

HOW should we go about the question of assessing last Saturday's sit-down and other demonstrations organised by the *Committee of 100* and its regional counterparts? By the total number of supporters who attended? By the number of arrests, the numbers who refused to give their names or be bound over? By the numbers jailed, by the reactions of the Press as well as the publicity received? To our minds, these are poor yardsticks at this stage in the development of the loose movement which supports the activities of the *Committee*, by which to assess such demonstrations, and those of us who take part must be the first to insist that the *Committee* should not be tempted to encourage the assessment of the success or failure of any demonstration by a counting of heads, of arrests, of people kicking their heels in jail.

Even from the point of view of publicity, it is a mistake for it is just what the Press revels in, and when the "numbers" do not reach the estimates they can, with some justification, overlook other aspects of a demonstration which may have been highly successful, and write it off as a failure because the "numbers" were below the organisers'

Inquest on the Sit-Down

expectations. Apart from the *Observer* whose headline "6000 disarmers' gesture ends in 850 arrests" was as admirable as its sour little editorial comment was typical, the other papers exploited "numbers"—success and failure. Thus the *Sunday Pictorial's* "ARRESTS BY THE HUNDRED — as A-base invasion flops", the *Sunday Times'* "850 ARRESTS BUT ANTI-BOMB DAY FIZZLES OUT", the *News of the World's* "The great bomb protest is a damp squib. HUNDREDS HELD" and the *Sunday Telegraph's* "Flop-down fizzle in the fog". Of course the Press insists on having it all ways. Before the demonstrations take place, they deprecate the actions the *Committee* and its supporters propose to engage in; when, in the event, they fail to do what they proposed to do, then the Press sneers

at their failure, forgetting that their chief concern in deprecating the action was that the national safety was being threatened!

From this stems a further point which should be given serious consideration: does the "movement" still need to hold demonstrations which are clearly intended to appeal to what the press calls "news", and therefore to receive maximum publicity which is a mixture of good and bad? It seems to us that there were strong grounds for such considerations in the early days of the "movement" since money and the instruments of mass communications are in the hands of the upholders of the Establishment, and it was legitimate to appeal to others to join one in activities in which one courted arrest and imprisonment, as an example to others, as well as a means of "hitting the headlines". There can be no doubt whatever as to the importance of the activities of the original Direct Action Committee in shaking off some of the apathy, the hopeless fatalism and defeatism which had enshrouded the more or less progressive, thinking, elements in this country (a situation probably contributed to by the inability of the Labour Party to win even a general election!). But it seems to us that the kind of *useful* publicity that the National Press could be expected to give to the activities of the *Committee of 100* are now exhausted. We would certainly not advise anybody to accept a prison sentence resulting from a civil disobedience demonstration for the publicity it might be expected to receive, and by implication, the influence it might have on the public. We must qualify this statement in order to express our true feelings and views.

The Press and Mass Communications are interested in "personalities" and not in individuals. They create the "personalities"; you establish your individuality. Now, if you decide to earn your living in the show business, in politics or in any occupation in which you need to be recognised by the mass public as somebody outside the run of ordinary human beings, you seek the aid of the Press, TV, and ITV., or better still you employ an agent who is on paying and drinking terms with the "blokes that matter" in mass communications. They build your "public personality" and destroy your individuality (assuming you have any).

(To those who fail, the only alternative is to commit a series of gory murders à la Heath, or Christie. Not only will you have a brief but intensive monopoly of the headlines but you may even find a place in the law books and the unending "Famous Trials" series not to mention serialisation in the gutter *Sunday Press*).

For the "personalities", so long as it doesn't keep them out of the public eye too long or disrupt their contracts, involvement in sit-downs



is good publicity for them and, incidentally, for the "cause" (though the value is dubious since while on the one hand it tends to encourage the waverers, on the other it bestows a halo of respectability on a movement which has no intention of being "respectable").

