

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"Progress is not achieved by passive qualities only, and in general what we do for people is no use to them unless it backs up only what they do for themselves."
 —JOHN STUART MILL

'Shades of the Special Branch begin to close upon the growing boy'

THE SECRET POLICE & THE SIXTH FORM

IT is only occasionally when there is a leakage of information that people are made aware of the activities of M.I.5., Britain's secret police, even then most of the facts are obscured. But it is foolish to suppose that activities are confined to safeguarding military secrets.

Last week in the House of Commons, the Minister of Education, Sir David Eccles, replying to an allegation that "pressure had been brought to bear on a headmaster to discover the political leanings of schoolboys" denied that inquiries had been made about boys "still in the schools", but "admitted that it is common practice, when a man seeks an appointment with the Atomic Energy Authority, to inquire into his political affiliations". This involves inquiring into a boy's political record while he was at school.

Although the headmaster in question, Mr. Sydney Baxter of William Ellis School, Highgate, also denies that M.I.5. snoopers made a check in this instance he admits that he has been contacted in the past by "security officers" asking about a pupil's politics while he was at school.

Mr. Will Griffiths, who raised the question in the House, tells another story. He claims that "protesting parents" were told by the headmaster that M.I.5. asked him to question the boys about their political affiliations.

It is not unlikely that the headmaster was instructed to question the boys, but judging from his behaviour one gathers that he would be a willing collaborator.

He promises, in the light of what has happened, to refuse to answer questions put to him in the future by Government officers about the background of a pupil. We find this difficult to believe since on his own admission 27 boys of the lower sixth had been asked not to wear anti-nuclear badges. His feelings on such matters are fairly obvious. He states that on March 25th, "he spoke to the boys" because he felt there was too much "propaganda afoot" expressed in a "rash of badges" including ones issued by the South African Boycott Movement. According to Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Baxter also warned his pupils about the danger of holding left-wing views.

We wonder what Mr. Baxter's reactions would have been if the boys had worn badges representing some respectable organisation like the Boy Scouts? Would he have invoked school rules to justify his actions as he has done in this instance? Wearing the badges, he claims:

"was a breach of school rules: It is not that expression of free opinion is discouraged at school: it is just that we consider school is not a place for propaganda".

He does not hesitate to abuse his own position by indirectly making propaganda for the "right-wing"—or is there another interpretation to his warning to the boys of the dangers of left-wing views?

Just as revealing is the statement made by the Minister of Education on the rights of headmasters. He holds the view that:

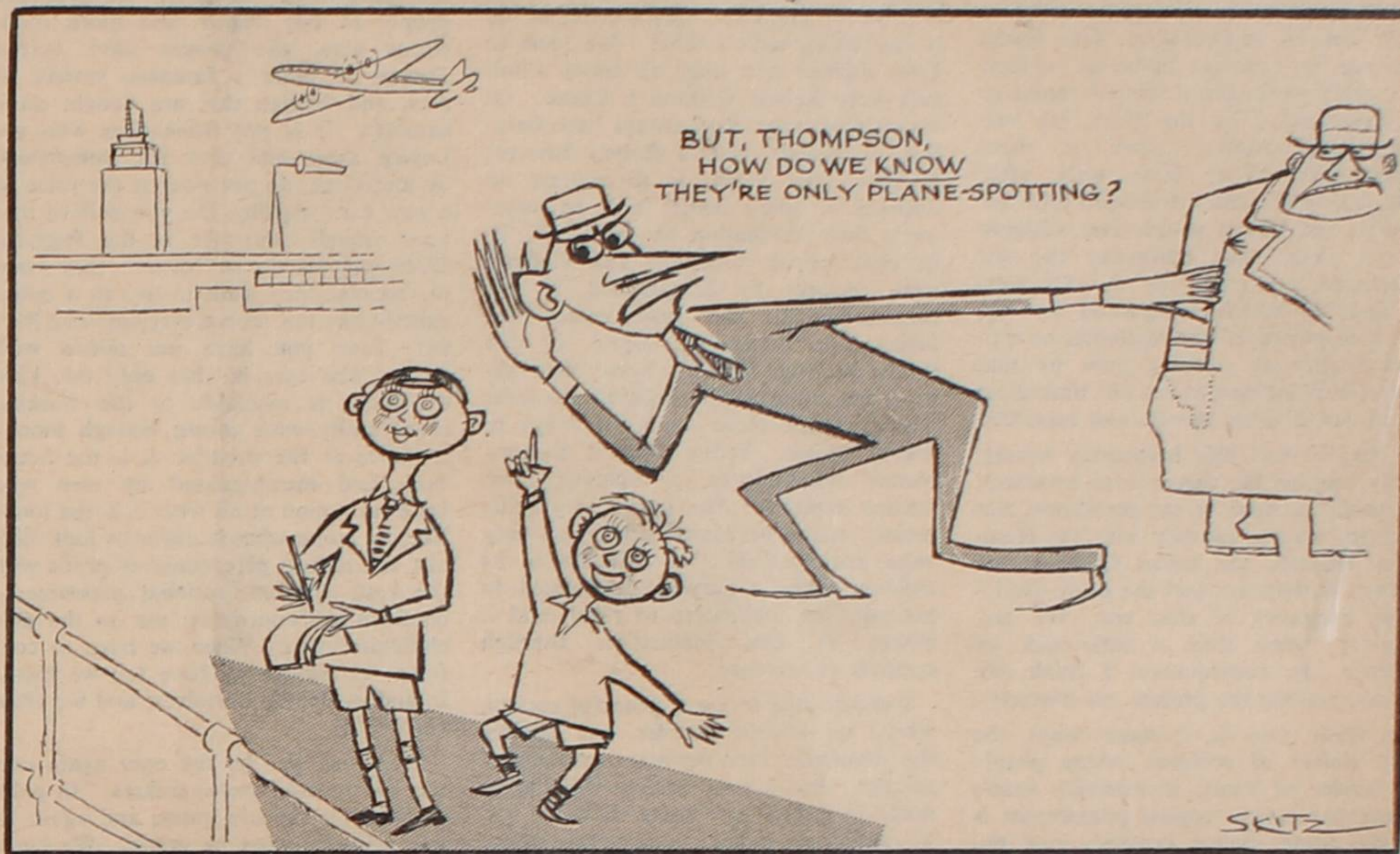
"The headmaster is entitled to say to his pupils that, in his opinion, this or that is not good for them for the rest of their lives".

Sir David should have thought carefully about this statement or made it clear that he was referring to headmasters who support the establishment, otherwise all sorts of people he does not like are entitled to express their opinions to their pupils. Would Sr. David defend the rights of a pacifist headmaster to warn his pupils about the dangers of war or a communist headmaster the dangers of capitalism? Obviously not.

Fear of reprisals in later life may or may not discourage young people with ideas from expressing or allowing them to develop (and the disapproving voices of "Mum and Dad"—"don't throw away your future son on foolish ideas!"—may add to the pressures. What is certain is that ideas and the principles of freedom cannot develop in an atmosphere of academic orthodoxy, which is the criticism levelled at the Soviet Union by the West.

It can be seen clearly that it is not the actual lack of freedom in education which worries most of our political and academic leaders, but that their orthodoxy is not ours, therefore, it is wrong and totalitarian.

