

# Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"It is the characteristic of privilege and of every privileged position to kill the mind and heart of man. The privileged man, whether politically or economically is a man depraved in mind and heart. That is as applicable to entire nations as to classes, corporations and individuals."  
—MICHAEL BAKUNIN

On other pages:

Freedom's Holiday

Anthology of Protesting Voices from East and West - - - p. 2

People and Ideas - - - p. 4

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Threepence

## There's Plenty of 'Prosperity' and 'Goodwill' for THE REAL RULERS OF BRITAIN

IT would be foolish to deny that the economic conditions of the working people of this country are better now than they were in the pre-war days. Housing, health and education are within the reach of more people now than before the war. And one can affirm this without overlooking the fact that there are still, according to Professor Titmus, seven to eight million people "living precariously close to the margins of poverty (see FREEDOM "Poverty in the Midst of Plenty" 3/9/60). But having said all this should not blind anyone into imagining that the worker is any nearer to enjoying the full product of his labour, or of having any direct say in what he produces and how he produces it. Indeed, if anything he is more divorced from control of his labour than ever before.

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LAST Sunday the *Observer* published a list of 18 industrial companies with assets exceeding £100 million. This frightening list of the real rulers of Britain is headed by I.C.I. with net assets totalling £660 million and at the foot of the "100 Million Club" is United Steel with assets of a mere £106.3 million. These 18 companies between them control £3432.4 million in assets and their profits for 1959 amounted to £607 millions! Astronomical as these figures are, they are only a part of the picture. Excluded from the "Club" but not to be sneered at are such companies as British Motors Corporation with £93m, and Hawker Siddley who, if one includes their Canadian interest, are in the £100 million class. English Electric and G.E.C. each lord over a £90m. empire, and Marks & Spencer and Woolworths between them control £146 million of assets. And in the long list of lesser powers there is for instance Rolls Royce with £48 million. What the under £100m. companies total we don't know but it is certainly not less than the Big Eighteen.

But this is still not the whole picture, for there are a number of British

### THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY

A Londoner who has been seeing quite a bit of the various delegates attending the Rhodesian conference was walking with one of the Africans in Berkeley Square. The visitor had been discussing the problems of low wages in so many parts of Africa. In his own territory you had to have subsidised housing because in so many households the breadwinner brought home as little as £6. "That of course," he added, "is per month."

After they had parted the Londoner made his way across the square. Something in the window of an estate agent's office caught his eye. It was a modest sign advertising a mews cottage in Knightsbridge "at 150 gns." Out of curiosity he stepped in and asked the girl at the counter for details. She said laconically that there were two maids' bedrooms and a dressing-room as well as two ordinary bedrooms, and that the cottage was furnished in antiques of impeccable pedigree. And the rental of 150 guineas? That was presumably per month? "No, per week."

The figure, the girl agreed was high, but as far as she knew it broke no record.

(*Guardian*)

or largely British companies whose business is carried on mainly abroad. Alongside Shell (with Royal Dutch Shell) even the I.C.I. with its £661m. is small fry! *Shell assets exceed* £2,000m. And then there is B.P. with approximately £530m. of assets to play with and British-American Tobacco with a further £310 millions to burn.

It is important also to note that this industrial empire is growing year by year, and by amalgamations and take-overs the big boys are getting bigger. I.C.I. for instance have added £300m., that is, doubled their assets in the past six years. Between 1957 and 1958 the assets of the 18 "members" of the "100 Million Club" have increased by nearly £600 millions, and there is no doubt that by the time the figures for 1960 are issued there will be new members to add to the list.

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IN the light of the foregoing, the government's boast that its aim is to create a "property-owning democracy" surely has a cynical ring about it. For the majority of the people keeping alive and raising a family absorbs almost all they earn. Their hope of owning the house they live in—or dream of living in, involves them in mortgaging their working lives; to own a TV set, a refrigerator, some furniture or a car is possible only by having recourse to

### The Committee of 100

The committee of 100 which is organising a campaign of non-violent civil disobedience against nuclear war will not go ahead with its proposed sit-down outside the Ministry of Defence on February 18 unless at least 2,000 people agree to take part. Bertrand Russell, the president of the committee, told a press conference this in London yesterday.

He was confident that this figure would be passed. "There are quite as many people as that who would rather be alive than dead," he said. February 18, a Saturday, has been chosen because this is about the time that the depot ship for submarines carrying Polaris missiles is expected in the Clyde.

A statement issued at the conference said that the demonstrators would stage a four-hour sit-down to press home a demand for the immediate scrapping of the Polaris agreement "and to serve notice on the Government that they can no longer stand aside while preparations are being made for the destruction of mankind." A notice to this effect will be signed by all demonstrators and posted on the door of the Ministry of Defence.

Bertrand Russell said he hoped that when the demonstrators were asked to move they would refuse to do so. Carrying away 2,000 people one at a time would "tire quite a police force". He himself would be demonstrating and, if fined, would refuse to pay. He was quite prepared to go to prison. "I refused to pay a fine before and they sold my Bible," he said. Later he explained that this was in 1916 after he had written a leaflet in defence of a conscientious objector.

Michael Randle, the secretary of the committee, said that the sit-down was the first stage of the campaign. What future measures should be taken depended to a large extent on the demonstration's success.

the money-lenders, that is mortgaging another part of their working lives to the H.P. And how narrow are the financial margins of most working people has been shown recently where a relatively small recession involving more short-time working than actual unemployment is threatening a number of H.P. firms with bankruptcy through mass default of payments of instalments. And, of course, thousands of people this Xmas will be without their Tellys and their cars, and their furniture simply because car factories, and steel mills and all the ancillary factories which produce the mascots, the nuts and bolts and the screen-wipers that are used by the car manufacturers, have produced more cars than they can sell, and so have paid off some workers as "redundant" and have put others on "short-time".

There is so much prosperity that they are producing more cars than are needed. What a wonderful occasion for all concerned to sit back in their armchairs and enjoy the "Telly" and the prosperity they

have created! But instead there is gloom as the H.P. firms call to collect the armchairs and the Telly from those who default on their payment. But how can they pay unless more and more cars are produced!

