

'Civilization is man's hopeless effort to cover up and conceal those traits of himself which he regards as specially animal-like.'
HAVELOCK ELLIS

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THE WHITSUN CONFERENCES

Movement Without Ideas

ADDRESSING the conference of the Civil Service Clerical Association in Britain last week, the secretary of the TUC, Mr. George Woodcock, pointed out that collective political activity by the trade unions was both necessary and inevitable and that no limit need be placed upon it so long as two conditions were met: "the unions should speak with a united voice and their answer to any problem must be based on their industrial experience and responsibility". On the grounds that

if we can in one way or another reflect a common view we can have a tremendous influence in this country. But a fundamental condition of our authority as a trade union movement is agreement. If we cannot get agreement we can do nothing.

Mr. Woodcock argued that the movement should decide on one of two things:

that we shall generally come to a common agreement in the interests of our members and in the light of our industrial experience; or that we shall leave alone matters on which people differ irreconcilably.

Even support for the Labour Party by the trade union movement, said Mr. Woodcock was based on "industrial experience". Clearly, for Mr. Woodcock such matters as unilateral disarmament are worthy of discussion by the movement only if there is the prospect of unanimity of opinion for or against. But where there is a deep division of opinion "then I begin to wonder—he said—whether we can continue to be involved in discussions of this kind".

Of course one can see what Mr. Woodcock means. There is no point in having behind one a mass movement to underline an argument or a demand if in fact these is more than one argument—and contradictory arguments at that—or many demands which betray a division of interests within the mass movement. But to imply, as we think the general secretary does, that it is only the political issues which divide the movement is to gloss over the fundamental weakness of Trades Unionism in this country: which by its craft division is anything but a homogeneous, united mass movement. When Mr. Woodcock talks

of coming to "a common agreement in the interests of our members and in the light of our industrial experience", he is expressing sentiments which have no connection with reality.

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LIKE the Common Market the trades union movement is all at sixes and sevens; not even workers in the same industry are united let alone as a class! And, furthermore, there is not a single political or industrial issue which can be settled except at the expense of some section of the community's "interests". Take the burning topic of unilateral disarmament as an example of a political issue. If it were to come about tens of thousands of workers (including scientists and technicians) in the best paid jobs going today would be looking for other employment, possibly having to move into other districts and having to accept a lowering of their living standards. Many of these people will be inclined to allow their personal, immediate "interests" to colour their judgments as to what

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The Negroes Themselves

THE Southern Negro, educated and conscious of his strength, has carried on the most successful non-violent campaign for equal rights seen anywhere in years.

In 1957 the Negro boycott of public transport services in Montgomery, Alabama, which at that time operated a segregation system (Negroes sat at the back of buses only, Whites at the front), astonished the most sceptical of observers who witnessed Negroes walking miles to work rather than break the boycott. Negro car owners provided a voluntary service to transport the aged and infirm all of which resulted in the buses being desegregated.

The strength of the economic boycott, together with the courage of the Negro participants, proved to be an effective means of struggle carried through on a large and consistent scale.

In more recent months the "lunch-counter movement" was formed, having arisen out of a spontaneous action by a few Negro students in a Southern town.

Deciding to make a stand (or rather a sit down!) against the insulting policy of lunch-counter owners, whereby Negroes were served only whilst standing up, and privileged whites claimed the seats; these few students were the first of what has become a nation-wide movement, supported by both black and white.

The success they have had, which is considerable, is basically due to the purchasing power of the Negro, which has forced many white merchants to abandon old customs, now no longer effective in the face of the improved economic status of the Negro.

One store owner recently inter-

viewed in Nashville stated:

"Sure, our lunch counter business has dropped slightly from what it used to be. But it's nothing like the business we lost during the Negro boycott."

At the beginning of May this year the Congress of Racial Equality sponsored a trip of picked men and women (including two white men) to drive through the Southern States to demonstrate that segregated travel on interstate buses is still enforced throughout much of the South.

The first reaction from the white mob in Alabama is now well known. One of the buses carrying half of the "Freedom Riders" was set alight by an incendiary bomb, and the occupants of both buses brutally attacked by a mob whilst the law stood by and watched.

Alabama's Governor, John Patterson, refused to guarantee protection for what he described as "this bunch of rabble rousers"—a handful of men and women who throughout refused to use violence against their hysterical attackers.

Patterson, a Democrat, was the first Southern Governor to back Jack Kennedy when he was running for the Presidency. In return for his support Patterson's old campaign Manager was nominated by Kennedy as a director of the Export Import Bank and confirmed by the Senate although it was known that he was connected with the Ku Klux Klan.

Patterson's own noisy segregationist record must have been known to the President, as he seems to have threatened often enough to "lead the trouble" if school integration was pushed by anyone, and has in fact expelled those students from Alabama's State College for Negroes, who took part in the lunch-counter sit-ins.

We do not expect politicians seeking power to be too fussy about who supports them even if theoretically their ideas differ so widely, but the Patterson-Kennedy set-up strikes us as being political opportunism at its most blatant.

Whatever they intend to do in the future about segregation as a political issue the matter is out of their hands.

The real and effective struggle is being carried on by Negroes themselves, with intelligent and courageous action.

SCIENCE NOTES

Suppressing Talent in S. Africa

"NATURE" 17/5/61 devotes its leading article to a discussion of the possible consequences for education in South Africa of the decision to leave the Commonwealth. The parallel drives for complete apartheid and the suppression of dissenting opinions are obnoxious primarily because of their effect on individuals who are deprived of the freedom to learn and express their ideas, or suffer direct persecution for them. At the same time they are bound to lead to hardship for the society as a whole, because of the repression of such a great volume of talent.

In this way, the South African Nationalists are showing just the same self-destructive lunacy as did the Third Reich and the Soviet Union in repressing the very talent that was necessary for scientific progress in one case, and decimating the ranks of the army officers just before the outbreak of war in the other.

