

# The UN after Hammarskjold

IT is not difficult to sort out the genuine from the false expressions of public grief which followed the death of Dag Hammarskjold, simply by reviewing the overt and concealed criticism levelled at him by East and West during the period he functioned as the U.N. Secretary General. There must have been quite a few relieved (if regretful) sighs in the air following the plane crash which removed a man, who by all accounts had failed to live up to the title—"a superb certified public accountant"—which won him the support of both East and West in 1953 when the Security Council chose a successor to Mr. Trygve Lie.

Since then he has been variously attacked by Mr. Krushchev and the *Daily Express*, by Mr. Tshombe and Mr. Lumumba. He was criticised by member countries from both the East and West, because of his overriding neutrality which invariably conflicted with the policies of one or the other.

Mr. Krushchev has wisely said that no man is ever neutral, but that does not mean that the only political choice is between the forces of "communism" is represented by the East, or "democracy" the self-styled title of the West.

In far the most interesting account of Dag Hammarskjold to emerge from the mountains of commentary, Alistair Cooke in the *Listener* (Home Service Broadcast), suggests that Hammarskjold's vision was of a world order controlled by a third force and free from any pressure by the Big Powers. He writes that the Suez débâcle was:—

the dawn of the great disillusion about Hammarskjold, and it coincided with discovery by the man himself that he had undergone something akin to religious conversion.

Following his success with Chou En-lai over the release of the American prisoners of war, Cooke writes:—

A cynic might say that he sniffed at power and liked the taste of it, and fell in the end through the oldest sin of *hubris*. I do not believe it was so. Few of us who saw him often in those days ever suspected that what had happened to him was nothing less than the appearance of a vision. It was a vision of the United Nations as an independent third power able to withstand and perhaps to disarm the Big Two. He was not a conventionally religious man. But he had great intensity of feeling. He had an unsatisfied longing to see what he called 'decency and justice' not as moderate virtues but as the leaders of an army with banners. . . . He was a man who discovered, in an eighteen-hour day, in the stupor induced by overwhelming paper work, in arguing quietly with every world-leader now extant, and in the loneliness of countless flights over jungles and oceans, that the charter of the United Nations in its present form is already paralysed by the power of the big nations to veto their enemies and to forestall any action against themselves. From this obvious but bleak conclusion, he moved on to the private decision that the United Nations must, in such crises of pride and power, act not as the servant of the big and little powers alike, which has become a plain

impossibility; but that it must act by itself, and for itself, as the caretaker of a world government that does not yet exist. He decided that because the body did not exist, he would be its surrogate. And so it was he who acted, speaking for nobody but an idea called the United Nations, at Suez, in the Gaza Strip, and lately, more daringly than ever, in the Congo. The Russians were the first to see the enormous threat of such a third force and last February formally announced that he no longer was an officer of the United Nations. We ought to add that if the Russians came to hate him, there were several powers of Western Europe that, to put it mildly, said he had gone too far.

In a world governed by power blocs and political dishonesty the world government man with ideas of decency and justice may seem an attractive alternative, but at best he can only attempt to straighten out situations created by the folly of governments, who in any event must first of all acknowledge the existence of the arbitrator and his power to act.

That embryo of world government, the United Nations Assembly, with its ninety-nine existing member states which include dictator-controlled countries such as Spain and Portugal, Russian and Yugoslavia, are unlikely to be imbued with a spirit of "decency and justice", unless they find it politically necessary to appear to do so.

The possibility that the rich and powerful nations will voluntarily relinquish wealth and power in the interests of world stability and prosperity is as likely as Hammarskjold's return from the grave.

It will take a greater force than a World Government Assembly, under whatever name, to control the lust of powerful nations and the ambitions of political tyrants; it will take a strong revolutionary world movement of ordinary men and women determined to keep power in their own hands and to be their own defenders of order and justice.

## DAVID PRATT The case is now closed

DAVID PRATT, the Surrey-born farmer who eighteen months ago made an attempt on the life of Dr. Verwoerd, Prime-Minister of South Africa and chief architect of the government's hateful policy of *apartheid*, was found dead in his cell in a Bloemfontein mental institution. He is alleged to have committed suicide and to have left a note which read:

Under the circumstances it is the best solution for my problem for everyone. If possible please arrange for a quiet cremation. Please avoid all publicity so that my children can simply be told their father died in hospital.

Though charged with attempted murder, the trial did not take place, the judge declaring that he was an

AT a Press conference on his arrival in London last Sunday, Lord Home, the British Foreign Secretary said that he thought the Russians now realised that they had been "on a collision course over Berlin". Asked if he shared a feeling of more optimism over Berlin he replied:

"Well, we have been preparing the way for what one hopes may be negotiations at some future date. Certainly the atmosphere of the talks that took place between Mr. Rusk and Mr. Gromyko and myself have been very friendly and good."

The combination of boredom, condescension and self-importance with which the noble Lord made his reply had to be heard to be believed. But then this is all part of the game of politics. Obviously the world cannot be on the brink of nuclear annihilation one day and on the verge of negotiations and sweet reasonableness and *mea culpa*\* the

\*Last week, Senator Fulbright, chairman of the United States Foreign Relations Committee said, at a Press Conference in London that he did not think the West was "without fault" over Berlin. "We bear a very heavy responsibility for the stupidity of that situation which is to my shame as it is to anyone's in the West."

He added: "Certainly it was not just the fault of the Russians; the Americans contributed much to this. I do not know how much the British and others contributed. I do not want to be self-righteous about it."

On the possibility of atomic weapons being given to Germany, Senator Fulbright said this would be an important element in any serious negotiations with the Russians. He thought the Russians had a legitimate concern about nuclear armaments for Germany.

