatives in the sport of rugby football. Usually their selection causes little controversy except, of course, among the partisans of the various candidates for selection. And controversy, of that kind, is soon forgotten in the excitement of following the team's fortunes.

This year's projected tour of South Africa is, however, an exception. The controversy, this time, is not about who should be sent as full-back but over the racial composition of the team. Normally, racial considerations do not bedevil New Zealand rugby, or other sports. Maoris (the indigenous New Zealanders) and pakehas (the European, mainly British, settlers) play against one another and with one another. But last year, under pressure from the South African Rugby Union, the New Zealand Rugby Union announced that Maoris would not be eligible for the forthcoming tour. This decision, made public so long before the team was due to be chosen, has been vigorously challenged and has, as a more or less incidental result, led to some light being thrown onto some aspects of New Zealand life which are usually kept in discreet darkness.

On with the Game

If our national religion is rugby football, then our national folklore is centred on the concept of perfect equality between the races. As frequently happens folklore and reality do not correspond. Manifestations of colour prejudice have never been too difficult to find. Apart from contemptuous references to "niggers" and "black men", which can be heard in everyday speech, there are such items as refusal of service to Maoris in hotels, difficulties experienced by coloured students in finding board, and the evidence provided by the "To Let" and "Accommodation Vacant" columns of the daily press. The writer vividly remembers a session in the bar of a hotel in the course of which a young law student, pleasant and balanced enough in other respects, indulged in a long attack on the habits and patriotism of the Maoris. The tirade was punctuated by periodic assurances that the speaker "had nothing but respect for good Maoris." Another law student, a personal friend of mine, never refers to foreigners by nationality, or coloured people by race, but always by such labels as "wog", "dago", "nigger", "kanaka", and, most illustrative of the racist's search for new and more insulting terms, "tarbrush" (!).

In all fairness I should point out that such manifestations are, in some ways, the exception rather than the rule and that they are more marked in some parts of the country than in others. Nor should it be forgotten that there is no legal discrimination. What these manifestations show is that there are, under the surface, powerful currents moving

in a direction contrary to that in which the propagandists of the "New Zealand way of life" would have us believe. The spineless deference of the Rugby Union to the prejudices of South Africa's whites was an alarming symptom of this.

One thing should be made clear: Maoris never have been chosen for an All Black tour of South Africa. Exclusion in the past has not, however, aroused much opposition. The spontaneous opposition to the 1960 tour is, therefore, rather puzzling at first sight. An explanation is, I think, to be found in the recent incidence of a number of factors which have tended to make New Zealanders more conscious of racial tensions. Among these factors can be enumerated the influx of tens of thousands of migrants from Europe, the British Isles, and the Pacific islands; the rapid increase in the Maori population; and the tide of nationalism and anti-colonialism in Africa and Asia. These phenomena are essentially post-World War Two and have resulted in the rise of a far more cosmopolitan society. Newspaper publicity of unpleasant occurrences in South Africa, British African colonies, and the southern United States have increased awareness of what racial stratification means,

Thus, for a variety of reasons, the 1960 tour became a live issue—the liveliest, in fact, since the great waterfront strike at the beginning of the fifties—whereas previous tours had succeeded only in troubling a section of the intelligentsia. Trade unions, churches, women's organizations and student groups made statements and passed resolutions. Pro-

test meetings were held, and a petition circulated. Amidst all the agitation there were two striking omissions. The newspapers, which, with only about one exception, are right wing, avoided editorial comment. The two big political parties—Labour and National—also avoided anything which might be construed as commitment. Their position seemed to be that it was one thing to uphold racial equality when it was a matter of expressing pious platitudes; quite another thing to take action in a concrete situation.

In favour of the exclusion of Maoris it was argued: first, that New Zealand was bound, as a matter of courtesy, to respect the host country's wishes; and secondly, that the decision was really for the benefit of the Maoris since, if any of them made the tour, they would be subjected to embarrassment and, perhaps, insulted. The abhorrent racial policies of South Africa were conveniently ignored. The most powerful argument was, however, the desire of the country's football fans for the tour to go on. Not for them any qualms about flouting New Zealand's oft-proclaimed principles of equality between the races.