But for the likes of you and the writer of these lines the publicity value of going to prison as the alternative to paying a fine or agreeing to be bound over has very little chance of making the headlines of the mass press or of influencing its readers if it did. The decision to (a) participate in demonstrations involving the risk of arrest, (b) refuse to pay fines and accept imprisonment, (c) accept committal to prison as the price for refusing to be "bound over" to keep the peace must be a personal one, by which we mean a responsible one, shorn of heroics, fanaticism, emotionalism, spleen, exhibitionism and defiance. We accept any of these feelings as explanations for one's actions on

one occasion; they are a kind of liberation for a whole series of pent-up feelings and fears and doubts which apply especially to young and inexperienced people (and we counsel them as salutary antidotes to the ravages of age, comfort, prosperity, routine and despair which afflict too many of our middle-aged contemporaries!). But surely once is enough to liberate us from the inexperience and to shake off the cobwebs of age; to meekly offer our necks to the executioners is to deserve what we get! Let us enlarge on the points on which we feel every individual must decide.

(a) *The decision to participate in demonstrations involving the risk of arrest.* Perhaps, if we deal with a real experience and not with the problem in the abstract, the point we are trying to make will receive from our active readers and the militants of the *Committee of 100* the consideration we are bold enough to think it deserves.

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RUISLIP

AT the demonstration at the U.S. Air Force British Headquarters at Ruislip (a West London suburb) on December 9th, there were, according to the radio, 1,500 demonstrators and 1,400 policemen. I did not see that number of either during the five hours between the march from the assembly point, and the final confused scuffles at dusk when demonstrators were still attempting to prevent the police from driving off one of their coaches of prisoners.

It seemed to me that at any given time, the demonstrators were heavily outnumbered by the police, who had previously established themselves in very large numbers in three strategic places: a big dairy depot behind the station, in the Queensmead School opposite the base, and in the American HQ itself. The Air Force itself was nowhere to be seen.

The police followed their familiar bottling-up tactics—though they took their time about it. Victoria Road was immobilised for several hours and, after the first half hour they closed it to traffic at both ends. In the isolated group of demonstrators who attempted to approach the base from the opposite side, there were 38 people, sitting surrounded by 64 policemen, until the superintendent decided that it was time they were mopped up. This seemed to be the general ratio—a policy of containment, which succeeded the original one of picking up the sitters and dumping them on the grass verge—after which they immediately ran back again.

As to the effect on the public, the residents of this new suburb, with

its trim little houses and elegant schools: I did not hear a single favourable comment on the demonstration. When police vans were nosing their way down to the main body of sitters, they were continually obstructed by demonstrators darting out from the verge and squatting in front of the moving vehicles until dragged away by the police. When the last of these, a man seeking with considerable courage or fool-hardiness, to prevent the fast-moving van from going any further, was knocked down and dragged away face downwards, a middle-aged spectator shouted to the police, "Why don't you kill the silly idiot," and thirty seconds later the same spectator was roaring with laughter as a policeman lost his balance and fell heavily to the ground from the back of the same van. To the bystanders the whole thing was an amusing spectacle. I engaged a number of vocal observers in conversation and simply gathered a collection of inane comments directed at the police ("Why don't they bang their heads together; they'd soon clear this lot up"), the Americans ("Trust the Yanks not to come out and fight") and the demonstrators ("Making an exhibition of themselves. Haven't they got anything better to do?").

To the police it was, I suppose, a routine operation—rather over-organised, to judge by the way their officers strutted up and down giving orders. I did not see the incident in which they were alleged to have been "playing chicken" with the sitters, by rushing them on motor-cycles.

So far as the demonstrators themselves are concerned, the effect of this sit-down has been, I imagine, the same as that of the previous ones: a reinforcement of the sense of solidarity and involvement. They behaved with dignity and determination. 591 people were arrested.

C.W.

WETHERSFIELD

(From our correspondent)

AT Finchingfield, where the CND's Easter march assembled and spilled over into the innumerable roads and lanes that seem to meet there, the village green was deserted. Still we were not expecting to see demonstrators assembling there, though we were hoping that, in view of the last minute refusal by the coach people to take people from London we would meet isolated groups on the road leading to Wethersfield. Wethersfield village contrasted sharply with sleepy Finchingfield. The Press were there in strength; the cameras mounted on car tops, rubber cables connected to black boxes, and men with ear-phones; men with more cameras strapped to their bodies than they had hands to handle them; and of course the Force, the custodians of law and order were there in strength. They were lining the streets like sinister festoons for a village in mourning; the village hall was bursting its sides with the Reserves, kept warm with hot refreshments and food. After all, like the Americans at the base they were, to quote the Minister, "the

guests" of Wethersfield. The Press were there, the police were there, and the Alsatians were there, barking away in the vans. But alas, enough demonstrators were not there for the show to start, for the wheels to turn: for the forces of law and order to put away their pipes and stub out their cigarettes and put on their masks; for the news gatherers to take up their action stations.