Asked for his opinion on whether atomic weapons should be given to West Germany, he replied that this would depend on future developments. If there were any reasonable prospect of progress in reaching some kind of acceptable agreement with the Russians, then they should not.

next. For instance after further questions Lord Home said:

"We made Mr. Gromyko and the Russians understand that the Berlin situation was extremely dangerous, and if they went right ahead with their proposals to make a treaty with East Germany, it might be extremely dangerous and could lead to war."

thus making it quite clear that we were not out of danger yet. But clearly the strong talking-to that he, Lord Home, and Mr. Rusk had subjected Gromyko to had made the Russians think again before provoking a situation which could only lead to war! This is complete and utter nonsense. The pattern of the Berlin "crisis" is now only too clearly being revealed as a typical, text-book example of power politics. To say that Russia provoked a "crisis" over the German question is only half the truth. The other half of the story is that as each year goes by Western Germany is becoming an ever more important link in the military and economic chain of the American bloc. When Lord Home, last August protested that "all we are trying to do [in Germany] is to continue a system which has worked perfectly well for the last ten years" his hurt innocence may have convinced a mothers' meeting, but to anybody less gullible it is surely, blatantly clear that in the last ten years Western Germany has grown into the most powerful industrial nation in Europe, which in turn has conferred on it an important political say in the Western "alliance", which in turn has led its political leaders to demand that a re-armed Germany should be equipped with nuclear weapons. It is a far cry from the days when the German politicians were encouraging public demonstrations against British and American proposals to re-arm W. Germany!

If, then, Russia can be said to have "provoked" the crisis, it can equally be argued that from the point of view of the balance of power Russia was provoked into seeking a solution to the German problem by the emergence of W. Germany as a nuclear military power. To get the Western bloc to negotiate on an issue in which, clearly, they would have to make concessions, diplomatic notes are not worth the paper they are written on. "Force" is the language of politics which politicians understand and respect. The threat of force by one side is answered by the other with counter-threats. Russia mobilises some of its reservists; America replies by doing likewise. Russia resumes nuclear tests in the atmosphere; America does likewise, but underground. Russia announces increased expenditure on its war programme; Kennedy for America does likewise. Russia declares that these measures are necessary for, in Krushchev's words, "History teaches us that when an aggressor sees that he is not rebuffed he becomes brazen, and when on the contrary, he is rebuffed, he calms down".

America declares that any attempt to block Western communications with W. Berlin by the aggressor will mean war, nuclear war.

Bluff, brinkmanship or whatever one calls all these moves, is answered by counter-bluff, counter-brinkmanship. At a certain stage something happens if each side calls the other's bluff; not war but the magic word "negotiations".

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WHY not war? Because modern wars (in this writer's humble estimation) are not "diplomacy by other means" but occur when capitalism cannot find any financial solutions to its ever-recurring crises. It should be borne in mind that in the past the crises of capitalism have been accompanied by mass unemployment, not just in one country, but throughout the world. It is as much the fear of revolution as the

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## Legal Notes

### THE LAW'S AN ASS!

Exhibitors at a Cambridge trade fair have been forbidden to talk to visitors about their goods after 8 p.m. by the city weights and measures department. The show closes at 9.30 p.m.

A letter sent to exhibitors says prosecutions would be brought if they failed to observe the Shops Act. The letter said the expression "serving of customers" in the Act included "any act by which some service is given to the customers, i.e., technical explanation, prices, delivery times or dates."

Mr. Harry White, one of the exhibitors, said yesterday: "This means we cannot speak to or acknowledge even the most innocent inquiry after 8 o'clock. We are completely gagged for 90 minutes every night."

### RACIALISM ON THE BENCH

The National Council for Civil Liberties announced that its executive council has written to the Lord Chancellor about a statement made by the Tottenham Magistrate, Mr. Frederick A. Grant, on mixed marriages.

When told that an English girl of 17 planned to marry a Jamaican, Mr. Grant said in court: "We don't like this association with this coloured boy. Black and white don't mix."

"Such comments from the bench," the letter said, "do a great disservice to our system of justice. The remark received national publicity and therefore required some equally public avowal by the judiciary. In the opinion of this council this can only be achieved by the resignation of Mr. Frederick Grant."

—Guardian.

### OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE

Tallahassee, Florida, September 29. Florida high schools are to start courses in "Americanism versus Communism". A law enacted by the 1961 legislature called for instruction on the "evils" of Communism as opposed to the advantages of the American democratic system.—Reuter.

IN an earlier issue of FREEDOM I spent time saying that John Mander's *The Writer & Commitment* was a bad book on the problem of politics-and-literature, and ended by saying that Irving Howe's *Politics & the Novel* was a good one. It is hard luck on the Assistant Literary Editor of the *New Statesman*, that he has to compete with one of the editors of *Dissent*—not that there's much competition. This is really a remarkable book, well worth buying, or at least reading.

*Politics & the Novel* was originally published in America in 1957 (Horizon, \$3.50), and the paperback edition (Meridian, \$1.45) was being sold in this country last year (Mayflower, 12s.); this paperback edition has now been re-bound in cloth and re-published here in the New Left Books series (Stevens, 12s. 6d.). It is strikingly superior both

# Literature and the Left-2

to its predecessor in the series—*Out of Apathy*—and to Mander's effort, and though *Politics & the Novel* looks a lot smaller than *The Writer & Commitment* and costs only half as much, it is in fact rather longer and is far better value; my only complaint is that there should be a brief bibliography and/or index in the five blank pages at the end.