When people realise that they are all "wrong" then we can begin to talk with meaning about freedom in education.



Horrors of the Space Age

A POSSIBLE picture of the space man of the future has emerged from a radically new approach to the problems of space medicine.

According to the new view, a space man would be a human-and-then-some. He would not have to eat or breathe. Those functions and many others would be taken care of automatically by drugs and battery-powered devices, some of which would be built directly into his body.

So equipped, the space man would belong to a breed of literally superhuman beings that the scientists who conceived them call "cyborgs."

A cyborg is essentially a man-machines system in which the control mechanisms of the human portion are modified externally by drugs or regulatory devices so that the being can live in an environment different from the normal one.

The word, cyborg, is a hybrid of two others: "cybernetics", which is the science of control and information transfer, and "organism". It was conceived by Manfred E. Clynes and Dr. Nathan S. Kline of the Rockland State Hospital's research facility in Orangeburg, N.Y.

Their approach to outfitting man for space flight differs drastically from the lines being pursued by most other workers in this field.

The object of the greatest bulk of this research has been aimed at equipping a spaceman with all the ingredients that are necessary to sustain human life.

The Rockland State scientists, however, are seeking to equip men with the chemical and physical wherewithal to adapt to any hostile environment automatically.

For example, a solar battery-powered "lung" might be rigged to his arteries for replacing the carbon dioxide in his blood with oxygen. This would make breathing unnecessary.

It is also theoretically possible to procure body wastes and pass excreted nutrients back into the bloodstream, thereby preserving the body's fluid balance and supplementing intravenous feeding.

Other wastes would thus be minimal, the carbon dioxide in them being fed into a fuel cell for conversion into oxygen.

Dr. Kline and Mr. Clynes asserted that certain devices now in existence—such as an osmotic pump—could be adapted to automatic injection of drugs that scientists are searching for to induce the state of hibernation for very long space flights. Such a device, they said, could be incorporated into the space-

man's body. Other drugs might be similarly administered by an automatic device for maintaining brain activity during hibernation. Or the brain itself might be electrically heated so that it would maintain its full function, the scientists said.

Special detectors could be used to register the presence of lethal radiation such as that which occupies the radiation belts of the earth and other planets and which is ejected from the sun in solar flares.

The detector could be linked through

a servomechanism to another device for administration of drugs and that would reduce the radiation effects.

Both scientists emphasized that while their ideas sounded like science fiction, many could now be implemented with existing drugs and apparatus.

Dr. Kline told how they arrived at their new approach to space medicine.

"We were asked to present a paper on drugs for the space flight," he said, "and this naturally led to a question of how they would be administered."

(New York Times 23/5/60)

STUDENTS' LUNCH-COUNTER ANTI-SEGREGATION SITDOWN MOVEMENT SPREADS ACROSS THE U.S.A.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

THE face of our country is changing.

Through the sitdown movement of Southern Negro students, Americans in all sections of the country and in all stations of life are rediscovering who's who and what's what. Every day, with increasing sharpness, the line is being drawn between those who would reconstruct American society on foundations of which we can all be proud, and those who would maintain it in its present state of barbarism.

The readiness of young Negro students to tackle a system which powerful national firms like Woolworth's and Sears were too timid to challenge, is rallying behind it the flower of the nation. In the South a few white students have joined the sit-downers, risking the jeers of their fellows, the wrath of their parents and the more drastic penalties which the authorities mete out to traitors to the dominant race.

Overnight, at a score of universities and colleges in the North, students have begun to picket Woolworth's, Kresge's et al, and to hold meetings to raise money in support of the sit-downers. These young people are learning the difference between practical democracy and the democratic talk of politicians. They are also finding out who among them are "organization men," and who are concerned with the real social issues...

THE MOB

Meanwhile, in the South the governors, legislators, police chiefs, county sheriffs and other leading citizens are joining hands with the most brutalized elements of the population. The police, who have turned fire hoses on the sit-downers and rounded them up in stock-

ades as well as the judges who have fined and jailed them, are no better than the white hoodlums who parade with miniature baseball bats and Confederate flags.

These, together, constitute a mob, and their acts, whether official or unofficial, are, purely and simply, mob violence. They do not, as they claim, represent either the "voice of the people" or of law and order.

These officials are not stupid. They have been running the South for a long time and they know very well that every official act of violence or retribution against the sit-downers is a public invitation to the white mob to create disorder and terror.

Hundreds of thousands of ordinary white citizens in the South are beginning to realize this. Confronted on the one side by the calm dignity of the Negroes and on the other by the panic and brutality of the mob, many are quietly encouraging the Negro students with a whispered "I'm with you." Although they have not yet found within themselves the resources to struggle for what they know is right, they have already abandoned what they know is wrong.

In the face of these facts, the most striking feature of the national government in Washington is its uselessness. The President speaks only for himself, exposing his own hollowness with every word he utters. The Senators and Congressmen speak only to each other. If the whole pack of them were to be shipped to outer space and an equal number of chattering see-nothing, hear-nothing monkeys put in their place, it is difficult to see what difference it would make to the monumental struggle now going on.

—Correspondence.

Losing Money

Vested Interest

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT!
 WEEK 23
 Deficit on Freedom £460
 Contributions received £363
 DEFICIT £87

THE American Friends Service Committee has published an interesting pamphlet by Stewart Meacham, *Labor and the Cold War*. One of the things Meacham shows in this factual study is that with the increasing specialisation of military production, the generals have lost a certain proportion of their control over the development of new weapons and that corporations like General Dynamics have first to educate the Pentagon on what weapons the government will need. A General Dynamics spokesman is quoted as saying in regard to their B.58 supersonic bomber, "First, we had to dream it up, then sell it, then operate a poor man's State Department to get the co-operation of other contractors." This poor man's State Department had at its disposal: GD President Frank Pace, former Secretary of the Army, and 54 retired military officers, including 17 former admirals and seven former generals.

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 1960 TOTAL TO DATE ... £363 18 2

*Indicates regular contributor.

—Dissent (U.S.A.) Spring 1960.

David Wieck's New York Broadcast Questions American Myths About Violence, Status and Conformity

IF we judge by appearances only, our society is the most self-critical in all history. Unfortunately, and not by chance, the busy social criticism misses the mark badly. This criticism is archaic, and insofar as it is archaic, null. This is too bad, because there is plenty that ought to be criticised.

For example, I have heard, to the point of weariness, criticism of the violence of television entertainment, and speculation about what this brutality is doing to the youngest generation. Now, I wonder if these critics have been looking at the Westerns. If they watched these shows carefully, they would notice, not the glorification of violence and brutality, but its suppression. The brutal men are the almost nameless villains who, every week, are destroyed, more or less reluctantly, by the hero, the one recognisably human figure in these stories. Hour after hour, week after week, it is incessantly drummed into our children and young people that violence is evil. You may remember the stir occasioned years ago by the *Ox Bow Incident*, in which Hollywood for the first time portrayed the vigilantes as evil. Now hardly an evening goes by that several hanging parties are not broken up by the law-abiding sheriffs and marshals.