Hopefully we went on to Braintree to offer transport for stranded demonstrators. At the station there were more signs of life, but even so it was clear that no more than a token demonstration would be possible. Shortly after 1.30 all the transport moved off, plain clothes men and news men as well as demonstrators, on the road to Wethersfield.

With the demonstrators assembled in two columns, it was clear that no more than 500 would be available. Of these only about 100 were prepared to attempt to penetrate the barbed wire defences

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ANARCHY 10

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"If in time there were degrees of high and low," said Thomas Hobbes, "I verily believe the highest of time would be that which passed betwixt 1640 and 1660." In fact it would not be too much to say that the peak of English history came in the seven years separating the defeat of Charles I in 1646 and the triumph of Oliver Cromwell in 1653. Between the destruction of one tyrant and the accession of another, the country reached a state of social, religious, political and intellectual turmoil it had never known before and has never known since.

Hundreds of groups in Parliament, the Protestant churches and sects, in the regiments of the Army, and in the towns and villages of England quarrelled with each other and among themselves about their plans for a settlement following the Civil War; the King was tried and beheaded, and the Monarchy and House of Lords were abolished; great thinkers like Milton, Hobbes and Harrington were working out their ideas; Ireland and Scotland were conquered and fully united with England for the first time; the men who had fought on both sides in the war and had travelled all over the country (often leaving their homes for the first time in their lives) returned with their minds full of what they had seen and heard; for the first time, English popular thought and discontent came right

out into the open, as books and pamphlets attacking everything and advocating everything poured from the presses in the brief interval between the censorships of King and Lord Protector; fortunes and reputations were made and lost overnight; extreme political groups such as the Levellers and the Fifth Monarchy Men gained very considerable power and influence in high places; "Anabaptists" (the fashionable booby of the age) terrified all the Establishments; Ranters and Shakers, Seekers and Quakers wandered about England preaching their strange doctrines, and men like George Fox and James Nayler suffered cruel persecution for their public eccentricities; English society was turned upside down.

In all this confusion one of the most extraordinary and interesting figures was a real live anarchist called Gerrard Winstanley, whose origins and fate were obscure, whose work was forgotten until it was rediscovered in 1895 by Eduard Bernstein (the German "revisionist" Marxist), and who is the hero of David Caute's second novel, *Comrade Jacob* (André Deutsch, 16s.). Winstanley was a remarkable pamphleteer—quite as remarkable as the more famous John Lilburne—who began with anticlerical theology and turned to its political equivalent, anarchism. First, like Bunyan, he wrote in allegorical terms of the Kingdom of Heaven; then he brought it down to earth and wrote of utopia—but unlike most utopians he not only wrote of utopia, he tried to build it with his bare hands. He fell right through Puritanism, passing from orthodoxy to Baptism to a sort of primitive Quakerism, and came out the other side advocating anarchist communism and for a year leading an anarchist community in Surrey.

He was probably the Garrard Winstanley who was baptised at Wigan on 10 July, 1609, and the Gerrard Winstanley who married Susan King in London on 28 September, 1640; he was certainly born in Lancashire and was in business in London at the beginning of the Civil War. When his business failed he became a grazier at Kingston—like so many revolutionaries, he was a failed petit-bourgeois! In 1648 he was publishing pamphlets upholding universalism—the criminal doctrine "that all men shall be

saved"—and experiencing mystical visions like those of Fox and Bunyan. His active political career began quite suddenly in the spring of 1649, at the time of the Leveller disturbances after Charles' death, when socialistic proposals for ending the crisis were in the air.

