

'Heresies are the evidence of some attempt on the part of men to find opinions for themselves.'

CHARLES BRADLAUGH

In this Issue:

ENGLAND, OUR ENGLAND
MAX ERNST
TRUTH AND WAR
CORRESPONDENCE

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ONE FREEDOM contributor in last week's issue suggested that the "calmness" of the editorial approach over the Berlin "crisis" was a reaction to the growing "panic", and a feeling that war was inevitable. And he concluded: "Indeed this is an admirable approach, but is it truly honest?" Clearly our friend has not understood our approach. Apart from the fact that we cannot understand how an approach can be admirable and at the same time dishonest, our contention is that we are weakening our anti-war arguments as well as the anarchist case by subscribing to such views as that a few leading politicians between them hold the fate of mankind in their hands, or that the possibility of "annihilation by accident" is a reality. It is not that we are afraid of calling a spade a spade but on the contrary it is because it seems to us that if we go on talking about war being imminent, even when it is obvious that it is not, we eventually reach the point where the public is lulled into believing that the politicians will find a way round any particular "crisis", and won't believe that a war is on the way when in fact it is imminent!

The pacifists have been talking about the imminence of war and the possibilities of "accidental" wars for at least the last ten years. We are being told of all the narrow escapes we have had as flocks of birds and other harmless objects have been "mistaken" for the real thing. In

War by Accident?

our columns this week two correspondents give us a catalogue of the dangers of war by accident. We do not wish to cast doubts on their sources nor their intelligence, but is it not extraordinary, in that case, that war by accident has not happened a hundred times? Why has the button not been pressed? Our correspondent last week quoted Bertrand Russell as saying that it was "a piece of luck" upon which it would be imprudent to rely.

We find these arguments most unconvincing. Whilst we cannot confute these arguments with black and white facts, since we are not in the confidence of the Establishment, we can draw certain conclusions based on facts. If Bertrand Russell and friends are right, that in the West and presumably in Russia too, there are a handful of individuals whose eyes are glued to radar-type screens and whose index fingers are poised on buttons, the pressing of which, will unleash a war of annihilation, then these men are truly the most powerful individuals in the world today. We cannot believe that such a state of affairs would be tolerated by the political, military or civil hierarchies in any of these countries. Coup d'états, palace revolutions, would be too easy to

stage if one man had more power at his finger tip than a General with a division at his command! And consider the fact that the power of the State depends on the loyalty of the Armed Forces, that is their subordination to the orders of the civil authority, and one does not need

much imagination (certainly less than one of our correspondents who repeats the story that in ordering a taxi by short wave radio one might instead launch a missile!) to realise that the button pressers of this nuclear-electronic age when they do, will probably do no more than

summon a superior, who in turn will summon his superior and so on. Not dual in the war machine be severely only will the power of any individual circumscribed for the reasons we have given, but because the element of surprise is absent from modern war—that is a war situation will exist some considerable time before the belligerents actually engage in war—the dangers of "accidental" war are only conceivable when war is in any case imminent; when the

Continued on page 3



MANKIND IS ONE

Including the Americans and Russians

In a recent dispatch to the *Guardian*, Alistair Cooke reports on the meeting of the American Psychological Association in New York at which a Government official actually suggested that the Americans and Russians both suffer from the same form of delusional melancholia.

"While everyone else was trying to forget the Russians, on the last holiday of summer, the American Psychological Association was assembled in a New York hotel hearing a Government official say that the Americans and the Russians both suffer from the same form of delusional melancholia.

According to Dr. Ralph White, chief psychologist of the United States Information Agency (Ed. Murrow's outfit), Russians and Americans are bosom pals, in a pathological manner of speaking. Each refuses to admit that he fears the other. Each is convinced that the other nation is led by evil men with a greed for war and world conquest. Each is depressed by the wilful lies of the other. Each knows itself to be peace loving and thinks that the world would be safe for "democracy" (its own exclusive patent) if the evil men on the other side could be removed from within or without.

The main difference in their outlook—and Dr. White did not say whether it

was a good thing or a bad thing—is that the Russian people do not necessarily share the views of their leaders, but in America they do. Whenever either country attempts to document its instinctive suspicion of the other, it points out the other's proven crimes but forgets its own.

Thus, the Soviet Union asserts that the Korean War was started by the US under the pretence of a United Nations vote (from which the USSR was excluded), but it goes into a tizzy of rage when anyone dares to mention Hungary. The US points to the suppression of the Hungarian Revolution but has learned to forget that "our halo was loused up in both the U-2 and the Cuban incidents." Dr. White is sure of one "deficit" on the American side of the ledger. It is that the Russian people have "a genuine feeling of warmth towards the American people" which the American people do not reciprocate.

This "psychograph" of the Big Two was delivered in an air-conditioned banquet room only a block or two away from a Labour Day parade, which was being reviewed by a half-dozen candidates for the mayoralty of New York, each of whom has suspicions about the other almost as baleful as they collectively have about the Russians. But that is because the primary elections, which will vindicate Major Wagner or throw him out of office, are only two days away.

The marvel is that Dr. White could stand up in New York City and say something which seven years ago would have had him practically dragged in chains before Senator McCarthy's investigating committee. Either we are all too frightened of the Russian bombs, or the unending boiler-room atmosphere of New York has got us all down to the point of stupor. Or, possibly, we have the lurking, shameful feeling that Dr. White might be telling the truth.

TUC for the Bomb

ACCORDING to John Cole, *The Guardian's* Labour correspondent, "the great defence controversy in the Labour Movement is drawing peacefully to its close" following a rejection of unilateral nuclear disarmament by 5,733,000 votes to 2,003,000 at the recent TUC conference in Portsmouth.

A motion opposing the Polaris bases in this country was defeated by 4,607,000 votes to 3,053,000. But with characteristic lack of logic a motion condemning the training of German troops in Britain was carried by 4,167,000 votes to 3,519,000.

Sir Alfred Robens, in a joint "policy of peace" statement of the General Council, the national executive of the Labour Party and the Parliamentary Labour Party stated that: "The General Council are absolutely opposed to nuclear tests of all kinds, by Russia, America, Britain or France," he said. The General Council, however, also rejected outright unilateral disarmament by Britain or the West as a whole.