Mander's period was 1930-1960—Howe's is 1830-1950. Mander dealt with ten English-speaking writers, many of them mediocrities—Howe deals with twelve writers in English, French, German, Italian and Russian, most of them geniuses. The books he discusses are Stendhal's *Le Rouge et le Noir* and *La Chartreuse du Parme*, most of Turgenev's novels, Dostoyevsky's *The Devils*, Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Blithedale Romance*, Henry Adam's *Democracy*, Henry James's *The Bostonians* and *The Princess Casamassima*, Conrad's *Nostromo*, *The Secret Agent* and *Under Western Eyes*, Malraux's *Les Conquérants* and *La Condition Humaine*, Silone's *Fontamara*, *Bread & Wine* and *A Handful of Blackberries*, Viktor Serge's *The Case of Comrade Tulayev*, Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* and Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

Howe's title is rather misleading, since it suggests a history or general survey of politics in fiction, while the book is really a series of eight essays based on about three times as many novels. The author comments that "various friends suggested novels by

Disraeli, Meredith, Mark Twain, Tolstoy, Pirandello and a great many contemporary writers"; it would be easy to add to the list—William Godwin, George Eliot, Trollope, Gissing, Wells, Lawrence, in England alone. There is an enormous field here for someone to plough up one day. Howe has not attempted to write a "definitive study", but if one ever is written his work will have to be taken into account.

He is interested not so much in what happens to political ideas when they appear in fiction as in what happens to novels when they are invaded by political ideas—his preoccupations are literary rather than ideological. But he is a socialist, and his commitment is clear enough without being obtrusive. He reminds me of George Orwell and George Woodcock, and sometimes of Edmund Wilson and Lionel Trilling. He is a careful and serious critic, properly diffident before great books but full of intelligent and enlightening ideas about them. I was never bored while reading this book, I learnt a lot from it, and above all it made me want to read the novels it discusses.

Howe sees certain attitudes dominating the work of the writers he examines. Stendhal was preoccupied by the problem of survival in a hostile world, being himself a man of the Enlightenment living in an age of revolution and reaction and seeing himself going out of date. Dostoyevsky of course was preoccupied by the problem of salvation,

using politics in *The Devils* like murder in *Crime & Punishment* to bring his characters back to God. Conrad was preoccupied by the danger of anarchy upsetting the social order, though he had no illusions about the social order; Henry James was similar, and they both described English anarchists unjustly to the point of absurdity (in *The Secret Agent* and *The Princess Casamassima*) because they despised contemporary society and yet clung to it. Turgenev was preoccupied by the "superfluous man" of Tsarist Russia, the rootless bourgeois intellectual racked by indecision and hesitation—a type, interestingly enough, that seems to be reviving in both East and West. American writers who use political material are preoccupied by the isolation experienced by any self-aware person who ventures into American political life. The political novelists of our century, naturally, are preoccupied by the Communist-Fascist struggle. But with Orwell we find one who is preoccupied with politics in general and ends by seeing it as a horrible nightmare.

The only book discussed by both Mander and Howe is *1984*. Howe's treatment, compared with Mander's, is most impressive—he has read the book, has understood Orwell, has recognised the defects in both, and has gone on to recognise the greatness of both. He sees it not just as a novel, or a tract, or a fable, not just as anything, but as itself—a monument to the struggle of human-

We see here Howe's chief virtue, which is one of the most important a critic can have. He doesn't try to tell the writer how to write or to show the reader how clever he is—he simply tries to work out what the writer tried to say and how well he succeeded. Thus he is able to point out clearly the absurdity of Conrad's and James's anarchists without being patronising, and at the same time to show why they tried and why they failed to describe anarchists. He knows how to be sympathetic without being sycophantic, and how to criticise without carping. He sees writers neither as aloof gods nor as useful propagandists. He loves literature but avoids aestheticism. He remains a sane socialist who treats books as a part of civilised life without any nonsense about "bourgeois" or "proletarian" culture.

Here are some novels with politics in them, he seems to say, let's look at the way they are mixed and see what happens. Well, what happens to one reader is that he has had a stimulating and exhilarating lesson. I want to re-read the books I have read and to read the ones I haven't thought of reading. And I should like to read another book by Irving Howe on all the writers he didn't have room to discuss in this one. *The Writer & Commitment* was written deliberately for the New Left in this country, but could do it nothing but harm; *Politics & the Novel* was written before the New Left existed in a country three thousand miles away, but it could do the New Left—and the anarchists—a world of good. We could all do with a lot more intelligent and relevant literary criticism in place of the mountains of academic "lit. crit.", the trivialities of book reviews and the idiocies of ideology that surround us. Thank you Dr. Howe—and thank you, Messrs Stevens & Sons Ltd.—for this good cheap book. Perhaps it will soon be an even cheaper paperback, and perhaps there will be more like it. I hope so.

N.W.

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## LIVING WITHOUT WORKING

TO be called upon to review a publication of the American Society for the Advancement of Anthropophagy, crudely printed on thick paper and bearing the title "1001 ways to live without working",\* is to demand a sceptical approach. For the uninitiated, anthropophagy is merely another name for cannibalism and I personally do not believe that there are that many eaters of human flesh in this country to justify the setting up of an offshoot of the parent society in Great Britain. The English are extremely conservative in their approach to food and its is doubtful if there is a single restaurateur in the London area who is at the moment catering for the whims of a minority of anthropophagical gourmets.

One does feel however that like so many other transatlantic imports this will eventually arrive tinned and deep frozen and filling its allotted space upon the shelves of our supermarkets.

It is an acquired taste and like vegetarianism, methylated spirit drinking, marijuana and the *Sunday Times* it is more a matter of theory becoming habit than personal pleasure. "The 1001 ways to live without working", like so many schemes of this nature has an appeal on first reading but like every other system it contains a basic flaw and that is that it demands a working capital that the average investor may not possess and that the element of chance figures too much in the author's plans. Number 371 advises the reader to manage a brothel and I can only feel that the author has no conception of the high rental involved and the unreliability of present day staff to make this venture worthwhile for those who rightly demand undisturbed leisure in exchange for a large outlay of capital. It is true that of late the government has been of great help in that they have driven the "pirates" off the streets and enabled those faced with large and growing overheads to regulate their prices to suit present market conditions, but as I have previously said, it demands too large a capital for the small investor.