Leading the agitation was the New Zealand's Citizens' All Black Tour Association which was formed soon after the Rugby Union announced its decision. Strategy centred on the petition, which was to be presented to Parliament together with an appeal to call off the tour. Presentation and appeal took place on the 26th February and, as one might have expected, Parliament declined to intervene. In this, the culmination of the campaign, the two greatest weaknesses of the Tour Association's strategy were exposed.

First, there was the appeal to Parliament. The undesirable principles of Government interference in the affairs of sporting bodies was thus admitted. The politicians, however, instead of extending their power in this new direction, chose to misrepresent the issue involved as being one of whether there should be political control of sport. By being allowed to deal with an irrelevant issue, as though it were the issue in question, both Labour and National were enabled to escape from a potentially embarrassing position.

Secondly, the campaigners failed to make any clear definition of their objectives. Although the final attitude appeared to be "no Maoris, no tour", they never really seemed to be certain of their aims. Some wanted the tour to be called off altogether, regardless of the racial composition of the team. Others said that if only whites were to be sent the team should be called the "white All Blacks" or some title which emphasized their non-representative character. A third view was that any Maori who merited selection should be chosen and then allowed to decide for himself whether to go or not.

Diagnosis of the causes for the campaign's failure is easy; it is less easy to make suggestions on how success could have been achieved. More public support would have helped. As it was the petition obtained the creditable total of 153,000 signatures (New Zealand has a population of a little over two million) but, in order to subject the Rugby Union to sufficient moral pressure to make it reconsider its decision, at least three times as many were probably necessary. The moral pressure would have been considerably raised if a few pakeha players had announced that they were not interested in touring unless Maoris, too, were eligible. Unfortunately, nothing of this kind happened.

Although Maori leaders were unanimous in condemning the Rugby Union's decision the Maori people reacted more in sorrow than in anger. Perhaps they felt betrayed, which would certainly explain the sad references to the Treaty of Waitangi. By this treaty, made in 1840, the Maori chiefs ceded their sovereignty to the Crown. It has since been widely regarded as a charter of equality between the races, in much the same way as Magna Charta is sentimentally thought to be the foundation of the Englishman's liberties. If the treaty really is such a charter then the Rugby Union flouted it and the Government was quite unconcerned to protect it. Sentimental feelings about equality are all very well provided they are not allowed to interfere with serious matters, such as international sport, was the attitude of the Rugby Union; it is bad taste to indulge in agitation concerning Maori-pakeha relations, was the politicians' attitude.

Concern for New Zealand's reputation overseas was the one thing uniting those who supported the campaign and those who were against it. Among the latter there were also vague fears of where all this agitation might lead to if allowed to continue unchecked. Witness what

LITERARY CRITICISM

The Unintelligible Mr. B

NOW that John Calder has published Samuel Beckett's *Trilogy** all his major creative work is at last available to English readers; but we are no nearer to a considered judgment of this extraordinary writer, since it is still impossible to decide whether he is a genius of a charlatan. Is this book a classic or a confidence trick? I don't know.

For some reason Irish writers are susceptible to such disputes (Shaw, Yeats, O'Casey, Joyce, Behan). In the same way they tend to become exiles, and Beckett is no exception. He was born in Dublin in 1906 and went to Trinity College; he began as an academic teacher and critic in France and Ireland, but was quickly drawn into the literary world of the Paris expatriates (then dominated by James Joyce). By the time he was thirty he had more or less settled in France on the money his father had left him; he stayed there during the war, and stopped visiting Ireland when his mother died in 1950.

Beckett's early work consisted of criticism (*Proust* 1931), modernistic poetry (*Whoroscope* 1930, and *Echo's Bones & Other Precipitates* 1935), and an episodic fantasy about a Dublin student called Belacqua Shuah (*More Pricks than Kicks* 1934). His next novel (*Murphy* 1938) is a piece of mock-romantic picaresque set in London, and seems to foreshadow *The Horse's Mouth* and *Under the Net* (it is mentioned in the latter as one of the hero's favourite books).