This, Congress decided, would do nothing to reduce the dangers in the present state of tension. Unilateral gestures were no substitute for negotiated agreements.

"While the other side has nuclear weapons our armies must have them too, but they must never be the first

to use them . . . and the decision to use nuclear weapons must be a joint decision of allies," Sir Alfred said.

The only guarantee of peace was to replace the anarchy of world power politics by world government, and if this seemed very remote it was still the aim that had to be achieved.

Sir Alfred may talk as much as he likes about replacing power politics by world government, but it is only too obvious that politics and not principles guide the majority of trade union leaders.

The appeal to trade unionists "not to split the party" by squabbling over "differences" in public has echoed throughout the Labour movement covering up the main issue which is that the "differences" may amount to a choice between survival and extinction.

In an effort to get the Labour Party back into favour with the electorate the leaders have chosen politics instead of principles, chosen

what Sir Alfred miscalls the "anarchy" of power politics.

AEU REVERSE ON POLARIS

WE hope that all those gullible democratic trade unionists who deplore the tactics of their Communist Party brothers when in office will take particular note of the following report from the TUC conference on the behaviour of their own chosen leaders:

The AEU carried an anti-Polaris resolution at its own conference, and the leadership's reason for voting against the anti-Polaris motion to day seemed rather thin. It was that unilateralist motions had been withdrawn in favour of the tobacco workers' one which contained the Polaris clause, and that Mr. Percy Belcher, the mover, had made a unilateralist speech. The switching of the AEU vote was decisive. With it, the Polaris Motion would have been carried by a narrow margin.

Monday Morning Blues

THE normal Monday gloom was not encouraged to lift with the sight of this morning's newspaper. The headlines, with one tiny exception, were about death.

"Russians Explode Fifth Bomb"—Biggest in present nuclear series—was the first big headline in *The Guardian*.

The next column read—"Napalm Plot to Kill de Gaulle"—More arrests in Paris.

Fast cars and aircraft were in competition with the political lunatics: "Ferrari Hits Crowd At 130 Miles Per Hour"—"Von Trips and 11 Spectators killed at Monza". "Plane crashes in Fog—83 die at Shannon"; "Parachutist killed on first drop."

Not to be outdone, Mother Nature is chasing a quarter of a million people

living in low-lying areas along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico from their homes; "Hurricane nears the Gulf Coast"; "Carla" Makes 250,000 Flee; "Hong-kong Storm Kills Seven."

Finally, on the same page, an advertiser's announcement: DO YOU GET ON WITH PEOPLE? By An Expert in Human Relations. If you don't, a 24-page booklet will tell you how. Price 3d., special reductions for political leaders.

ANARCHY 7

IS ALL ABOUT ADVENTURE PLAYGROUNDS

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Friday 20 October

COLIN MACINNES is best known in this country as the author of *City of Spades* (1957), *Absolute Beginners* (1959) and *Mr Love & Justice* (1960), three novels of London life in the Fifties written in the picaresque documentary manner, though he wrote two novels before them and is also an active journalist. His new book* has been a long time coming (it was first announced more than eighteen months ago) and has also been built up too much; the publishers suggest that it is a survey of the Fifties by England's most sensitive recorder of the contemporary scene when it is both less and more than this. It is in fact a selection from the dozens of articles he has written during the last six years—during the period, that is, that began in 1956 with Suez and Hungary, *Look Back in Anger* and *The Outsider*, the period of CND and the New Left, skiffle and rock-n-roll, the Wolfenden Report and the strip clubs, the coloured immigration and the teenage revolution, winkle-pickers and hula-hoops, the Wesker trilogy and the MacInnes trilogy—the period we are still living in.

Colin MacInnes couldn't write a survey of this period if he tried, because he is far too deeply involved in it himself; indeed, when such a survey is eventually written he will be seen not as a recorder but as a vital part of the age, and this book will be considered (alongside his London novels) as one of its most interesting and valuable documents. MacInnes doesn't like being thought of as a documentary writer. He calls the London novels a "poetic evocation of a human situation, with undertones of social criticism of it; wildly romantic in

England, Our England

mood, and as vigorously analytic as I can be, by implication" (is there a better definition of what good documentary ought to be?), and he calls his mawkish Australian novel *June in her Spring* (1952) "the best thing I've yet written", which is absurd. It isn't in the least unusual for a writer to misjudge himself, and the fact remains that MacInnes is read for his documentary interest—for the human situation, not for the human beings, for the undertones of social criticism, not for the aesthetic bliss (Nabokov's phrase)—and that his distinctive talent is for documentary writing. He is a reflector by nature, not a creator. There is nothing discreditable in this; far better write (or read) good documentary fiction or journalism than waste time on introspective or arty rubbish, far better write (or read) *City of Spades* than—I leave you to complete the sentence.

The trouble is that this dull age expects documentary to be impartial. In fact documentary work is none the less valuable for being highly subjective—indeed it must be subjective to be any good at all. What historian doesn't prefer a subjective document to one that pretends to be objective? The idea of objective observation in human affairs is a dangerous fallacy. So MacInnes should accept his documentary role, knowing that it is precisely because he is always "wildly romantic in mood"—like Dickens, Gorky, Orwell—that he is such a fine documentary writer. His function is not to give lazy intellectuals the low-down on obscure ideas of contemporary metropolitan society, as is sometimes supposed, but to bring his chosen subjects to life by expressing his own passionate and compassionate reaction to them (isn't this always true of good documentary?—the films of Flaherty, Grierson, and Jennings, the work of the Free Cinema group, *Glass* by Bert Haanstra and *Circus at Clopton Hall* by Annie Mygind and Denis Lowson, for instance). So the new book can be seen as the fourth in a series, a sort of notebook for the other three.