I myself find this immensely boring, partly because the theme is so invariant, but partly because, in my generation, our tendency was to identify with the Humphrey Bogarts, the James Cagneys, the Edward Robinsons, and the other Hollywood gangsters of that era. We are, properly, more than a little sick of violence. In consequence, I think, we are not reading the present era correctly.

In truth, ours is, in many ways, the least violent of societies, where people are tender of heart, increasingly gentle of manner, where capital punishment is in the wane, police brutality and the third degree are not publicly condoned, and the single value, the *single* value, of which we are sure is that hurting someone else is wrong. There are of course, plenty of exceptions; perhaps there has even been an increase in

the strictly psychopathic violence of a small number. But these exceptions do not constitute the *tone* of the society. The placidity with which most Americans tolerate a foreign policy of nuclear preparedness, is not an expression of a spirit of violence; I am afraid it is an expression of something even worse than that.

The society for which television is educating our young people is not a society of violence. Let us pay attention to the facts, and not repeat an out-moded criticism; for there is plenty to criticise.

But is it good? Is it good?—*this* education against violence. After all, if someone identifies with a criminal, he is identifying with a rebel. We seem to have decided now that all those criminals were Rebels Without a Cause. Of course they were, they always have been. But to identify with a Rebel, however mythical that rebel, is to express an attitude of one's own: it is to assert one's own inclination to rebellion. If, in other times, rebellion and violence were thought to be justified, it was because people did have values, did believe in something. Some of the things believed in were worse than absurd; but those people believed, however wrongly, that these were the ways to realise values. Today there is a sentimental non-violence, a flinching from hurting someone: this is the only value society seems to countenance, the only value society thinks to bequeath to its children. The society is determined to extirpate the inclination to rebel, and it strikes at this inclination through symbols of violence.

I should like to see a peaceful society, where we neither murder, nor murder the murderers, nor maintain arsenals of murder. But a good society will not be made by people *not* doing things, it will be made only if the young people notice the absence of the good, and affirm something. To love your neighbour is marvellous, it is *something*; to take him seriously as a human being, even if you cannot love him, that is also something, it is a step on the way; to shrink from hurting him is not marvellous, it is nothing at all, it is not even a step on the way.

I will pursue this theme further. But before doing so, I want to take a new tack, and examine a second myth of our society: the myth of conformism. Again, the critics simply do not know what they are talking about, when they call this a society of conformists. I

have never in my life heard such *ridiculing of conformity as in the last* several. Why, we are even sensitive to conformity among non-conformists! At first I thought, what remarkably perspicacious self-criticism! But a society does not criticize itself; the very idea is absurd; true criticism comes from the outsider, and it is resented; it is not a Best Seller; or else it comes from the young in rebellion, and this is not coming from the young in rebellion.

We do not *ridicule* what we *desire*.

Consider the cars on the road today; despite every pressure of Detroit, and of the advertising industry, to persuade people to buy bigger and more monstrous cars, the people have forced Detroit to build a fantastic variety of cars, and foreign cars are bought quite casually. It is not Bohemians who are buying these odd cars, for Bohemians, by and large, do not possess the price of a new car. Again: Do you believe that your friends who live in the frightful Developments do so because they want to, because they want to live in a house exactly like the house everyone else lives in? Then you have not talked with them. The case is, that only one kind of house is available to the working class family with almost enough money to move to the suburbs; it is the house built and merchandised by men who have no notion at all what a house looks like, let alone what it *ought* to look like, but can reckon percentage of profit with the best. The institutional pressures to conform are enormous; not so the psychological will. When we have to conform—or believe we have to—we loathe it, and we loathe ourselves; and we often become ill.

Nor are we—let me once again correct the record—*status* seekers. In point of fact, we ridicule status, and again no one ridicules what he prizes. We know that a decent income depends upon a certain status, a certain rank, a certain proportion; we know that we must maintain certain appearances; and so on. I do not *recommend* this technique, this self-destructive technique; that is a different question. But let us be clear about what we are doing.

Now let us go back. I have proposed to you that, contrary to the customary appraisals, we are not a violent people, nor conformists, nor status-seekers. This may seem like a curious set of pronouncements for a social radical, for an anarchist. But there is plenty to criticize; and I do not expect criticism to be

heeded, if it is not to the point. The deploring of TV violence, the deploring of conformity, and the deploring of status-seeking, is not to the point. I realize that my remarks in these few minutes hardly constitute demonstration of my theses, but I believe that you can find verification of them in your experience; after all, I am talking about nothing esoteric, only about our common, too common experience.

But if we are not violence-starved, status-seeking conformists, what then are we? What I have in mind I have hinted in the beginning; by referring to the rebelliousness of other generations. I pointed out that rebellion, the best rebellion, is engendered by a sense of values missing, by a sense of the absence of the good. We are a little embarrassed to speak a phrase like "the good" nowadays; but let us speak it. I do not mean anything more remarkable than good sociality, a good community, work that is worth doing, the power to enjoy the free actions of another; nothing more remarkable than that.

One of the historic human illusions is a life of enjoyment, pure and simple. Human life is not like that. The simple pleasures are not really so simple. Eating food has value, and true enjoyment, when the food is eaten in the right company, when it is delicious food prepared well, when it is grown and prepared by ourselves, or earned at a job worth doing. The creative act is not the simple spluttering forth of a beautiful thing, but the anguished and hard discovery of just that which expresses what we did not know we could express. The good sexual enjoyment arises out of a relationship that is personal and meaningful. The only deeply satisfying enjoyments are those which result from the endowing of meaning, the creation of meaning, by human agents.

But what is crucial is not, to have a precise notion of a good life—how could one have a precise notion of the good life, or of freedom? but to have a sense of the absence of the good. Believe me, it is absent. If a person has some sense of the need to strive for meaning, however mistaken his verbal formulations, he may stumble onto something. What is serious, is the now prevailing cases, where there are in our lives only two values, which are perhaps even pseudo-values: the positive one of self-enjoyment, understood in terms of comfortable living; the negative one, of not-hurting, the ethics of "well, he didn't do anybody any harm, did he?"—as if there

could be a serious ethical view which made no provision for *integrity* and for *mutual aid*! It is serious, to have no more than this, and not to notice something missing.

The significant behavioral reflection of such an attitude is not violence, or conformity, or status-seeking. It is, enduring the insult and the humiliation, clinging to the despised job and the despised but well-paying status; it is the camaraderie of self-loathing. Now, some people would characterize this behaviour as apathetic. I will not, because there are many things toward which I can think of no attitude more fitting than apathy. Apathy toward what really makes no difference, *that* is an excellent choice. (As, for example, in expression, "The people are apathetic about the election.") I want to characterize the phenomenon I am describing by another term, which is a terrible insult to a member of the human race: the term is docility. The term is docility.

This is why it was very important that hundreds of our students rebelled last week against the Civil Defence law. Everything considered, it is well that the law against which they rebelled is perhaps the silliest and the most innocuous of all the laws. To my knowledge, only one man has ever been killed in its enforcement, and this in itself is rather remarkable. At this stage, it is necessary to feel one's way toward the good, the good in society and the good in life, and the absurd rather than the truly evil is perhaps the proper starting point. A little further along, I hope that some of the students will notice the egoism which our non-sociality enforces; that they will begin to distinguish clearly between violence and rebellion; that they will take notice of the fact that the *will* to conform is being criticized when it is the institutions which create the *de facto* conformity which should be denounced; that the seeking of status is criticized when it is the dependence of our economic needs upon status that should be denounced.