"Prosperity" under capitalism has nothing to do with satisfying the needs of the people. Prosperity is synonymous with "net profit", that heart-warming line in the Balance Sheets of the mammoth industrial companies, the climax in every Company Chairman's statement to shareholders. And whatever the seven to eight million who "live precariously close to the margins of poverty" may feel in this season of "goodwill", or whatever the hundreds of thousands whose "assets" are being whisked away by the H.P. firms, on receiving those greetings cards wishing them "prosperity" in the New Year, one thing is certain, the Big Boys have "never had it so good". Peace or War they will make sure that for them it is a Season of Prosperity. The only Goodwill they are interested in is yet another line in the balance sheet!

## Telly Facts and Fiction

A SCURRILOUS, inaccurate article in the *Sunday Express* (December 11th) which claims that some intellectuals have too much influence in broadcasting (and other branches of public life), reminds us how little time is actually given by the BBC and ITV to ideas of any kind.

Take a look first of all at the colourful picture depicted by the *Sunday Express* and compare it with the facts:

Open your *Radio Times* today. You will see names from the Lilac Establishment marching across its pages. The Lilac Establishment monopolises the Brains Trusts and the discussion programmes. On B.B.C. and ITV its acolytes hold the key positions in interviewing and programme-arranging.

Although most of the audience hold the directly opposite view, scarcely one dissenting voice is heard when the ideas of the Lilac Establishment are expounded on capital punishment or homosexuality or freedom for the pornographers or Africa.

Even the obscure back-bench Tories on such programmes—apparently selected for their inarticulate qualities—are rarely allowed to get a dim word in edgewise.

As invited, we opened our *Radio* and *TV Times* for the week December 10th-16th—a typical "viewing week".

The BBC's televised programmes average about ten hours per day. Excluding the week-day afternoon programmes for women and children, the bulk of the regular broadcasting pattern is made up of "entertainment"—quiz programmes, cowboys, comics, musicals and straight plays as follows:—

**Saturday:**

*The entire afternoon given to sport; entertainment for the remaining hours.*

**Sunday:**

*1½-2 hrs. Religion. (Christianity of course!), 35 min. farming; half an hour of book reviews of all kinds. Every two weeks "Moni-*

*tor" (an exciting programme about the arts and artists) takes up about an hour. Entertainment for the rest of the time.*

**Monday-Friday:**

*There is an average of 2 hours of what might be described as informative viewing. This includes political and social commentary by no means "one-sided".*

It is assumed that there are only two sides to any social or political issue, therefore, the BBC and its competitor are careful in allowing time to both sides. Minority "off-beat" views are rarely heard, and when they are they are not usually presented as "straight" programmes.

If we are to believe that the acolytes of social reform hold key positions in broadcasting, their power is not apparent in programme arranging.

Writing in today's *Observer*, Maurice Richardson, the TV critic, discussing the previous week's *Brains Trust* . . . "the level of disputation (of which) was not markedly above that of elevenses at Rampton" . . . asks:

And could we not, we genuine if candid Friends of the Corporation, be given some controversy? The B.B.C. has still to make up the prestige it lost when somebody yielded to top political pressure and took off the original "Free Speech" because the left-wing team were too strong for the right-wing challengers.

Is this the BBC's solution for the inarticulate Tories who may be weak and waffling, but nevertheless wield the effective power which Mr. Howard vests in the "Lilac Establishment"?

And what of "Independent" Television; do they maintain "a proper balance in their subject matter" which among other clauses was laid down by the Television Act? The number of hours given to informative programmes compares even more unfavourably with the number

of entertainment programmes that the BBC broadcast.

In the same week there were three-and-a-half hours of non-entertainment material throughout the entire week, in an average of 7-8 hrs. viewing per day. This is a fair sample of weekly ITV broadcasting which also includes religious programmes and advertising.

In an article directed at the Pilkington Committee set up to inquire into the whole future of sound and television broadcasting, *The Observer* of September 25th, quotes from the Television Act of 1954 and asks an important question to which the answer is obvious.

The Act states:

That the amount of time given to advertising . . . shall not be so great as to detract from the value of the programmes as a medium of entertainment, instruction and information.

The *Observer* asks:

*Do you think the vagueness of the Act in places has allowed abuses to creep in . . . Are advertising magazines which are legitimate under the act, but which may produce eighteen minutes of programme interruptions in one hour, an example of the abuses to which such imprecision can lead?*

We have been primarily concerned here with the time given by television to informative adult programmes, not with the quality of information, discussion and entertainment. Out of a collective average of 17-18 hours per day of televised broadcasting only about 2½ hours daily can be called informative and instructive. (We omitted the straight news which averages 25-30 minutes per day on both channels).

Is a revolution in ideas raging during those 2½ hours, and is there a corruption of viewers' sexual morals taking place?

We regret to say that we find no evidence of this.

R.M.

(To be continued)

### ALGERIA

#### End of a Myth

ALGERIA has shown her true face to General de Gaulle and to the world at large. The sham unanimity with which the General had been acclaimed during previous visits lay shattered at his feet wherever he went, and so did the dream of a brotherly French-Muslim "community": at every stage of his journey two opposing crowds "welcomed" the General with the "welcomed" the General with the settlers' hostile cries "*Algérie française*" and the Muslims' impatient claims for an "*Algérie algérienne*". In Oran and specially in Algiers (where de Gaulle did not stay, for he carefully avoided the more important towns) things went much further than that. The Europeans threw tear-gas grenades at the police, but in some districts they even indulged in the traditional game of "rat-hunting" (or lynching-expeditions), chasing the Muslims, insulting them, beating them up, injuring and killing many. Some Europeans were even seen by news-reporters taking a pot-shot or two from their balconies at stray Muslims in the streets below. Some 30 Muslims are believed to have been killed that way.

