

On other pages:

Lady Chatterley's
 Lover - p. 2

The Reform Churches
 and Apartheid - p. 3

Letters to the Editors - p. 4

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"Patience itself is meanness
in a slave."

—WILLIAM COWPER

Vol. 21, No. 48

November 26th, 1960

Threepence

V.D. & SEXUAL FREEDOM

THE news that over 31,000 cases of gonorrhoea were notified in 1959 (an increase of over 12% on 1958) is being welcomed as good news by all those concerned in the fight against freedom in general and sexuality in particular. The best of the news, as far as the self-appointed guardians of chastity are concerned, is that there is a noticeable increase amongst teen-agers reporting gonorrhoeal infection. Here is a fine stick to beat the teenagers with! Here is a nice manifestation of Divine Wrath for the clergy, magistrates, club-leaders and watch committees to get worked up about. Teen-agers may be earning "big" wages, wearing gay clothes, selfishly enjoying themselves, but the good old clap is there to remind them of what the Good Book says.

Or is it?

Let me first throw a little cold water on the joy of the wowsers. There are a number of reasons why the reported cases of gonorrhoea may well increase for a few years. Let me list a few:

1. The teenage population is in any case growing. The famous "bulge" makes itself felt not only at the schoolroom but at the VD clinic too.

2. Biologically teenagers are coming to sexual maturity increasingly early. One of the reasons for this interesting fact is that nutrition in infancy and childhood is better nowadays.

3. There is a growth in enlightenment about sex and health in the working class. It follows that VD is no longer regarded with superstitious horror as in the past, but as an illness no more mysterious than mumps or chicken pox. Consequently people are ready to seek treatment *at once* when they discover the first signs of it, instead of nursing it in secret.

4. As the economic status of young people is getting better, so they tend to mate and marry earlier. As VD is in the population anyway (although a rare disease nowadays) it will make its presence manifest *earlier* in the lives of many people.

I have not seen the statistics regarding marriage and gonorrhoea,

but here is an interesting fact. When working class youths are having pre-marital intercourse, they generally use rubber sheaths as a contraceptive measure. The sheath not only prevents conception, but it prevents or greatly reduces the chances of one partner contracting VD from the other. Where *marriage* is shortly contemplated or has taken place, the use of sheaths is abandoned because there is no fear of conception, and now if VD is present it will be passed on.

The morality workers have done their bit in assisting the spread of VD. They have constantly opposed the easy access of rubber sheaths to young people. A few years ago slot-machines were being put outside chemists, barbers, etc., when the shops were closed so that customers could buy sheaths *at the time of day when they most needed them*. This was stopped by law because it was convenient for young people. What this monstrously silly law has cost the Health Service in the treatment of cases of VD which would otherwise have been prevented, and in terms of human unhappiness, we will never know. In the outcry over the increase in reported gonorrhoea, some professional busybodies are bewailing simultaneously that (a) teenagers are contracting the disease, (b) that many of them carry rubber sheaths. Can they not put two and two together and come to the logical answer of four? If the practice of carrying sheaths were to *increase* then the rate of gonorrhoea would *decrease*. If they want to do a bit of good to young people, and the community in general, they should give young people sane, practical instruction on how to use a rubber sheath properly. Yet can one imagine the average schoolteacher, club-leader, or scout/guide leader doing this? Not on your life—they probably wouldn't know how to use the thing properly themselves. It is to be hoped that the doctors and nurses at VD clinics *do* invariably give proper instruction in preventive measures when adolescents of any age come for treatment.

The incidence of gonorrhoea, less than one in ten thousand in the population, is really very slight. The medical services are to be congratulated in lowering the incidence of

this disease so greatly in recent times. Syphilis, a far more dangerous venereal disease, is now reported as under one thousand cases a year. This has been a huge step in public health. But while showing justifiable concern over bacterial diseases, for goodness sake let us get things in proportion. When we talk about "health" we do not just mean freedom from disease-producing bacteria. We mean a condition of well-being and happiness. A great deal of misery can come through the frustration of the sexual urge, and this must be balanced against the risk, the very slight risk indeed, of catching venereal disease which a sexually uninhibited population

runs. We do not argue that it is wrong to go to cinemas, theatres, dance halls and football matches, because it is by partaking in such social activities that millions of people catch infectious diseases. No, we think that we should continue to live normally social lives, but take preventive and curative measures to eliminate infectious diseases from the community. The same reasoning must be applied to our sexual lives.

The major ills of our community are not bacterial in origin. We find a large number of people suffering from mental illness. Perhaps it is arbitrary to make any distinction

between "physical" and "mental" health, but we can certainly see the dangers of living in a bacterially free, sterile community where misery frustration and insanity are rife.

We must be prepared to stand up to the wowsers and moralists and to prevent them beating the teenage population with this stick—the ludicrously exaggerated threat of VD. They are the people who must take a large share of the blame for the difficulty in iradicating VD. from the population. They are the damned fools who have obstructed the free access to prophylactic measures. They have surrounded the subject with superstitious dread and misunderstanding. And in the first reaction to the 1939 Medical Report, we may detect a nasty satisfaction in the increase in the rate of reported gonorrhoea in some quarters. G.

The Ford Shares will Cross the Atlantic but The Workers' Enemy is Still Here!

THE bid by Mr. Henry Ford II for the British Ford Motor Company's shares has been given the government's blessing, and as we write the House of Commons is holding its post-mortem; for there is no question that the government could be persuaded to change its mind in the light of the arguments put forward by those M.P.s on both sides of the House opposed to the deal. When news of the bid was made public last week, attempts were made to move the emergency adjournment of the House but failed because as the Chancellor pointed out, there was nothing to discuss since he had received no application for exchange permission! Such hypocrisy was only matched by the Chancellor's contempt for the House when he refused to promise that he would tell the House before reaching his decision on the exchange control. But this is how all governments behave, and we only mention this particular incident for the benefit of those Leftists who still cherish illusions in the democracy of our "democratic institutions".

The government, all said and done is the Executive, and if it is to be told what to do by Parliament

it might as well not exist! Certainly the Commons for all the effect it has on Government policy might as well not exist. But the illusion must be maintained. The trouble is that so many people who ought to know better seem to be taken in by the illusion. According to the *Guardian's* Parliamentary correspondent,

What clearly worried and indeed angered a large part of the House, Labour and Tories alike, was the fact that such momentous moves can be made without its having any say in the matter.

★

THE American bid to buy out the British Ford was wrongly referred to by Mr. Harold Wilson as "this £129 million take-over bid" which it was not since the American "parent-company" already owned a 55 per cent. share of its British offspring's soul, and besides, a further 15 per cent, was in American hands. So whether they secured the remaining 30 per cent. or not, the fact remains that British Ford has all along been at its American parent's mercy. Indeed, it wasn't "British" at all, but just a third, and those who owned that "third" are being offered a generous 145/- for shares which only a week before were quoted in the Stock markets at 90/- (On November 4 they were quoted at 86/-). Whatever patriotic Englishmen and M.P.s may think of the deal, British shareholders will have profited by £45,000,000, a modest 50 per cent. appreciation in a week!