The society has nothing to offer the youth except, for the reasonably bright, a career, and a life of comfort; it seeks by every means to stifle the impulses to rebel; it is frightened and enraged when a small fraction of the youth, offered nothing, answer with boredom, and with violence directed against other youths; it is frightened, and enraged, and most curious of all, surprised.

DAVID T. WIECK.

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'Trying to be too just . . .'

THE KING OF THE BARBAREENS, *The Autobiography of an Orphan*, by Janet Hitchman, Putnam, 18s.

THE reviewing of a book such as this presents a problem. It is the story of an orphan girl who was sent about from foster mother to foster mother, from institution to institution, looked after by people of whom the kindest thing one can say is that they were ignorant of a child's needs, psychological and physical. It is a terrible story of neglect, ignorance, brutality, boredom and squalor. One's sympathy is clearly with the authoress.

Yet there is much to be criticised, not in the way the story is told, but in the moral that the writer draws from her experiences. One feels that it is almost unfair to criticise someone who has obviously suffered so much more than one has oneself. What right has one got to do so? On the other hand, since all humans are fallible, even the greatest suffering does not entitle them to exemption from criticism.

When I was undergoing analysis I remember telling my analyst, partly in order to show how much better I was getting, that I no longer felt hatred for a particularly unpleasant schoolmaster who had made a year of my childhood miserable. I realised now of course that he too was an unhappy human being, and so on. I felt a sort of warm Gandhian glow. How noble and enlightened I was becoming! The analyst was not impressed. He said something to this effect:

"You are trying to be too just. You are not being fair to yourself as a little boy. In those days that is not how you felt about him. You have got to try and see things as you saw them then."

I feel that Janet Hitchman is doing exactly what I was doing then. She is no longer being fair to herself as a little girl. For instance she writes, after des-

cribing how determined she was to be able to get out of the garden of her first home, despite all efforts to keep her in:

" . . . I . . . went down the garden and crawled through a gap in the hedge. I arrived on the other side of the gate and danced like a dervish in front of the tormented old man. His face was scarlet from his exertions. 'How did you get out,' he bellowed in unbelief as I ran yahooping up the lobe. Anyone who fondly believes that children are not soaked in original sin have entirely forgotten themselves."

On the contrary, it is she who has forgotten herself. I can remember how much I hated people who blocked up paths and gates (and even closed railway branch lines!), and I am sure—so can many other children. Man is after all a nomad at heart. He loves to wander. Children have not perhaps sufficient sense of the dangers of the outside world, although even this is probably exaggerated by the fearful adults who were prevented from wandering themselves when children. Original sin is neither here nor there. Even if it were true it would not explain this sort of incident, and many others like it throughout the book. The writer describes herself as a difficult child, and tells us frankly just how and in what ways she was difficult. But most of her troubles came from the complete split between the world of the adult and the world of the child. Neither understood the other. The nurses in hospital did not scruple to discuss, in her hearing, her chances of surviving an illness, and they came to the conclusion that it would be a mercy if she did not survive, as she would always be a burden to someone if she lived. When she stole no one tried to find out why. Nor did they think it wrong to make

comments on her behaviour to other adults, while she was standing by. She came to feel that she was not really wanted anywhere, and who can blame her? She had no sense of security.

Modern people are very hard on the nations of antiquity who exposed unwanted babies soon after birth. Our methods seem to me even crueller, to keep the child alive but to hope that it will be carried off by some convenient disease, to cart it about from place to place, so that no roots may ever be allowed to form, and never to try to understand . . . This is the sort of misplaced humanitarianism that thinks it better to bury a man alive in jail till he dies instead of executing him. Half-hearted humanitarianism is worse than none in some cases. The humanitarian worthy of his salt cannot help being a revolutionary and an extremist, and he can never afford to be satisfied.

The important thing is not to abuse the people who mishandle children, often well-meaning folk no doubt. The important thing for the adult is to try to put himself or herself in the child's shoes. Instead of indulging in theological speculation, which is irrelevant, one should try to remember what it felt like to be a child oneself. "Only connect . . .", said E. M. Forster. The problem is for the adult to understand the child. After all, the child is always trying to understand the adult. It is a part of the normal process of growing up. Only psychopaths remain with a child-like mentality throughout life.

Of course she met also with kindness. Looking after children is a wearing business, and she pays ample tribute to the goodness of heart of many people. But I think it matters less being unjust to the adult, after all it is the adults who bring the children into the world without consulting them, and then leave

them to sink or swim. If we want a more humane, free and enjoyable world we can only get it by creating people who are gentle and free-spirited. My experience is that, unless the person has been completely messed up, practically everyone, child or adult, will respond to some extent to kindness, and the kinder the atmosphere in which the child has been brought up the kinder the child will be. Brutality begets brutality, authoritarianism produces more authoritarianism, insecurity results in an insecure child. This seems so obvious, yet it is precisely the simplest things which many mis-educated people find most difficult to understand.

The note of rather despairing mysticism on which the book ends is happily contradicted by an epilogue on the last page.

"If I have offended anybody I am sorry. The institutions I have criticised have since improved out of knowledge; perhaps people like myself, who were articulate enough to complain and barbaric enough to make nuisances of themselves, brought about some of the improvements."

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

THE SPANISH PIMPERNEL

THE title is enough.* Baroness Orczy could have written this. All the revolutionaries are either fools or rogues. They are cowardly and inefficient. They brandish blunderbusses. They are polite and comic. They are cruel and bestial. They crawl and cringe when an Englishman stands up to them. They are often tricked.

It is a story of the Spanish Civil War period, or purports to be, though in fact it is about as much value historically as the original Scarlet Pimpernel stories.

Further comment would be a waste of time.

A.U.

*THE SPANISH PIMPERNEL, by C. E. Lucas Phillips, Heinemann, 18s.

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

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A HERO OF OUR TIME

PASTERNAK was a survivor of the world that came to an end in the mud of Flanders, Caporetto and Tanenberg. The publication of *Dr. Zhivago* in 1957 marked the reappearance of a coelocanth thought to have been extinct in Russia for forty years. Even in the West the sort of man and writer Pasternak was went out of fashion before most of us were born.

In the time to come he will be remembered chiefly as a poet, belonging to the age of futurists and impressionists and symbolists and imagists, but still a worthy heir of Pushkin and Lermontov and an individual voice as well. Unfortunately his poems—like most great ones—are almost untranslatable and are largely unappreciated by foreigners (cf. Rilke, Jozsef, etc.). But his tremendous novel, though also very difficult to translate or to read, can be appreciated by people who do not speak Russian, and millions of copies have been sold in the West. It is true that the *Zhivago* craze (like the *Lolita* craze) was to a considerable extent stimulated by factors having nothing to do with literature, but even so something of this great person has been communicated to thousands of readers all over the world.