The Universities, particularly Witwatersrand, have done their best in an impossible situation, and Nature warns scientists that in boycotting the South African State they should not turn their backs on the Universities.

IN HIS INAUGURAL LECTURE, the Professor of Theoretical Mechanics at Southampton, Dr. Bryan Thwaites, discussed the shortage of mathematicians in Britain. His chief concern lay in the number of unfilled vacancies on the teaching staffs of the Universities and Grammar Schools, which would lead to an even more inadequate supply in the coming generation. One of his recommendations which seems a little strange is that industry and the professions should cut down their intake of mathematics graduates, thereby releasing more for teaching. It is a bad suggestion in theory

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IN BRIEF

INCIDENTALS OF THE DEFENCE PROGRAMME

Washington, June 4.
The Strategic Air Command's fleet of new B-52 bombers has developed metal fatigue and a \$200 million (£71 million) modification programme is now under way, an Air Force spokesman said last night.

The B-52, an eight-engined jet, carrying hydrogen and atomic bombs, is the chief weapon of the Strategic Air Command.—*Reuter.*

FATE OF AN INFORMER

Nicosia, May 29.
A Greek Cypriot, Xenis Stratis, aged 25, was shot dead late last night by two masked gunmen. According to the Cyprus police, in 1958 Stratis helped the security forces by pointing out EOKA suspects among groups of villagers. Such men always wore black hoods to protect their identity.

The police said that the gunmen stopped a taxi a few miles outside the British sovereign base at Episkopi, in south-west Cyprus, and ordered Stratis to get out. They shot him at point-blank range.—*Reuter and British United Press.*

GENERAL STRIKE IN ICELAND

Reykjavik, May 29.
Transport and other public services in Iceland were paralysed today as 7,000 workers began the first stage of a general strike in support of wage demands. The strike began at midnight after the failure of talks between the State Conciliator, Mr. Hjartarson, and union leaders which continued right up to midnight.

Shops have been allowed to stay open until stocks run out and buses were also permitted to run until fuel reserves were exhausted. All petrol stations were closed, except for sales to doctors. Internal air services have come to a halt and international flights will be discontinued on June 3. Local fishing will be stopped, but trawler owners have sent their larger vessels on a month's voyage to Greenland.—*Reuter.*

SCREWS CALL FOR MORE BIRCHING AND MORE WAGES

At the annual conference of the Prison Officers' Association last week one delegate, Mr. R. Campbell (Brixton), said that the public are the Babes in the Woods, lost in a wood of psychologists and psychiatrists, the prison officers "are the Wicked Uncles," and the Home Secretary "the Fairy Queen, flying high above us with his drooping wand and tarnished tinsel, foolishly believing that all will come right in the end."

He suggested that the Home Secretary should change his wand for a birch and let prison become a deterrent to crime.

Another delegate, Mr. S. Grant (Everthorpe) declared: "There is only one thing a man will slog his guts out for nowadays and that's money. Give us a starting wage of £25 per week and you'll get all the men you need."

ANARCHY 4

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and that the Australian administration is deliberately braking education and technical development.

There would be no point in going deeper into what he says. Those interested can buy *Overland* and read for themselves. What is significant is that even territories only a short while out of the Stone Age are now being lapped by the tide against white domination. If we are right in assuming that incidents like those described in Cooper's article reflect growing trends, then it would seem as if the East Indies will soon be regaining the headlines it lost after the Dutch were finally pushed out of their empire by Indonesian nationalism.

But this incident involving a young field officer is also significant at a personal level. It shows how the frustrations and resentments of colonial subjects can be transmitted even to the overlords—or at least to a few of them. Quite a lot of young men are attracted to colonial administration by romantic hopes of escaping from the "civilised" world to a life of open air adventure in exotic places (I know, for I was once seriously considering the Colonial Service as a career—now I am studying social anthropology instead). Then, for some of them, the true meaning disguised behind "Empire", "white man's burden", and so on, is unveiled. Brian Cooper is one for whom the veil was lifted.

K.J.M.

**Overland*, edited by S. Murray-Smith, GPO Box 98A, Melbourne Australia price 2/6.

THE STRANGE CASE OF BRIAN COOPER

NEW GUINEA—open a map and you see it sprawling across the sea north of Australia, looking like some prehistoric beast. To the man in the street it evokes Stone Age life, head-hunting, savagery. Perhaps, too, he will recall those occasional items in the newspapers reporting the latest efforts of Indonesia's power politicians to have the Dutch portion transferred to themselves.

New Guinea is divided between Holland and Australia, each sovereign over approximately half. Australian New Guinea hit the news last year when Professor Max Gluckman was refused an entry permit for "security reasons" (though the Dutch would have been happy to have him). We can expect it to hit the news again, for, as an anthropologist who has done fieldwork there remarked to me, "In six years it will be a second Kenya." In that context the exclusion of an objective observer like Professor Gluckman acquires new significance.

So, too, does the conviction this year of a 24-year-old Australian, Brian Cooper, an incident foreshadowing the troubles which we may expect in the future.

It would seem that Cooper, formerly a field officer with the New Guinea co-operative movement, began to hold the kind of views no loyal colonial administrator should. He had a year's training in the Sepik District, then was transferred to the Madang District for a year. Then came a period of leave during which he visited some Asian countries before returning to Madang. His travels in Asia seem to have awakened him to the winds of change now blowing through that continent, and so, on his return, we find him discussing what he had experienced with some co-operative

society officials. Cooper advised them—or so he says—to use "legal means of mass organisation" if they wished to "recover self-government, and . . . their independence." The Asian and African countries, he said, would give moral support. After independence, various countries "might give technical and financial aid."