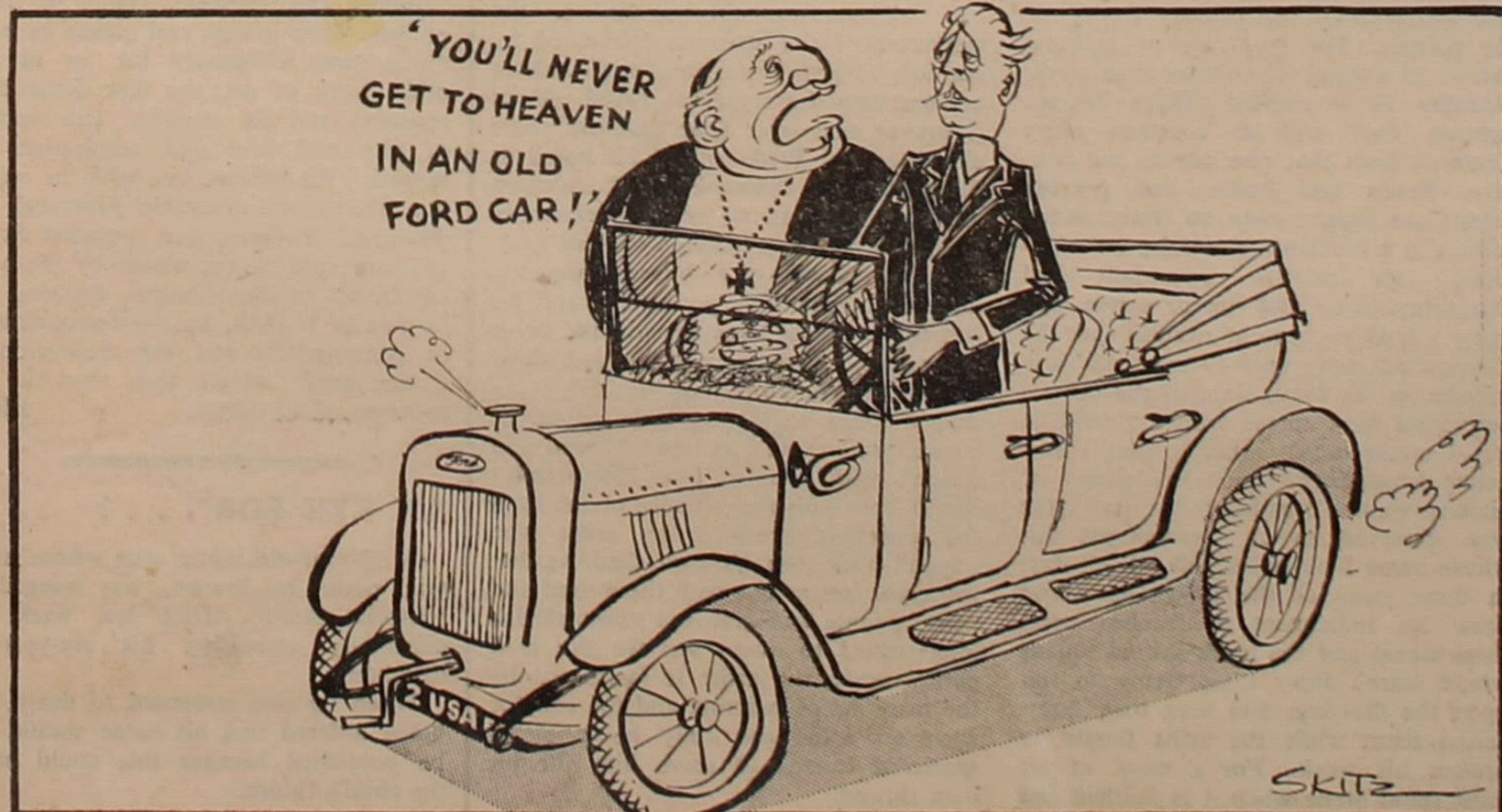
All kinds of arguments have been put forward against the complete "Americanisation" of British Ford. Some have suggested that the British offspring would be sacrificed by diverting trade to the German or other subsidiaries. Mr. Lloyd was able to allay suspicion by pointing out that our German cousin was already "entirely American owned"! Others feared employment problems once there was 100% American ownership. Sir Patrick Hennessy, British Ford Big Boss brushed that objection aside. "Assurances have been given to employees about their future," he said, and since Ford and Jaguars employees are still working full time while the remainder of the motor industry is paying off men and generally operating a three or four day week they have no reason to feel more *Angst* about their future than their British-owned Coventry workmates.

In any case, all these "fears" are ridiculous in view of the fact that even before his bid Mr. Ford, by reason of his ownership of 55 per cent. of the shares in the British company, was in a position to dictate its policy. Why then should he want to acquire the remaining 30 per cent. of the shares? The most obvious answer overlooked by the Labour jingoists is, why not? An investment is an investment, and British Ford is a good investment and even at the present inflated price of its shares would yield 10.7 per cent. on last year's figures!

Indeed the only argument we have seen against selling which did not stink of self-righteous nationalism, was put forward by the City Editor of the *Sunday Times* (Nov. 20) who declared that the price offered was "absurdly low", and this capitalist realist added: "the key to the whole issue is the question of price; if the price is wrong then nothing else can be right". This is how we like a capitalist to talk. At least he does not confuse the issues, which is more than can be said for the Labour M.P.s, some 50 of whom last Wednesday week tabled a motion in these terms:

"This House views with anxiety the prospect that the British element in the

Continued on p. 3



GLASGOW ANTI-POLARIS MARCH

GLASGOW, NOVEMBER 19.

More than 4,000 people took part in anti-Polaris demonstrations here to-day organised by the Glasgow Council for Nuclear Disarmament.

The marchers, some of whom had travelled hundreds of miles to attend, were strung out for more than a mile as they walked through the city's main shopping thoroughfare, Sauchiehall Street, crowded with shoppers.

The universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen and St. Andrews were represented and there was a contingent from King's College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. There were representatives of trade unions, all behind their banners.

Lady Chatterley's Lover

IT is impossible to consider this book simply as a book. I first read it—suitably enough—in the corridor of a French train rushing south through a summer night towards the Mediterranean, away from dirty old England. It was not so much a novel by D. H. Lawrence as a symbol of censorship—a book that had been banned for thirty years. In its neat new Penguin edition, which is now being bought by the author's countrymen as freely as the mechanics of book production and distribution will allow, it is still above all a symbol. One day, perhaps, our children or grandchildren will be able to read it simply as a book. No thrill of tasting forbidden fruit for them, no hunting for daring words or passages. What will they think of it?