Unfortunately it is rather a mess. It consists of eighteen essays first published between March, 1956 and May, 1961 (mostly in *Encounter* and the *Twentieth Century*), arranged in no recognisable order, and linked by a chatty and scrappy commentary. It would have been better either to print them just as they appeared, with brief introductory notes, or—if the author and publishers intended to produce something more than mere collected journalism—to revise them thoroughly and make a real book out of them, which would have involved a lot of really hard work. As it is, some of the essays here, though very good, seem to be out of place. The short recollection of "Aunt Trix" (Alice Fleming, Kipling's sister) and the long rehabilitation of Ada Leverson (one of Wilde's few true friends and the author of six fine novels) are wholly literary, and the discussions of Anthony Carson (the darling of the *New Statesman*) and Nikolaus Pevsner (the *Buildings of England* man) are chiefly literary too. In the same way, the tributes to John Monash (the First World War general) and Sidney Nolan (the currently fashionable painter) are of Australian interest above all—and the latter would really

be more at home in the new study of Nolan's work (where indeed it may be found, somewhat enlarged by the addition of an earlier *Encounter* article on Ned Kelly: MacInnes, like Handel, clearly believes in using a tune a dozen times if it's a good one).

On the other hand, since the theme of the book suggested by the title is changing society and changing social behaviour in this country, there are some other essays that ought to be here and aren't. I remember an *Encounter* piece on music-hall singers, several book-reviews and other talks broadcast on the BBC European Service, and—above all—a quite remarkable article called "Dear England, look again" and published in the *Queen* last November; no doubt there are others. The point is that on his own ground MacInnes stands almost alone (not quite—he acknowledges his debt to George Orwell, and Wayland Young, Simon Raven and Clancy Sigal aren't too far away), so a book like this should really try to cover more of the ground he has made so nearly personal property, and make it easier for us to appreciate and judge MacInnes instead of having to separate his more individual work from the less interesting stuff it is mixed up with here.

It is possible to divide the MacInnes territory into three regions, roughly corresponding to his three London novels, though the boundaries between them aren't at all rigid. These are: the negroes in this country, their customs, their attitudes to us and our attitudes to them; the teenagers in this country, their customs (clothes and music in particular), their attitudes to the oldsters and the oldsters attitudes to them; and vice in this country, the people who practise it and the people who punish it.

"A Short Guide for Jumbles" is a sort of commentary on the theme of *City of Spades*, a question-and-answer description of the position of the West Indians and West Africans in England with some pretty sharp cracks at the Jumbles (us): "almost everybody wishes they weren't here", but they are here for good and we have the colour bar and the prospect of growing miscegenation right among us instead of in India or Rhodesia, to which our reaction is "that correct, aloof indifference of which only the English know the secret (incidentally, MacInnes has no illusions about the defects of the negroes either—"If Hamlet is our emblematic character, Othello is certainly their own"). It will be remembered that the black hero of *City of Spades* comes from Nigeria; "Welcome, Beauty Walk" is the record of MacInnes's journey in the opposite direction and his apparently up-

roarious tour of Nigeria last year, ending with this typical hope: "Africa is Eden: loved for what is lost, hated because we have lost it; longed for by distant recollection, despised because by ourselves rejected. Out of the Garden, its last inhabitants now make ready themselves to come forth forever. May they carry into the world a closer memory and warmer gratitude than ours." In this region there is also a good short tribute to Ella Fitzgerald.

There are several sections of commentary on the theme of *Absolute Beginners*. The title essay, "Young England, Half English", shows how the very English Tommy Steele (and his colleagues) sings American pop-songs for the half-English teenagers of this supposedly insular country, and there is another general description of pop-music; "Sharp Schmutter" similarly shows how the same people wear Continental (mostly Italian) styles of dress, and now lead the fashions for both sexes. He suggests that the new trend in clothing is "a minor (and pleasant) part of an international upheaval which is changing, behind the lock-jawed deadlocks of the politically mighty, all forms of social intercourse, the world's boundaries, thought, art—everything, almost."

"Vice" figures prominently in *City of Spades* and *Absolute Beginners* and dominates the inferior *Mr. Love & Justice*. There are regrettably only two essays on vice in this book, one on the drinking clubs and one on ponces, both very good indeed. In fact I think MacInnes on vice is better than MacInnes on negroes and teenagers, since he is content to let his material more or less express itself and doesn't protest so much. His attitude to prostitution seems amoral because it isn't moralistic like Wayland Young's, and the same goes for gambling, drinking, drug-taking and so on, but there is a strong moral line running underneath. This is more or less that vice that is fun, that is honest, that doesn't hurt or enslave other people, is interesting but in the end none of our business (one little point is that MacInnes doesn't seem to be very much preoccupied with sex as such—a refreshing thing to find these days). This strikes me as an excellent attitude, fundamentally humane and libertarian, and I only wish MacInnes would put it more frequently and forcibly in his journalism as well as in his fiction.

But his real subject, the one to which these three are ultimately subordinated, is England, and this book definitely suffers from lacking some of his best remarks about England. It does have an unanswerable plea for the restoration

of the Elgin Marbles to Greece, an excellent Orwellian examination of the families in the three cartoon series published in the *Daily Express* (the Gambols, the Littlehamptons and the Giles horde), and enthusiastic tributes to Bernard Kops's *The Hamlet of Stepney Green* (the theme being the assimilation of English Jews) and to Shelagh Delaney's *A Taste of Honey* (the theme this time being England in the MacInnes period). These are all good, but I badly miss some of his odd talks and articles about his great love London, and the *Queen* article I mentioned before. This indeed is one of the best articles on any subject that I have read, well up to the highest Orwell or Lawrence standards, and should certainly be reprinted somewhere. MacInnes is a very individual writer—as he ought to be, his mother being Angela Thirkell (whose parents were the biographer of William Morris and the daughter of Burne-Jones) and two of his distant cousins being Rudyard Kipling and Stanley Baldwin, and his upbringing being Australian despite his thoroughly English background—and, though he can overlap his hand sometimes when his enthusiasm or sentimentality run away with him, at his best he is unbeatable. There is some dross in this book, but plenty of good metal worth keeping; what a pity to lose one of the richest nuggets he has ever unearthed:

"I see England as a woman intensely alluring, but one who believes she is for the very reasons she is not. I am in love with this strange and startling lady, but not at all with her absurd and dated notions of herself. . . . Four decades of our century remain. The lady stands poised, half backward-looking on the ghosts of dead admirers, half aware of new ones beckoning her if she will come. I always expect her to astonish me; and even when she doesn't, I never cease an instant to believe she can."