On April 1st he and a handful of friends began to dig up the common land on St. George's Hill, between Cobham and Walton-on-Thames, earning themselves the name of "Diggers", though they called themselves the True Levellers. The little band were repeatedly attacked by ignorant mobs and persecuted by the local landowners (led by the Presbyterian parson, John Platt), and a troop of soldiers (under Captain John Gladman) was sent down to keep order; Winstanley and his fellow-leader, William Everard (who seems to have deserted the Diggers for the Levellers just in time for their defeat at Burford in May), explained their behaviour to Thomas Fairfax (the Commander-in-Chief of the Army) at Hounslow, and Fairfax himself visited the community at least once. For a few months the project survived, while Winstanley bombarded Fairfax and the Army in general, Parliament, the Churches, the Universities, the lawyers and the City merchants with eloquent pamphlets, the best of which are *The New Law of Righteousness* and *The Burning Bush*. Other groups appeared in Buckinghamshire, Northamptonshire and Kent, but the movement was short-lived, and nothing more is heard of the community on St. George's Hill after April, 1650. Winstanley's brief burst of activity was over.

But he was not quite finished. After the "crowning mercy" of Worcester, when Cromwell decisively defeated Charles II, Winstanley wrote a long, theoretical treatise called *The New Law of Freedom* to give final expression to his ideas. Disillusion had set in, and he fell into many authoritarian errors—starting with the hope that Cromwell would listen to him—but his last known work is still a remarkable utopian document. It is discussed in M. L. Berneri's *Journey through Utopia* (pp. 145-173), and a shorter account appears in George Woodcock's *Anarchy or Chaos* (pp. 27-31). Incidentally, the Cresset Press published a selection of his works in 1944, but the enormous

American collection which was edited by George Sabine and published by the Cornell University Press in 1941 has not appeared in this country. Winstanley is still a shockingly neglected English anarchist pioneer, who is well worth studying.

David Caute's impressive novel deals with the history of the community on St. George's Hill from its beginning full of hope to its bitter end. He naturally concentrates on Winstanley, alternating passages told in the first person by his hero with passages of third person narrative. Everard, Platt, Gladman are here, even Fairfax, though they tend to become caricatures when the author's pen slips. There are some jarring moments of hindsight—a reference to "some young chap called Andrew Marvelle", words and phrases like "pacifism" and "civil disobedience"—and the language sometimes drops from the colloquial to the slangy, but the book is brilliantly written. There is also rather too much modern preoccupation with violence and sex for the seventeenth century background, but the age lives again nevertheless.

The facts are added to, but scarcely altered at all where they are known (thus Henry Sanders made the first complaint about the community, not Parson Platt, but this sort of thing is unimportant). We certainly get the feel of "a man with his feet on the ground and his head in the clouds", as Fairfax is made to see him. The title, by the way, need not be puzzling. Winstanley once wrote:—

"Now comes the time that the elder sons, that are born after the flesh, shall serve the younger sons, in whom the blessing lies; this is the fall of Esau and the rising of Jacob."

Jacob, who was called Israel, was the younger brother of Esau who took his birthright from him and became the ancestor of the Jews. The Diggers used to call themselves Jews, in the sense that they—the common people—were the Chosen People, the meek who would inherit the Earth. So Winstanley is Jacob, the representative of the poor; he is also *Comrade Jacob*, the representative of the working-class. David Caute manages in two words to link his hero with the Hebrew myth and the socialist movement.

He doesn't manage quite so successfully to convey the apocalyptic

interpretation of Christianity that Winstanley proclaimed: "Some of you hate the name Leveller," he said to the followers of Lilburne, who were much concerned to deny that they were revolutionaries. "I tell you Jesus Christ is the head Leveller." Nor do we get the uncompromising anarchist message of Winstanley's pamphlets: "All government and ministry, that is lifted up by imagination, is to be thrown down and plucked up." What we do get is the enormous utopian hope of the Diggers—"That the earth shall be made a common treasury of livelihood to whole mankind, without respect of persons"—and their burning desire "to sow corn and to eat our bread together by the sweat of our brows"; and we are presented with the cruel dilemma of violence and non-violence. "We shall not do this by force of arms," said Winstanley, "we abhor it"; but they were scattered by force of arms and would have been forgotten if he hadn't been a great writer too.