Firstly, they will be able to put the book into perspective. They will not have to defend it from the philistines by pretending it is a good novel. It is in fact rather a bad one—not nearly as fine as *1984*, which George Orwell wrote in similar circumstances, dying of tuberculosis in a remote spot and rolling up all his obsessions into a ball of horror. It is not so much a novel as a cry of pain that England should be "so beastly ugly". Lawrence was in the direct Puritan line, from Bunyan and Blake, Carlyle and Ruskin, Owen and Morris. He revisited his native Midlands in 1925, just before returning to the Villa Mirinda to write this book, and his mind was full of the disgust he felt about industrial England. It is no coincidence that in the first version he wrote the messianic gamekeeper turns to Communism. *Lady Chat-*

terley's Lover is not a work of art but a tract for the times.

Inevitably the industrial environment is caricatured; so is the intellectual environment of the Chatterley family; so indeed are all the main characters—grotesque figures blown up by Lawrence's lifelong manias and bouncing back and forth in an absurd way as they are battered by his dogmas. Like Wells and Huxley (and Shaw in the theatre), he used the novel because it happened to be a prevailing form of creative writing; he did not write very good novels (not nearly as good as his poems and short stories), but then he wasn't trying to—he used them as vehicles for his ideas, which might have been good for the ideas but was bad for the novels.

Secondly, they will be able to put the ideas into perspective. Lawrence's cure for industrialism and intellectualism, for cruelty and class, was sex pure and simple. As Richard Hoggart put it at the trial, Lawrence is saying "One fucks"—he is not only telling the truth about what one does, but proclaiming the truth about what one should do. He put sexual intercourse right at the centre of human relationships, not as a satisfaction of desire nor as an expression of love, but as a thing in itself. He did not seem to see that this would make relations between people of the same sex unimportant; nor did he seem to see that to write a long passionate book on the subject was a towering example of something he loathed—"sex in the head" (in fact it seems certain that when he was writing the book he was so ill that he was as impotent as the detested Clifford Chatterley himself!). Nor did he realise that sex was far more repressed and ritualised, in primitive societies than in the civilised societies he was

attacking, and that its emancipation could only come through the patient cerebrations of intellectuals like Freud and Havelock Ellis—and Lawrence.

Anyway sex by itself cures nothing. It cured nothing in Lawrence; like the characters in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, he had escaped from industrial England by wrenching himself free and going off with a beautiful woman who was his social superior, and he was able to wander around the world writing what he liked and living where he liked—but he was always a misfit, wherever he went, always quarrelling, always building up hopes and seeing them crash to the ground. When he finished his book he said: "It will bring me only abuse and hatred." He was so much affected by paranoia and jealousy of other people's success that he refused to acknowledge the sincerity of any admiration he received. Most of the readers of this book will reject the over-reaching claims he makes for sex; but they will admire his intention all the same, despite his gloomy forecast. The trouble was that Lawrence was an evangelist whose gospel is unacceptable, but it is impossible not to respect the way he put it—especially some of his descriptions of nature, and also those erotic passages that are not mystical or laughable (in Chapters 10 and 12, for example)—and in the end it is impossible not to respect Lawrence himself.

Thirdly, they will be able to put Lawrence into perspective. We are still too much overwhelmed by his strident impetuosity to consider him without prejudice. One day it will be seen that he was one of those who were in a way broken by the First World War—along with

Graves and Sassoon and Huxley and Aldington—and never properly recovered. For him "the bruise of the war" was not only the universal one, but also the traumatic experience of being hounded as a pro-German, rejected for military service, and reviled as the perpetrator of an obscene book (*The Rainbow*, that time). It was only then that a note of "abuse and hatred" came into his work. It was then that he began writing mystical books instead of romantic ones—mystical books full of blood and sacrifice and leadership and so on. In a way, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was a reversion to his earlier manner, a sort of logical extension of romanticism, in which Constance Chatterley and Oliver Mellors achieve a joy that Catherine Earnshaw and Heathcliff might have known if *Wuthering Heights* had not been written in the middle of the age of prudery. The tragedy of Lawrence was that he magnified his disappointment in the failure of romanticism into a disappointment in the failure of civilisation. But his way out of the failure was still a romantic way, through love disguised as "phallic tenderness".

Lawrence will also be seen as a Puritan, not only in the historical sense of the word that Richard Hoggart mentioned, but also in the narrower sense. He was disgusted by James Joyce and shocked by Casanova. When he used the famous four-letter words he did so to purify them, not to portray reality—and in

fact he used them very unrealistically in their correct senses and not, as most people do, as swearwords. When he described sexual intercourse in careful detail it was not to rouse his readers' sexual feelings but to illustrate his thesis of the proper way of going about the business. When he made his hero and heroine run around naked in the rain and decorate each other with flowers he did so with a serious purpose and a straight face—which unfortunately makes such episodes absurdly funny. His attitude to the sexual conventions of his age was the same as that of nineteenth-century atheists to the religious conventions of their age—he rejected them outright but with the highest principles in mind, which is the classic puritan attitude. He only came through to his idea of "phallic tenderness" after a tremendous struggle with his romantic and puritanical feelings. He never realised that thousands of people do in fact enjoy sexual happiness without ever feeling serious or guilty about it all. He couldn't believe that anyone could get into the Celestial City without undergoing a pilgrimage as arduous as his own.

Above all, they will be able to take *Lady Chatterley's Lover* as they find it—to ignore what is bad and accept what is good about the novel, its ideas and its author. They will be able to forget what is distorted or prejudiced or unreal or insane, and to remember what is important

Continued on p. 3

FREEDOM BOOKSHOP

OPEN DAILY

(Open 10 a.m.—5.30 p.m. and till 5 p.m. every Saturday.)

New Books . . .

- The Fearful Fifties David Low 20/-
 Dylan Thomas: the Legend and the Poet (ed.) E. W. Tedlock 25/-
 International Communism (ed.) David Footman 18/-
 West Indian Stories (ed.) Andrew Salkey 16/-

Reprints and Cheap Editions . . .

- English Hours Henry James 25/-
 The Dream of a Queer Fellow, &c. Fyodor Dostoevsky 4/6
 In Praise of Idleness Bertrand Russell 6/-
 Power Bertrand Russell 6/-
 Wife for Sale Anton Tchekov 7/6
 Young Girl's Diary 6/-

Second-Hand . . .

- Nationalism and Culture Rudolf Rocker 12/6
 Individualism: a System of Politics Wordsworth Donisthorpe 12/6
 Dialectics of Nature Frederic Engels 6/-
 The Machievellians James Burnham 8/-
 Jim Crow Guide to the U.S.A. Stetson Kennedy 8/-
 The Form of Things Unknown Herbert Read 20/-
 Speeches and Articles Dolores Ibarruri (cover loose) 6/-
 Contraception Marie Stopes 6/6
 The Responsibilities of Peoples Dwight MacDonald 8/6
 Learning Laughter Stephen Spender 5/-
 New Horizons J. T. Murphy 5/-
 Marx against the Peasant David Mitrany 16/-
 Red Star over China Edgar Snow 5/6
 Studs Lonigan (complete) James T. Farrell 12/6
 Tito Speaks Vladimir Dedijer 10/-
 Journal of These Days Albert Jay Nock 3/6
 Soviet Biology T. D. Lysenko 2/6

We can supply ANY book required, including text-books. Please supply publisher's name if possible, but if not, we can find it. Scarce and out-of-print books searched for—and frequently found!