So far nothing special. Like Nabokov (or Joyce and Pound earlier) he was well known in certain intellectual and bohemian circles in Paris, and almost completely unknown to the general reading public in England. This state of affairs continued even after the appearance of *Watt* (written during the war), despite the fact that this novel marked a change in his manner and is the key to his later work. Briefly, the change was from fantasy to fable, from complexity to simplicity, from the author's whims to man's position in the world. *Watt* is the first in a long line of broken men—old, crippled, blind, limbless or in some other way physically incapacitated (but never dumb!)—who dominate his subsequent books. *Watt*'s service in the household of Mr. Knott (who, quite literally, is not) is presented as an allegory of human life. The main characteristics of *Watt* are an obsessive preoccupation with the problem of identity, a compulsive tendency to relapse into grim irony, and a remarkable verbal dexterity.

After the war Beckett began writing in French, and these three novels were first published in France (between 1951 and 1953). It was the publication of *Molloy* in 1951 and the production of *Godot* at the Babylone a year later that

made him famous there. When *Godot* came to England in 1955 he became famous here as well—so famous indeed that there is a Beckett craze, just as there are Nabokov and Pasternak crazes. *Endgame* (1957) was first produced here (in French!), and *All That Fall* (1957) and *Embers* (1959) were written for the BBC. Meanwhile—as in the case of the other craze authors—Beckett's earlier works have been published or republished in England. We may be sure that had it not been for this change in taste (or fashion) the *Trilogy* would not have appeared here, or at least would have taken even longer than it has done. It is hardly likely to become a bestseller, but it is a good candidate for a status symbol in the contemporary game of cultural snobbery. Let us however, so far as is possible, consider it as a series of three novels.

As Beckett is essentially an Irish writer, it might be argued that he should be read in English, since something is bound to be lost in the French. On the other hand, something seems to have been lost in the process of translation—when, for example, a parrot that says "Fuck the sun of a bitch" in the English version originally said "Putain de conasse de merde de chaision" (which sounds a lot more fun—work it out for yourself).

At least he writes elegantly, whether in French or in English: "All was still. Not a breath. From my neighbours' chimneys the smoke rose straight and blue. None but tranquil sounds, the clicking of mallet and ball, a rake on pebbles, a distant lawn-mower, the bell of my beloved church. And the birds of course, blackbird and thrush, their song sadly dying, vanquished by the heat, and leaving down's high boughs for the bushes' gloom." His style is a combination of early Joyce and French anti-novelists like Robbe-Grillet and Nathalie Sarraute. But with the novels themselves we are on less sure ground.

Ostensibly, *Molloy* is about a crippled tramp who gets lost cycling in search of his mother and about the agent called Moran who is sent to rescue him, all in a sort of dream Ireland; *Malone Dies* is about an old tramp lying in bed in some sort of institution ("not a room in a hospital, or in a madhouse, I can feel that") who dies at the end of the book; *The Unnamable* sits, limbless and sightless, in a jar outside a Paris restaurant, and his book is about his loss of both life and identity. Yes, yes, but what is it all really about?

Well, in one way it is clearly an allegory about the human predicament, just as the stage and radio plays are. Like the tramps waiting for *Godot*, Hamm waiting for the universe to run down, the Rooneys tramping along the road, Krapp playing his tapes, or Henry looking out at the world and seeing nothing—like all these, *Molloy*, Moran, Malone

and the Unnamable are Everyman; this is made even more obvious than in the plays by the way in which they are repeatedly confused with each other in the course of the novels (with Murphy and Watt brought in as well). Not only are they all the same person, but they are also the author's view of his readers, and the author himself; it is a subtle reinterpretation of Stephen Dedalus's view of the artist expressed in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*: "The artist, like the God of creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails." Beckett is well within his, but remains invisible.

What else the *Trilogy* is, apart from an exercise in Irish blarney, heaven knows. In the plays a real sense of involvement does come through from time to time, but in these grim, grey stories there is little to attract the reader. Beckett has an enormous talent for writing, but all too often it is used to obscure rather than to convey what he is trying to say; anyone who can read straight through from the beginning of *Molloy* to the end of *The Unnamable* without skipping or yawning has my admiration. Nor does the author help us outside the pages of his work; he seems to use for his defence the only arms Stephen Dedalus allowed himself to use—"silence, exile, and cunning".