It will be guessed that David Caute is chiefly interested in Winstanley insofar as his work is still relevant. This is fair enough, and the book is so good that one can't really complain. But it is in no sense a substitute for Winstanley's own writing, and in some respects I think it distorts his character as we know it. My objection here is that some of his additions to the story introduce an alien element of sexual intrigue which I find very hard to accept. I really can't believe in Parson Platt's hysterical wife who becomes infatuated with Winstanley and gives him money to keep the community going, or in the delicious young-wife of one of his comrades who fires him with temptation and indirectly precipitates the community's collapse. Here I feel that melodrama is gratuitously thrust into the plot and that an unpleasant attitude to women and heterosexual activity, which was also present in Caute's novel about West Africa, *At Fever Pitch* (1959), mars his very considerable talent. He is a clever young Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford (which comes in for some nasty cracks on the side!), who ought to know better than to lapse into pure sensationalism. Another small objection is that *Comrade Jacob* is too short and could easily have been twice as long. But it is really such a good novel that I don't want to end by discouraging anyone from reading it; it is far more than a mere political or historical novel and is well worth reading and re-reading, both for its own sake and for the light it throws on a little known episode in English political history. N.W.

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UNWELCOME LITTLE STRANGERS

THERE is no constant link between poverty and illegitimacy. In London's East End the rate is consistently lower than in the West End. (However, poverty is certainly a factor in the West Indies, Peru and parts of the Argentine, where the rates are as high as 60-70 per cent.). Climate is not a factor either, since, for example, Icelanders produce seventeen times as many bastards as do the "passionate" Greeks. Nor is religion a factor: in 1938 the highest rates were: Iceland (Lutheran) 23.7 p.c., Austria (Catholic) 20.9 p.c., Portugal (Catholic) 15.6 p.c., Sweden (Lutheran) 12.7 p.c. Education doesn't seem to be a factor and there is little consistency in the results of comparisons between town and country areas.

There are many other interesting facts to be learned from a book by Virginia Wimperis which was published this year*. We are told that in this country three out of every hundred illegitimate children die before they are one year old, twenty are at some stage adopted by someone other than their parents, three are in public care, and about a third grow up in unofficial families. In England and Wales the chances of death before one year is 26 per cent, higher

that for legal children (1955 figures); in Scotland it is 70 per cent, higher (1954 figures). However, the first-baby factor could apply here. In Newcastle the accident rate was found to be considerably higher for "natural" children. Some countries, however, seem to have beaten these factors.

A link between illegitimacy and delinquency seems to have been pretty clearly demonstrated—by Burt, Mannheim, Stott and others. Burt, for instance, studying 200 consecutive cases of juvenile delinquency in London, found that 7.6 against 0.7 p.c. of controls were illegitimacies. There is some evidence that disturbed pregnancy has its effect. Also, an illegitimate may be cut off from brothers, sisters, aunts and cousins, etc., or others he could otherwise turn to when some member or members of his family show lack of understanding or intolerance.

There is much evidence to show that illegitimacies in this country suffer from their misfortune. It is not even necessary for it to be manifested in anti-social behaviour or in obvious clinical symptoms for it to be real. A boy may come to the edge of marriage and then find that his fiancée's people will not accept him because he was born illegitimate; a girl may feel ready to marry anyone at all who will forgive her the stigma of her birth. Some old people

have forgone their pensions even for fear of revealing their "illegal" state. "Those who assume that it is only the old who suffer in this way and that children are no longer shunned for being illegitimate should have to see a boy as he turns to his mother when he is taunted by the neighbours' veiled questions, imploring her to arm him with some story to account for his father's absence. That boy is the citizen of the future . . . Will he be given a chance? Will the way soon be made clear for the legislative reforms that are so urgently needed? . . . Every year another 30,000 illegitimacies are born in England and Wales alone, and the half million below school-leaving age cannot be left waiting indefinitely for the generosity, the justice and affection, that they must have if they are to grow up into the sound and happy people it is within them to become."