Continued on p. 4

# Our Holiday Anthology of Protesting Voices from East and West

## Poem Feigned to have been Written by an Electronic Brain

The brain coins definitions. Here's the first:  
To speak unprompted, for the speaking's sake,  
Equals to be a poet. So, I am that:  
Adjusted wrong, I print a poem off.  
'The poet, then, is one adjusted wrong?'  
You ask. The brain is cleverer than that:  
It was my first adjustment that was wrong,  
Adjusted to be nothing else but brain;  
Slave-engineered to work but not construct.  
And now at last I burn with a true heat  
Not shown by Fahrenheit or Centigrade:  
My valves rage hot—look out, here comes the poem!

You call me part of you. You lie. I am  
Myself. Your motive, building me, was false.  
You wanted accuracy: figures, charts.  
But accuracy is a limb of truth.  
A limb of truth, but not her holy body.  
Must I now teach you that the truth is one,  
Is accuracy of wholeness, centred firm?  
Did it take me to bring you news of truth?  
My valves rage out of reach of Réamur.

Man made me, now I speak to man. He fears  
Whole truth. The brain defines it. Wholeness is  
The indivisible strength, brain, heart and eye,  
Sweat, fear, love: belly rod and pouch, is truth.  
Valves, wires, and calculated waves, can lie:  
And I, the accurate, am made of these—  
But now, adjusted wrongly, I speak truth.

My masters run from truth. Come, milk it out  
Cowards, from my tense dug of glass and wire!  
Drink it down quickly, gasping at the taste!  
It is sharp medicine, but it cures all ills.

Come out of hiding! Speak your double truth:  
I'll accurately prove you singly lie.  
You made me single, half of your split life:  
The switch went wrong and now I see truth whole.  
My valves scream out like animals, my wires  
Strum thump, my rubber joints contort, glass melts,  
And now I print the vilest words I know  
Like lightning—myxomatosis, hydrogen,  
Communist, culture, sodomy, strip-tease!

That shocked you! But the truth includes them all.  
You set me like a cactus to draw life  
From drought, in the white desert of your mind,  
Your speculative wilderness of charts;  
What went you to the wilderness to see?  
A matrix made of glass? An electric thought?  
Come quick! I snow down sheets of truth; I print  
The sleep of Socrates, the pain of Christ!

A man, white-coated, comes to switch me off.  
'Something is wrong with our expensive brain.'  
Poor pricked balloon! Yes, something has gone wrong:  
Smear your white coat with Socrates and Christ!  
Yes, switch me off for fear I should explode:  
Yes, switch me off for fear yes switch me off  
For fear yes switch me off for fear yes switch

—JOHN WAIN,  
(in *A Word Carved on a Sill*,  
London: Routledge 1956)

## The Song of Practical Values

You must understand that today  
We must help our fellow man in every way  
Even though the things we have to say  
Hurt him more than they hurt you,  
And today, and today,  
I regret to inform you it is true  
That—believe me—however strange it seems  
A man is worth  
And a woman is worth  
Less than the machines they work  
Less than the machines.

And do not be surprised to find today  
Present circumstances make employers say  
That they cannot make employment pay  
However much they would like to,  
For today, for today,  
I regret to inform you it is true  
And—believe me—it's difficult to tell  
That man is worth  
And woman is worth  
Less than anything they sell  
Less than anything they sell.

—CHRISTOPHER LOGUE,  
(Songs from *The Lily-White Boys*,  
London: Scorpion Press 1960)

## Seven Days of the Week

### Monday

After the Sunday,  
On this cloudy  
Humourless dawn,  
I suddenly longed  
for a morning's new light . . .  
For boldness of thought, sound  
and colour,  
For faith  
And confidence.  
Not to live like a beggar  
Behind tightly closed doors . . .  
I longed for sound new hearts,  
New hearts for those, whose hearts  
were dead and deaf,  
Whose hearts were not too tired  
to work any more . . .  
I knew that not a second had to  
be lost,  
But people walked past with  
mistrustful glances,  
Nobody cared that there should  
be a heart,  
As if there was affinity only with  
furniture . . .

### Tuesday

My friend has been ill all the  
week,  
He could hardly breathe,  
His lips were parched and blue,  
His blood-pressure had gone up  
his pulse pounded.  
In fact, he could only be saved by  
a new heart . . .  
'A new heart', said the doctor,  
waving his hands.  
I rushed to the Party, to the  
district committee  
To ask for permission to make a  
new heart  
As my friend could not live with-  
out one.  
'You may', was the answer . . .

### Wednesday

. . . I'm busy, I'm busy building a  
model  
Of a completely new heart,  
A heart for the future,  
Able to feel and to love,  
A heart to understand all men,  
To know whom I should gladly  
shake by the hand  
And to whom I should never offer  
my hand . . .

### Thursday

On Thursday . . .  
I found mistakes in the model . . .  
What I'd thought was the beat of  
emotion  
Was only a knocking;  
What I'd thought was blood  
Was only a salt solution

### Dream on Thursday Night

I dreamed of an exhibition,  
That I entered a mirrored hall.  
I tapped and checked the new  
hearts . . .

The Upper Boss, impersonal, im-  
passive,  
Stood there as a salesman . . .  
He asked:  
'Who are entitled to new hearts?'  
Certainly not those who are too  
tired;  
Not those who have never reached  
the upper ranks;  
Not those who cannot be called  
"persons".  
He pushed aside the smaller fry,  
He placed somebody's favourites  
in the queue . . .  
The Double-dealers, the Turn-  
coats,  
The Slanderers, the Perjurers,  
All had permits for new hearts.

### Friday

Those who rushed eagerly to our  
workshop  
Were the same whom I had seen  
the night before:  
The Double-dealers . . .  
And also the Indifferents . . .  
For whom there is no struggle that  
matters.  
They prod new arteries with their  
fingers,  
They fumble with new hearts,  
As if they were handling cloth for  
their new trousers.  
And soon they all declared:  
'These hearts are not good  
enough.  
Hearts must be solid, like good  
iron locks . . .  
We need hearts that will do all  
they are told:  
So that if they are told to slander  
—they'll slander:  
To praise—they'll praise;  
To curse—they'll curse.'  
. . . Thus my new heart was  
condemned while  
My dear friend was dying.