How he was able to write in comparative freedom and to die in his bed at the age of seventy without ever completely submitting to the Russian authorities is a mystery—especially when one remembers that he was Jewish and cosmopolitan and had relatives living outside Russia. Perhaps the Commissars retain hidden standards of judgment, just as rigger-buggers in an English public school will sometimes instinctively respect and tolerate an "intellectual" of real distinction.

Even so, as his friends and colleagues disappeared or took their own lives or gave in to Stalin, Pasternak retreated into a silence broken only by greatly admired translations. Exile he scorned, even when it was officially encouraged during the disgraceful Nobel Prize episode, and equally he scorned either pointless defiance or humiliating surrender. He gave his tormentors no cause for comfort.

If he had died five years ago he would have been known as a remarkable poet and a brave man. Because he had time to finish *Dr. Zhivago* and because Feltrinelli published it he will be remembered as a genius. The clumsy and useless persecution he received only served to increase his stature and hasten his death. As usual, it was the persecutors who looked dirty, not their victim; no doubt they are proud of themselves.

Dr. Zhivago will never fit into a convenient pigeon-hole, any more than the poems do or the man did—he was too big for that. It has been compared to *War and Peace*, but this is rather silly. Pasternak's vision was intensely personal and yet of his time—*fin de monde* rather than *fin de siècle*—and his novel really has more in common with those of Joyce, Musil and Proust. *Zhivago*, like Bloom, is Everyman, but he is also a "man without qualities" and his story is very much the "remembrance of things past". It has been objected that it is not technically a "good" novel, but then Pasternak was not by nature a novelist; if he had lived before 1700 *Dr. Zhivago* would have been an epic poem.

Tragically this book and its author were dragged into the madhouse of the Cold War. Of course he was an enemy of Bolshevik tyranny, but he was no enemy of Russia. His refusal to leave his homeland should have convinced both his philistine opponents and his disingenuous supporters that he was as Russian as Stalin or Khrushchev (a strange trio of outsiders—Jewish, Georgian and Ukrainian).

But he triumphed over those who tried for selfish reasons either to belittle his work by calling it reasonable or to debase it by calling it sensational. In fact it was both, though not for the reasons usually advanced on each side of the Iron Curtain. It was treasonable because it offended the common doctrine that the powers that be are ordained of God, and it was sensational because while doing so it restored to Russian literature a greatness too long absent.

"FREEDOM" AS A NEWSPAPER

"Your editorials in FREEDOM are well written and get the issue across in plain words and are in my opinion far better for the cause of anarchism than the theory discussion by the regular contributors who write too deep and no doubt have a better education than most of your readers. They write well and know of what they write, but the meat is too tough to chew and enjoy. As I said if all the articles were written as your editorials, it would be lighter and better reading . . ."

"Your political and foreign commentaries are too long and involved to interest the non-anarchist reader, while they are uninteresting to me because I agree with what you are saying most of the time."

"Leading article often contains double negative, which transforms its meaning."

"I consider your analysis of home and world affairs second to none. Sane, reasonable and understandable."

"In political commentary, foreign and domestic, you have improved somewhat, but there is still room for plenty of improvement in quality of analysis."

"Would like to see each week a good long 'Diary' of current affairs like the *Spectator's* Note Book, but more rumbustious and strictly from anarchist point of view."

"Some weeks the balance of articles lies heavily in favour of politics—topical and otherwise. My interest in anarchist theory is often blunted by the fact that I would need a dictionary to understand many of the words used."

"Explanation required when certain unfamiliar words are used. My out-of-date dictionary cannot supply e.g. nihilism, chauvinism, existentialism, to name the easiest."

"Political commentary wearily facetious. I enjoy the very high literary quality of your material irrespective of the subject matter."

"Perhaps articles aimed at different levels could attract a larger group of readers."

"Occasional avoidable inaccuracies do not help. More book and film reviews where of interest, and less correspondence."

"I feel sometimes I would like to see more articles on English politics and much less theory."

"Would like just a little more pungent,

provoking analysis and comments on topical events."

"I would like to see more of the good, solid writing which appears in your editorials."

"A very useful paper which puts forward ideas and discussions which seem to appear nowhere else."

"I appreciate it for current items which are omitted (by editorial censorship) from my daily paper."

"I think the paper gives a good perspective of progressive thought—also foreign thinkers and writers I might miss elsewhere."

"Needs a more fully developed international sense . . . it ought to be able to get information through other channels than the British press."

"A shade pessimistic—magnificent isolated blows against authority often occur and I am pleased when you report them. Sometimes you have articles which seem really well written and quite original and contain matter not available elsewhere in the literature I see. These I cut out and disseminate, provided that the English is good and the style not tub-thumping journalism."

"A wee bit more optimism please. I don't mean sugar but print more good news if you ever hear of any."

"The national press omits many items which anarchists could use to advantage. FREEDOM should publish and comment on them—it often does of course."

"In its limited space FREEDOM should be concerned with what other papers don't cover . . . rather than smart but ill-informed comment on events that make the headlines of capitalist papers."

"I read FREEDOM primarily for its reviews—used to read it all, but with all due respect it is bound to get a bit repetitive after 12 years! Useful source of comment and information on controversial topics sometimes omitted by other papers. Am hardly an anarchist in the sense of anticipating an anarchist society, but strongly approve general outlook on social, political and international questions. FREEDOM is good on these sides, though sometimes rather superficial and fanatical, and too inclined to assume all politicians utterly bad all the time, which prevents effective criticism of the really bad ones."

"Usually well-informed on foreign affairs."

"Its down to earth attitude to many

matters that interest and affect me, common-sense approach with live-and-let-live style. The stimulating, thought-provoking views which I never seemed to think of but always thought I had!"

FEATURES OF "FREEDOM"

"Suggest a series of reviews on key anarchist literature and a series on what can be done to improve the world, apart from talk. I suggest science fiction as medium for reaching public. Most leading writers in the medium seem to be inclined to anarchism anyway. If some anarchist writers took to the medium it would do far more good than a dozen theoretical articles in FREEDOM."

"I like your literature list (Freedom Bookshop) and use it. Also Freedom Press listings."

"Please do not review popular non-fiction best-sellers as you are invariably behind the other reviewers."

"Would like to see featured occasionally, a column of recommended books, past and present, suitable for anarchists and freethinkers."

"More book and film reviews. More debunking."

"More literary articles, reviews of rare books, etc."

"Publish some poetry if possible."

"Keep up the quotations: they came in handy in arguments."

"Would like to know more of the life stories of various rebels and more stuff from readers. Would like to know of more recommended books and authors, fiction, non-fiction, science-fiction. Why not a library by post?"

"A commentary of weekly events, regular book and theatre reviews and better satirical cartoons."

"The cartoons aren't always funny and need modernisation."

"I love the cartoons."

"The cartoons do a lot for the paper."

"Lack of regular features, e.g., no weekly syndicalist articles, etc."

"More satire, open a jazz review feature and review more art exhibitions and have more philosophical discussion. Range widely."

"Should any of us act as reporters for FREEDOM, visit say, petty criminals, teenagers or old-age pensioners, and publish their story?"

"As I see it, FREEDOM must depend on what people are prepared to write for it."

"Too much contrast in quality of material."

"Readers' letters sometimes seem to have completely misunderstood the articles they criticise."

"More controversial correspondence might be admitted."