Seditious advice it now seems. The authorities heard of it, Cooper was transferred to Port Moresby, he resigned and left for Sydney. That might have been the end of a bizarre incident, except that delegates from all parts of the Madang District met secretly a short while after, without any European having foreknowledge. When the delegates were returning home, twenty-two of them were arrested, police reinforcements were flown to Madang, and, in Sydney, Cooper was arrested and charged with sedition.

In a trial without jury at Port Moresby, he was sentenced to two months imprisonment. According to prosecution witnesses, the defendant had advocated the use of violence, and had said that he wanted Russia to take over the country (how convenient for the Australian authorities that the Russians could be brought into it—they're learning from Dr. Verwoerd in more ways than one!).

Incidentally, it is rather significant that neither the Labour Party, of which Cooper is said to be a member, nor the Communist Party, supported him in his stand.

Apparently the Australian newspaper reports were sketchy and garbled. Certainly they were here in New Zealand. The Australian literary quarterly, *Overland**, therefore performed a public service when it sought out Cooper, and invited him to write his version (an interesting sidelight is that when *Overland's* editor sought the help of the Court authorities in tracing Cooper, he was told that, because it was feared that "bad elements" would try to get in touch with him, they would neither supply an address nor forward a letter). Cooper's article, "The Birth-Pangs of a Nation", appears in the Autumn 1961 number.

In the two opening paragraphs we can glimpse the contradictions of Australian paternalism in New Guinea, and sense the undercurrent of violence running just beneath the surface:

"While a gay party for Europeans only was being held in the Madang Hotel to welcome in 1961, natives were assembling at the labour compound also waiting to welcome in the new year. At midnight they let off dozens of strings of fireworks and, with much shouting and

banging of tins, they danced down the road into Chinatown, where they proceeded to wreck the trade stores. Police broke up the crowd of about two hundred natives, but not before considerable damage had been done. A number of the participants were sentenced to four months' gaol for their part in the riot.

"On January 3 a company of native soldiers mutinied at Port Moresby, and assaulted their European officers after six soldiers had been gaoled for leading demands for more pay. The troops tried to seize trucks in order to go to Bomana gaol to release their friends. When they were unable to get trucks they broke out of their barracks and started to march, unarmed, towards the town. Eventually they were rounded up by the police, and 79 soldiers were imprisoned. In the same week, riots, each involving hundreds of natives, broke out in Lae, Bulolo, and Port Moresby. In outlying districts so-called 'cargo cult' activity increased."

Cooper's view is that the natives are now quite capable of running their own affairs (after all they ran them for centuries before the whites arrived), that their co-operatives are a basis for building a new life in which some of the traditional values and ways are blended with some of the novel Western ways,

Razor Laugh

to *Beyond the Fringe*. I think it's important for a revue to have some sort of connecting theme, and this one is most effective when it is devoted to malicious satire of contemporary British society and when it cuts really deep.

Some of the sketches are directly political—television interviews with Frank Cousins and an African Nationalist politician, and a viciously observed television broadcast by the Prime Minister. The impersonations are nowhere near the Sellers or Ustinov standard, but some of the remarks are perfect, and the Macmillan piece really draws blood (I wonder if he's seen it?). There is also some specifically cultural satire—a brilliant take-off of Professor Ayer, written by Alan Bennett and acted by Jonathan Miller; musical parodies of songs by Schubert, Faure and Britten, and one of an interminable classical sonata with the theme of "Colonel Bogey" (accordingly called "And the Same to You"), written and played (and sung) by Dudley Moore; and there is a glorious burlesque of Shakespeare's history plays, written

by Jonathan Miller and acted by the whole cast with all the right Stratford/Old Vic affectation.

But excellent as these are, you do have to know the originals to appreciate the wit, and there is a suspicion of the Oxbridge "old-boy net" in the choice of subject. This is not true of the more general social satire, which pokes fun indiscriminately at "progressive" journalists working for Beaverbrook, Oxbridge "hearties", religious programmes on television, frightful pansies who sing a television commercial about "the man's cigarette", the cult for the Royal Family, the cult for proletarian folk-songs; the cult for the last War (a marvellous mixture of Humphrey Jennings and B.B.C. Scrapbook and stiff-upper-lip films), class and racial prejudice, hanging, Civil Defence lectures, and—suitably enough—people who expect the end of the world.

Nearly all of this is very good, but I think my favourite sketches are the two recitations by Alan Bennett, who sticks more closely to normality than

the others and somehow manages to turn his manner and matter into something which is uproariously funny and desperately sad at the same time. His portrayals of a "man of principle" (the sort of person the *Daily Telegraph* is written for) and an equally dreadful parson are unforgettable. Jonathan Miller is a great buffoon, Peter Cook is a clever actor, and Dudley Moore is a fine musician; but Alan Bennett in his quiet, unobtrusive, almost schoolboyish, way is perhaps the best of them all. An odd hobby for a Junior Lecturer in History at Magdalen College, when you come to think of it.

I could go on quoting bits of *Beyond the Fringe* from memory for pages, but I would get them all wrong, and I would also spoil your fun when you go. It really is a remarkable effort for amateurs in their twenties, and it is excellently produced and staged as well. Altogether it's a most enjoyable way of spending an evening. Do go, if you can still get a seat—I'm sure you won't be disappointed. Afterwards you will find yourself suddenly bursting into laughter at the most unexpected moments, and you will carry these mental scars inflicted by the Fortune Theatre razor gang for months. I'm looking forward to their next show, and in the meantime to the next time I see this one.

N.W.

Round the Galleries

WE who have drunk so much cooking sherry for the cause of culture have reason to be grateful to Victor Musgrave for inaugurating his new gallery at 16, North Audley Street, W.1., with a free round of champagne. It is a gimmick that I as a veteran free loader at a hundred cultural brawls fully approve and I hope that the idea will catch on, for in all honesty I am slightly tired of the white wines of Xeres and the potato crisps that go with them.