Number 2 advises the reader to "find a million dollars in a toilet bowl, you

\*"1001 Ways to Live Without Working", by Tuli Kupferberg. Published by Birth Press, 222 East 21st Street, N.Y. 10, N.Y., America.

are the only one dares to fish it out", and though the author obviously meant lavatory bowl the element of chance plays too much a part and I frankly do not advise it, while number 336, "save everything in your room for 200 years, then sell them as antiques", while sensible must for many elderly folk contains a time element that might make it unattractive. Number 402 "sell your mother" is the suggestion of a complete rotter for no Englishman would sell his dear old mum for money.

We may elect a Tory government but the people of this country are not devoid of every spark of decency. Arthur Koestler, to the disgust of Daisetz Suzuki, Swami Kavalayananda, Herr Herrigel, Christmas Humphreys, Genya Usa and the rest of the boys, has ruined the market for number 688 "breathe slowly"; while the various suggestions that the reader should indulge in coprophagous activities culminating in number 951 to eat a coprophagous meal "in a cafeteria" again overlooks the inherent conservative streak in the English. Numbers 389 and 394 suggesting that the way to make money is to "fly the first airplane, invent television, discover electricity or to evolve the atomic theory" is absolute nonsense. I did all these things in the order named, on the author's advice, and what did I ever get out of it, frankly nothing except the continuous and petty annoyance of having to repeatedly change my name to avoid the bleeding heart circulators of petitions who merely wanted the publicity that the name that I was using at that particular moment might lend them.

The publishers of "1001" are however to be praised for this book. Not for its literary merit, for though it is their best seller it is not their best book, but for the courage of those who though lacking money and owning the crudest of equipment have managed to build up an off-beat book list of a type that is at the moment completely unknown in this country.

Sired by Tuli Kupferberg with the aid of Sylvia Topp at the Birth Press at 222 East 21st Street in New York they have printed these books themselves with an old second-hand press that they purchased for 35 dollars and they then personally distribute the copies to the bookshops around Greenwich Village. With an average run of 500 to 2,000 copies,

they only manage to show a profit with the "1001" when it went into 3,500 copies, but with greater distribution economically impossible and with their ancient press liable at any moment to break down, their task is a savage one.

The paperbacks that they have published range from the writings and drawings of children to the use and abuse of drugs. Poetry and satire find an equal place upon their pages while "30,000,000,000 Beatniks" is a defence and a manifesto written not on behalf of the Beats but by them. We in this country have nothing to offer in exchange for while our political boys, to their credit, can overnight churn out a duplicated pamphlet and plaster it over half London and all with only a handful

## NEW LEFT AND EEC

"BRITAIN'S CRISIS AND THE COMMON MARKET", Michael Barratt  
Brown and John Hughes. New Left Review pamphlet, 3s.

MODERN anarchism has far less to say about economics than about sociology and psychology, both when compared with the political left of today and the anarcho-syndicalism of the early part of the century.

A pamphlet like this, whose authors are University staff and members of the *New Left Review* editorial board, is interesting therefore, both for its presentation of facts which would be more difficult to handle by non-professional economists, and for the way in which it exploits the apparent advantage of state socialism, the possibility of outlining an immediate policy to be implemented "when Labour comes to power".

Unfortunately, there is little to enthuse over on either of those points. The economic facts are presented coldly, and it would be difficult to imagine them meaning much to the man at the bench. The alternative policies presented are entirely governmental and involve rigorous controls to force the capitalist elements in Britain to fulfil their social obligations! The experience of the immediate post-war years surely made it clear that businessmen can find ways

of silver, our pregnant poets and wilting literati sit and bewail the high cost of printing and their lack of outlet, but as this group of Beats in Greenwich Village have shown an old duplicating machine, the cheapest paper and the will to trudge around the bookshops can achieve an international audience. Five years or so ago Christopher Logue, John Retty, Billy Kay and a few other Soho minstrels made their voices heard despite the poverty of their purses. It can be done again for if the *London Magazine* or *Encounter* are now too esoteric or to bankbound to use your stuff then set up, on the kitchen table, in opposition to them and label a copy REVIEW COPY and ram it into Stephen Spender's and Alan Ross's letter-box for they'll read it if it is free. They once did it in Soho, they're doing it now in Greenwich Village. Genius, the stage is yours.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

round any regulations that reformist politicians bring in.

The authors trace the development of EEC from the earlier Coal and Steel groupings, and make it clear that it is a "community" of commercial exploitation and right wing social policies, supported by America because it lines up against the Soviet Union. However, they make poor recommendations of support for EFTA, whose members are equally capitalist governments, whose neutrality, where it exists, only does so because it is in the interests of big business there. Further they are more interested in making the British economy "competitive" than in transforming it to a basis of social need instead of commercial rivalry.

It should be mentioned that the writers purposely set out to emphasise immediate alternative plans, but the result has been that the encouraging libertarianism that some of us saw in the New Left movement's approach to social questions has gone out of the window.

Cannot anyone be academically competent and at the same time make economics into a human subject?

P.H.

## Keeping the Political Pot on the Boil

Continued from page 1

inability to resolve the "contradictions of capitalism" by other means, that have resulted in war. For the ruling classes, for the system and the *status-quo*, mass unemployment is a danger; for mass discontent can easily be organised into a mass movement which the normal forces of "law and order" would be quite unable to control. And when the ruling classes think in these terms the alternative of war is, from their point of view, the only solution left apart from capitulation. Whatever new problems wars have created (and of course they have also given rise to revolutions, and life to nationalist movements in the colonial territories) it is undeniable that at the price of mass death and destruction they have resolved the problems for which states have been prepared to go to war. The "affluent society" has emerged, let us not forget, from the ashes of World War II and the establishment of a permanent cold war economy. Capitalism too has emerged stronger than ever. Not only is it more resilient in dealing with its "contradictions" (at the people's expense of course) but it has succeeded in "assimilating" the only mass movement—that of the working class—which could have been a potential threat to its authority and security.