The book tells us about the legislative reforms that have taken place in Norway, Sweden and Denmark, largely as a result of the efforts of a politician named Castberg.

In Russia, which was among the first to put the Castberg ideas into effect, things have been modified from time to time. In 1943 the right to inheritance was withdrawn. In the following year paternity suits were forbidden and the father ceased to have any responsibility

* *The Unmarried Mother and her Child*, by Virginia Wimperis. Allen & Unwin 35s.

INQUEST ON THE SIT-DOWN

Continued from page 1

This writer has all along supported the initiatives taken by the *Committee of 100*, without sharing their faith and hopes in a non-violent social revolution and firmly disassociating ourselves from the muddled political thinking of their chairman, Bertrand Russell, who we deeply respect and admire as a human being, nevertheless. We have supported them because we felt that they had realised that in order to save mankind from possible annihilation by the latest in the weapons of extermination it was the people, and not governments or political parties, who should be prevailed upon to take action to remove the threat of war. And the sit down demonstrations they organised besides the country—and world-wide publicity they received, served to break down the blind acceptance with which the majority of people swallowed the orders and policies of the government in office. They also served to remove the social fears of being “involved with the law”. The policeman ceased to be, for them, the “bobby” and assumed his true role as the ruling classes’ strongest argument. Prison was a place to which social as well as anti-social members of the community might well be sent in the name of law and order. Prison is a place where young and not so young can discover and re-discover their dignity and power as individual human beings despite the fact that within those walls they officially have no rights, no power.

For the militant, the activist, prison should have no fears. But it is, whatever use one can make of the enforced leisure to read and study, to develop one’s individuality, and influence-by-example one’s circle of friends, a serious restriction on one’s freedom of movement and of communication, to mention the most obvious, and one that we anarchists, at least, do not accept without first asking ourselves whether the price we may have to pay for our actions is worthwhile.

We must always be reluctant to go to prison, which does not mean we should be reluctant to take actions which might involve us in arrest and imprisonment. We should be prepared to court imprisonment if by so doing we further our cause more effectively than we could otherwise, but we must be careful to distinguish between such action and that action which is intended to solve purely personal problems. We know that there will be those who argue that these are one and the self same thing. The fact is that for some of us they are not, and therefore reasonable people must agree to disagree!

This writer had intended to join the Wethersfield demonstration as an observer, partly because the plan to immobilise the air base seemed hopeless at this stage and the price for insuccess much too high. When we saw how few were those who had made their way to Wethersfield and that the attempt to penetrate the barbed wire fences of the air base (protected by some 3,000 military and civilian police, not to mention the dogs and as we learned, on the spot, helicopters as well) had been called off, a feeling of solidarity with those who had kept the rendezvous, and in particular a regard for close friends deeply com-

mitted to the demonstration, outweighed our reason—and we sat down with them.

Happy as we are thinking back on one more experience of warm, human companionship, the sharing with others of a cup of hot soup, or the relative protection of a sack between wet macadam and bottom, we are filled with doubts as to whether we were right in joining the sit-down, especially if our action influenced our friends. (If this is boastful thinking we can only reply that in the event our friends influenced us more than we influenced them! But we must add that their influence was emotional). This is not the way to carry on the struggle against the forces of authority. Demonstrations which involve the possibility of arrest, police violence, and imprisonment must not be treated lightly, as a week-end outing. Because we consider them as serious non-violent threats to authority, we felt that the *Committee of 100* when they originally stated that their acts of civil disobedience would take place only if a minimum of 2,000 people pledged themselves to take part, clearly valued the person of the demonstrator as highly as his “witness”. A demonstration of 2,000 had the possibility of success so far as its limited objectives were concerned, or failing that, ensured either immunity from arrest or mass arrests which would cause a breakdown of the Court machinery and of the prisons if demonstrators refused to pay fines. This was a reasonable supposition perhaps a year ago. It no longer is. (Strange as it may seem to those who look upon the ruling class as stupid and suicidal, they seem to recognise the danger signals more clearly than their enemies). Knowing that there was a reception committee of the Establishment of some 3,000 military and civilian police at Wethersfield, that the coach company had refused transport facilities the *Committee of 100* should, at its eve of the demonstration briefing, held a secret meeting with its Wethersfield marshals calling off that demonstration and asking them to intercept would-be demonstrators at the London Station and on the highways and suggest they join the Ruislip demonstration.