It is unfortunate that the paintings of Rufino Tamayo that open this new gallery are not up to the level of the refreshments but one can only assume that Tamayo drew the short straw in being chosen to open a flashy new west end gallery, for one feels that Tamayo has a reputation that is more the result of fly dealers than of work produced and the twenty pages of bibliography that fill the catalogue appear to be comprised more of back scratching press cuttings than a serious analysis of his work, for this 62-year-old son of Zapotec Indians paints like a sophisticated child and the chalky texture of his medium adds to this illusion. But the knowledge that at the age of 16 the painter was attending the Académie des Beaux Arts at San Carlos gives a slightly bogus touch to this work.

Victor Musgrave is still hanging his hat in the rooms above his old gallery at 20, D'Arbly Street, W.1., but the gallery as such is no more, for Peter Russell, the former editor of the review *NINE*, is turning the place into a second hand

book shop specialising in poetry, lit. crit., the humanities and Urdu, while around the corner, past the grimy and abandoned Gallery Mingus at 10, Newburgh Street, W.1., Mr. and Mrs. Rawlinsky have left the rag trade to chance their arm at the arts with an average price of 15 guineas. Here again is an opportunity for painters searching for a chance to get their foot in a freshly-opened door and to get in before the cliques form, but they must be prepared to take a chance on a gallery where the standard of work seen so far is not particularly high and where they may have to concentrate on their own publicity, for the Rawlinsky's are at the moment sheep among wolves.

The gayest show of the month is undoubtedly William Nelson Copley's exhibition at the ICA at 17, Dover Street, W.1. Incompetent painting, bad draftsmanship and a flagrant stealing of every stealable style has produced a series of paintings that are the wittiest and happiest to be seen in the Town for some time. Here is Thurber's battle of the sexes in glorious technicolour and zany titles that ranged from "Lady Chatterly's Horse" to "I dreamt my name was Hieronymus Bosch" and my only hope is that the entry in the catalogue that reads "William Copley, Born New York City, January 24, 1961" is not a misprint.

Mendelson, the tall, pleasant and soft-spoken keeper of the ICA gallery has a successful exhibition at the Whitley Gallery at 60 George Street, W.1. Here is a painter's painter who has deliberately eschewed the shifting rat-race

in favour of the deserved reputation of a fine craftsman of taste and sensitivity. Mendelson has produced works that he believes contains the essentials of good painting and he has wedded composition, colour, texture and draftsmanship onto canvases whose subdued tones throw into greater relief the sophisticated line of his figures.

Of the small galleries Arthur Aeschbacher at the New Vision Gallery at 4 Seymour Place, W.1., deserves a mention for his collages of broken corrugated cardboard for with their mask of grey dribbling paint this trivia has a melancholy beauty that Tamayo is unable to achieve even with the co-operation of a friendly press.

Finally, for those whose taste is among the recent dead, there is the choice of Jackson Pollock at the Marlborough Gallery at 39 Old Bond Street, W.1., or Moholy-Nagy at the New London Gallery at 17 Old Bond Street, W.1. Nagy who died in Chicago in 1946 has left a body of work whose revolutionary fervour has long since faded and now exists only as dusty and highly priced documents of the German Bauhaus twenties while Pollock who car-crashed to his death on Long Island some five years ago produced much mediocre work and some huge canvases of a truly magnificent grandeur wherein web upon web of crawling colours intertwine into a tapestry of a dead and sterile universe; generations of dealers and art historians will feed upon these works like maggots upon rotten meat and they will grow fatter and sleeker as Pollock's dreams die beneath the accumulating weight of their necrophagous touch.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

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THE things you usually have to guard against when you go to a "funny" show at the theatre are boredom, embarrassment, lethargy and sleeping-sickness leading to catatonic dementia. If you go to see the four young men in *Beyond the Fringe*, which has at last been brought to the Fortune Theatre in London from the 1960 Edinburgh Festival, the things you will have to worry about are split sides, burst blood vessels and sudden death brought on by a surfeit of the uncontrollable laughter. It is easily the best revue I have ever seen.

But I had better declare my interest. Its whole approach is that of the committed but cynical post-war generation of Oxbridge intellectuals, and is based on an all-embracing parody which tends to become self-parody—a graduate version, as it were, of Hancock and the Goons. It happens to be my favourite kind of humour, and I am further prejudiced by spending three years at university with one of the performers. But I am sure most readers of *FREEDOM* will enjoy the show just as much as I did.

It begins with a sketch showing exactly what Walpole was out to prevent when he set up the present system of theatrical censorship more than two hundred years ago. Three of the cast try to brainwash the fourth (a Russian who keeps coming into play the National Anthem) by blowing raspberries at Khrushchev, but are themselves brainwashed, and in the end all four join in blowing magnificent raspberries at Macmillan instead. This sets the tone for most of the other two dozen turns, and also shows obliquely that the real joke is not against Macmillan at all but against the audience—for when the absurd Russian plays "God Save the Queen" on the piano they all dutifully stand up, to the ill-concealed amusement of the cast. The laugh's on you, mate! Everyone is involved in the absurdity of Britain, all the people outside the theatre and all the people inside it too, including the people on the stage.

Beyond the Fringe is really a development of the conventional student revue on the one hand and the off-beat commercial revue (like *At the Drop of a Hat* and *Pieces of Eight*) on the other into a satirical revue with a really sharp edge. As well as Hancock and the Goons, it is possible to detect echoes of John Osborne and Mort Sahl. Social and political satire is traditional in France and Germany, and is now well established in America too; it is high time we had more of it here, so let's hope this show—despite its juvenile and highbrow tendencies—is only a beginning. There must be plenty of talent, and there is certainly plenty of material in British life that deserves a good raspberry.