And what a pity it would be, I feel on finishing this uneven but absorbing book, to lose this angry middle-aged man, this unorthodox, unconventional, unabashed successor of the English Puritans of the past, scourgers of the country they love so much, this genuine Outsider and admirable man!

N.W.

**England, Half English*, by Colin MacInnes (MacGibbon & Kee, 18s.).

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ROUND THE GALLERIES

MAX ERNST

SURREALISM is the rationalisation of the irrational, the logical acceptance of the illogical. Born out of the nihilism of the dadaist movement its manifestoes have become the psalms of the Establishment and its painted banners of revolt the common coin of all commercial galleries. In 1936, Herbert Read introduced the International Surrealist Exhibition to the Island Race by declaiming in a flat voice that surrealism is "the desperate act of men too profoundly convinced of the rottenness of our civilisation to want to save a shred of its respectability" and while thus spake Sir Herbert, André Breton during the Movement's brief courtship with the Communist Party stated that "for us, Surrealists, the interest of thought cannot cease to go hand in hand with the interest of the working class, and that all attacks on liberty, all fetters on the emancipation of the working class and all armed attacks on it cannot fail to be considered by us as attacks on thought likewise." Yet to stand in the Tate Gallery on the press day of this major Max Ernst exhibition and watch the TV cameras being softly and reverently wheeled along and the dealers and the critics gliding by with heads bare, mouths closed and the 76-page catalogue held as prayer books, to stand and watch Sir John Rothenstein the foreman of the Tate Gallery posing camera wise against the huge canvas "A Moment of Calm" with a grin on his face and a catalogue in his hand and with only the omission of a comic hat to divide him from Our Joe at Southend is to accept the truth that the Movement has ground to a halt in the pockets of the

very people it set out to attack and the historians of the Movement who attempted to seek a false respectability by ghosting an historical continuity through the works of the mediaeval German Hell painters, the English Dream painters and the mystic painters of the Italian quattrocento have now opened the doors of their pedantic concentration camp to let the handful of artists who are all that is left of what was a major movement of the 1920's stand by themselves.

But of revolt there is nothing and it is with pleasure that one can report that the catalogue does not repeat that silly story that in the 1920 Dadaist exhibition held in Cologne, entrance via a lavatory, the spectators were handed an axe to smash the exhibits. For the record the axe was chained to a large and immovable tree trunk. As each movement becomes official art and becomes embalmed within our State Galleries revolt becomes as necessary to the creative artist as air to a drowning man and ridicule is their finest weapon, for even at this day one cannot visualise our phoney *avant garde* Establishment displaying the urinal that Marcel Duchamp submitted to and had rejected by the Salon des Indépendants in New York in 1917.

But of all the men of that period Max Ernst is the major figure. A master doodler, he paints his shock subject matter upon a canvas whose texture holds the main appeal and he is one of the very few whose style and vision has improved with age. The amateurish *frottage* of his early period has given

place to *decalcomania* where by squashing different coloured paint upon the flat surface of his canvas he is able to create new and poetic patterns, but though every crevasse and every shadow has been doodled into the human, the animal or the erotic his rocks and vegetation still stand like petrified sponges in the silence of his alien world for it is the fascination of the rotting undergrowth and not the beauty of the living leaf that chains us to his canvases and though within his limited period Ernst has shamelessly stolen from the past and from those at his elbow he has yet managed to blueprint the reachable future for his sculptures and the small number of his abstracts put to shame the puny men who lord it along Bond street; for Ernst is a man who in spite of technical incompetence has succeeded in recording his poetic vision and though he has eschewed Picasso's doves of peace for the savage and evil birds that haunt all his work the presence of a smiling Sir John Rothenstein, camera wise, can allay our fears.

Before you leave the exhibition it is worth your while to wander into the public galleries of the Tate to view Millais's "Ophelia" painted forty years before Ernst was born and examine the same *decalcomania* upon the sinking dress and the green scum upon the water yet at all times subservient to the major theme and while passing accept the pleasure of John Brett's "Glacier of Rosenlani" painted almost within the same year and realise that there is nothing in this Max Ernst Exhibition to compare with the beauty of this blue-grey rock formation brilliantly conceived, magnificently executed, but like this unsung artist merging into the swirling mist of fragile paint and time.

ARTHUR MOYSE.



THE PRESS AND THE CRISES

Continued from page 1
professional soldiers are given more power to take spot decisions, and this delegation of power to the men on the spot will obviously be greater in a press button war than in past conflagrations which involved much slower land forces.

★

ONE of our correspondents this week compares our approach with the notorious Macmillan statement, in between rounds of golf, that the "crisis" had been built up by the Press. This comparison was clearly intended to show how reactionary were the FREEDOM arguments in "The Myths of War and Peace". Is our correspondent maintaining that politicians always tell lies, or that the Press invariably tells the truth? We believe that both will tell the truth when it suits their book and will lie when the truth, or the facts, are not in their interest.

Can anyone doubt that but for the role of mass communications in inventing "crises" or fanning the flames of real but minor crises, the

comings and goings, the utterances and the threats of politicians would be largely ignored, and wasted breath? But even so, however serious a "crisis" may appear on newspaper, or in the utterances of a leading politician, wars are made of sterner stuff, and certainly not by Fleet Street hacks or the editor of *Pravda!*

In saying this we have never meant to suggest that war is a thing of the past. So long as the affairs of Man are regulated according to concepts based on authority, backed by armed force, the threat of war will always be with us. And if we wish to abolish war from our lives nothing less than destroying the system and replacing it by an organisation based on libertarian concepts will do. This is the social revolution—a prospect much less frightening and certainly more positive than cold- or hot-wars, and the sooner we realise that peace and revolution are indivisible the sooner will we know how best to direct our activities against war.

The Social Struggle in Earnest

THIS Sunday the "Committee of 100" will be staging its third mass sit-down in London. FREEDOM has supported, and many anarchists have participated in, these demonstrations, not because we imagined that they would remove the threat of war or that they might influence governments, but because we believe such demonstrations of civil disobedience are important and important *skirmishes* in the struggle against authority, against the values of existing society and for a new society based on self-responsibility and co-operation. For these reasons we regret the opportunistic approach of the Committee's publicity in connection with this Sunday's sit-down.