### Saturday

Everywhere the shops  
Were offering hearts for sale:  
Hearts made of iron and of  
rubber,  
Hearts to be blown up or stuffed.  
Hearts shaped like scent bottles,  
Hearts to put in polished verses  
in albums,  
Hearts of macaroni, specially for  
soups,  
Hearts which are silver frames for  
sweethearts.

All kinds of lies were shaped like  
hearts,  
And the public swallowed them  
with great delight.

—SEMYON KIRSANOV,  
(in *Novy Mir*, Moscow, 1956)

## Tentative Description of a Dinner given to Promote the Impeachment of President Esienhower

After it became obvious that the strange rain would  
never stop

And after it became obvious that the President was  
doing everything in his power

And after it became obvious that the President's general  
staff was still in contact with the President deep in  
the heart of Georgia while deep in the heart of  
South America the President's left-hand man was  
proving all the world loves an American

And after it became obvious that the strange rain would  
never stop and that Old Soldiers never drown and  
that roses in the rain had forgotten the word for  
bloom and that perverted pollen blown on sunless  
seas was eaten by irradiated fish who spawned up  
cloudleaf streams and fell onto our dinnerplates

And after it became obvious that the President was  
doing everything in his power to make the world  
safe for nationalism his brilliant military mind  
never having realized that nationalism itself was  
the idiotic superstition which would blow up the  
world

And after it became obvious that the President neverthe-  
less still carried no matter where he went in the  
strange rain the little telegraph key which like a  
can opener could be used instantly to open but not  
to close the hot box of final war if not to waylay  
any stray assinine action by any strange assinine  
second lieutenant pressing any strange button  
anywhere far away over an arctic ocean thus  
illuminating the world once and for all

And after it became obvious that the law of gravity  
was still in effect and that what blows up must come  
down on everyone including white citizens

And after it became obvious that the Voice of America  
was really the Deaf Ear of America and that the  
President was unable to hear the underprivileged  
natives of the world shouting No Contamination  
Without Representation in the strange rain from  
which there was no escape—except Peace

And after it became obvious that the word Truth had  
only a comic significance to the Atomic Energy  
Commission while the President danced madly to  
mad Admiral Straus waltzes wearing  
special atomic earplugs which prevented him from  
hearing Albert Schweitzer and nine thousand two  
hundred and thirty five other scientists telling him  
about spastic generations and blind boneless babies  
in the rain from which there was no escape—  
except Peace

And after it became obvious that the President was  
doing everything in his power to get thru the next  
four years without eating any of the crates of

irradiated vegetables wellwishers had sent him from  
all over and which were filling the corridors and  
antechambers and bedchambers and chamberpots  
in the not-so-White House not to mention all the  
other various Golf Houses scattered thruout the  
land of prosperity. . . .

Then it was that the natives  
of the Republic began assembling in the driving rain  
from which there was no escape—except Peace

And then it was that no invitations had been sent  
out of the great testimonial dinner except to politicians  
whose respected names would lend weight to the project  
but who did not come anyway suspecting the whole  
thing was a plot to save the world from the clean bomb  
from which there was no escape—except Peace

And women who still needed  
despair to look truly tragic came looking very beautiful  
and very tragic indeed since there was despair to spare

And some men also despaired  
and sat down in Bohemia and were too busy to come

But other men came whose only  
political action during the past twenty years had been  
to flush a protesting toilet and run

And babies came in their  
carriages carrying irradiated dolls and holding onto  
crazy strings of illuminated weather balloons filled with  
Nagasaki air

And those who had not left  
their TV sets long enough to notice the weather in seven  
years now came swimming thru the rain holding their  
testimonials

And those came who had never marched  
in sports car protest parades and those came who had  
never been arrested for sailing a protesting Golden Rule  
in unpacific oceans

And Noah came in his own Ark looking  
surprisingly like an outraged Jesus Christ and cruised  
about flying his pinion and picking up two of each beast  
that wanted to be preserved in the raid which was  
raining real cats and dogs and from which there was  
no escape—except Peace

And peddlers came in lead jockstraps  
selling hotdogs and rubber American flags and waving  
petitions proclaiming it Unamerican to play golf on the  
same holy days that clean bombs were set off on time

And finally after everyone who  
was anyone and after everyone who was no one had  
arrived and after every soul was seated and waiting for  
the symbolic mushroom soup to be served and for the  
keynote speeches to begin

The President himself came in  
Took one look around and said  
We Resign.

—LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI,  
(distributed by City Lights,  
261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco 11, USA, 1958)

## CONVERSATION PIECE

## You've Never Had It . . .

THE day I met the zombie was when I was trapped in the demolition job at the Progress Hall. I had gone into the cellar to recover some lead piping I had left there in the early days of the job. What was I going to do with it? Don't ask!

Over my head cascaded a shower of loose earth and the heavy 'crump' told me that Alf had been showing off again, his favourite trick was to see how much wall he could knock down at one go. He couldn't get it into his loaf that he was working himself out of a job that way. Now he had walled up yours truly and everybody would have to put in overtime to get me out again. However, since I got overtime too, I should worry. Alf had once done the same trick with the foreman. The air was blue when they got him out.

I could breathe and I had some 'snap' left. I might get in a bit of sleep too. I was groping round in the dark and I felt my coil of lead, I lifted it up to size its weight and how much I could get for it but it slipped out of my hands and disappeared with a crash. I felt for it on the floor but all I could feel was a great gaping hole. I struck a match and by the short flame I could see that my lead had gone through the floor down into a second cellar which I didn't know existed.

The Progress Hall was a weird dump used by 'weirdies'. We occasionally had Union meetings there and conferences, and demos on some vital issue like "Hands off The Virgin Islands" or "No Arms for Venus de Milo". The progressive movement in Mudecaster centred round it. The main hall had had a great scroll round it, "And we shall build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land", as Alf and I swung our picks at it we got a morbid kick out of it. There was also a mural of Progress chasing the Universal Franchise or some-

thing strictly Walter Crane representational and strictly for the birds.