Not that all the sketches are of the same type and standard as the opening one. There are some recitations by Jonathan Miller, who is by nature the funniest of the four, which would perhaps be better at a party in Cambridge than here in the theatre; they are very funny but somehow not relevant. Similarly, Peter Cook's rather Pinterian but excellent piece called "Sitting on the Bench" seems to belong to *Pieces of Eight* (or *One over the Eight*) rather than

MOVEMENT WITHOUT IDEAS

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is in the best interest of the community of which they are members.

It may also be recalled that the workers in the Woolwich Arsenal, and in the naval dockyards at Chatham were highly incensed when the Government's "new look" armaments programme relegated these establishments to the scrap heap. From the point of view of the community it was a good thing (or at least it did no harm). But to those employed in these establishments it appeared that their world was crumbling around them.

Again, the replacement of coal by oil is a matter which a united community should welcome because no feeling and thinking person can take for granted that fellow beings should have to work underground and in constant danger when alternative sources of power are available in sufficient quantities to satisfy all our needs. But for the miners oil is a threat to their livings and the workers engaged in the oil industry far from being Brothers are as much their enemies as are the Shell and Standard Oil empires! But not only is there division among Trade Unionists as a result of new industries ousting old ones, but there is, furthermore division within branches of the same industry based on a concept of classes within the working class. Railway employees for instance belong to a number of different unions depending on the kind of work they do. (It is true that the NUR accepts all grades), and in recent years one has had to witness the miserable spectacle of disputes, based on inter-union rivalry, as bitter and determined as any directed against the employers.

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IT seems to us that there can never be "agreement" in the labour movement so long as workers in the same industry are members of different unions as well as being party to a system of economic differentials which inevitably raises social barriers and encourages petty rivalries between the workers themselves. A working class movement which seeks to remove the social and economic injustices of capitalism, cannot succeed by, at the same time, encouraging differentials—economic and social inequalities—among its own members. Every human being has the same right to the necessities of life irrespective of his individual capacities; the fact that some people are more gifted than others far from being a justification for their enjoying higher material standards of life should, if anything, be a strong reason for limiting their material needs because of the intellectual resources on which they can draw to enjoy a full life. Instead the trend not only of the employers (which is understandable) but of the Labour movement (which in view of its leadership is also understandable, but inadmissible) is to encourage and reward the more resourceful members of society and penalise those who for one reason or another, generally beyond their control, lack the skill, adaptability or resources needed to be "successful".

The weakness of the Labour movement is of course that it aims at abolishing neither the capitalist system nor the privileged society. Or put in another way the trouble with the Labour movement in that it does not believe in Socialism! At the annual conference of the Transport Salaried Staff's Association last

week, Mr. Ray Gunther, M.P. (remember him? He was a Labour "discovery" either at Scarborough last year or at Blackpool) in his presidential address said:

"Brilliant and modern executives are too often excluded because their connections are not 'quite right'. Above all else this nation needs leadership—dynamic and adventurous . . . politicians, trade unionists, and business men should search their souls and move from a past that is in so many aspects irrelevant, on to the challenge of a new and unexplored era."

In the foregoing remarks is summarized the official Labour movement's twisted concept of the classless society and Socialism. What these people want is equality of opportunity for members of all classes to join the privileged class! Not for them the abolition of differentials, or the £24,000 per annum Dr. Beechings. What they demand is that everybody should have a chance to join the rat race. Then they are in favour of the rat race!

But why do these Mr. Gunters expect that the underprivileged members of society should "prepare eagerly for the coming of automation" when all they can see in it is the spectre of unemployment and more privileges for those at the top? And what kind of "progress" is he talking about when he declared that

"it was something of a tragedy that at this moment of acceleration in man's progress a dreadful apathy seemed to be on the British people."

At Southport the Executive of the Boilermakers' Society was fixing "January 1963 as the last month in which it will tolerate a working week of more than 40 hours".

And they talk of "progress". With something like seven out of ten women working in jobs outside the home as well as their men, plus all the discoveries of science and the new techniques, it is still "not possible" to enjoy the 40-hour week which was being advocated by workers' organisations more than 70 years ago!

★

WE shall be told that the working man now has, besides the necessities of life, a Telly, a Car, a Frig and a choice of detergents which were never dreamed of by the pioneers of the 80's. That is true, but it's not these gadgets which prevent us from enjoying a shorter working week. It's the production of all the things we don't need (beginning with the "defence" programme), and the so-called "services" which keep thousands of people "gainfully employed" and provide profits for those who employ them, but which are of no public use (beginning with the advertising industry), which ensure that there will be no reduction in the working week so long as the capitalist system of production prevails.

Unlike Mr. Gunther we are not looking for the way to give rein to the "brilliant and modern executives". What we need more than ever today is that just a modicum of public common sense should be tacked on to the brilliant discoveries of science and technology. The common sense which will ensure that production shall be geared to needs and the discoveries of science used to reduce to a minimum the hours of work to maintain life so that we may then have the leisure to live.

IN the modern world man harnesses the forces of nature for the energy his civilization requires. In the ancient—and not-so-ancient—world man harnessed the power of his fellows whom he had enslaved. The older system had at least one point in common with our own: it threatened to grow out of control. No one knows what will be the outcome of what one writer optimistically calls "our nuclear adventure". And, as the more perceptive of the ancients knew, the stability of their civilization depended on whether the slaves could be kept docile. Intimidation played an obvious role in keeping the slaves in their place. Whether an extension of "welfare" in the modern manner would have made life easier for the owning classes is an interesting speculation.

In the seventh decade of the second century B.C. society was disturbed by a wave of social unrest running through those at the bottom; there were risings in Pergamum, Attica, Sicily, and southern Italy. But the most famous of all slave risings occurred sixty years later, and is indelibly associated with the name of Spartacus. The name and legend of Spartacus caught the imagination of two major writers of our day, and even Hollywood, in the middle of a spate of sex-tinged biblical "epics", has been attracted. Yet how little we really know of Spartacus!