The developing Berlin crisis means that in the next few weeks or months it is quite likely that the buttons will be pushed. War has never been closer or more likely than now.

If our friends of the *Committee of 100* honestly believe the foregoing to be true, then, while respecting their views, we would suggest that they re-examine the facts as well as approach "politics" with a little more healthy cynicism.

The British authorities have been confronted in the Committee's supporters, by a disarmament movement which has the power to enforce its demands. Their reply has been to ban all meetings in which specific acts of non-violent civil disobedience are advocated.

Do the Committee honestly believe that the "British authorities" are unduly worried or influenced by the sit-downs? If they do, then we can only say that it does not appear to have affected government policies in any way.

The fact that the authorities seek to prevent the Committee from holding its demonstrations is important, for it shows only too clearly that the "freedom of speech" to which the government pays lip-service is limited to those bodies which play the freedom game according to the rules. But we would suggest that it is in bringing an awareness to its supporters of the limits of freedom in an authoritarian society, and the impotence of the citizen to influence policy in a governmental society, that the importance of the Committee of 100's demonstrations lies.

For not only will the demonstrators be confronted with the negative aspects of government. At the same time they will have to face the positive realities; that freedom is something we must create for ourselves and defend; that the only government over which we have control is self-government. This inevitably should lead to new lines of thought.

So long as the government is in power, sit-down demonstrations will leave it unmoved so far as policy is concerned. But what does upset them is that people should not be deterred from breaking the law by the punishments with which the *status quo* is maintained and protected. One can anticipate that if the civil disobedience movement grows, the "law" will be strengthened in an attempt to intimidate the recalcitrants. If these measures fail to break the movement then, it seems to us, the struggle begins in earnest. But in all this, nuclear disarmament will be no more than a minor aspect of the social struggle. Which is, as it should be.

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RECENT controversy in FREEDOM on the "Myths of War and Peace" sends one back to the upsurge of denunciation of war which preceded, accompanied and followed the 'Great' War (1914-18) which was given the proud title (by H. G. Wells) of the War to End War.

"Bliss it was in that fair dawn to be alive". The very titles of three of the outstanding books, which dealt (as was thought) the death-blow to war, ring out like trumpets: *The Great Illusion*, Norman Angell; *The International Anarchy*, G. Lowes Dickinson, and *Truth and the War*, E. D. Morel.

It was all very simple. Briefly summarized, the causes of war were (1) Secret Alliances; (2) Militarism and Armaments; (3) Nationalism; (4) Economic-Imperialism; (5) the newspaper press. The analysis and documentation of this indictment was excellent and the remedies have provided the basis of left-wing thinking ever since, in many cases without revision.

The remedies for war, were (and are) the platitudes that get mouthed from a hundred party platforms, and are the mainstay of the "flat, ephemeral pamphlet and the boring meeting". The democratic control of foreign policy; the nationalization and international agreement on control and progressive reduction of armaments, the substitution for Nationalism of the brotherhood of man exemplified by Socialism and International organizations (such as the League of Nations), accompanied by the national self-determination of minorities; the renunciation of colonialism and the establishment of trustee territories leading to eventual emancipation; and as a final corollary the wider spread of culture and education.

All these aims were to counteract the tendencies leading to war. The consequences of the implication of these remedies have been very different than those foreseen by Angell, Dickinson and Morel. The house has been cleansed (to some extent) of the five devils, but other devils have taken possession and the last state seems to be far worse than the first. It will be claimed by unrepentant 'do-gooders' that this is because the reforms they advocate have not been far-reaching enough but it would seem that the countries where the reforms have gone furthest (e.g. USSR), are just as great a menace to peace as the reactionary powers.

The old secret diplomacy seems to have gone. In its place we have the black and white 'cold war' of open disagreements openly arrived at. Every schoolboy knows what the enemy is, that was never certain before 1941, and to pinpoint Germany as the menace to Europe was not done before 1914.

The greatest menaces of all armaments, the H-bombs, A-bombs, and Rockets are, owing to their huge costs, never the product of private enterprise. In the Soviet Union the arms industry has been, like everything else, completely nationalized. In place of the Merchants of Death we now have Power Elites, those vested interests in war as "a continuation of power by other means". The Trades Unions by reason of their interest

Truth and War

in "work for work's sake" are actively interested in the maintenance of full-employment whether it be the manufacture of atomic warheads or Bingo cards it all helps to fill the pay-packet.

Communism has replaced Nationalism as the new religion for which men are prepared to die and kill. Anti-Communism, "The Western Way of Life" is merely the reverse of that medal. Technological developments have made for greater centralization of power. The economic power-structures of finance-capitalism have given way to the more powerful (and more 'repressive') state socialisms, whether of the left or of the right. The decay of Nationalism, accelerated by cultural conformity and rapidity of communication has revived the atavistic Racialism.

Imperialism has given way to "dollar diplomacy", the client-state and the peace-loving Communist bloc, with the neutrals playing both sides against the middle.

Not only have newspapers become more trivial and fewer but most civilized governments have a ministry of information. Radio and television have added so much to the flood of propaganda that a volume like Ponsonby's *Falsehood in War-time* would occupy something like the four-volume London telephone directory. In addition, propaganda has become more streamlined and the mass-media merchants realize that "nobody believes what they don't want to believe".

The final blow to the 1914-18 analysis and remedies was the revelations of the psychologist and psycho-analyst that man's motives for his actions are other than rational and other than what they seem. The deep frustrations, sexual, and otherwise of man in a mass society, added to (comparatively recently) by the alienation of man from work itself are the sixth causation of war. Witnessing the holocausts of Belsen, Hiroshima, Dresden, Buchenwald and Nagasaki makes one realize that the devils are truly still with us.