As I said at the beginning, there is no immediate prospect of a considered judgment of Samuel Beckett. All we can do at the moment is to wait and see if his present vogue is the beginning of lasting fame or is simply a stage on the road from *avant-garde* to old hat. I suspect that he is, like so many Irishmen, not to be read but to be listened to; this is why what is flat on the printed page is alive over the air. I shall never forget hearing Patrick Magee reading *The Unnamable* on the Third Programme when I was in bed with 'flu (the *Trilogy* is particularly suitable for listening when you have a high temperature), and *All That Fall* is more convincing than any of these three novels. But it would be unwise to dismiss them out of hand, as Dr. Johnson once dismissed *Tristram Shandy*. Remember that Kafka was once thought to be remote and unrealistic; now apparently he is devoured in East Europe because the world he described is so like that in a Communist dictatorship. Beckett now seems remote and unrealistic; but if the big bang comes the world he describes will be our world. Let us hope that if ever that does happen those of us who are left will have half the ironical dignity of his strange creatures. N.W.

*MOLLOY, MALONE DIES, THE UNNAMABLE (Calder) 25s.

Continued on p. 4

Aldermaston Afterthoughts

NO sane person will disagree with the aims of the Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament, and some of the writers and readers of this newspaper have joined the March to Aldermaston or supported the Campaign in one form or another.

We have been consistently opposed to the manufacture of nuclear weapons and indeed to the whole armament industry, even in the days when it was unfashionable to talk of peace.

Our point of departure from the majority of people now active in the Disarmament Movement is on the nature of society and the function of government.

We do not think that anything has changed which will make the governments of the world more amenable to moral persuasion, and we are unconvinced that peaceful demonstrations will change government policy, as long as opposition to nuclear disarmament is confined to marching, or to activities which do not affect the 'national interest'.

For over thirty years the subject of disarmament has been discussed in conference chambers in Europe by politicians, all dedicated to 'peace'.

In that period there has been a major war and many other 'local skirmishes' which have caused countless deaths and staggering misery. There are millions of refugees in the world created by the folly and greed of Governments, and the majority of those people still wait without hope for a chance to work and build homes. Many will never get this chance because they are too sick or too old, and no country wants to take responsibility for them.

The organisers of this Easter's March hope that it is now large enough to have a real impact on the disarmament negotiations in Geneva. We hope so too. But will anything short of a revolution make an impression on the wrangling boneheads at Geneva?

Latest reports are not at all encouraging. The Eastern and Western delegations on the Ten-Power conference cannot find common ground on which to proceed with discussions on disarmament because of their intractable differences on which should come first, disarmament or control. This dispute has been going on since 1945!

A Three-Power test-ban conference now in its 17th month has also failed to come up with a workable solution.

Since East and West proclaim that they sincerely desire to outlaw war and remove the threat of it, are we being too simple if we ask, why the hell have they not done so?

It is our view that the powerful nations have no intention of disarming, but even if some agreement on international control could be reached the US and USSR have sufficient existing supplies of nuclear weapons to blow each other, and the rest of the world, to pieces at any time.

It is true that Britain, America and Russia are now worried about the possibility of other nations manu-

facturing nuclear weapons, and President Eisenhower is known to be in favour of getting "the nuclear rules set up before this happens". The problem remains, however; assuming other countries are forbidden by treaty to manufacture H-bombs, lethal weapons will still be held by countries large enough to risk a war with tactical nuclear weapons and the threat of H-bombs, even if they agree not to use them on each other.

The question is are we prepared to be negotiated into war by relegating our power to political leaders, and if not, is there still time to act effectively and independently?

It is the view of many anarchists that a mass withdrawal of labour, the exercise of what has been called "responsible disobedience", would immediately force any government to sit up and take notice.

State power does not only rest on the strength of its military power but on its vast labour force on which its economic strength is dependent. A determined labour movement, not only refusing to man industries directly connected with armament production but calling a halt to production generally until governments pay attention to their demands, is the most effective and non-violent

way we know of bringing about a change.

Struggles of this kind in the past have shown that city workers need not go without basic needs. More recently in Hungary we had examples of co-operation between land and city workers when peasants brought food from the rural areas to feed people in the towns.

We cannot hope that the first step will be taken by any of the labour leaders, even those who pay lip-service to a nuclear disarmament policy frown on the concept of industrial action.

The initiative would have to be taken by the rank and file in all fields of production and distribution.