Postage free on all items

Obtainable from

17a MAXWELL ROAD
 FULHAM LONDON SW6

Tel: Renown 3736

Around the Galleries

IT was indeed fitting that the memorial exhibition of the paintings of Rex Whistler should be held in the Victoria and Albert Museum, for Whistler was a practitioner of that fashionable style of art that is moribund even as the brush touches the paper. The golden boy of the pre-war years offered his week-end public a nostalgic giggle at a world as phoney as Coward's *Cavalcade* and as drearily wholesome as a Betjeman poem and they loved him for it and as a mark of their respect they let him decorate the walls of the Tate Gallery canteen. He took the world of Ronald Firbank and purged it of its wit, its malice and its lewd gaiety and gave us the pastel-tinted remains.

The high-stepping horses, the ribboned domestics, the rococo carriages, the corsetted top heavy women and the flabby female ancients inhabit Whistler's two dimensional world but only Firbank's sniggering prose could add a third dimension. For Whistler, like Arthur Rackham, was a competent draughtsman and having found his tiny off-beat niche in middle-class mythology he exploited it to the full and because he never gave offence to his public they hired him to paint their walls and decorate their glassware.

This is his memorial exhibition and his accumulated works join the hoarded relics that fill the echoing halls but Rex Whistler received his rewards during his lifetime and posterity can only murmur *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* as it finally wipes his slate.

The Waddington Galleries at 2 Cork Street, W.1, are showing abstractions from the brushes of Hilton, Frost, Heath, Scott, Wells, Heron, Vaughan and Wynter and here is truly poverty of imagination and execution in the mass. One is reminded of a children's exhibition of painting but they lack even the child's self-confidence, for they pick and primp upon the paper with such gay colours but without any apparent conception of how they will create or even finish one single painting. It is no accident that most of our native talent stands tingle toed upon the quay waiting for the latest batch of American canvases to be unloaded, for such is our lack of good abstract painters at the moment that they cannot even feed on each

other. The strength of the American painters lies in their sense of purpose, their ability to create the illusion of a third dimension in their abstractions and the firm and confident handling of their material, whilst most of our English school paint as though they were smearing the nursery wall for a girlish dare.

The Marlborough Fine Art Gallery at 39 Old Bond Street are showing a selection of paintings by the Austrian painter Oskar Kokoschka prior to his rumoured major exhibition at the Tate. Kokoschka carries the reputation of being pre-eminent among the artists of central Europe and he is now being given the full treatment over here in an effort to find him an English group of monied admirers, yet I found him unimpressive. The old business of garish colours and slashing brush strokes to create the illusion of power married to nervous tension, the expressionist's distortion of line and colour that Kokoschka learned from his association with the painters who had mingled with the Brücke group catches the eye but when one has walked away from a portrait by Kokoschka nothing remains in the mind of the subject matter only the phoney frenzy of the painter. For this type of painting can act as a blind for so much bad work. Number 19 is entitled "What we are fighting for" and it contains every Teutonic fault that one canvas can contain. Bones and bodies and praying priests are heaped onto an overcrowded canvas in a hotchpotch of false emotion-alism, raw colours, downright bad draughtsmanship and horror comic savagery. It is the type of rubbish that the Communist party used to carry in their parades in the brave days of the thirties before we were cursed with a New Left but I swear in all sincerity that I saw better work drawn upon the stones of Hammersmith Broadway by an artist who deserved to be remembered but whose name I never learned. Each day, in those years of the 1930's he would draw his indictment of fascism upon those stones and the black-shirted squads would march down Lime Grove to spit upon the drawings and drag their boots across them while the artist fought to protect his work. For a work of art must stand alone when it is finished and the artist must merge with the crowd,

Films for Peace

THE Society of Friends (Quakers) are probably the most bearable religious body. If we except certain demonstrations of political and journalistic hypocrisy, their minimum of theology and maximum of 'good works' make their approximation to the ideals of the mythical Jesus Christ more apparent than it is in the majority of other Christian religious bodies.

Their attitude on war is commendable and in furtherance of this they have an organization known as 'Friends Peace Committee' which in conjunction with another Quaker organization has been running film shows at Friends House. The purpose of these shows is not for enjoyment only (do we detect the Puritan influence here?) but "the serious business of reviewing films which you can use in the endeavour to encourage thought and action and to dispel apathy".

The length of their programmes (five hours) makes it difficult if not improbable for mere seekers after enjoyment to stay the course, indeed, 'enjoyment' is the wrong word to use for here the crimes and follies of mankind are paraded for all to see. The sad history of man's misuse of science in *Animated Genesis*, the cruelty of the Nazi régime (and by implication, gentle Poles and then-neutral Communists) during the Warsaw ghetto in *Under the Same Sky*, the cynicism and opportunism of governments in *Sahara Protest*, the fatuousness of Sir Brian Horrocks in the exhibition of missile-madness *Battle*

for if he has succeeded it is no longer his. If we are still bemused by the technique of the artist or fascinated by the too obvious distortions and clashing colours then the artist has failed. Does it matter that over four hundred years ago Giovanni Preda signed his name to the portrait of Francesco di Bartolomeo Archinto when all we need to remember is that beneath an ancient varnish fractured into a web of a thousand weaving lines is the face of a young boy and we can only mark and marvel how the sweet and stupid arrogance of youth still burns on this Italian bone, how Titian's blue-draped Doge mocks us with his air of bored disdain and how the old men and women who hobbled into Rembrandt's studio bore with the patience of the aged the searching brush of an artist who stepped back into his own shadows that we might feel at one with these tired and weary people who rest in a studio throne long turned to dust. But we live in a period when the artist is fascinated by the mere act of painting and the end for such an artist can only be a paint-spattered canvas to serve him for his own shroud.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

in *Space*, the poverty and sickness in *Murder by Neglect*, the sickness and disease in *Unseen Enemies*, the misery and poverty of refugees in Morocco in *To Save a Child*, and the grinding, nagging tyranny of *Come Back Africa*.

But through it all shines human brotherhood and those qualities in 'human nature' which, given proper channels can make for a better world. The promise of science, the courage of human beings to fight on, the crazy idealism, the ability of intelligence to see through, the realization of the real enemies of mankind, hunger and disease, the possibilities of mutual aid and the resilience of the human being.

Some may consider the projects backed by and backing these films as 'do-gooders' and reformist but one must start somewhere and the response kindled by any one of these films will start some human being on the road to awareness. "The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step".

At one time the anarchist groups had film shows (*Fury Over Spain* and *Kameradschaft*) to forward their cause. With the change in habits it has been found that public meetings do not have the drawing power they had at one time and many organizations have found a combined film show and meeting has more attraction. It could be argued that this is merely sugaring the pill. Friends Peace Council is seeking to prove that a film show is a more effective method of putting over a point of view. Indeed, Sir Brian Horrocks seems a better argument for pacifism than either X or Y the well-known public speakers.