In the causes of war the analogy can be made of an old-fashioned barrel of dynamite with its fuse or train of gunpowder, and the match which will ignite the fuse. What causes the explosion? The match of the murder of an arch- duke? the train of belligerent states? or the barrel 'the thing' in itself? Some would say remove the barrel, others, blow out the match, others again, remove the fuse. Who is right? It is almost as impossible to say as to say who causes the explosion. Is it he who flings away the match? Or he who

contributes his grain of gunpowder? Anarchists point unceasingly to the presence of the barrel.

We unceasingly quote Randolph Bourne's *War is the health of the State*, and aver that states by their very nature cannot be peace-loving. War is not accidental, an unfortunate mishap, but implicit and integral in the nature of the State.

It is impossible to take up the position of the self-righteous that "the man in the street doesn't want war".

Auden once said "Violence touches all our lives. None of us is innocent—none!"

We anarchists are not aiming primarily for our own personal innocence or lack of compromise but chiefly for a society with the possibility of innocence and lack of compromise for all.

A war postponed is an advantage. Some of us may live longer to give us a chance to remove our own crumb of dynamite from the train. We may yet overthrow the barrel.

Aldous Huxley mentioned that if War I had been postponed a little longer the Emperor Franz-Joseph's death would have broken up the Austro-Hungarian Empire and Yugoslavia would have attained its own independence without benefit of the UDC and the L of N. The imponderables of history are a fascinating subject and do pay tribute to the fact that the individual is important in history. The fact that one of the cars supposed to pick up Roger Casement from the German submarine got lost changed the course of Irish History and the 1914-18 war.

The causes of war are under individual control. The conscientious objector's position is significant not only for the individual himself but for those around him.

Individual responsibility is even more important in a centralized society and its repercussions are even wider in a technically complex society.

The theory of the 'inevitably' of war is as inhibiting to the will as the counter-theory that "the working class masses of the world must and will reject war as a method". The possibilities of the human being's powers of courage and resilience are shamelessly exploited by the war-makers. A conviction that these powers can be used to better advantage is necessary.

The 1919-1939 idea that war is the supreme atrocity is right, the 1870-1914 idea that war is financially unprofitable, needless and useless is right but the idea that war is ridiculous and an affront to human dignity is a position which the anarchists take. JACK ROBINSON.

CINEMA

'SPINSTER'

(Carlton, Haymarket. Starring Shirley MacLaine, Laurence Harvey and Jack Hawkins).

THIS good, but by no means great, film takes us to a Maori school in New Zealand and involves three central characters. A young virgin school-mistress (Shirley MacLaine), a somewhat unstable male teacher (Laurence Harvey) and a Senior School Inspector (Jack Hawkins).

The heroine has evolved an anarchic method of instruction at the school which comes up against trouble from both the males. The young male teacher attempts to prove a greater attraction to her than the Maori children, and fails. The School Inspector seeks to change her method of teaching the children, and fails. The endeavours of the male teacher to get into bed with the heroine meet with an arch-puritanical negative which drives the poor bloke quietly insane, when all he wanted was a bit of sex in the healthiest tradition known to man.

The Senior School Inspector is the most unlikely character I have seen depicted on the screen for many a year. Showing humanity quite outside the capabilities of a School Inspector he

fatuously marries the young school-mistress as the film draws to a close, leaving this observer benumbed with an overpowering incredulity.

If this should dissuade you from running at break-neck speed to witness *Spinster*, one should, in all fairness, point to a number of things on the credit side. The evils of acculturation are well demonstrated, along with a few worthwhile digs at the perversity of puritanism, the hypocrisy of marriage and the grimness of the will to dominate. As well as this, the greater moral stature of Maori social mores over European ones is not evaded and one cracking remark comes from the schoolmaster when he is asked why he uses violence on the children: "I use violence because I'm no ruddy good," he remarks. Honesty in the teaching profession at last!

One reflection caused by the film concerns the will to dominate. Here, as is usual with those who wish to dominate, the person seeking to dominate seized human beings unable to adequately defend themselves. Thus the teacher sought to dominate the children. Men and women with the pathological urge to dominate always try to break down the confidence of their victims in the

soulless, nasty way common to materialists (using that word in its worst sense). What loathing such ugly people deserve. In contrast with the dominating-submissive relationship one must set the love relationship. One notices how lacking in love are the lives of so many people today. Those wedded to money, those reduced to Egoism, those seeking approval from "above" (as if "they" had any moral right to approve or condemn!), those whose life contradicts their philosophy and becomes knotted in explanations . . . they all need love, but there is no one to give it.

There are those who seem to have come through and are still able to love, sometimes, one feels, despite a broken heart. And there are the young, those who with discrimination and effort could give love where it is needed and deserved. J.W.

SURELY THE GOVERNMENT
WOULD NOT ALLOW
A GOYA PAINTING
TO BE DESTROYED!



'Myths of War and Peace'

DEAR COMRADES,
In tone, although not in detail, your leading article on War and Peace bore distinct resemblances to Macmillan's (it's all got up by the press) shafts of wisdom from the fairway, the Soviet Ambassador's parting reassurances to the Committee of 100 delegation (don't worry boys, you'll live), or even the everyman who makes all this possible when he murmurs, "It won't ever come to anything but even if it does I lived through the last war, etc". Those silly old pacifists were given another bashing and as this was only the last of a series of attacks one begins to wonder whether the Editors are, in a subtle way, suggesting that, if pacifists were removed (assassinated?), an anarchist society would be just around the corner. Those of us who are both anarchists and pacifists are apt to find such views disturbing. Perhaps it would help matters if

Correspondence

you made the distinction between peace pledge pacifists and revolutionary pacifists who, incidentally, are usually anarchists.

To deal with the list of 'myths', I can agree with you to a large extent about the first two. Governments would not engage in armaments races if they did not expect war sooner or later, the fate of mankind rests in the hands of a few politicians. There are elements of truth in them, but, as you point out, they are far from representing the whole truth. Threat of war, in the present circumstances, is more profitable than war itself. Seldom do politicians possess all the power. They are the agents rather than the sponsors of militarism and reaction. Hitler was an exception.