It has been said that a general strike is unrealistic because it is unlikely that it could be sustained, but we have nothing to lose by trying. At least we know that there have been successful strikes if only for a limited end, we have never heard of a government who has given up its arms as a result of moral persuasion.

The March to Aldermaston will do much to draw attention to the growing movement of people who are alarmed by the arms race—but, is this enough?

R.M.

READERS WRITE

The Individual in the Authoritarian Society

DEAR EDITORS,

It seems that the only point now at issue between J.G. and myself is whether or not it is possible to live individually—or in group for that matter—as an anarchist in a non-anarchist society.

I agree with J.G. that any attempt to put anarchism into practice would quickly land us in gaol or even worse if our rulers considered the attempt to be so dangerous to the existing order of things that repression became expedient. This is why I think that J.G. would soon be in trouble with any form of "spontaneous activity" which did not fit in with their limitations. In any event, I am convinced that any such action would fail, as to live as an anarchist in present-day Society is equally as impossible as it is for the idealist saint of Christian mythology to live a saintly life in the conditions which prevail today.

In advocating anarchism, we all, up to a point, endeavouring to put anarchism into practice, and this will be tolerated by the authorities in democratic countries if they do not consider "law and order" to be seriously threatened, but repression would certainly be applied if considered necessary. Anarchism means living without government, and however irksome it may be to the individual, governments exist, and we cannot ignore them. Until wealth is commonly owned, governments will continue to exist, and will not be displaced by moral

example, whether on the part of the saint or practising anarchist. Being practical is, I know, oftentimes regarded as suspect, but we deceive ourselves if we depart from realism.

Yours sincerely,

Surrey, April 4.

B.F.

Readership Survey

JUST as interesting as the involvement of so many architects in the anarchist movement is that of people connected with the book and printing trades, which is also of long standing Diderot, Godwin, Carlile, Proudhon and Morris in the old days, and Rucker and Tom Keell more recently. Perhaps the reason these occupations seem to be over-represented among libertarians is the frustration of vocational self-expression by commercial and conventional interests common to them both (which would also help to explain the connection of printers and pamphleteers with the puritan and rationalist movements when the struggle was religious rather than political—Lilburne, Winstanley, Defoe, Wilkes, Cobbett).

In the same way artists, musicians, actors, writers, teachers, pure scientists and people in similar occupations tend to be libertarian, even when they do not actually call themselves anarchists or realise the implications of their feelings. The sort of person who has the urge to say or draw or invent or impart something is always likely to resent being silenced.

Another line of investigation I would like to see followed up is the extent to which people in the anarchist movement come from families with Non-conformist and Puritan backgrounds I have an idea that there would be a significant correlation here.

Hampstead.

N.W.

The Easter Parade

Continued from p. 1

polish. Considering the well-known sympathies of the jazz world it is a pity that none of the big names in jazz could be persuaded to come. There seemed to be no new tunes, apart from the Aldermaston Blues from Nottingham University. The scarifying American record about Hiroshima and Nagasaki which, when blared over loudspeakers last year, drove passing motorists, in a frenzy of outraged sensibility, to drown it with their horns, was, unhappily, not repeated.

★

THE biggest change, as it affected marchers, was in the organisation of their baggage and sleeping places. Baggage labels were given a colour, according to the postal address from which marchers had booked their tickets. The column was organised according to this colour with the result that the scramble to collect bedding in the evening and load it up in the morning which was last year's biggest bottle-neck was eliminated. You found it at your sleeping place and left it there to be collected on the following morning. This also meant of course that the marshals had the problem of ensuring after each daytime stop, that everyone was behind the proper colour.

I find this question of how to marshal such huge numbers of people, without any enforceable authority or coercion the most interesting aspect of all about the march, for obvious reasons. We were seeing *anarchy*, the absence of authority, in action. And it worked. The organisation of facilities by the CND and the management of the column itself by Mr. Michael Howard, the chief marshal, was a triumph which is worth study from an anarchist point of view, and I was delighted to hear, when I buttonholed Mr. Howard on Monday night, that he too sees it as a functional problem of organising the goodwill of the thousands of individuals participating, rather than of shepherding a herd of sheep. "What fascinates me" he said, "is the psychology of the individual marchers. The march started itself every time after every stop, and I couldn't have prevented this, even if I wanted to". I asked him the difference between moving this column of people and moving an army brigade or division. "The difference is" he said, "that an army moves by precedent". He did not say what I would have said, that an army moves under discipline, because, as he emphasised, the marchers provided their own discipline, and the marshals had simply exercised the functions of passing down information,

keeping the march looking like a march and keeping marchers out of danger from traffic. The manner in which the marshals themselves approached their task was instructive. Some were born corporals, others who looked like teenage werewolves from the Walworth Road, exercised their functions with the utmost efficiency, no fuss, and ribald humour.