Indeed the technical quality of many of these films is high and makes its point much more effectively for, as in any other work of art, the film demands a response and an attitude. Our springs of pity and love and admiration are tapped. We become one with the suffering Ghetto, the miserable Algerians, the depressed Sicilians, the enslaved South Africans, and we are elated by the work of Dolci, of the humble doctors and helpers in W.H.O., by the demonstration at Aldermaston and the realization in *Come Back Africa* that man is the measure of all things. J.R.

AN EYE FOR . . . ?

A 37-year-old white man whose name will never be known, was hanged at Pretoria, South Africa last week for criminally assaulting his six-year-old daughter.

When he was sentenced to death, the judge ordered that his name should not be published because this could affect the child's future.

Observer.

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

Vol. 21, No. 48 November 26, 1960

The Workers' Enemy is Still

Here! Continued from p. 1

ownership of Fords, Dagenham, may pass to American interests and urges the Chancellor of the Exchequer to take no decision on any application that may be made to him in this connection until Parliament has had an opportunity of debating the issue."

The implication of this motion, contemptuously ignored by the government which was much more interested in the £85 millions that would be added to its gold reserves), is that British capitalists are more understanding of their workers' interests than their American counterparts would be. Such arguments have nothing in common with socialism and simply underline the bankruptcy of the so-called Labour leadership. As if the sackings in the motor industry of Coventry are not proof enough that British capitalists like their American counterparts are in business for the profits they can make and the privileged status they can enjoy. But Mr. J. L. Jones, Midlands regional secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union instead of urging his members to fight the capitalist system does his bit for the Coventry bosses by voicing the fear that a completely "Americanised" Ford Company might capture most of the home market by paying low wages! To which the *Guardian* with that common sense capitalist realism which we can only expect nowadays from liberals and Quakers, retorts:

If he means that the American motor industry can cut labour costs by making more efficient use of labour, he may be right—and it would be no bad thing to have more of this sort of competition. In the palmy days of the seller's market for labour in the Midlands all sorts of comfortable ideas about easy money in the motor industry may have been encouraged: it may be uncomfortable if they are discouraged now, but it is a necessary process.

These Manchester "liberals" who speak in the same breath of "a sellers market" for "labour" and for "commodities", pose as radicals and humanitarians when they write on questions of civil liberties. It is time they were exposed for the double-think from which they suffer to a greater degree than their gutter-press contemporaries and for the "phoney" that they undoubtedly are. When they will not only attack the "easy money" workers, but the Stock Exchange operators and the property sharks as well, we may have a little more respect for their editorial comments.

★

ELSEWHERE we reprint, from a Detroit journal, a "Letter to a Ford Worker's Wife". This may well be the fate in store for the workers of Ford's in Dagenham whether 70, 100 per cent. or none of the shares are owned by the parent firm. The capitalist system is operated by technocrats and managers who are so interested in the technical aspects of their jobs (as well as, of course, the fat salaries that go with them) that they easily forget that they are dealing with human beings. It's up to the workers to remind them of their oversight, and they can do this just as effectively whether the shareholders reside in London or New York.

If the workers wished they have the power to paralyse the Stock Exchange, Wall Street and La Bourse overnight. Not by their bank balances but by their labour power without the co-operation of which the shares of Ford and the rest would be worthless scraps of paper.

SOUTH AFRICA

The Reform Churches & Apartheid

THE Dutch Reform Churches in principle have supported South Africa's Nationalist Government in its *apartheid* policies, although individual members may doubt the wisdom of the methods used to enforce white supremacy.

In a recently published book appropriately entitled *Delayed Action* eleven leading theologians and ministers of the Reformed Church call for a "new approach to the country's colour problem".

Have these gentlemen suddenly been struck by a stab of conscience or is their "new approach" simply an expedient necessitated by recognition that Africans cannot be forever held in slavery?

A passage written by Professor B. B. Keet, who formerly occupied the Chair of Theology at the Dutch Reform Seminary, Stellenbosch University, underlines the failures of Nationalist policies to save white civilisation:

Advocates of apartheid have constantly claimed that only their policy is able to save white civilisation in South Africa. The opposite is true. Its fruits internally as well as externally show clearly that there is no hope for South Africa if black nationalism has to be fought by force.

This is an appeal to white self-interest which recognises that a minority of whites cannot enforce their will indefinitely against a strong African majority determined to fight for ordinary human rights.

At the time the emergency was declared when Africans were shot down by the police, many white South Africans who may have been in favour of *apartheid* nevertheless woke up to the fact that Africans

are no longer as docile as in the past.

Business men expressed fears that the economy would suffer (by which they meant their profits!) if opposition abroad to the Nationalists policies in the form of a goods boycott continued. (It was admitted by the Chamber of Commerce that trade had been badly hit by the boycott and by investment withdrawal).

Apart from the effects of trade boycotts by other countries, there is the constant disruption of commerce by periodic strikes and riots which

worry the business section who are less interested in the purity of the white race than in their profits; and on another level there is the fear in the mind of every European that one day the black man will rise up from his knees and dispose of his white masters.

The appeal of the Nationalists policy to the white population is that hitherto it has allowed them to "sleep easily" in their beds, but doubt as to the effectiveness of force is spreading.

In the past moral arguments have

failed to move white South Africa, maybe economic considerations will succeed, to the extent at any rate of distributing a little of the countries wealth among millions of poverty-ridden Africans.

Business men and Bishops may be prepared to concede a few rights to Africans but the Government continues to enforce racial discrimination. Even in the field of sport white and black must be divided:

The Government has given a ruling for *apartheid* in sport, and has told the South African Cricket Association that inter-racial team competitions will be discouraged.—*Express News Service*.

It is too much to hope that the "sportsmen" of South Africa will defy Government ruling.

REPLY TO THE CRITICS

Zen, Psychoanalysis and the Beatniks

IT is perhaps rather late in the day to reply to John Archer (8/10/60) and to C.C. of Minneapolis in their criticisms of my reviews of *Zen Buddhism and Psychoanalysis* and *The Holy Barbarians*. Unfortunately I have been the victim of circumstances beyond my control. Oddly enough a good deal of the trouble stemmed from that very irrationality of human behaviour that John Archer takes me to task for trying to explain by means of an entity, namely the unconscious.

In fact he is charging an open door. To me the unconscious does not represent an entity at all. Unfortunately, such is the nature of language that one is forced to use anthropomorphic expressions. The unconscious is that part of the mind which cannot ordinarily be contacted by consciousness, but which manifests itself by all sorts of acts or failures to act, which consciousness repudiates. We find ourselves doing things that we would rather not. We forget familiar names. We make slips of the tongue. All this is described at length by Freud in *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*.

The unconscious contains memories that have been repressed, i.e. forgotten because they are too painful to be permitted to come up into consciousness. Nevertheless they continue to have tremendous influence. In the unconscious ordinary laws of logic do not apply it seems. "In opposition to Aristotelian logic is what one might call *paradoxical logic*, which assumes that A and non-A do not exclude each other as predicates of X. Paradoxical logic was predominant in Chinese and Indian thinking, in Heraclitus' philosophy, and then again under the name of dialectics in the thought of Hegel and Marx. The general principle of paradoxical logic has been clearly described in general terms by Lao-Tse: 'Words that are strictly true seem to be paradoxical.' And by Chuang-tzu: 'That which is one is one. That which is not-one, is also one.'