The third 'myth', war may start accidentally, is, I am afraid, only too true. It is not the most likely outcome but a very possible one. Calculating leaders or advisers are not able to maintain 100 per cent. control over the minds of men or machines and technical devices. There is well-documented evidence to suggest that already, because of faulty radar signals, destruction has only just been averted. As for the buttons, I do not know if they exist, but, if they do, one can well understand the perverted psychological strain which might induce an individual to press one. He could make and break history in one fell swoop. Comparable is the impulse that many experience driving them to jump from great heights.

In your discussion of all these myths you tend to assume, like marxists of the SPGB brand, that events big and small within and between societies are pre-determinable. A logical analysis will enable the intelligent person to understand society as it exists and plot its course into the future. Likewise, the powers behind the State, which are, presumably, operating out of reasons of self-interest, will not act in such a way as to prejudice themselves. There are reasonable bases for these beliefs, but when such analyses have been made in the past, usually, some factors have been overlooked or unforeseen and the strictly rational approach without intuition has seldom borne fruit. In addition I think there is reason to assume that the State has developed to the point where individuals and institutions of which it consists are no longer capable of influencing

it to their own advantage on every occasion. In other words, the State has a life of its own, largely independent and consisting of so many separate entities that it is difficult for the mind, directed by a system of preconceived notions, to fully comprehend it. We can, therefore, make only the most arbitrary predictions as to its future activity.

In this nuclear age, the State, the great powers, are careering down the slope which leads to destruction and there is no independent functional part of these mammoth structures which can apply the brake. Thus a politician or a ruling section can be in power and still unaware of the savage and uncontrollable nature of the all-embracing framework within which they find themselves.

On your last 'myth' it would perhaps be to miss the point if I said that authority is no myth, it exists and is one of the major factors with which anarchists have to contend. Of course, we must try to convince others that they have no need of outside authority and, of course, any means (non-violent) of striking at authority, even when this is not directly the aim, are weapons for anarchism and freedom. But to single out the myth of Authority as the thing which is most central to our immediate dilemma, is rather like saying in sonorous tones from the inner sanctums of Dick Sheppard House, "War will cease when men refuse to fight"; or "Peace will come when there are enough adherents to the Pledge", or, There is no substitute for wool. Wool (in the mind) is a far too common commodity these days and I wish that you would remove the remaining strands from the pages of FREEDOM.

Yours fraternally,
London, Sept. 8. TONY SMYTHE.

Stupid and Doctrinaire?

THE EDITOR,
Your editorial "The Myths of Peace & War" (FREEDOM 2/9/61) is at one and the same time as blind as the most stupid Militarist and as doctrinaire as the most bigotted Marxist.

There have been two known cases of Meteors mistaken for Missiles, in Canada. One or more cases of geese taken for bombers in East Anglia, two cases of sunspots thought to be missiles, one of merely strange weather conditions; all these have caused war alerts. On two occasions American Bombers—sent out to "massively retaliate" have been recalled just in time. (Presumably they had by that time been picked up on the Russian radar and caused another alert). In one case a commander—after radar had reported a suspicious object—was actually ordered to press the button, disobeyed orders and insisted that radar make another check. (It is still on the cards that he may be court-martialed). Any of these could have led to War—and presumably the occurrences that are leaked are merely a small proportion of total cases, and also presumably each case can be matched by a similar case in Russia. Is there really no possibility of accident?

A woman calling a taxi in New York, on a short circuit wireless system because of the combination of the wavelength of the system and the pitch of her voice—caused a space rocket to be fired at Cape Canavare. Does this not suggest a possibility of accident?

In conditions of crisis obviously the man in control (of the button), would be far more trigger happy than at other times. When politicians for their own reasons are going near the brink—times such as the U.2 incident for instance—then the threat of war by accident, is it really so absurd?

You, I and the readers of FREEDOM, know that in 1956 the Hungarians were demanding freedom, workers' councils, and neutrality; you, I, and those readers know that the Western Powers did their best to help the Russians put down the rebels; nevertheless the propaganda prepared people and soldiers of East and West, believe and believed that the West was backing a movement to restore "capitalist Democracy" there; and so the colonels must have been at fever pitch and only too ready to do something foolish.

Finally there is the psychological factor. (No Anarchist doubts that politicians make war primarily so as to use patriotism to maintain their position. Few can doubt that in this day and age

they find a perpetual state of threatened war is safer and more effective, than actually fighting). History is full of examples of the passions that politicians feed, growing to produce more virulent xenophobes, and of the xenophobes rending their creators. Hitler and MacCarthy grew from the anti-Communist hysteria that "liberal Democrats" had fostered; but nevertheless they denounced, sacked or shot those "liberals". Is this not a possible accident—though admittedly a long term one?

London. LAURENS OTTER.

Terrible Teachers

DEAR FRIENDS,
Re your footnote to the letter from schoolteacher D. Harper who criticised an article "No Love for Sir", I cannot quite accept that the initiative for changing the social and economic system must come from the working people of the country; this is too simple a statement in my view. However, my main criticism is for something contained in D. Harper's letter.

I cannot agree that "teachers as a class, libertarians, moderates, even authoritarians are not a bad set of people, less selfish than many and do not deserve FREEDOM's frequent sneers". Teachers set themselves above the mass of people and pretend to be the spiritual guardians of our children and therefore they must not be offended when they are judged accordingly. D. Harper's own union, the N.A.S., seems to be the worst offender in that it is demanding salaries greatly in excess of the wages earned by the "working man"—does our friend get up at their meetings and protest at their greed? When I was 35, the age at which a teacher gets at least 18 quid a week, I was bringing up five schoolchildren on about 13 quid a week—and now, at 41 years, I still haven't reached the teachers minimum. And the great point here is that I don't see why I should be getting more than my brother who is doing a labourer's job. Does D. Harper consider himself worth his "quite well paid" salary because of his "high qualifications"? Or does he justify it like most of the teachers I came across—and believe me I come across a lot?

I find teachers, as a whole, a most disappointing lot. If our friend finds the reverse he must forgive me for assuming that his standards are as bad as theirs. I hope I have got him wrong.
Bucks, Sept. 10. "PARENT".

Anarchism by the Front Door

DEAR EDITORS,
With so many anarchists at the present time busily explaining why we can never achieve an anarchist society, perhaps the next thing we shall hear is dismay and alarm from the authoritarians at the imminent danger of the immediate triumph of anarchism.