"A band of gladiators, led by a man of Thracian origin named Spartacus, who had gained military experience in the auxiliary forces of the Roman army, broke loose from its barracks at Capua, and called the rural slaves to liberty." That is how Cary puts it in his *History of Rome*.

A man of Thracian origin named Spartacus . . . We do know that Spartacus had a wife, Varinia, of Teuton background, who, like her husband, was a slave. We do know that his revolt shook Rome until he was defeated by Crassus in 71 B.C., and that six thousand of his followers were crucified along the Appian Way to make a Roman holiday. To stiffen the discipline of the army which eventually defeated the slaves, and so made the world safe for property, Crassus had to crucify one in ten of his own troops.

These few facts scarcely dissolve the enigma. We don't really know what kind of man Spartacus was, or what his followers thought. Nor do we really know how it is that Rome could survive when her freemen were outnumbered by her slaves. Explanations of the latter in terms of a hypothetical "slave mentality" are sociologically unenlightening.

The nearness of the slaves to success, and the silence of history, give the episode its fascination for us; as Fulvius, in Koestler's *The Gladiators*, says: "A hundred years from now—what am I saying—a thousand years hence, the world will still talk of Spartacus, who freed the slaves of Rome."

Arthur Koestler

Koestler's novel, *The Gladiators*, is an allegory of man's unending search for justice, of his unending flight from injustice. The tragedy is that power corrupts leaders, and followers are stupid. One of the characters in the novel, an Essene, likens the search for justice to a relay race in which the runners take a step back for every two forward. Translated into historical terms this means that there will be a succession of popular leaders, each of whom will achieve something before eventual defeat. It reminds one of what A. N. Whitehead says somewhere about religious faith, that its ups and downs resemble the ebb and flow of a sea in which each succeeding tide falls below the point reached by its predecessor. Except, of course, that in the Essene's view each of the tides of popular struggle will surge past the others. Be patient, and the world will progress!

THEATRE

Brecht and Butter

The Visions of Simone Machard. (Unity Theatre)

MY colleague C.W. gave an extensive treatment to Brecht in FREEDOM last year so I do not need to go deeply into Brecht's ideas.

Indeed this play at Unity is rather an orphan of the storm. It was written in the U.S.A. (in collaboration with Leon Feuchtwanger) in 1942-43 and, according to John Willett, was only produced in Berlin in 1957. The Feuchtwanger novel was the basis for the play.

The story is conventional enough, almost to the point of being hackneyed. It is of France during the German invasion when Simone Machard, a servant at

The Gladiators of course projects into the first century B.C. the dilemmas of the twentieth century A.D. The Sun State, which Koestler makes Spartacus found, is a parallel of the Communist states of our time. By turning to the past Koestler hopes to understand why modern revolutions go astray.

Koestler had left the Communist Party before *The Gladiators* was published, and, in any case, it is doubtful if he was ever an unthinking Party hack. His thinking, however, would still have been coloured by Marxism, and this is probably why the Spartacus of the novel has no real understanding of the direction of the onward rush he seems to be leading. But as the novel is intended to be a kind of commentary on modern revolutions it is necessary for some of the characters to be more articulate. So we have Fulvius and the Essene to ensure that we read History's lesson correctly (I think Koestler would still have thought of History as distinct from history).

What Koestler makes of the story of Spartacus shows how much freedom of interpretation is available to the writer who wishes to make use of this episode in history. His interpretation is legitimate enough; it does not correspond in many of its aspects to what really happened, but this is inevitable when the

that wasn't the reality of the ancient world). Gracchus, a "capitalist beast", is exalted, and Varinia, that "Communist woman, a woman of the oppressed toilers", is degraded. Most heinous of all, he comes close to "the sexual reconciliation of the classes"! These criticisms came from grown men and women.

Hollywood

Descending to a saner level we can see that Fast's treatment of the story stands in the realist tradition, like the rest of his work, but that, like a true writer, he is unafraid to use symbolism to convey part of what he has to say. The contrast of Varinia's purity and integrity with the lack of those qualities in the two principal Romans, Crassus and Gracchus, is conscious symbolism. So, too, is the contrast between the ruthless and ambitious patrician, Crassus, and the equally ambitious popular leader, Gracchus (whom Fast moves fifty years out of his real time), but who is at least redeemed by his cynicism and his rough human qualities. The contrasting values of this pair are part of what Fast sees as the Roman paradox, without which we cannot understand their civilization.

Now that Fast is out of the Communist Party it is natural for those still in, and the fellow travellers, to attempt to make capital out of the contrast between the

Spartacus

novel is used as a vehicle for commentary upon the present.

In *Animal Farm* the revolution fails completely to achieve the original aims; in *The Gladiators* the revolution is lurching towards the same result when it is overthrown by the Romans. It is true that the writings of Koestler, like Orwell's later work, are wonderful exercises in disillusion, but the lesson drawn from Spartacus is not entirely quiescent. Because leaders are corrupted by their power, and followers are helpless through their stupidity, Koestler looks forward to the day when " . . . the groaning human clod would itself begin to think with its thousand heads; until knowledge [is] no longer foisted on it from outside, but [is] born in laboured torment out of its own body, thus gaining from within power over the happening."

Howard Fast

Howard Fast gives a more straightforward treatment of the subject in his novel, *Spartacus*. There is no attempt to resolve personal dilemmas by turning History into a kind of psychotherapist's couch. Instead *Spartacus* reflects the theme which gives unity to all Fast's writing: the human struggle against unfreedom and injustice. Think of that succession of novels which includes *Citizen Tom Paine*, *The Last Frontier*, *The Proud and the Free*, and *The Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti*. It is no secret that *Spartacus* is, in its author's estimation, the most important of his works, and the story of the disappointments he experienced after completing it can be read in *The Naked God*. One after another, seven commercial publishers refused to handle it because of Fast's reputation as a Communist. And then, when he went ahead with private publication, the novel was condemned by local Party doctrinaires for its sins against the socialist realist canon, as interpreted by themselves.