"Inasmuch as a person lives in a culture in which the correctness of Aristotelian logic is not doubted, it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for him to be aware of experiences which contradict Aristotelian logic, hence which from the standpoint of his culture are nonsensical. A good example is Freud's concept of ambivalence, which says that one can experience love and hate for the same person at the same time. This experience, which from the standpoint of paradoxical logic is quite 'logical', does not make sense from the standpoint of Aristotelian logic. As a result, it is exceedingly difficult for most people to be aware of feelings of ambivalence. If they are aware of love, they cannot be aware of hate—since it would be utterly nonsensical to have two contradictory feelings at the same time towards the same person." (Erich Fromm).

In the unconscious it is perfectly possible for the same image to arouse feelings of love and hate simultaneously. The same thing can thus be loveable and hateful. That which is A can also be non-A. In an authoritarian society there is a great deal that is hateful in the unconscious. Repressed memories cause painful and irrational behaviour. This being so, I should have thought it was highly important to "put man in touch with his unconscious". Perhaps there is a danger that a new mythology will develop. Jung seems to have already created a sort of religion. But then there is a danger that people will interpret anarchism to mean chaos, and indeed anarchists have thrown bombs and committed acts of cruelty, though rarely. But in view of the undeniable fact that

men and women behave in irrational ways, contrary to their best interests, on a massive scale, the greater danger lies in dismissing the concept of the unconscious as a myth, leaving yourself with a simple pleasure-pain psychology that is unable to cope with the complexities of reality.

Reason, not emotion, John Archer tells us, is the only safe guide to a saner world. This is the attitude of mind that has turned me from the rationalist movement for many years. I believe that a person's emotions are fundamentally healthy. They become twisted in the course of his authoritarian education, and this system of authoritarian upbringing itself arose in remote times out of ignorance. Surely John Archer's devotion to reason is itself mainly an emotional thing, a product of a healthy emotion in this case?

From Zen Buddhism it is a fairly easy step to C.C.'s criticism of my review of Lipton's book, *The Holy Barbarians*.

I am not an expert on the Beatniks. But I found this book encouraging because, although somewhat journalistic in its presentation, it describes a number of young people whose way of life is anarchistic, and they seem to be enjoying themselves in it. C.C. says that, in his experience, they do not really live their protest. They do not participate in demonstrations. They are in fact the licensed buffoons of American society. (The some criticism has for the last century and a half been levelled at those called "Bohemians").

I suppose there are phoney Beatniks, and are likely to be more now the journalists have got hold of the word. But this seems to be inevitable in this world. In the days when anarchism was notorious there were many who claimed to be

anarchists, who really had no understanding of anarchism. Authoritarian society loved them, because they could be used to discredit anarchist and other "left" ideas.

Perhaps the Beatniks of Minneapolis are a poor lot. In England however, whenever there's a demonstration against some piece of insanity or cruelty, like the H-Bomb for instance, a goodly number of young and youngish people turn up, who, if they would not call themselves Beatniks, certainly resemble them. They form a very large percentage of such demonstrations. They less frequently turn up in committees, but this is not an unhealthy sign, I think. It is rather unusual to find people more ready to act than to talk.

According to Lipton's book the Beatniks do have families. There are photographs of the children at the back of the volume. So presumably they must support them somehow. C.C. finds jazz and poetry "beyond" him. I am in the same boat, with regard to jazz at any rate. I do not think that the Beatnik protest is the only possible valid one. But in this sad world it is exciting to find a people so lively and free-spirited. If our mass-society misinterprets their message it will not be the first time that messages have been misunderstood. Look how the world has interpreted even the teachings of Christ and Gandhi!

"Holy Barbarians" is a striking phrase. Certainly the Beats look wild and woolly, but they do not carry arms, as the barbarians of old did (and the modern youth gangs in the big American cities). Their preoccupations are artistic, religious or philosophical. If they ever do, in C.C.'s phrase, "line up against us" they will hardly be Beatniks in the present sense of the word.

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

Seen from Detroit

Letter to a Ford Worker's Wife

IF you want to know why your husband has no time for you when he comes home from work, the answer is very simple. It is all in the way production standards are set and reset on his job.

First of all, the pace of his work all day has been set to the cycle of the machine. If his machine will cycle every two seconds, then he is allowed one second per piece in and out of the machine. If he can shave off a half second from his one second, that is called his fatigue time and in a fashion is so set by the stop watch.

But that is by no means the end of the matter. There is also the production counter at the end of the line on the last machine or press. The company knows that after a given time, if your husband or any worker is tied to a continuous operation for eight hours, his job becomes a fixed habit in his mind, like driving a car or doing anything else that is of a continuous nature. He does the job subconsciously and his performance is automatic. More often than not, he is oblivious of the job and his mind is elsewhere.

Knowing all this, the company eventually sets production standards at the highest peak of his performance. The fact is that no matter how well a worker tries to pace himself from hour to hour, he is going to underproduce or overproduce some time during the day. If he underproduces he is jacked up at once. If he overproduces, he is not told about it until a new production standard has been officially set.

As a matter of fact, the foremen in the Dearborn Stamping Plant go so far as to keep the hourly production tally sheets in their pockets so that the worker cannot find out his production unless he falls short, in which case he is balled out. If he overproduces, his kitty is held by the foremen to add to breakdown time. But he doesn't know what is in this kitty so that he can't control it. Most workers like to hold their build-up kitty for the period just before lunch or quitting time, but supervision circumvents this in every way it can.

Company-paid union representatives are completely aware of all this and other company practices for pushing production altogether beyond the human factor. But when such company madness for production is reported to them, they just tell the worker, "We'll see about it," or "The company has the sole right." Meanwhile the union continues to take your husband's \$5.00 a month dues without batting an eye.

The time your husband takes to light a cigarette, blow his nose, change his worn gloves and pads, get a drink of water, or go to the toilet—all are determined by a company stop watch and measured in fractions of seconds and minutes.

So, if your husband fails to respond to you when he gets home from work, you must understand that Ford has already done your love-making for you. Ford only requires that you feed him. The rest Ford will take care of for you.

(Reprinted from "Correspondence", Detroit, 12/11/60)

Needed: £163

5 Weeks to Go!

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT!

WEEK 47

Deficit on Freedom £940

Contributions received £877

DEFICIT £63

November 11 to November 17

Morecambe: R.A.D. 10/-; Colchester: W.G.P. 11/-; Leeds: G.L. 2/-; Edmonton: W.G. 4/6; Melbourne: A.A.G. 15/7; Stockwell: Anon.* 2/6; Preston: W.A.LeM. £1/0/6; Egham: Anon. 2/-; Wolverhampton: J.G.L.* 4/6; Long Beach: G.W.K. 7/-; Wembley: R.S.G. 1/-; Shoreham: P.P. 1/6; Surrey: F.B.* 5/-.