"If readers' letters are answered by editorial italics, the comment should be well thought out, not just facile witticisms."

"Readers' letters are often too long and too abstruse. Give a little less space to book reviews and more to the relation between particular book themes and practical politics."

"I find the readers' letters a trifle irritating, at times, especially when they attack each other."

"As individual readers will have different interests, I think it is inevitable that FREEDOM seems more interesting some weeks than others, though of the same high standard."

THE PERSONAL ANGLE

"A lot of anarchists live as I do, from day to day, on their wits. What about starting 'profiles' not necessarily named, but straight unpropagandised, giving details of actual work, ambitions, wages, housing, leisure activities, T.U. activities, of comrades in industry? A lot of us are too divorced from the majority of the people. Why not educate us with some facts?"

"Invite famous people who are sympathetic (Muggeridge, Augustus John, Compton Mackenzie, etc.) to contribute."

"Give some information regarding writers for the paper—more news of people acting as free men should—more exposures of politicians, giving names."

"Try interviewing some big brass, (Profiles) for free, and sell the paper on their personality. FREEDOM should pay its way. Stop taking in each others' washing."

"I'd like to see interviews with individuals, telling how they try to live like anarchists in a modern state."

"The editorial group should not be so anonymous as at present."

"Why don't writers tell us what they feel, not what they think anarchists feel?"

"How about some accounts from individual anarchists on how their anarchism affects their material everyday life?"

"This type of survey is not accurate and I disapprove of it because one's answers are forced into the surveyor's forms of expression. Mind you, I can't think of any other way of doing what you want to do which is a very interesting operation. You should really get people to send you their life history (according to themselves) but then perhaps you would only get results from a small number who are too fond of autobiography anyway!"

"Cannot Alex Comfort, Herbert Read, A. S. Neill, be coaxed into contributing occasionally? I am still unable to grasp why so many comrades were moved to write as to the merits or demerits of H. Read accepting a knighthood, in comparison to the number moved to write about Hola Camp or the H-Bomb, or the refugees in Europe or Algeria."

"The paper should be more liberal in its mental outlook. The excommunication of Herbert Read still sticks. He was too anarchistic even for the anarchists."

"Anarchists should not accept titles, the purpose of which is to wean man away from man."

"Get in touch with Jack Jones of New York, and offer to print his excellent essay *To the End of Thought*."

(To be concluded)

Around the Galleries

THROUGH the centuries the grinning face of Death has peered at us from a thousand canvases for the artist has recorded this sad jester in his every mood. Be it battle-field or palace he has forced his way to the fore-front of the canvas and neither reverence or mockery could wipe the smile off his broken face.

The artists of the Victorian era were the last to use his services where, devoid of corruption, he held a final court surrounded by a host of weepers, white linen and clumsy furniture.

But the artists of our generation, spawned in an age that counted it murdered dead by the millions, foreswore the lad and found their kicks in more mundane habitats. The most successful of these was the lavatory and the artist offered us the choice of a meticulous reproduction of a piece of excrement, an abstract painting in gritty browns or the graffiti off the lavatory wall.

Jean Dubuffet is an artist whose work repels and fascinates and it is unfortunate that his exhibition at the Hanover Gallery, 32a, St. George's Street, W.1. is no longer on view. At first glance one could dismiss this childish alley scribbles as the usual cover up for incompetence, is obsession with with dirty browns as a mark of the moment but on examination one is forced to acknowledge that Dubuffet is an accomplished and highly sophisticated creative artist. "Visage dans la vase" is a small painting produced in 1946. Upon a background of the texture and colour of cow-dung he has scrawled an infantile drawing of a head and for teeth he has used tiny brown pebbles and he has succeeded in producing a magnificent but repellent painting.

"Topographie aux mousses frisees" is an abstract painting that he did last year and using only brown paint he has produced a masterly abstraction that should make the old ladies of the English school weep with frustration.

Yet it is the tragedy of Dubuffet that his paintings can only hang in the homes of the rich. A Raphael "Madonna", a

Watteau "shepherdess" or a "landscape" by Shen Chou could hang on the walls of a palace or a slum for their beauty is for all ages and neither time nor place can detract one wit from it. But Dubuffet offers the rich a closed window onto the gutter and for a price he will draw the graffiti for the drawing room but you cannot hang one of Dubuffet's abstractions upon the wall of a slum room, for it becomes part of that wall and can only merge into the general corruption and his childish drawings can only become part of the pattern that mars the shadowed halls of the crowded tenements. Even with his gouaches he cannot restrain his brutal hand and one is left with the feeling that he has deliberately and wilfully spat into Klee's innocent eye for Klee's lyricism has given place to a violent alien to that gentle artist.

The I.C.A. of 17, Dover Street, W.1. are offering some pleasant daubs by Morris Louis and Gimpel Fils of 50, South Molton Street, W.1. the adolescent water-coloured patterns of Julius Bissier, an elderly French gentleman who appears to have one eye cocked permanently onto the nursery for his inspiration. There is a new gallery at 44, South Molton Street, W.1. that is worth a visit, for they are showing the sculptures of a twenty-eight-year-old German woman and they are worth walking a mile to see.

For years we have had to gaze at Paolozzi's dismal attempt to do something with a blow-torch and a half-hundredweight of scrap metal, and in spite of the faithful claque cheering him on from the side-line, the result still ended up looking like the original half-hundredweight of scrap metal.

E. R. Nele has come to London to show the local peasantry how the trick is done and though her work breathes decay and corruption it bears the touch of the artist. Her groups surge out of a Durer wood-cut and her abstract sculpture towers like mountains in the small gallery, while her small and broken, sculptured, hand reaches out to catch your tears.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

Good Tidings

ACCORDING to the "United States News and World Report," the University of California is working on a neutron bomb which would produce little blast, but which would release highly concentrated streams of neutrons. The intention is to produce a weapon which will annihilate large numbers of people without damaging or contaminating property.

It is ironical that the news of this should come at the same time as the capture of Adolf Eichmann, who will be tried and probably executed for carrying out precisely the same process fifteen years ago. The neutron bomb will be a step forward technically, of course; it will enable us to slaughter human beings on the Eichmann scale, without setting up the vast industrial process to which he had to resort. But the result will be similar. The infuriating men and women who stand in our path will be removed; the television sets, cars, gold teeth, oil-paintings, palaces, and drainage systems which they own will remain intact for us to enjoy.

—MICHAEL FRAYNE in *The Guardian* 27/5/60.

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 - Vol. 2, 1952, *Postscript to Posterity*
 - Vol. 3, 1953, *Colonialism on Trial*
 - Vol. 4, 1954, *Living on a Volcano*
 - Vol. 5, 1955, *The Immoral Moralists Waters*
 - Vol. 6, 1956, *Oil and Troubled*
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Horse-Sense and Bringing Up Children

THERE is obviously a fundamental difference of approach between people who put their faith in "horse-sense" in relations with children, and those who follow one or other of the psychological cults.