He actually uses psychoanalytic terms! He depicts brutality and sadism (as if

cold shoulders of the publishing world back in 1951, and Hollywood's present enthusiasm (those twelve million dollars!). No doubt there is a connection between Fast's apostasy, and the filming. But what does that matter? Howard Fast's integrity is unaffected, for the valid ideals which led him into the Communist Party in the first place were responsible for leading him out. What he has done is consistent with the values implicit in all his work.

The film is of course a Hollywood epic; with twelve million dollars it could scarcely be otherwise. But the name of Kirk Douglas (remember *Paths of Glory*?) is a reassurance against any Cecil B. de Mille stunts. The consummate and austere artistry of that earlier film is absent from *Spartacus* (all those dollars again!), but it succeeds magnificently in conveying the degradation of slavery, the rottenness concealed behind Rome's might, and the brutality inherent in the system. The battle scenes, and the acting of Peter Ustinov and Charles Laughton, are outstanding. I think Fast will be satisfied with what has been made of his novel.

One last point about the Hollywood production: Dalton Trumbo, who wrote the script, is one of the Hollywood Ten, and is the first of them to have been given credit on the screen, in his own name, for thirteen years.

What Is Left?

The vitality of the Spartacus legend is proved by its literary and film treatment two thousand years after the event. Like all popular fury against oppression it has a lesson for men today. Fast saw it simply in those terms. The more sophisticated Koestler saw it as a warning of the dangers, as well as the glories, of revolution. We can each interpret the legend in our own terms, provided always that we see the central reality, that it was a striking out against an unjust society, blindly perhaps but spontaneously. K.J.M.

and what better theme to do it with than Joan of Arc? But not a great play.

Brecht's alliance with the Communists was shaky but Unity in its programme notes makes no secret of declaring its interests. A note on the fall of France obscures all reference to the French Communist Party's attitude to the war, and the signing of the Nazi-Soviet pact which helped to make the fall of France more certain. The appeals to patriotism which are used from time to time by the Communist Party make a mockery of any socialist and humanitarian idealism which will support their appeals on behalf of peace.

It is a pity that the talents of Unity Theatre, particularly Anna Kashden as a charming Simone Machard should be wasted on such a slight play to back up such a dubious cause. J.R.

Anarchism— Individual or Communist?

DEAR EDITORS,

In common with most individualist anarchist writings, the article of E. Armand which receives the approval of Mr. Parker in FREEDOM of May 20th is nebulous and does not deal with realities. I am aware that realism, logic, organisation and order are suspect words with some anarchists who appear to share with conventional thinkers the idea that law and order are synonymous, whereas since law is a symptom of disorder, law and order are really contradictory terms.

Anarchism is, I believe, more than a general aspiration. It is a logical and sensible alternative to the chaos and wasted efforts of existing Society, but inasmuch as, to quote Armand, it is only the negation of the State, conditions must be present which will ensure the continuity of order to avoid the return of the State and its laws. This, I think, can only be through common ownership with identity of material interests, in contrast to the chaos caused by the conflict of interests within the existing system of private ownership.

What alternative method of production has the individualist to offer? Social relationships rest on economic foundations and if we are to have a changed Society we cannot ignore the method of production. It is not enough to wish for liberty. The basic conditions must exist to give effect to that desire, and world religions sufficiently prove that personal aspirations or wishfulness will not change human desires, and certainly governments will not be displaced in this way.

To accept the material basis of Society we are told is to create another form of authoritarianism. But to live we must eat, and this is an authoritarian rule of nature. Much of Armand's article is a criticism of Statism with which all anarchists can agree. He accepts that anarchist communism rejects the State but declares it resuscitated immediately social organisation is substituted for personal judgment. But where is the evidence that one is the negation of the other? In the absence of any coercive power, what is to prevent the recalcitrant

Letters to the Editors

non-conformist from choosing an alternative way of living if such he can find? He would be free in every way but one—he would no longer be able to conscript the labour of another person to satisfy his personal needs. He would however be able to share in the common product.

Individualists appear to live in a world of medieval craftsmanship. So far as it is applicable to modern trends, personal craftsmanship is an asset to Society, but social organisation, as I see it, is essen-

tial to meet the requirements of the sophisticated societies of to-day and tomorrow. That organisation may be by means of guilds, communities, or other forms, but I can see no alternative to the product being held in common, and the freedom of individuals to take part or to abstain according to desire. Can anyone please tell me what the individualists propose in the sphere of production?

Yours sincerely,

F.B.

Surrey, May 24.

Genocide-Responsibility of States & Peoples

I BELIEVE it was Lenin who said that anarchists change the name and think they have changed the institution. Generally this is not true, but there are times when some of the contributions in FREEDOM make me think it is.

It seems that some who call themselves "anarchists" are really Jacobins in a latter-day form, revolutionary republicans rather than opponents of the institution of government as such. An army remains an army, even if it is called an "army of liberation" or a workers' militia.

R.J.W.'s remarks on Nkrumah and Angola sound odd in an anarchist paper, but some of the other contributions are even more incredible. In the May 20th issue appears an article by J.B.G. in which there the statement, "There is a great deal of difference between deliberately aiming to destroy five millions, and in the course of battle destroying an innocent two thousand."

Since the article, entitled *Eichmann, Israel, Third Force*, appears to have been translated, the most charitable thing would be to assume that it doesn't mean what it says. However I'm afraid it does, judging by the context.

I do not know where the difference lies at all. Far from there being a great deal, I do not believe there is any. Morality is not a matter of numbers, but let us suppose it was five million instead of two thousand. Would J.B.G. still say there was a great deal of difference? Where would he draw the line? Supposing it was only a matter of four million, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine?