To those of our critics who in the past weeks have been casting strong doubts on the intellectual faculties of this writer, the foregoing may appear to them to confirm their worse fears! We may well be wrong in our analysis; we have never professed to have a monopoly of the truth. But because we accept as valid the positive tenets of anarchism as well as its negative criticism of the existing authoritarian systems, and because we believe that all that we write is informed by these values, we have the temerity to suggest that our critics must condemn anarchism as well.

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WHY "negotiations" and not war? Because the capitalist system is flourishing as never before and because nowhere in the world today is there as strong anti-authoritarian, anti-capitalist movement of the people to threaten existing social values. Berlin, Laos, Formosa, Congo are to the politicians what armies are to generals, what timber is to the carpenter, burst pipes to the plumber, disasters to the Popular Press and profits to the shareholders. As we have pointed out so many times, without crises the politicians and, equally important, the army of bureaucrats, functionaries, civil servants, specialists, scientists, interpreters, journalists

and advisers; the divisions of typists, chauffeurs, pilots, butlers, hoteliers, caterers, bodyguards, door-openers, cocktailshakers and P.R.O.s; the battalions of "committed" writers, poets, painters, ballet-dancers, footballers and lick-spittles; without crises, we are saying, the jobs and/or status of millions of our fellow beings would be in jeopardy. But even more so, if there were to be war over Berlin, Laos or Congo. For a war would be the end of the United Nations organisation and all its offsprings, accompanied by mass-unemployment (not to mention the possibility of annihilation) in Rome, Paris, New York, Geneva, etc., among its tax-free, pie-on-earth-till-you-die employees. No, as we were pointing out in August (*Berlin on the Brink?*) as well as every time there has been a "crisis" over Berlin or Formosa in the past, these are not the issues which drive the Blocs to the "brink".

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AND for the benefit of our critics we will bring the "crisis" up to date. Even before Messrs. Kennedy and Gromyko had addressed the United Nations Assembly in New York last week, leaders of both the American parties were assuring the President of their support for concessions he was reported to be ready to make with Mr. K. over Berlin. According to the *Daily Herald's* New York correspondent (25/9/61)

Mike Mansfield and Everett Dirksen, Senate leaders of the Democratic and Republican Parties, agreed on TV that Mr. Kennedy should be free to negotiate, together with the Allies, on their basic rights in Berlin.

Senator Mansfield said limited recognition of East Germany was being considered.

A week-end speech by another Democratic leader, Senator Hubert Humphrey—which is understood to have had White House approval—also prepared Americans for concessions over Berlin.

At about the same time a "leaked" statement (deliberately "leaked", some sources affirm, to soften up West German resistance to East-West concessions), and attributed to General Clay, President Kennedy's personal representative in Berlin, to the effect that the existence of two separate German administrations might have to be recognised and that concessions might have to be made to the East Germans over control of communications between Berlin and the West, clearly indicated that both sides having rattled the sabre long enough and to no avail, were now passing to the prattle stage which would not only keep everybody concerned "busy" for the next few months (and after

all even bureaucrats have to create the impression that they are working hard), but also convince the gullible millions who have been fatalistically preparing themselves for annihilation-at-any-moment, that once again the wisdom of their leaders had saved them at the eleventh hour.

★

PRESIDENT KENNEDY takes the stage:

It is absurd to allege that we are threatening a war merely to prevent the Soviet Union and East Germany from signing a so-called "treaty" of peace. The Western Allies are not concerned with any paper arrangement the Soviets wish to make with a regime of their own creation, on territory occupied by their own troops and governed by their own agents. No such action can affect either our rights or our responsibilities.

Mr. Gromyko takes the stage:

The free city would have the right to establish ties with any country. One thing alone was required "and that is unqualified respect for the sovereignty of the State through whose territory run the land, air and water communications linking West Berlin with the outside world—the sovereignty of the German Democratic Republic with which the appropriate agreements on the use of such communications must be concluded.

Russia was ready to assume with the three Western Powers a solemn obligation to protect the freedom and rights of the free city. She was ready to agree to the use of neutral or UN troops as guarantors of the status of the free city. "In brief," said Mr. Gromyko, "we say: 'Accept the proposal to sign a peace treaty and to turn West Berlin into a free city on this basis and we will accept any proposals on the most effective guarantee for that city that can be found.'"

★

Aggressors? Brinkmanship? Tut! Tut! Is it not clear beyond a doubt that both Russia and the United States are only concerned with the Berliners' interests in particular and of the German people in general? So let's get together, comrades and buds, and see if we can agree on a further carve up of Germany in our best interests!

★

ACCORDING to the *Guardian* (26/9/61) "Mr. Gromyko and Mr. Kennedy met briefly after the President's address and shook hands. Mr. Gromyko was heard to say 'You were in good form.'"

Would you shake hands, or address, the man whose government, you maintained, was threatening to annihilate mankind? Or is the question perhaps wrongly put? Should it be: Don't you think that all politicians are unprincipled, lying, vain, rogues?