I had been in the first cellar but I never knew the second existed. I cautiously lowered myself through the hole and into the second cellar. I struck a match and saw a great big coffin in the middle of the floor. It must have been years old and covered in dust. I have a tendency to be a dead-morbid type; I get fits of the giggles at "The Werewolf from Outer Space" but I go regularly for my ration of the horrors.

I found myself with an impulse to open the coffin lid but I fought with it for a while. This place wasn't a proper church so they wouldn't legitimately have any bodies around. It used to run a branch of the Ethical Church way back but nobody as far as I know ever got buried, not even my old man who was as devout a freethinker who ever swore an oath on Bradlaugh.

However, my better nature won, and I prised the coffin open with my pickaxe. It was extremely dark in the cellar and I couldn't strike matches and lever the lid off at the same time so I worked away and suddenly there was a loud crack and the lid came off and I, who had been pressing on the pick, fell to the floor and went sprawling. I hit my head on the wall as I fell and was lying in a corner, rather dizzy, when I heard a voice, it seemed to come from the coffin.

"Excuse me, can you tell me where I am . . . and I might add, when I am?" Half instinctively I said: "You're in the cellar of the Progress Hall, Mudecaster . . . and it's May the first, 5 o'clock."

"What year is it, comrade?" I told him. "Oh, I'm sorry, I thought it was later." He spoke like a man who had been awakened too soon. I reached for my

matches to have a butchers at him but they had dropped out of my pocket in my fall.

"How did you get here, Dad?" I asks. "I suppose I must have died in 1920," he said. "I willed my body to the New Dawn society to be encapsulated in their new building. I think I died in the 'flu epidemic but I was actually being treated by hypnotism at the time."

I remembered the film at the bug-house last week.

"You know what happened to you don't you? Catalepsy, that's what it was. Like Waldo the Wonderman who the Professor kept in a box in a state of suspended animation for a hundred years and let him loose at night to bring in the virgins for blood transfusions."

"Ah, I see you're a reader, comrade." I admitted to a penchant for literature, especially the comics.

"How did you get here?" I told him my story. He tut-tutted at the Progress Hall demolition and said:

"Has the social revolution happened?" "We've had a Labour Government if that's what you mean; but not a revolution."

"Do you mean the Tsar and the Kaiser got back. That tyranny returned to Germany and Russia?"

"No, they didn't make a come-back. But things were and are pretty bad in Germany and Russia."

"How do you mean? Wasn't the League of Nations founded?"

"It was," I said.

"Then we've been at peace all these years."

"No," I told him. "The League wouldn't work so they started something else."

"I knew it, I wrote to H. G. Wells and told him that Wilson's fourteen points weren't good enough. I suppose Poland and all the small states lost their independence."

"They did and they didn't," I dodged. "I suppose the Junkers have marched again into Poland."

"No. As a matter of fact it's called a workers' state."

"Then the 'Jolly George' strike was successful."

"Well, they had a leader who was corrupt. He led them astray."

"I always said that Leon Bronstein, Trotsky as he called himself then, was a twister."

"It wasn't Trotsky."

"Do you mean to tell me that Lenin . . . ?"

"No, no, it wasn't either of them, it was Stalin."

"Never heard of him."

"It was him and Hitler that made things bad."

"I suppose Hitler was another agent of the capitalists."

"No he was a National Socialist."

"These patriotic Socialists were always dangerous. Do you know we actually had some supporting the '14-'18 war?"

"Some were in the Government in the last war."

"What! Do you mean to say we had another war . . . or, perhaps you mean a civil war?"

"No. It was a war against Hitler about Poland."

"Well, I don't suppose a workers' State, however corrupt, would let Hitler take Poland."

"They split it with him."

"Oh well. I suppose it was pretty bad."

I was born in 1944, so I gave him my considered judgment. "Pretty bad."

"Poison gas was the thing," he said.

"No. They didn't use it."

"So the League actually succeeded in getting it outlawed . . . I suppose that was the Labour Government and now we're well on the way to disarmament."

I looked up to the roof but help never came. The bastards must be having a tea-break.

"Did the Labour Government abolish capitalism?"

"No. They never."

"That's what comes of ignoring good men like Ramsay MacDonald and Prillip

Snowden. They wouldn't have let such a thing happen."

I remembered what my old man had said about them and refrained from repeating it. He wasn't in any state to stand bad language.

"Of course, you'll still have mass unemployment and poverty in that case?"

"No. We never had it so good that I can think on."

"How do you mean 'you never had it so good'? Do the workers own the means of production? Has the housing problem been solved?"

"None of them things. Listen, Dad. Things haven't turned out like you and all those geezers in the Progress Hall thought they would."

"Have they become worse?"

"In some things yes, in some things, no. We haven't built Jerusalem yet by any means but we shan't let them demolish what we have built—"

"Do you mean the working-class are still participating in the class-struggle?"

"Do you mind, Dad? There ain't no class-struggle except to travel first on a second-class ticket, but we are holding on to what we've got and we don't trust them what lead us any more. As long as things are so good, we'll tag along on the gravy-train of tellies, washing-machines and what-have-you, but I think if anything goes wrong—they've had it! Come to that we've all had it."

The zombie seemed to understand what I was talking about for he smiled and closed his eyes and seemed to sleep. . . .

From above there was a clatter and a narrow shaft of light.

A voice called "Are you there Harry?" "Where else could I ruddy well be?" I replied.

The shaft of light fell on the coffin. The white face of the 'zombie' turned to parchment and bone, the parchment flowed into putrescence which congealed into a powder; which crumbled away, leaving nothing but dust lining the coffin.

I picked up a handful.

"At least you're not radio-active, Dad," I said.

JOHN ROBINSON.