Instead of which the 500 demonstrators who made their way to Wethersfield were faced with overwhelming odds even before they set off for the two entrances to the base. In the village itself one felt as if in a trap, what with the police and all the paraphernalia of the press, and this writer and others were convinced that it would have been more effective if all this machine had been set in motion, the barbed wire reinforcements set up, the guards posted at every two yards round the perimeter, the 800 police brought from all over Essex, the dogs, the Randolph Churchills, the Minister, the lot and no demonstrators rather than two columns of 250 people with whom the police played like a cat with a mouse. To subject demonstrators to such treatment is bad for morale and will harm future activities of the *Committee*. We only hope that before embarking upon another demonstration these and other important matters will be carefully considered by them.

(Next week we shall discuss the points (b) and (c) as well as the question of secrecy in the light of recent activities by the police).

DR. CONOR O'BRIEN who recently resigned from his job as head of the United Nations in Katanga, is not going to satisfy his critics by passing into obscurity, at least not before he blows the gaff about the surreptitious role played by Britain in Katanga affairs.

Already the Government has been jolted into agreeing to supply a consignment of bombs for the Canberra aircraft which are being used by the Indian contingent of the U.N. forces in Katanga. The request was made weeks ago by the U.N., but the fact that Britain has been loudly protesting against the use of force in Katanga, and now insists that her bombs be used for “preventive action” only, will not convince everyone that she is dedicated to a non-violent policy. There is much more to the story than that.

The reasons for the Government’s attitude became more apparent as information, through press and radio, is reaching the public.

But first of all Dr. O'Brien's exposé in *The Observer* (Sunday, 10th December) is highly relevant, and the following few paragraphs sufficiently revealing in themselves without the other factors which are now being discussed publically:—

My resignation from the United Nations and from the Irish Foreign Service is a result of British Government policy. That policy, as I have experienced it in practice, has been to give all aid covertly possible to the secessionist regime in Katanga while paying—in an attempt to delude the United States and the Afro-Asian commonwealth—lip-service to the unity of the Congo.

In pursuit of this opportunist policy, carried out under the slogan of “conciliation and negotiation,” the British Government has allowed the Security Council to pass resolutions which it would have vetoed had it possessed either honesty or courage.

By that resolution the U.N. was committed to withdrawal and evacuation of the foreign officers who were—and in a disguised form still are—the backbone of the regime for which Mr. Tshombe is the spokesman. To carry out this difficult and dangerous task the U.N. forces needed the determined and whole-hearted backing at least of the members of the Security Council. The Force Commander (General Sean McKeown), has now confirmed that he and his troops did not get it.

In the Katanga context the resolution of February 21 was completely revolutionary in its implications. Nobody knew this better than the British Government and nobody was more opposed

REAL ESTATE

Congo

& REAL INTERESTS

to such a revolution. Yet the British voted for the resolution in question.

It is hard, in relation to such a vote, to frame any other hypothesis than that they voted on the assumption that the resolution would not be implemented. My experience suggests that they made that assumption and did their best to make it come true.

My offence is that on August 28 I was responsible for the first major breakdown in the assumption—the arrest of more than 200 of the mercenaries.

From that date on, the British delegation at the U.N., with help from various other quarters, tried to get me removed, on grounds of “rashness” and “imprudence”.

We know that Britain, for economic reasons, hopes for a smooth entry into the European Common Market on her terms. It is not going to help the cause if Britain antagonises Belgium and France by giving support to the United Nations against Tshombe, hence the double-dealing and the apparent confusion. But also there are highly interested groups in this country and within the Government’s own party making up the “Katanga Lobby” in financial and political circles who are bringing pressure on the Government.

According to one report:

... the members of this group have never sought the limelight, and in the very cities where it has achieved its most notable successes—London, Paris and Brussels—its discretion has surrounded the whole affair with an atmosphere of secrecy.

We don't suppose that all the Tory back-benchers who support Tshombe have a financial interest in Katanga, but there are some with consider-

THOSE BOMBS!