## FINANCE!

FINANCIAL STATEMENT AT 30th SEPTEMBER 1961 WEEK NO 39	
Expenses: 39 weeks at £70	£2,730
Income from Sales & Subs:	
Weeks 1—37	£1,178
Weeks 38—39	£43
	£1,221
	DEFICIT £1,509

DEFICIT FUND	
Manchester: M.Y. 5/-; Slough: E.C.* 5/-; Southend: P.A.O.* 5/-; Oxford: Anon.* 5/-; Lewes: L* 5/-; Glasgow: J.H.* 1/6; Wolverhampton: J.L.* 2/6; Wolverhampton: J.K.W.* 2/-; Exmouth: A.B.H. 5/-; Bradwell: B.M. £1/13/6; Lincoln: A.R.B.* 5/-; Shoreham: M. & D.* 2/6; Leeds: G.L.* 3/-; London: A.A. 7/-; London: P. & G.T.* 5/-; Hartford: M.G.A. £1/1/6; Bondi Beach: R.T. £1/5/4; Wolverhampton: J.G.L.* 3/-; Wolverhampton: J.K.W.* 2/-; Glasgow: J.H.* 2/-; Tonbridge: M.D. 3/10; Southend: P.A.O.* 10/-; Shoreham: M. & D.* 2/6; Slough: E.C.* 2/6; London: Anon. 2/-; London: T.K. 5/-; Chorleywood: S.E.E. 3/-; Lincoln: A.R.B.* 5/-; London: P. & G.T.* 5/-; Oxford: Anon.* 5/-; London: R. & T.P. £3/10/-; London: A.S. 2/10; Surrey: F.B. 10/-.	
TOTAL	13 12 6
Previously acknowledged	711 17 5
1961 TOTAL TO DATE	£725 9 11

\*Indicates regular contributors.

## ESCAPING TO JAIL

"THE PRISON LIFE OF HARRIS FILMORE", by Jack Richardson, Eyre and Spottiswoode, 16s.

SENT to prison for "embezzling", in reality declaring money entrusted to the safety-deposit of his bank as part of the bank's assets, Harris Filmore finds prison life far less terrifying than he had imagined. In the end the idea of leaving prison, or even receiving visitors, horrifies him, and he decides to dedicate himself to the life of a convict.

The prison is a rather unusual one. In fact the story is hardly in the realm of realistic fiction. Symbols abound. It is based on the psychological truth that for many people prison is a refuge. In this case it takes on some of the qualities of a public school. The prisoners have to develop a sense of vocation for their life. They have to be tested to see if they are worthy. The outside world, on the other hand, is represented as meddling and ridiculous. Women come badly out of it. Crime becomes almost a virtue, since by crime one earns one's right to enter the prison, "that modern monastery" as one of the characters calls it.

All the usual values are stood on their heads. Freedom is inferior to the steady routine of prison life. Homosexual relationships are superior to heterosexual. To be released from prison, to be separated from one's love-partner, is the supreme disaster. The tone is ironical. At least one hopes so. Otherwise the story takes its place in the long line of American "men without women" stories.

To give a Freudian interpretation would be too easy. One of the most admired characters in the book never appears in his own person. He is a murderer who has butchered his entire family, mostly female, and killed in addition two elderly spinsters next door, who had asked him to keep his radio down. His execution is accepted. No one protests. But remaining in a state of respectful quiet the prisoners wait for the bulb that lights their cell to dim, a sign that the current is being used for the electric chair. After death the man is regarded as a saint.

Another admired figure is an earlier warden of the prison, who seems to have

been one of a type with Captain Bligh. He is admired for his ruthlessness, for the hard tests he imposed on his prisoners, in particular a couple of lovers, a wife murderer and a highwayman. Placed by an oversight in separate cells, they tunnel their way to each other, but bring down a landslide, and are found buried alive in each other's arms.

The convicts who wish to escape, or to return to the world and live normal lives after their sentence has ended, are equally contemptible. A prison revolt ends in chaos. Curiously enough, the leader of it is the favourite of the prison chaplain, and his do-gooder women social workers. Indeed the prisoner is too fond of one of the women. A wretched heterosexual in fact.

Goad, (God?) the seven-foot warden of the prison, reigns benignantly over all. The prison is a small universe.

When sickness is inescapable it is wise to make the best of it. But it is another matter to maintain, as some have done, and this book does if it is meant seriously, that sickness is superior to health. The fact that the outside world is a horrible mess does not mean that it is better to retreat into a world whence liberty has been driven out. The fact that some women are ugly and foolish (as are some men) is no reason for condemning the entire female sex. The fact that one cannot cope with reality is not made up for by retreating to a prison or a monastery and undergoing hardships to prove one's manhood and supposed spiritual worth. A masochistic ability to endure suffering does not prove that one is superior to someone who avoids suffering if he can but succeeds in doing some kind of creative work.

Homosexuality, the cult of enduring (and inflicting) pain, the glorification of a divine or near-divine leader, the delight in routine and discipline and the contempt for the female sex are all ingredients of Fascism. But one does not know how far the philosophy of this odd book is seriously intended, and how far it is meant as satire, not at the expense of prisons, for this prison never was, but of society as a whole, with its humbug, conformity and half-developed idealisms.

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

## A Science Fiction Survey

"NEW MAPS OF HELL, A Survey of Science Fiction" by Kingsley Amis, Gollancz, 16s.

THE road to Hell, adequately paved with good intentions, is proverbially an easy one, and with Kingsley Amis as guide the descent to Tartarus is swift. We are plunged straight into it, with two contrasting quotations. In the first a thinly disguised H. G. Wells confronts his first Martian, in the second we are introduced to the horrors of a managerial world. The first is taken from "The War of the Worlds", the second from "The Space Merchants", which was published in 1953. "Anybody," Mr. Amis tells us, "encountering such passages who fails to experience a peculiar interest, related to, but distinct from, ordinary literary interest, will never be an addict of science fiction."

Compared with the Wells passage, the paragraph from the later tale seems feeble, jargon-ridden stuff to me. It is tempting to say that science fiction resembles Christianity, in that it has died with its founder. Certainly, judging by this book, there are few who come up to Wells' standard. Few indeed who are likely to be remembered and read as long as he.

Mr. Amis includes "1984" and "The Lord of the Flies" as science fiction, but it is difficult to see on what grounds, unless it is a desire to raise the general standard. A science fiction story must surely revolve around some discovery or invention, some unprecedented change in nature, or at least take place on, or bear a direct relation to some other planet, or some world other than ours. Otherwise almost any book should be counted as science fiction.

"1984" is the portrayal of an imaginary future society, but invention and discovery play little part in the story.