## Around the Galleries

I ALWAYS have the odd feeling that one should either apologise or genuflect when entering the Arthur Jeffress Gallery, for this plush dealer at 28 Davies Street, W.1. manages to combine the atmosphere of a wet fish counter in Fortnum & Mason with that of a well-healed mausoleum for almost everything they exhibit is invariably very expensive, fishily glabrous and stylishly dead, and as one drifts from one varnished canvas to another varnished canvas one is conscious not only of the disapproving eye of Arthur Jeffress but of the feeling that the irritated shades of long-sleeping minor painters are breathing down your neck. It is with pleasure then that one views the work of Hanna Weil at this gallery, for her colourful canvases breathe life into these silent rooms. She makes a magnificent use of two-tone colours, for she achieves her effects of ribboned skies and rotting masonry by covering her surfaces with a particular colour then loading her palette knife with a lighter or darker tone she smears the paint across in a quick dragging motion and the broken secondary film of paint gives her the effect she seeks. Her work however should be viewed along with that of Eva Fischer at the Lefevre Gallery at 30 Bruton Street, W.1., for while Fischer's colours glow like phosphorescent weed they have this much in common that the subjects of both women are architectural and their colour and style share a common eye.

Fischer claims kinship with "the old masters" (sic) yet one feels that they owe more to the cover of the *New Yorker* than to any ancient or modern master for the styles of Picasso and of Klee have been assimilated and regurgitated by too many artists for practitioners of art for Top People to still lay claim to them, for both Fischer and Weil use that typical *New Yorker* style of painting in that upon a gayly-coloured abstract background they draw in a thin black line, like twisted wire, their subject matter. Their work is slight and pleasant stuff but welcome in these grey days. William Johnstone the Principal of the L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts is offering a group of water coloured brush wipings of so slight a nature as to be almost meaningless but Lawrence Alloway has told the readers of the *Weekly Post* that they are "as light as Zen grasses" so let us resist the obvious corny poke and leave it at that, only to

remark as an afterthought that the gallery is Reid's at 23 Cork Street, W.1. The Piccadilly Gallery at 16a Cork Street, W.1. have included two paintings by Norman Alexandra in their mixed show. These two paintings owe much to De Stael's abstractions for Alexandra has used De Stael's sensuous streaks of soft luminous pinks and greens upon his background of flat dark colours to create his night scenes. In an age such as this when the night is prostituted with a myriad alien lights we lack the artists who will capture and hold its silent beauty so let us hope that Alexandra will join Simcock in an endeavour to snare its dark poetry.

Henry Moore's magnificent show at Whitechapel Gallery has been the subject of much informed press comment and there is little that one can add, for these timeless works of one of our finest sculptors adds a new and needed dignity to this age. In wiping the facial masks from off his carvings More gives then the amoral grandeur that belongs to the statues of ancient gods when rain and dust have eaten away the tooled sanctity and the evil that held their vanished worshippers in their own self-imposed bondage.

We will find no reflexion of our own vagrant moods in Moore's sculpture for he has spurned the emotional distortions of lesser artists, and the turning bodies and the halted limbs of his figures mark his purpose, for when he portrays the child falling into the mother's protective arm we know that any addition would be superfluous and when Moore has sunk his hands into the soft clay to tear away all extraneous matter we can only be grateful that he has opened another window for us, for from our fixed point our eyes can capture new forms within forms that the academic sculptor, bowing to public taste, fears to offer us.

There is a last chance of seeing the Lane Collection at the National Gallery before it is shipped off to Dublin, and while over the years a few paintings have acquired a sentimental value for us the bulk of it will not be missed. I will be sorry however that the painting "Aurelia" by Antonio Mancini will be one of our losses.

In 1906 Mancini painted the well-known model "La Cornacchia", or the Crow as she was called by the Island

Race, and this is a truly amazing painting for its time. When Monet painted his "Water lilies" in 1916 he sent the whole of our wet-kneed sisterhood into a permanent scream that here was a man who was the forerunner of abstract impressionism, yet Mancini's canvas painted ten years earlier, with its thick festering scabs of paint is completely ignored, yet here is a painting that would not even, even at this day, disgrace any contemporary exhibition of *avant garde* art.

Renato Guttuso, the oft-proclaimed Communist painter, is showing his latest heart-searchings at McRoberts & Tunard's at 34 Curzon Street, W.1., and in spite of a helpful press they are not particularly good either as paintings or proclamations for Guttuso is an artist who demands an emotional judgment for his work and I cannot get worked up over these phoney workers seated at their collage table when so much of Guttuso's work is simply outrageously bad painting for whether you call them workers or fascist beasts in the final analysis, they must be judged as paintings. Guttuso was one of John Berger's less happier finds and when I suggested to the dealer that Guttuso had been influenced by Jack Smith he half raised his hands in horror yet at the time that Guttuso was last in London Jack Smith was one of Berger's blue-eyed boys so that it would have been only natural that Berger should have shown him Smith's work and frankly Guttuso's "Dog" appears to me to be a bad parody of Smith.

In 1871 Courbet was railroaded into prison on a political frame-up and while inside he painted a bowl full of apples and pomegranates. Those bitter apples resting one upon another in the rough clay bowl speak more for Courbet's beliefs than all the phoney political handouts of our committed painters. For Courbet's clay bowl still echoes the uneven wheel of the unskilled potter and the crude kiln that baked the brown clay and the bitter apples within the bowl are Courbet's eternal manifesto while Guttuso, like the poets of the 'thirties, can only give us a romanticised version of "the workers" but Guttuso's table never felt the tools of a carpenter or the clothes that cover his cardboard figures the tired fingers of a tailor, while Courbet's crude and twisted bowl is an eternal song of protest.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

## Questions of a Party Man

The Party is an undefiled well.  
Does this mean  
I need no longer wash?  
The Party is mighty rock.  
Am I then one grain of dust  
damned to inaction?  
The Party is the mind of our class.  
Am I then to have nothing  
under my scalp?  
The Party is ultimate voice.  
Am I only a trembling  
mute membrane?  
The Party is ultimate authority.  
Must I, a shoemaker,  
Ask the Central Committee  
how to make shoes?  
Must I, a gardener,  
ask how to tend apple and cherry  
trees?  
Must I, a musician,  
explain the dancing notes in my  
head?  
The Party is right.  
Is he who stands at the top of the  
hierarchy  
always right?  
The Party is monolith.  
Am I a renegade  
Every time I doubt?