One source of the division seems to lie in the different ways in which people evaluate and apply their experiences. Some people are prepared to notice what goes on around them, what results in happiness and what in unhappiness; derive a rule of thumb philosophy from their observations and apply it in full confidence. Others, usually people who have had a higher education, are not content until they have found an ideology to adhere to, which will explain the state of the world and their own problems, and produce a fairly clear guide for day-to-day living. Of course people do not keep to their declared aims. Someone who proudly proclaims his faith in rough and ready common sense may act in quite an irrational way, while a firm believer in a given philosophy may deviate from its tenets in practice.

Now the division between common sense people and advocates of theories doesn't seem to correspond with the division between libertarians and authoritarians. To refer to education for an example, both the sentiments; "all children of your age need twelve hours sleep, for the good of your health" and "the time to go to bed is when you feel tired" can be put forward as true expressions of horse sense, depending on the views of the people concerned. Similarly, intellectual theories can be elaborated to support free and easy ways of bringing up children, or strict and repressive ones. For instance, the theory, in vogue at the beginning of this century, which involved time-table feeding and leaving the baby to cry, had its own apparatus of allegedly rational arguments and psychological proofs to support it.

Therefore, both G. and his critics are lining up their arguments across the wrong battlefronts, insofar as they are trying to show that a horse sense approach is good and an intellectual approach is bad, or the other way round.

Have you Renewed your Subscription to FREEDOM?

What happens in practice is that very few people take the extreme position in either direction. Pretty well everyone who sympathises with the libertarian movement has some knowledge of the pseudo-psychologies, and takes ideas from them without becoming a believer. This, needless to say, infuriates the faithful, because, unlike more modest research workers, leaders of psychological cults are not content to make a contribution to knowledge; it has to be the whole hog.

One of the assertions of anarchists is that ordinary people can change their own lives, and social relations for the better, themselves, if they want to sufficiently strongly. One naturally gets a lot of help from sharing experiences and ideas, in discussions, from periodicals, even by reading books, and above all from testing out progressive ideas in practice. However, the most important principle is that a person's views should be his own. If he believes a particular way of living or bringing up children, or agitating for social change to be valid, it should be because he has found it out for himself. If he accepts a point stated very clearly and explicitly by the great psychologist X, it is because he knows it to be true; not that he "knows" it to be true because X says so in his latest book.

Despite what some of them say, there is a movement of followers of Reich, who regards his books in the same way as fundamentalists believe the bible, and write furious letters denouncing heretics, and diagnosing emotional plague in them. Some of these letters have been published in FREEDOM (others, I understand with relief, have not).

The anarchist movement should make it clear that it has nothing to do with this minority of irrational believers, without necessarily antagonising everyone who finds it interesting and helpful to make acquaintance with pseudo-psychologies, because of the few good ideas which they contain incidentally.

Concerning self-regulation, the concept itself is logically meaningless as a basis for an educational theory. For instance, if a schoolboy thinks his father or teacher is behaving like an idiot, and wants to say so, his experience may lead him to repress the sentiment, because he realises that it will bring trouble on his head. In so doing he is regulating himself so as to avoid trouble.

The difficulties which the psychological cults and theories such as self-regulation raise are mainly that they distract attention from the important issues. It be-

comes more important whether a person is on the right side in the futile controversies between one school and another, than whether he actually tries to live his life in a free and rational way. There are many people who do strongly believe in freedom and do a lot of work for free education, the anarchist movement, and other progressive organisations, and who have come to their conclusions through their own experiences, but who explain their ideas by quoting some authority and claiming to be his follower. It would probably make more of an impression on other people if they were to say "I feel this way and I am going to live according to my own ideas" rather than "X has taught us this and I am going to live according to his theories." P.H.

★

SAMUEL BECKETT

I should like to thank Mr. Dusenbury (FREEDOM, May 29) for his kind remarks about my review, but I must repeat that, while I am aware that a lot of people put Beckett into "the genius class" without hesitation, I shouldn't be surprised if he will seem what Salinger would call "strictly phoney" when the novelty of his idiosyncratic manner has worn off.

If indeed he is not unintelligible, no credit is due to him, for his manner makes it as difficult as possible to see what he is getting at. As I said, he often seems to use language not so much to communicate as to obscure his meaning, and I suspect that this reliance on technical skill (together with his apparent refusal to discuss his work) may hide the fact that he isn't sure of his meaning himself!

I did not discuss "the relationship of Mr. Beckett's work to anarchism" because I see no basis for any such relationship. He considers man not as a political but as a cosmic animal—that is, in relation not to other men but (in the absence of God) to an unfriendly universe. All he really says about the life of man is that it is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and long. It is true that there are isolated moments of tenderness between the tramps in *Godot* or Hamm's parents in *Endgame*, but the only human emotions normally admitted into his pages are cruelty and dignity.

Anarchists may find his work interesting, but I cannot see that it is relevant to anarchism—it is not social, but solipsist; not active, but passive. Hampstead, May 29. N.W.

Individualism and Organisation

I realise that this controversy is coming to have a distinctly antipodal flavour, but the differences between J.G. and K.D. aired in FREEDOM of 19th March are live issues in Sydney because they are related to the differences between the two groups which describe themselves as libertarians and anarchists.

In his reply to R.J.W., J.G. has already made the point that physiological and social organizations have their differences as well as their similarities, but I would like to take issue with K.D. over his notion that there are two kinds of duty, conscience, or moral obligation—the authoritarian and the anarchist.

I think K.D.'s view is plausible only on his assumption that society is created by man, is the result of some social contact. If co-operative activities are something imposed on an originally egoistic species, then there is some reason to believe that people will not co-operate unless they are told that they ought to do so because duty, conscience, or moral obligation requires it.

However, it is quite incomprehensible how these egoistic individuals would ever learn to co-operate unless co-operation, as well as aggression and fear, was an original feature of men's lives. You don't learn the advantages of co-operation without experience of co-operation, and once you allow the existence of co-operation as an original human activity there is no need to postulate a social contract or a manufacture of society. Human beings with similar interests do, as a matter of fact, tend to work together to further the interests which are common to them.

Moreover, the appeal to duty, conscience, or moral obligation as the justification for saying, "You ought to do this", does not give a reason for doing what you are told to do, for words such as "duty", "conscience", and "moral obligation" merely mean "that which ought to be obeyed", and it begs the question to say that you ought to obey that which ought to be obeyed.

Whenever one manages to get past this barrier of tautology, it transpires that "what ought to be obeyed" is not some metaphysical "inner feeling" but the demands of specific social forces. What ought to be obeyed is the demand of some particular interest. The fraud of moralism lies in the attempt to assert that what one particular social group wants should be wanted or obeyed by all men, the attempt to tell us that what is good for General Motors, Christianity, the State, or some other particular social interest is good for all other social interests.

The main point is that appeals to duty,

conscience, moral obligation, responsibility, and similar moral slogans are always concealed demands—not only do they conceal what it is that is demanded under the cloak of "that which ought to be obeyed", but they also conceal that what is being put forward is the demand of a special interest by speaking in moral slogans which are supposed to have universal force ("that which ought to be obeyed" ought to be obeyed whatever interests anyone may have in not obeying) and we do not usually find appeals being made to duty, conscience, and the like unless there are other lines of conduct being advocated or pursued. Such appeals are authoritarian, in K.D.'s own use of the word, because they seek the domination of some particular interest over other particular interests. Moralism is authoritarianism gone underground.