★

ONCE again marchers were deluged with literature from rival propagandists. FREEDOM's double number, addressed primarily to the Aldermaston marchers, was well-received, and had more sellers than in previous years. By Monday evening sellers had handed in the money for well over 1,000 copies and we expect the cash for several hundred more during the week.

There is nothing much more to be said about the speeches in Trafalgar Square at the final meeting. The usual people said the usual things, and only Pat Arrowsmith of the Direct Action Committee called for deeds rather than words. A. J. P. Taylor, the historian, summed up our point of view (he was seen reading FREEDOM on the previous day) when he said, "This demonstration in itself achieves nothing. We can go home and Mr. Macmillan can take just as little notice as up to now, and Mr. Gaitskell can take even less."

C.W.

On with the Game

Continued from p. 3

the Minister of Industries and Commerce, Mr. Holloway, said at a public meeting in Auckland on the 18th February: "I regret the agitation because it has brought to a head the question in some people's minds of whether there should be racial discrimination. I would ask the people running the controversy to have another look at it. Are they bringing people together or are they creating a rift by their very advocacy. If this became a political issue—and I sincerely hope it will not—it could do more harm to New Zealand than any other issue of this generation." And Mr. Marshall, acting-Leader of the Opposition, said, when the petition was presented to Parliament, "While the organisers of the petition have the highest motives, I cannot help feeling that some of their methods and expressions have provoked unnecessary antagonism, have created the impression, particularly overseas, that race relations here are not good, and have, in fact, done some harm by stirring emotions which, as we have seen in other countries, can too easily get out of hand." It would be interesting to

dwell on the meaning and implications of these remarks. They certainly exemplify the effiteness which has become characteristic of our politics.

The Tour Association, then, has failed in its primary aim. The Rugby Union was not forced to recant its decision and, until a few days ago, there seemed little doubt that the tour would be going ahead as planned. The recent rioting in South Africa has, however, made our football administrators anxious for the safety of the team. Although no official confirmation has been given it is rumoured that unless the South African Rugby Union can undertake as to the safety of the players the tour will be called off. The profits to be made from international sport are so great that the human material, which draws the crowds which provide the profits, must be carefully looked after. Thus, by no means for the first time, a keen sense for money may achieve results which a mere sense of decency never would.

There have also been rumours that the Tour Association will not disband but

will re-organize on a permanent basis for the purpose of fighting racial prejudice wherever it shows its ugly head. This is good news because the factors which made New Zealand a more cosmopolitan and race-conscious society will continue to operate—probably to an enhanced degree since the wave of immigration shows no signs of expending itself. There will be much to combat. The Maori is stereotyped as a lazy, happy-go-lucky, unreliable individual, rather dirty in his habits and inclined to drink too much but generous. It is not an altogether unflattering stereotype, but a continuation of the two most striking features of modern Maori society, namely its rapid increase in numbers and relative youthfulness, combined with the continued operation of the factors making for cosmopolitanism and race-consciousness, could lead to the attribution of more sinister qualities if allowed to go unopposed. The whole episode is an interesting example of social action in a modern democracy and the outcome, over the next few years, promises to be even more interesting.

K. J. MADDUCK.

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LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP and MALATESTA DEBATING SOCIETY

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ALL WELCOME

APL 24—J. W. Westall on
ANARCHISM AND COLONIALISM

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Union Hall
Clerkenwell Road EC1
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Frank Hirshfeld - Rita Milton
Jack Robinson - Donald Room
Philip Sanson
Chairman: Max Patrick
Admission Free

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Auspices: INDUSTRIAL WORKERS
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DAVID ATKINS
DICK BRAZIER
SAM WEINER

Chairman: ROBERT OWENS

Refreshments will be served following the meeting.

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