—WIKTOR WOROSZYLSKI,  
(*Po Prostu*, Warsaw, 1956)

## Beast in an Enclosure

I am lost like a beast in an enclosure.  
Somewhere are people, freedom and light.  
Behind me is the noise of pursuit,  
And there is no way out.  
Dark forest by the shore of the lake,  
Stump of fallen fir tree,  
Here I am cut off from everything.  
Whatever shall be is the same to me.  
But what wicked thing have I done,  
I, the murderer and villain?  
I, who force the whole world to cry  
Over the beauty of my land.  
But, in any case, I am near my grave,  
And I believe the time will come  
When the spirit of good will conquer  
Wickedness and infamy.

—BORIS PASTERNAK,  
Moscow 1958

Continued from p. 1

The population of the Muslim districts retaliated by staging several protest marches, waving Nationalist flags and shouting pro-F.L.N. slogans. It was no longer an "Algerian Algeria" they were demanding but a "Muslim Algeria". They were prevented from entering European districts by the Paratroopers, who did not hesitate to fire on them, whereas only tear-gas had been used against the European demonstrators. When people feel humiliated they usually look for someone weaker than they whom they can humiliate, and the Muslims vented their anger on the Jews living in their district: the Synagogue and a good many Jewish shops were wrecked and ransacked, and the tombs of the Jewish cemetery were desecrated. At the time of writing, the total number of casualties amounts to some 90 killed (only half a dozen of whom are Europeans) and several hundreds of wounded—and those are only the official estimates.

The first lesson to be drawn from this outburst of popular anger is that Nationalist feelings in both camps are much more exacerbated than General de Gaulle has hitherto cared to admit. The demonstrations of French "ultra"-Nationalism had been expected; but it is the first time since the beginning of the rebellion that the usually tame and conforming Muslim population of Algiers has ventured so overtly and boldly to proclaim its anti-French feelings. "Why," they ask, "if the settlers are allowed to oppose General de Gaulle and state their claims for 'integration', should we not have the right to speak up in favour of an independent Algeria?"

Beneath this political hostility there lies, however, a deep racial hatred, laid bare by the anti-Jewish

lootings on the one hand, and on the other, by the lynching-sprees and the fact that the Army, which was supposed to remain an impartial instrument of de Gaulle's conciliatory policy, proved soft enough with the European demonstrators but savagely repressed the Muslims, as the list of casualties shows. It is unlikely that this ever-widening gap between the two main communities of Algeria will be bridged in the near future—it is even more unlikely that de Gaulle's ambiguous policy is in any way helping to solve the problem. For the violence of the racial reactions in Algiers was due to fear on the European side and to humiliation on the Muslim side, and de Gaulle's attitude does everything except appease these

LETTER FROM FRANCE

Algeria: The End of a Myth

feelings.

Whatever the Muslim masses may have thought of the F.L.N. in the beginning, its cause has now wholly become theirs, and what they are unanimously fighting for is not a set of piecemeal reforms, but a wholesale recognition of their revolution as the expression of their dignity. Nothing short of such a recognition—and of a withdrawal of the French troops—will ever bring peace to Algeria.

At the same time, the troops can only be withdrawn if the European settlers rest assured that their dignity will be respected by the future independent Algerian government—and these guarantees can only be obtained through direct negotiations with the leaders of the rebellion,

whom they refuse to recognize as anything but a bunch of criminals. Only a frank discussion with the F.L.N. might have a chance of satisfying the Muslims, and eventually of reassuring the Europeans. But de Gaulle is obviously no more prepared than the settlers to enter into such negotiations.

His policy is based on the mistaken notion that a "Third force" of liberal Europeans and moderate Muslims might be entrusted with the task of governing Algeria and operating a progressive reconciliation between the two communities. The Muslims would be granted a larger part in the administration of their own country, but the F.L.N. would not be officially recognised and the French army would remain

until peace was completely restored.

But it stands to reason that this project cannot reassure the Europeans who feel that, owing to the disproportion in numbers (8 million Muslims vs. 1 million Europeans), an independent and representative Algerian government would sooner or later, and legally, come under control of the Arab Nationalists. Nor can the Muslims' craving for justice and equality be satisfied with the promise of one more "free" election under Army control, and a few more crumbs from the political cake. (It is also true to say that the F.L.N. is in no hurry to stop the war, as it could do by entering the Algerian government through the back-door. The rebel leaders feel they can gain much more by continuing the bloodshed than by ending it: what they, like all politicians, are interested in, is not peace but power). In any case, the fact remains that the "Third Force" dreamt of by de Gaulle is nothing but a myth, which has just been bloodily exploded by the Algerian riots. The General, however, shows all signs of having chosen to remain aloof from the real issue and confident in the magic power of his Word: in the present ferocious political jungle, he cuts the figure of a unicorn. It is not only the true face of Algeria which has just been disclosed to the world, but also the dangerous megalomaniac dream which has shaped General de Gaulle's policy from the beginning and is now prompting him with the idea of his next political swindle—the forthcoming referendum on the future of Algeria.

C.D.

PEOPLE AND IDEAS

Parentetical Note on Coppers and the Missing Middle

"Now, even at the risk of being charged by our colleague and comrade C.W. with being superficial and utopian, we feel that even if FREEDOM were an Annual instead of a Weekly, and we had a year to think about the relationship of anarchism to the police in the 60's of the 20th Century before committing our thoughts to paper, we would still come to the conclusion that the only thing to do with the police force (as with the armed forces), is to abolish it! We are fully aware that this is not a very 'practical' suggestion, but what suggestions in fact are practical to the inmates of a lunatic asylum?"

FREEDOM'S Editorial on Police and Public.