Most of the devices described in it already exist, or could fairly soon be made. "The Lord of the Flies", which tells of the nasty doings of some little English prep. school boys who are wrecked on a desert island, is supposed to take place during a hypothetical third world war. But apart from that the "science" in it is absolutely nil, unless one includes the science of human psychology and its operations, and if one did that "The Pickwick Papers" could be science fiction.

One cannot escape a feeling that these stories are included as "makeweights". Most of the rest is pretty light-weight stuff.

The trouble is that science fiction is a form of specialised addict-literature. It is on the same level as the Western and the detective story. Wells could give it that universal appeal, which raises a story above the level of addict-literature, but his successors do not, in the main, succeed in doing this.

Of course there is a good deal of variety. Some of the stories are trashy, and the author gives us, as he is bound to do if he is to survey the whole field, a fair number of examples of tripe, sadism and would-be Poe. In these latter cases the story may well cease to be "science fantasy" and become "fantasy", simple if not pure.

Not all the stories are horrific. Some are gentle, some humorous, some (not mentioned in this book) are anarchistic. But the appeal of most of these tales is to a curiously limited outlook, which is masculine, mechanically-minded, rationalist, democratic and puritan. It is an outlook which does not attract me much, but it is preferable to religious mysticism, aristocracy and tyranny, although some tales which tend this way also exist.

Continued on page 4

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## War by Accident?

DEAR COMRADE,

Your editorial, which discounts the danger of war occurring through accident, overlooks the incontestable fact that Man has a natural propensity to make mistakes.

To err is human. A drunken colonel in 1940, by ringing a handbell, caused military authorities throughout East Anglia to think the Nazi invasion had begun; a misread signal resulted in the Luftwaffe's attack on Rotterdam, killing 30,000 people; and, as is notoriously well-known, birds have been mistaken for missiles on radar screens.

Today, with the fate of millions of people literally at your finger-tips, the nervous strain must be immense. Not only is this true of military personnel, but it must be even more true of the politicians. No wonder so many have buckled in under the heavy responsibility.

Krushchev reliably informed us, in his 20th Party Congress report, that Stalin was mad. With German troops at the gates of Moscow, he sat morosely twirling a globe about in the Kremlin. Professor Trevor-Roper tells us that Hitler, as the Allied armies came closer to Berlin, went out of his mind. While in 1946 the American Foreign Secretary, Senator Forrestal went completely insane and jumped out of a skyscraper window shouting, "The Russians are here." In other words, during the past 20 years three politicians who, if they were alive today would have the destiny of Mankind in their hands, have gone stark, raving bonkers.

Would you suggest that our present-day politicians are any less mentally unstable? I think they are making extremely rapid progress towards the lunatic asylum. Yet, only one person in a position of nuclear responsibility has got to go insane for the big bang to occur—and FREEDOM's financial worries to be over for good.

Having said all this, I would argue that there is a chance of a Third World War being started by accident. Viewed historically, through the passage of time, it grows to a possibility, a probability, and then almost a certainty—if the present situation is allowed to continue long enough.

Yours fraternally,  
RAYMOND CHALLINOR.

Newcastle, Sept. 21.

[We do not agree with our correspondent just because we do not believe that the fate of millions is at the finger-tips of a few button-pressing individuals. The decision to launch a war is a much more complicated affair, taking time as well as involving a large number of individuals, and groups. The examples he cites of the fallibility of human beings refer to accidents once war has actually started, which is quite a different matter, as we pointed out in our article "War by Accident" when we wrote that "The dangers of 'accidental' war are only conceivable when war is in any case imminent, when the professional soldiers are given more power to take spot decisions, and this delegation of power will obviously be greater in a press-button war than in past conflagrations which involved much slower land forces".

Any individual who imagines that he is capable of taking decisions for millions of his fellow beings is obviously "bonkers". Anyone who is so obsessed

# Correspondence

by the fruits of power and who in the process loses the capacity to enjoy the simple things of life is also "bonkers". (But so too is the man who works himself to his grave in order to be able to keep up with the Jones!). Our argument is that the decisions are not in fact taken by these people. Stalin may well have sat in the Kremlin twirling a globe while German troops were at the gates of Moscow. If Stalin was all that powerful it is extraordinary that the Germans didn't in fact take Moscow; and in spite of the fact that Hitler was out of his mind it is curious that the Germans did not resort to bacteriological warfare when all was lost. After all, they had the means to.—Editor].

## Bloody Rotten Paper?

DEAR FRIENDS,

The reason that FREEDOM is having so much trouble with its finances may well be simply that it is such a bloody rotten paper one doesn't feel like contributing to the Deficit Fund. At present the money is obviously more needed elsewhere. The families of those in prison for their anti-nuclear-war protest (synonymous with anti-state-protest) are going to deserve first call on a share of our collective wealth.

I am even more angry at the patronising tone of the editors in discussing "War by Accident", Sept. 16th, than by the fatuous arguments they use to support the proposition that there is no imminent danger of war.

It would seem possible to explain that wars have never occurred by the line of reasoning used. How can it be denied that the sickening series of events familiar to us all—arms race, threats, bomb tests, the creation of artificial crises and whipping up of national hatred constitute a drift towards war that none of the leading politicians, individually or collectively can now check?

The Editors produce the theory that when the button is pressed all it will do is summon a superior officer. It would have been funnier if they had suggested that all it would do is call a New York taxi. How a Polaris submarine commander can summon a superior instead of launching his city-destroying collection of missiles is a mystery to me.

FREEDOM should be advocating anarchist action now to stop this dreadful progress, and give full and unqualified support to the Committee of 100 who are attempting to do this, instead of indulging in niggling criticism of the reasoning of two devoted anarchists, one of whom is currently in prison, and one only recently released, for acting out their anarchist convictions.