Colin Ward throws anarchism out of the front door and then admits it again through the back window, for the purpose of having a yardstick. But why bother about the yardstick? What's the use of anything? "Don't worry about Utopia; we shan't get there." Well perhaps not; it all depends on what we mean by Utopia. If we mean a society peopled by Arcadian saints consumed with brotherly love and comradesly care, I agree that it would be awful if we did. But is that what we mean by anarchist society? Colin tells us that an anarchist society is not impossible if we are ruthless enough and powerful enough. But what kind of anarchism is that? Small wonder that such methods may appear repugnant to anarchists. We are warned of the boredom arising out of the necessary (?) degree of social unanimity and cohesion. But is this necessary? I for one would be prepared to take the risk if we can rid ourselves of the boredom arising from the private ownership of property. Any form of society, anarchist or other, is dependent on the prevailing economic structure, which we are told is just another form of authoritarianism. Perhaps it is, but as we can't do anything about it anyway, why not concentrate on the evil effects of personal authoritarianism? Individual sovereignty will be possible only when individuals are economically free—when wealth is socially produced and the product free to all. It is wrong to regard this as a remote goal; even now the problem is one not so much of production as of distribution and we are as yet only in the infancy of scientific production. I deplore the conception of a free society as one of the remote future, even though the quotation that "the end of each generation must be in itself" is true only in a very limited sense.

Having dealt with the bogey of de-

gree of unanimity, Colin Ward introduces the attitude of "permanent protest", the despairing cry of individualist anarchists who regard Society as the enemy and have failed to realise that if a society is oppressive a reason exists. The slough of despondency created by the "one man revolution" frame of mind—"we ain't going to get any other kind"—is comparable to the deadening result of centuries of religious effort to reform from within whilst ignoring the external influences. The "one man revolution" is a catch-phrase merely. It has no reality in the affairs of people. At best it can lead only to confusion; at worst to the "one man" being the dominant man. Man is a social animal and the species has survived only by the ability to act socially. Society and the individual are complementary, not antagonistic. In a free society the individuals will be free and the only way in which a free society can be attained is by means of the fundamental structure of social ownership, with the conflict of economic interest ended.

Yours sincerely,
Woldingham, Sept. 8. F.B.

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP CENTRAL MEETINGS AGAIN!

meetings to be held at
The Two Brewers,
40 Monmouth Street, WC2
(Leicester Square Tube)
Sundays at 7.30 p.m.
SEPT 17 Jeremy Westall.
Rhodesia and the Bomb
SEPT 24 Ian Celnick:
Subject to be announced
OCT 1 Arthur Uloth:
Reich Revisited
OCT 8 Philip Sansom:
Freedom and Progress
OCT 15 Max Patrick:
Communist Policy
OCT 22 Ted Kavanagh:
Subject to be announced

Hyde Park Meetings

Every Sunday at 3.30 (if fine)

OFF-CENTRE DISCUSSION MEETINGS

1st Thursday of each month at 8 p.m. at Jack and Mary Stevenson's, 6 Stainton Road, Enfield, Middx.
Last Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m. at Dorothy Barasi's, 45 Twyford Avenue, Fortis Green, N.2.
1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m. at Colin Ward's, 33 Ellerby Street, Fulham, S.W.6.
3rd Thursday of each month at 8 p.m. at Donald Room's, 148a Fellows Road, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3.
Last Friday of each month at 8 p.m. at Laurens and Celia Otter's, 57 Ladbroke Road, W.11.

JAZZ CLUB

New season's meetings will be held at 4 Albert Street Mornington Crescent NW1 at approximately monthly intervals.
FRIDAY SEPT. 15: Ian Celnick:
Small Groups in the 30's and 40's.
FRIDAY OCT. 13: Jack Stephenson:
The Trumpet.

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Our Crisis

FINANCIAL STATEMENT AT
7th SEPTEMBER, 1961, WEEK No. 36

Expenses: 36 weeks at £70	£2,520
Income from Subs & Sales:	
Weeks 1—35	£1,138
Week 36	£25
	£1,163
DEFICIT	£1,357

DEFICIT FUND

September 1st to 7th	
Godhill: D.S. £2/15/4; Monongahelo: Dante Lorenzi Trust (per S.F. & I.G.) £26/5/0; Michigan: L.B. £4/7/0; Cheltenham: L.G.W.* £4; Baxley Heath: D.G. 10/-; Kilburn: Anon. 5/-; Bangor: J.T.* £2; London Colney: E.H. £1/3/-; Belfast: D.M. £1/1/-; Belfast: "Liam" 5/2; Wolverhampton: J.G.L.* 2/6; Wolverhampton: J.K.W.* 2/-; Glasgow: J.H.* 1/6; Bradford: J.F.P. 4/-; Arkansas: H.K. 7/-; Southend: P.A.O.* 5/-; Canterbury: N.E.R. 5/-; Ilford: M.D.* 5/6; London: A.U. 10/-; Co. Down: J.O.H. 10/-; Surrey: F.B.* 10/-; Shoreham: M. & D.* 2/6; Billingham: D.G. 7/1; London: P. & G.T.* 5/-.	
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Previously acknowledged	629 13 8
1961 TOTAL TO SEPT. 7th	£676 2 3

*Denotes Regular Contributors.

The Attack on Committee of 100

THE attack on the Committee of 100 appears now to have begun in earnest. As we go to press, Bertrand Russell and 32 other members of the Committee have been jailed on charges of inciting members of the public to commit a breach of the peace in Whitehall next Sunday afternoon (17th).

This is the Committee's planned sit-down, for which they hope

10,000 protestors will turn up. A disturbing (though not unexpected) feature of the case is that evidence was given in court by police spies who were present at the Committee's planning sessions for this demonstration.

The publicity the sentences have aroused will almost certainly attract more demonstrators, and the best gesture of solidarity with the jailed Committee members would be for their target to be over-reached.

Plans are to gather in Trafalgar Square and then proceed to Parliament Square for the illegal sit-down.

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Vol 2 1952: Postscript to Posterity
Vol 3 1953: Colonialism on Trial
Vol 4 1954: Living on a Volcano
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