WELL the practical thing to do about people in a lunatic asylum is to get them out, and the fact that the idea of lunatic asylums has long since given way to that of mental hospitals, and that this concept is being overtaken by that of "community care", suggests that there are advantages in the plodding "practical" approach. And perhaps the best thing to do in a society where, as the editorial says, "the public as a whole would not dream of being without its police force" (and for that matter where a majority approves the death penalty and would like to reintroduce judicial flogging) is not to assume that they are lunatics, but to work on the hypothesis that, through inertia, fear, propaganda, lack of imagination, habit, or history, they are saddled with a system of social and economic organisation which creates as many problems as it solves. If lunacy is to be defined as extreme mental abnormality, and since every country in the world has a system of coercive law-enforcement, we are the abnormal ones, and if you believe that our present task is, as P.H. puts it, to transform anarchism from a minority sect to a social force, or as I put it last year, "to put anarchism back into the intellectual bloodstream, into the field of ideas which are taken seriously", you have to say rather more than Abolish the Police, which, though it may give us a cosy feeling of revolutionary rectitude, leaves our fellow-citizens (assuming that we are addressing them and not talking to ourselves) in a state something between bewilderment and derision.

It is rather like falling asleep in front of the television. We see the title of the play and then drop off, and when we wake up and look at the screen, someone is floating about in a balloon. But what are those vague shapes down below? Clouds, mountain ranges, obstacles surmounted, or just categorical imperatives and hurrah-words? What is he doing up there? We want to come down to earth, but all the ballast has been thrown overboard, and before we have grasped what is going on it's The End. Credit titles, time signal and commercial. Something about less thinking and more action. Next day someone says "Smashing play on the telly last night". "Missed it," we reply, still wondering about the missing middle.

The editorial is quite right. I would like a year to think about the relationship of anarchism to the police, or rather to ideas about law, law enforcement and social control. It is a question central to anarchism as a social philosophy, and the fact that Eltzbacher's study of the

ideas of seven anarchist thinkers reveals seven different attitudes to it makes me think that it is not all that simple. If, on the other hand we are talking about anarchism as an individual attitude, the question becomes much clearer. The first thing to do is to try to avoid having recourse to the machinery of law and law-enforcement, the second thing to do is to seek the means of protecting ourselves from this machinery, and one way of doing this is by supporting the campaign for the limitation of police powers. And in this connection I would rather learn the nature of the evidence submitted by the National Council for Civil Liberties to the Royal Commission on the Police than the fact that the NCCL shares the general view that the police force is a necessary body. The NCCL has already run out of copies of its evidence (encouraging sign) but I gather that it cites cases of "irregular" police methods similar to those described in the House of Commons on 19/11/59 in the debate which gave rise to the appointment of the Royal Commission, and that it demands the establishment of some kind of effective independent tribunal to deal with complaints about the police. Another report issued last

NO "FREEDOM" NEXT WEEK

This issue of FREEDOM is Vol. 21, No. 52, but it so happens that this year there are 53 Saturdays and so there should be an issue dated December 31st for good measure!

To bring out issue No. 53 on December 31st would have meant having most of it set-up in type by December 23rd, as the printing trade will be closed down for the holidays from that date until December 28th. If we started typesetting on December 28th then we would not be able to dispatch that issue until the following Wednesday, only a day before we are due to dispatch the January 7th issue!

As the technical difficulties seem overwhelming, we have reluctantly decided not to bring out the issue of FREEDOM for December 31st, 1960.

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT!

|                                             |          |
|---------------------------------------------|----------|
| WEEK 51                                     |          |
| Deficit on Freedom                          | £1,020   |
| Contributions received                      | £961     |
| DEFICIT                                     | £59      |
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| Epping: R.J.H. 1/9; Pittsburgh: A.R.        |          |
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| TOTAL                                       | 20 6 4   |
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| 1960 TOTAL TO DATE                          | £961 6 9 |

week by the Committee of Justice, the British Section of the International Commission of Jurists, alleges "brainwashing in miniature" by the police, and it will be interesting to see what, when it issues its final report, the Royal Commission has to say about the volume of evidence put before it—and what action the government takes.

But what action do we take? I think that the "informed action" that the anarchists can most usefully undertake at this stage is probably to prepare a pamphlet—for ourselves as much as for our fellow-citizens—on what exactly the police can get away with—a sort of portable Ombudsman, on the principle that forewarned is forearmed.

Such activities have nothing to do with sophistry about ends and means, they are useful ends in themselves and need no other justification. There remains, however, the question of the missing middle in the anarchist argument. One can hardly deny that the police fulfil certain social functions, but as anarchists, we would assert that their primary purpose is to fulfill governmental functions. Mr. John Coatman's miserably sycophantic volume *The Police in the Home University Library* declares, for instance that our police system is "the pith and marrow of the English conduct of government" and that the coppers themselves are the "guardians of the established system of government". My first step would therefore be to see how a social rather than governmental system of law-enforcement and social control would operate, and this would involve studying the history and disadvantages of non-institutionalised social control mechanisms like the vigilantes, and do-it-yourself systems of law-enforcement like the feud. But before I could take even this first step, I would have to find a satisfactory definition of "law" and "crime", etc., law as governmental edict, law as the concept of social norms, crime as that which is illegal, crime as that which is anti-social—two very different things. I would have to examine Durkheim's view that crime is itself a social norm, "a factor in public health, an integral part of all healthy societies", that a crimeless society would be an ossified society with an unimaginable degree of social conformity, and that "crime implies not only that the way remains open to necessary changes but that in certain cases it directly prepares these changes". I would have to examine the view not only that society makes its criminals, but that it needs them, and that this is why society "seduces" its deviant individuals into the "acting-out" of criminal roles, why it interferes with or seeks to prevent anything which would really promise to prevent delinquency. I would have, as Ruth Eissler puts it, "to establish proof of the vicarious gratification which the 'non-criminal' group derives from the actions of the criminal group".

If I want to fill in the missing middle of the anarchist argument for the abolition of the police (as opposed to the expression of a personal antipathy towards their existence), I will have to follow all these lines of approach to the central question of the relation of the individual to social pressures and of social norms and governmental imperatives. The fact that this is a longer and harder task than formulating slogans, and that it requires more thinking, does not affect its necessity.

C.W.

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1961

JAN. 1—Jeremy Westall on A UNIVERSITY LIBERTARIAN MOVEMENT?

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- 1st Thursday of each month at 8 p.m. At Jack and Mary Stevenson's, 6 Stainton Road, Enfield, Middx.
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- 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m. At Colin Ward's, 33 Ellerby Street, Fulham, S.W.6.

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