Total ... 4 7 1
Previously acknowledged ... 873 11 5
1960 TOTAL TO DATE ... £877 18 6

GIFT OF BOOKS: Farnham: A.W.U.

*Indicates regular contributor.

Lady Chatterley's

Lover Continued from p. 2

and beautiful and vital and true. They will find it all a bit ridiculous, but then the pioneer is always a bit ridiculous—especially when he is successful, as Lawrence was in spite of himself. And they will appreciate more than we ever can the work done by the angry unhappy man coughing his life away in his early forties, writing and re-writing and re-writing again his last will and testament to help his fellow-men liberate themselves from their bonds and fill the "blank of insentience" with life and love. And in the end they won't read the book any more, because they will have paid Lawrence the highest compliment one can pay to a writer—to take his message for granted without realising whose message it was. In this case the message is put into the mouth of his self-portrait, the gamekeeper: "Folks should do their own fucking, then they wouldn't want to listen to a lot of clatfart about another man's." N.W.

The Effluent Society

While E.F.C. was absolutely right about the general character of the N.U.T. Conference on "Popular Culture and Personal Responsibility", which did indeed spend most of its time passing the buck from hand to hand rather like a pipe of peace, I think he ought to have mentioned some of the good things about it.

Karel Reisz wasn't the only speaker (not a delegate, by the way) who noted the power of money in the mass media—others included Eric Hobsbawm (= Francis Newton), Marghanita Laski, Francis Williams and Stuart Hall. There were in fact many good points made, mostly from the floor during discussion after the main speeches, and there were many attacks made on speakers like Mark Abrams, Norman Collins and Cecil Harmsworth King.

Most important of all, a brilliant talk was given by Raymond Williams and an equally brilliant contribution by Richard Hoggart was circulated to all the delegates (it will probably appear in *Encounter* soon). It is not surprising that these were ignored by nearly all the press, since they were both trenchant attacks on the whole present atmosphere and use of mass communications—along

MONEY & THE LAND RACKET

SIR,

In 1775, the year Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" was published, Thomas Spence read a paper "The Real Rights of Man" before the Newcastle Philosophical Society. Spence proposed that each parish, or commune, should form a corporation and that the title of land be vested in this forever. Then, through elective councils, land would be rented to the farmers at public auctions for a period of seven years. No tolls or taxes would be levied above these rentals. After all local expenses, including public schools and libraries, and all central government expenses were defrayed, the residue of income would be divided equally between all men, women and children in the parish. No better proposal in respect to land tenure has been made since.

In the nineteenth century, Patrick Edward Dove, Herbert Spencer, Henry George and others wrote along similar lines. In the twentieth century, Silvio Gesell in his great work "The Natural Economic Order" not only proposed land reforms similar to those of Thomas Spence, but also showed how unearned incomes derived from interest could be eliminated.

FREEDOM, Oct. 15, has a leading article entitled "The World of Money: The Land Racket". Anarchists would abolish unearned incomes in interest by abolishing money, the greatest labour-saving device yet invented. But they cannot abolish land. Just how, under Anarchism, would it be decided which of two persons who wished to build on the same lot, or to cultivate the same farm, could peacefully and equitably have this privilege?

Yours truly,

Victoria, N.S.W. LINN A. GALE.
Nov. 2.

The Historic Mission of the Salmon?

Two special varieties of salmon which stem from the Pacific Ocean, Pink and Chum, are now invading the coast of Northern Norway in great quantities as a result of the continued setting out of spawn on an enormous scale by the Russians round the Kola Peninsula.

In one Norwegian river alone 195 "Russian" fish were caught in the summer, and anglers are not at all delighted. They say that it is not as "sporty" as the Atlantic salmon. It swallows the hook willingly and gives up the ghost too quickly.

I am ashamed of my country...

I am ashamed that one of my countrymen can be kicked to death on a public footpath by hooligans in search of money.

I am ashamed of a country which can think of nothing better to do with the youths who have committed this revolting crime than to copy their

lines familiar to readers of FREEDOM and *New Left Review* alike—and though they were often referred to they were never properly taken into account by any other delegates or speakers.

No doubt most of the representatives of the middle-brow middle-class sub-Establishment who were at the Conference chose—consciously or unconsciously—to evade the wide social and political questions that were raised by the left-wing assault which is led at the moment by people like Williams and Hoggart, but the fact remains that this important assault was actually carried into an essentially complacent Conference of this kind (just as it was carried into the equally complacent *Lady Chatterley* trial at the Old Bailey in the same week). Even if only half-a-dozen people were woken out of their cosy cultural sleep, the Conference was worth while. Another similar fact worth recording is that Richard Williams' film *The Little Island* was shown to many of the delegates at a reception held during the Conference—and this minor masterpiece can hardly have failed to wake someone up.

These are no doubt small things to put on the credit side, but I think they do show that the Conference wasn't necessarily a complete waste of time. The worst thing about it, which E.F.C. didn't mention, was that there were hardly any practising teachers there at all, and even fewer creative writers or young people. How typical of life in the effluent society!

London.

N.W.

RANK & FILE CONFERENCE

COMRADES,

A number of socialist and anarcho-syndicalist groups are sponsoring a Rank and File Conference to be held on Sunday, January 29th, 1961, at Denison House, London, S.W.1.

At this conference militant workers can come together and discuss their common problems. It is hoped from this, that a National Rank and File Movement will be built.

This movement must be independent of the Trade Unions, who are only allied to the employers and *status quo*, as well as political parties who are only interested in power.

It is a well known fact that militant workers now, have not only to fight against their employers but also the official unions, who immediately try and stamp out any unofficial action.

This movement must be controlled by the rank and filer and organized from the bottom up. By working in this manner, we not only have a movement for the day-to-day struggle in capitalist society, but also the foundations for a society where the individual is free from exploitation and coercion and has direct control of the means of production for the needs of the community.

Anyone who is interested in helping to form such a movement can obtain further details from: Conference Secretary, Room 12, 6 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

Yours fraternally,

I. CELNICK, J. BEAUMONT,
M. STEVENSON, K. MORSE,
J. STEVENSON, P. TURNER.
London, Nov. 12.

example of violence.

I am ashamed of a country where three deaths are reckoned as preferable to one.

I am ashamed of a law that compels or allows the one man who could have prevented that to withhold the reasons for his inaction.

I am ashamed that in my country bad men can be put to death without a chance to show their repentance.

I am ashamed that men can be found who, for a suitable wage, will build and maintain in good repair an apparatus for strangling their fellow men.

I am ashamed that any of my countrymen are willing to operate such an apparatus, or as part of their official duties, to watch its correct operation on a living body.

I am ashamed of a country where the men who do these things, or who cause or permit them to be done, can put on their evening suits and go to public receptions and present themselves in civilised society.

Yes, I am ashamed of my country; and for this I could wish that I was not British.

BARBARA WOOTTON.
Spectator 18/11/60.

A New Reader Looks at Freedom

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

As a new reader avid for any promising medium that will help in the exchange of ideas conducive to a better society, may I say how disappointed I am with the quality of your paper.