Dies the difference lie in the intention of the person, presumably a military commander, who is not actually aiming to kill these people, but steps on them, as we accidentally step on insects, in his path to victory? If so I have not read anything more perfectly barbarous for a long time, and never before in the pages of an anarchist paper. So long as he does not mean to kill these people it is all right to kill them. What sort of reasoning is this?

Or does the difference lie in the magic phrase "in battle"? Everyone deplores the massacre in the concentration camps, but only pacifists and other cranks deplore the massacre of the population of Hamburg and other cities by bombing. Popular opinion is very odd. Tales of the alleged insanity of the man who pressed the button over Hiroshima circulate freely, and are lapped up with relish, but nothing is said concerning the British, American and even German airmen, who carried out their massacres with "conventional" bombs. Presumably they have not all taken refuge in asylums and monasteries.

Is this because these men ran considerable risks to carry out their massacres? Presumably this is the significance of the talismanic phrase, "in battle". But the wretched people who died suffered as much, whether in the gas chambers, crematoria or laboratories, or trapped in the flaming cities. It would matter to me very little whether I was being tortured to death by a man who had taken a risk to do it or a man who had not. Poltroon that I am, I should be absolutely indifferent to this question.

Or is it that the "innocent two thousand" were killed not in a vast drove of human cattle, not penned in a camp or city, but casually here and there, in an odd house blown up here, in a train derailed there, in a minor shooting affray

Science Notes

Continued from page 1

because it involves the idea of forcing someone to do what an official body wants him to do by arbitrarily closing the door to a more desirable alternative, and also because there is no guarantee that having closed the door he will do what the officials want him to do anyway. (A similar criticism applies to the socialist idea that to close down independent schools would force their teachers to find work in state schools.)

On the practical level however, it is unlikely to make any headway, for it would need industries and professions prepared to put the calculated long-term interests of the community before their own immediate profits.

What are the interests of the community anyway? Dr. Hammersley and Professor Coulson, writing on the same subject in the *New Scientist* 1/6/61, think of them in terms of maintaining Britain's place as a manufacturing, exporting nation, in the face of competition. Their proposals involve long-term planning, based on the idea that it takes twenty years to produce a mature mathematician, and more education for the educators.

Like the lady at the meeting who "accepted the Universe", we had better accept planning. The crucial question is whether the plan is going to be one which ensures freedom for individuals, and consequently flexibility in our ability to meet social needs, or whether it is going to be a plan deterministically and unimaginatively decided on by bureaucrats, which puts a straitjacket on the field in which it operates and is usually made obsolete by a new development before it has time to work.

EDUCATION HAS always been the happy hunting ground of planners, and the predicament of the shortage of mathematicians is not that there were not plans; but that either the plans went wrong, or else it was just impossible to foresee what would be needed in the future.

What we need to get rid of is the mentality of "Produce N scientists in T years". The *New Scientist* authors mention medical research, in which the fields where mathematical techniques are used have grown apace since the war, but in which maths, was hardly used thirty years ago. Now if that was to have been met by a deterministic, special plan, the plan would have to have been conceived and begun just about thirty years ago. Since scientific discoveries and social needs often develop by jumps, and not by easily predictable trends, such planning is clearly impossible.

The "Britain must produce more scientists and technologists" school usually assumes that the needs of society are something fixed, and that people need to be moulded to serve them. The educational growth of students is full of places where a decision has to be made, which will determine the whole future,

somewhere else? Of course this is less unaesthetic than a wholesale massacre. It does not clutter up the scenery with a lot of corpses. But for the people who are actually experiencing it is probably just as bad.

To justify the death of two thousand human beings, let alone five million, is to see the world through Eichmann's eyes, to speak his language, to accept him as master.

Earlier the same writer remarks, "I suspect Arthur Uloth wants him [Eichmann] to be heavily protected by police and military and perhaps the death penalty meted out upon anyone who kills this one man."

I take it that the writer is not an habitual reader of FREEDOM, otherwise he would know that I, in common with most anarchists am against anyone being punished for anything—many of us are opposed even to the assassination of tyrants, both on grounds of humanitarianism and of expediency. We oppose the use of police and prisons, even for Eichmanns, and prefer to rely on the natural human reluctance—in ordinary circumstances anyway—to take life. It may seem a precarious protection, but most of us thrive on it.

I suppose that if Eichmann were released, and managed to escape immediate assassination, he would "disappear" again, as he did before, and the world could forget him. There will be plenty more tyrants to think about in the future. If we could clear our minds of the thirst for vengeance we might begin to understand why Eichmanns occur, and we might proceed to eliminate them for the future by doing away with the conditions that produce them. Of course this is less romantic and dramatic, and lacks popular appeal. But it might prove

more expedient in the long run.

S.F.'s contribution seems to consist of saying sarcastically, "Of course all governments are as bad as each other." One could retort, "So they are, at least as far as the big states are concerned, and some of the little ones too. Look at the record." But the subject I am dealing with is genocide. Practically all sizeable nations have been guilty of this practice in the last century and a half, to go no further back. The point is not that we should point a finger of scorn, or adopt a universal cynicism about the human race (a practice to which the present writer confesses a certain addiction), but to try to understand why genocide occurs.

First we have to clear our minds of the idea that the practice of genocide is confined to a particular people. It is universal, or almost so, throughout recorded history. It seems to be an essential part of certain forms of authoritarianism.

Curiously enough I do not accept J.B.G.'s category of "innocent" people. I think that every adult bears some share of responsibility for the war or the massacre. But I do not believe that for this reason they should be killed.

Do the "tough" young Israelis, who will "not be soap", ever consider that by this attitude they are merely ensuring the appearance eventually of a generation of young Arabs, who will "not be soap" either? Is our civilisation so poor that it can see only two alternatives, the "toughness" of the trained killer and the "softness" of the docile good-citizen? Is this the only possible choice?

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

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