One wonders what any man can do to earn the approval and support of FREEDOM's hypercritical editors, for in years of frustrating readership I seem only to remember praise being given to one man, and that was the unfortunate mental invalid David Pratt, who did no

more for anarchism than the leader he tried to assassinate.

For goodness sake try to discover what truly anarchist trends you can find in our society; Colin Ward has shown in ANARCHY that there are plenty of them without so far having looked at CND, and foster them, advise them, guide them and participate in them instead of this everlasting bitter sniping.

Yours sincerely,

BRIAN RICHARDSON.

Sevenoaks, Sept. 16.

[It's all very well calling FREEDOM "a bloody rotten paper" and then submitting for publication this kind of stuff. The serious reader who wants to know what we had to say on "War by Accident" is advised to read the article we wrote and not our correspondent's hotch potch.

We think we have written enough on the sit-down demonstrations to reject our correspondent's innuendos of "niggling criticisms", etc. But we strongly oppose the suggestion that going to prison is some kind of passport to right thinking, or even that this is the most important "anarchist action". In certain circumstances it may well be, in others it is a sheer waste of time. Let's not make going to prison a kind of cult. For anarchists it should be a tactic or a question of *force majeure*. But we should always be most willing to go to prison, and only court the possibility after having weighed up all the pros and cons as propagandists. Most anarchists we know haven't, we are glad to say, either a martyr complex, or feel the need to purify their souls behind bars.

It's perhaps because we do not indulge in the cult of personalities—or rather, it's because we attack the cult of personalities—that our correspondent is puzzled to know how one can earn "approval and support of FREEDOM's hypercritical editors". Surely all that matters is that each one of us should do what he thinks right and best. After all, if we were to take our correspondent's judgment of our paper seriously we would stop publishing it!—EDITOR].

## Anarchy 8 includes: Articles on Orwell, Anthropology, Industry, Fabianism & Anarchism

## A Science Fiction Survey

Continued from page 3

Sex scarcely raises its ugly head, except if you count some of the sadistic "fantasy" stories. Women are treated superficially. (Though there are some women writers in this field they appear to be in a minority). Future societies are not all horrible tyrannies, but when the science fiction writer has to construct a utopia all that emerges is a society "with more decency and less television". Generally we are not told how this desirable society has been brought about.

Although the usual moral of these stories is that the individual must fight against all efforts to crush him, and that freedom is the desirable goal, there is very little real radical thought. We are not told how to improve conditions, only how to resist tyranny. This is inadequate. It is curious that people who are able to imagine the most fantastic worlds, creatures, machines, spaceships, flaws in the structure of the cosmos itself, are unable to conceive of social and sexual changes. No doubt this is partly due to the fact that the writers hope to have their work published with-

## Sit-Down

To the Editors of FREEDOM,

Whilst gladly agreeing with your inspiring article on the Sit Down, I wish to state there is one personally uncongenial aspect of the movement. I refer to those dourly dedicated characters who ominously resemble the puritans of the Cromwellian revolution. Incautiously I joined in a "Ban-the-Bomb" shout in the vicinity of such a group at the Square. Harshly told to Shut Up (no new experience!) my earnest apologies being received so churlishly that I loudly retorted Don't be so holy! I would just then have definitely preferred the company of a bomb-loving bawdy cop! Finally (just to be spiteful) sat in with the Ironsides. At ten o'clock, mistakenly assuming no more sitters would be arrested, I timidly remarked that as I 'ad a nasty cold, thought I'd better go home. Apart from an amiable youth (the young are usually the best-tempered, and never more so than now!) the rest received this with positive snarls. I went, passing by at St. Martin's, a massed teen-age formation chanting slogans. This natural behaviour on the part of exuberant youth is severely condemned by adult opponents—and sympathisers. What the hell do they expect the young to do? One should surely be only too thankful that they protest and rebel as they have never done before in Britain. To revert: Feel that the Cromwellian section express a possibly dangerous, repressive attitude blighting to the anarchist spirit. In this respect, the stage-folk with their uninhibited humaneness are particularly valuable. I noticed that my humourless mates were nearly all females. It is a sad, and more important sociological fact than it seems, that few women possess a sense of wit. Except, of course, for Rita Milton, several others, and (modestly),

London, Sept. 26. KITTY LAMB.

## Teachers

DEAR COMRADE,

Is "Parent" of Bucks an Anarchist? I thought we were all agreed that the wage-system was pernicious and tended to divide workers of all kinds into competing sectional interests. "Parent" seems to have fallen for the whole 'divide and rule' guff on wages to such an extent that he is prepared to attack those teachers who are out on strike for a fair deal.

For his information teachers' salaries

at present start at £10 a week and after 17 years reach £20 a week. If he was getting £13 a week six years ago how is it that "Parent" hasn't reached the teachers' minimum? A salary range of £10 to £20 a week, I would suggest, is not greatly different from the wages of the 'working man' and does "Parent" consider that the wages of 'working men' are adequate, or does he protest at their greed in demanding more pay?

As I write this I am out on strike for the day and next month, if the N.U.T. can be persuaded to strike and if there is any attempt to organise work at my school, I shall be out on strike again. I don't pretend to be anyone's 'spiritual guardian', even if certain teachers' union leaders do, so perhaps the rest of us, rank and file teachers, could be spared the cheap sneers of Bucks "Parent".

Yours fraternally,  
Brighton, Sept. 20. "TEACHER".

## 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.

OCT 8 Philip Sansom:  
Freedom and Progress  
OCT 15 Max Patrick:  
Communist Policy: Left, Right and  
Turn About.  
OCT 22 Ted Kavanagh:  
Anarchism and Violence

## 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.

## BRISTOL

S. E. Parker will speak on:  
"Democracy—An Anarchist Viewpoint"  
at the Bristol Left Club,  
Shepherds Hall, Old Market Street,  
Friday, October 20 at 7.30 p.m.

## Freedom

### The Anarchist Weekly

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Vol 5 1955: The Immoral Moralists  
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