Free-thinking papers are most desperately needed in this age when the human outlook is so influenced by mass media which have their own fish to fry. Yet yours seems very restricted by a mechanistic outlook that is, in its way, equally biased. Your cause is the condemnation of metaphysical speculation.

To try to draw a dividing line between the irrational and the rational is not only irrelevant to anarchy, but also quite impossible. To assume that by doing so the cause of unbiased thinking is fostered is unrealistic. Man is by nature an irrational creature. And no minimal social organisation is possible until he obtains a confidence in himself that arises from the complete satisfaction of a host of diverse urges that are not rational in any way.

There appears to be very little of a constructive nature in FREEDOM. Criticism is destructive, and any student of psychology will tell you that a negative approach can never achieve constructive results. To say that there is value in telling the truth, is again to assume that the reader is rational, and can formulate permanently valid conclusions himself; a fact which history should tell you is not the case.

The behaviour of man is governed by complex psychic functions that have no relationship whatever to rationality. Whether a person calls himself atheist or religious, his judgments are based on beliefs—not on facts. Political action initiated in the first place for the best of motives, quite often has results completely at variance with the desired ends. And so would any system of anarchy based on the limited viewpoint promulgated in FREEDOM. Society is not a mechanism, but a composite of humans, each of a different temperament, and each with deeply hidden and obscure psychic complexes that emerge in all kinds of unforeseen ways.

The only way to progress towards a unified society with a minimum of organisation is to seek values based on qualities which are common to all men. Conceptual differentiation such as exists when it is attempted to draw a line between the rational and the irrational, or the material and the spiritual, is to divide humanity, not to unify it. In the case of anarchy, an optimum sense of individual responsibility based on the virtues of tolerance and goodwill, is essential.

FREEDOM NEEDS MANY MORE NEW READERS

The Floods Came

"ONCE upon a time," said the tadpole, "the creatures that inhabited the once dry parts of the earth, had water-bottles. Due to some defect in early training it had long been the custom from time to time to indulge in bouts of water-squirting, so that many people got wet, and some were killed by drowning. Also large tracts of productive land were flooded as a result of these battles. The technique of water carrying and dropping from a great height became more and more efficient with variations such as making water offensive to smell and taste. There were frequent attempts to limit this warfare by limiting the wetness of water or the length of hosepipes.

"There was the flood to end all floods which flowed for four years, followed after a twenty-year mopping up operation and a flood to end floods to end floods which lasted six years, culminating in a gigantic artificial cloud-burst. "It was claimed that the cloud-burst (in which thousands were killed) was necessary to eliminate all the little downpours. The rulers of the world then proceeded to make bigger and better downpours. The population were issued with large sheets of blotting-paper which would prevent the flow of water on to them. The larger the downpour-potential grew the larger the sheets of blotting-paper. The scientific geniuses evolved a

simple method of water protection by complete immersion in the waters of one's own country.

"Meanwhile the discussion on limitation of the permissible wetness of water went on. A promised to stop making water if B promised to stop making water, B promised to stop if C would. C promised to stop if A would. And so it went on. The jets rose higher. "It was pointed out that most of the people pumping water on the enemy would get drowned in the process and if they succeeded in flooding him, water had a tendency to flow. It was pointed out that everybody would stand on higher ground. In any case these vast reservoirs of water were for deterrent purposes and would never be used. The frequent leaks in the tanks were of no consequence and our own water would not harm us although it would drown the enemy. All this conservation of water for defence purposes tended to create droughts but it was pointed out that death by drowning (in the enemy's water) was worse than death by thirst.

"What happened?" said the fish. "The floods came," said the tadpole. "Now I hear there's a piece of dry ground somewhere where I could be a frog but I wonder if the evolutionary struggle's worth it."

With kind thoughts,
Yours sincerely,
Linby, Notts, Nov. 13. H. W. HEASON.

CATHOLIC ANARCHISTS

DEAR EDITORS,

I thought Anarchism, in its fullest sense, stood for absence of government by any individual or group over any individual or group. If Carol Gorgen allows the Catholic Church to direct her in any way whatsoever she is not quite an Anarchist.

It may be, as she says, that Catholic Anarchists were the first, among Anarchists, to take certain organised action against American Civil Defence: but this might have been because they were a more closely knit group. And, in this connection, we must remember that the Catholic Church itself contains less anti-nuclear officers and laymen than any other big Church.

If the America-Russia contest comes to a showdown Carol may find that the Pope will not allow her to "invoke her conscience".

Yours faithfully,
Slough, Nov. 13. ERNIE CROSSWELL.

Meetings and Announcements

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP and MALATESTA DEBATING SOCIETY

IMPORTANT

MEETINGS WILL BE HELD in basement, 5, Caledonian Road, N.1. (near King's Cross Station) Sundays at 7.30 p.m. All Welcome.

NOV. 27.—Ian Celnick on THE KRONSTADT REVOLT.

DEC. 4.—Laurens Otter on FELLOW-TRAVELLERS WITH ANARCHISM

DEC. 11.—To be announced.

DEC. 18.—Philip Sansom Subject to be announced.

DEC. 25.—No meeting.

Fulham Tea Party

TEA PARTY at 17a Maxwell Road, London, S.W.6. Saturday, December 3rd at 4 p.m.

London Anarchist Group AN EXPERIMENT IN OFF-CENTRE DISCUSSION MEETINGS

1st Thursday of each month at 8 p.m. At Jack and Mary Stevenson's, 6 Stainton Road, Enfield, Middx.

Last Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m.

At Dorothy Barasi's, 45 Twyford Avenue, Fortis Green, N.2.

1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m. At Colin Ward's, 33 Ellerby Street, Fulham, S.W.6.

Study Group on Non-Violent Defence

(Organised by CND) Every Thursday at 8 p.m. at 18 Campden Grove, W.8. Admission 1/-.

HULL READERS

Will any readers in Hull desirous of forming a group please get in touch with:

R. J. WESTALL,
16 Arnthorpe Grove,
Derringham Bank,
Hull.

He is also interested in forming a University Libertarian Movement if any Anarchists (or Libertarians) at Universities are interested will they get in touch with him?

Public Discussion Meetings:

RANK AND FILE INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE LIAISON MEETING White Swan, 28 Farringdon Road, London, E.C.1.

December 2nd. BRIAN BEHAN on "Why We Need a Rank and File Movement."

FREEDOM

The Anarchist Weekly
Postal Subscription Rates:
12 months 19/- (U.S.A. \$3.00)
6 months 9/6 (U.S.A. \$1.50)
3 months 5/- (U.S.A. \$0.75)
Special Subscription Rates for 2 copies
12 months 29/- (U.S.A. \$4.50)
6 months 14/6 (U.S.A. \$2.25)
Cheques, P.O.'s and Money Orders should be made out to FREEDOM PRESS, crossed a/c Payne, and addressed to the publishers
FREEDOM PRESS
17a Maxwell Road
London, S.W.6. England
Tel.: Renown 3736