As opposed to those whose desire to impose their will on others leads them not only to overt authoritarianism but to the covert authoritarianism of moralism, libertarians are concerned to point out that moral standards and values are relative to the particular interests of particular social groups. Libertarian interests are no more, "what ought to be done" than any other special social interests. What interests people do pursue depends on the interplay of social forces, but at least the opponents of authoritarianism can try to defend and promote their own special interests in an open and non-moralistic way. Instead of saying, "You ought to do X", and appealing to some "that which ought to be obeyed" to justify our demand, we can say, "If you are interested in promoting A or B or C, then you ought to do X as this will assist in promoting what you are interested in".

The appeal to moral slogans is to be authoritarian and, in so far as they are not authoritarian, libertarians and anarchist will not appeal to duty, conscience, moral obligation, and the like, but will express and exhibit their interests and activities in an open and non-moralistic way.

Mosman, N.S.W., May 25. D.J.I.

MEETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP and MALATESTA DEBATING SOCIETY

IMPORTANT

MEETINGS are now held at CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS "The Marquis of Granby" Public House, London, W.C.2. (corner Charing Cross Road and Shaftesbury Avenue) at 7.30 p.m. ALL WELCOME

JUNE 12.—Bonar Thompson (Benefit Lecture) REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

JAZZ GROUP

5 CALEDONIAN ROAD, N.1 (nr. King's Cross Station) Friday, 17th June, 1960. JACK STEVENSON on WILD BILL DAVISON.

L.A.G. SUMMER SCHOOL REMINDER

Don't forget when arranging your holidays, that the Summer School will take place during August Bank Holiday weekend. It will be held at Alan Albon's Farm at Hailsham, Sussex (under canvas), and those who wish to will be able to stay for a week. Further details of cost, lectures, etc. will appear later.

FREEDOM

The Anarchist Weekly

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Anarchism and the Closed Door Mentality

SOME people are born with a silver spoon in their mouth while others come into this world with a large wooden ladle and devote good time and energy in stirring their favourite porridge, or is there another word for it? Not that one particularly minds a good stir at times, especially when it's well seasoned with the pepper of science and the salt of reason, only when one calls this potage first-class Anarchist stew does one begin to question the motives of the cook.

The scientific approach and method is supposed to eliminate as much as possible, subjective influence, only what the five senses record is admissible as evidence. What the total human entity feels; what one intuitively perceives, or the very definite language of the emotions is all pseudo science according to G. in his article "Anarchism and the Flat Earth Mentality".

People who use these extra tools of perception don't altogether abandon the scientific method, it is only that the strictly materialistic approach is often insufficient in appraising new ideas. The closed door mentality of the strict materialist not only offers security from disturbing facts, but helps to control the emotions that might have to be experienced if the door were left slightly ajar.

Surely it is pure technique to bandy nonsense with fact as G. does, simply because there is a thread of similarity in all. Even if some people hold on to Anarchism or any other belief because they seek the unorthodox (and would there have been progress if nobody had?) it does not prove that the idea held is irrational or unscientific.

I personally have never met a flat earth advocate but I am perfectly prepared to believe that there are people holding such ideas. The fact that I accept their existence does not make me an advocate of their theory.

Similarly, even though I don't know whether flying saucers come from Mars, Venus or "slaughterhouse yard", or whether, in fact, they aren't even floating bullrushes, nevertheless these phenomena have been observed so often and by diverse people even of the purely scientific and materialistically orientated mind that I for one have accepted the fact that there is an aerial phenomenon which orthodox science cannot as yet explain. Whether the woman out of the flying saucer, as reported by one American, is such a luscious bit as to make Jane Mansfield like a witch out of Hansel and Gretel I don't know, and care even less. One can reject the embroidered nonsense about flying saucers same as one can reject the embroidered nonsense about Anarchism. (Cleaning the sewerage drains in the Free Society will be enjoyed by those who do it because all free work is art, etc.).

I agree with G. about the irrationality embodied in trying to draw every pet theory into the Anarchist fold even if the imagination must be stretched to breaking point. At the same time one finds it disturbing when Anarchists want to make their Anarchism an exclusive club inhabited only by the very rational, coldly clinical, emotionally detached cyclops who think they have the key to all doors. To suggest that only 'suckers' light candles to the virgin when they need help, to cover themselves in 'orgone impregnated blankets' is mixing fact and fiction and one can only suggest that this is not a scientific approach and it does appear that G. can be as irrational about his rationality as the next wallah.

Having had little experience with lighted candles and even less with virgins (must be the circle one moves in!) I cannot say what help one can expect, but having built an orgone accumulator and having experimented both with

plants and humans I can only assure G. that the effects on both were as real as the writing on this page. Perhaps more startling than ever was the response of people who had had no previous knowledge of Reich or Orgone and therefore could not possibly organise appropriate responses.

If G. is really serious about 'the weedy jungle' which Anarchists must help to destroy in order to get people to face facts and think for themselves, it frightens me as it sounds like a crude form of authoritarianism. "Think what you like, mates, so long as you think as I do", is an old old echo emanating sometimes from most unsavoury quarters....

As an Anarchist I want to destroy nothing that people hold as valid for themselves. Only when they want to bung their own special kind of validity down my throat am I ready to fight against it. Being still a believer in organic evolution I cannot, if I respect individuality, destroy a person's so-called crutches because I believe mine are a better set. I would be happy to illustrate that mine are in fact more mobile and more useful, and he may in time accept this. To destroy his because I think it is good for him is the first step in the order of things that Anarchists should resist. It's the coldly rational calculated attitude that leave no margin for human frailty and sentiment, characteristics essentially human. Perhaps in time to come the 'conditioned reflex wallahs' and the 'computer kids' will turn out a very rational human being with a fixed-in order of rational attitudes loaded with 'horse sense'. I for one am relieved to see that MENSA does not consist of purely rational human beings, that in spite of their high I.Q. they still possess the saving graces of believing in all sorts of nonsense, fact, science, pseudo-science, in fact

everything that an age like ours has two minds about.

When I first read Freud I was most excited; then came Marx, and between them one thought one had the clue to all mankind. Then came Kropotkin and Neill and Reich and much of what was was inexplicable to me in Freud and disturbing in Marx was soothed.

I am also thankful to Professor James Jeans who in one of his books told me not to be such a fool as to believe only the earth could support life, a medieval appendage. Which rather makes one feel that flying saucers are just a figment of someone's imagination. The progress of flying in the last sixty years should make us a little bit more humble. All in all I'm thankful to all these gentlemen who have provided me with my psychological crutches and have made me see many things in this world which otherwise I might have missed. Most of these people have in their turn been called irrational and mad and some still carry the label to this day. Having said enough I must now look up my horseshoe for today. It hasn't been right yet but then we never can tell, what with Venus being in juxtaposition, etc., etc. S.F.

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BED BUT NO BREAKFAST

BRISBANE, JUNE 5.

A launching pad for the Blue Streak missile—abandoned recently as a deterrent by the British Government—was completed this week-end at the Woomera Range in South Australia.

The Federal Minister of Supply, Mr. Allen Hulme, said here to-day that the project was so near completion at the time the British Government abandoned Blue Streak that it was decided to finish it anyway.