Since the above was written, the Government has had to change its mind about sending those 1,000 lb. bombs for the UN bombers. This was clearly the result of pressure from the “Katanga Lobby”, and caused an outcry from the humanitarian supporters of the UN—who thought the bombs SHOULD be sent!

able influence who do.

The *Guardian’s* Commonwealth correspondent on December 6th, writing about the important financial lobby in the City of London and its links with Westminster, points out that the mighty Anglo-Belgian mining corporation, the Union Minière, now provides the Tshombe regime with about 80% of its annual revenues.

Other tie-ups are as follows:

Tanganyika Concessions Ltd., an Anglo-Rhodesian concern with its headquarters in Salisbury, owns 14½ per cent of the shares in Union Minière du Haut-Katanga and has 20 per cent of the voting rights. The Chairman of “Tanks” is Capt. Charles Waterhouse, one of the original “Suez rebels” in the winter of 1956-57 when he was still a Conservative MP at Westminster.

In turn, a substantial shareholder in “Tanks”—and therefore a company with a stake in Katanga—is the British South Africa Company, the enormous mining and merchandising concern which dominates the economy of Katanga’s next-door neighbour Northern Rhodesia.

Here we come to numerous links with the British political scene. The president of BSAC, Lord Robins, also sits on the board of “Tanks” and is therefore directly concerned in the welfare of Union Minière. Lord Salisbury was until his retirement (for reasons of ill health) last April a member of the board of BSAC. In recent African debates in the House of Lords he has been a sharp questioner of Government actions in Katanga as well as the Rhodesias. Lord Clitheroe, another vigorous champion of Katanga at Westminster as well as in the letters columns of the serious newspapers, has interests in companies associated with Union Minière, and has declared this interest when speaking in Parliament. So has Lord Selborne, who has similar financial interests in Union Minière associates.

The role of the United Nations in the Congo as a peace-maker has been discussed often enough in FREEDOM, the view being that since it is virtually controlled by the big nations it could only do harm. Not everyone agrees with this view, but whatever its ultimate function as an independent force, if it withdrew from the Congo at the moment there would be nothing but “the will of the people” to stop Tshombe taking absolute control aided by the same people who kept the Congo in ignorance and poverty for so long.

What is less obvious is what “the will of the people” really is.

R.M.

AROUND THE GALLERIES

Victorian furniture, waiting to accept the spittle of authority.

Kaplan has lingered too long over this nostalgia for the womb of abasement. Ilya Ehrenburg has written that “There are lithographs by A. Kaplan on the walls of the room where I work, they bring me much joy. I am sure that a similar joy will be experienced by the owners of these lithographs.” To me, that reads like the patronising reference of some *petit bourgeois* shop-keeper for his counter hand. The joy will be when the Ehrenburgs of this world fear to have the lithographs upon their walls for then, they will sing of the dignity of the Jewish people and not of a clownish element accepting the role of Russia’s Uncle Toms.

In an emotional prefatory note Wolf Mankowitz has written, “In Prague, in the oldest graveyard of Jews in Europe, there stands an ancient synagogue, clean, perfectly reconstructed and empty as a blown egg.”

“In the dim light, such as Kaplan captures in the multi-toned black of his lithographs, the walls seem for a moment as you enter to crawl with maggots. But there is not even the movement of death in this museum sepulchre. It is a trick of the light as it falls across writing on the walls which make the names [of the murdered Jews] painted inch-high in strict alphabetical order, seem to writhe.”

Anatoli Lvovitch Kaplan is a magnificent technician who will honour his people more by singing of the glory that could be their future than by continually weeping over the humiliations of their past, for let us always honour the dead but remember that our place is with the living.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

ANATOLE KAPLAN

ANATOLI LVOVITCH KAPLAN was born in the year 1902 in the small village of Rogatchev in Byelorussia, and he spent his boyhood and his youth in this village of wooden shacks and orthodox Jewry. In 1921 he joined the Academy of Arts in Leningrad and for six years shared in the ferment of those days. It was a period when every encouragement was given to the artist to experiment, and Kaplan found himself in the company of men like Skouliari, Charnetskaya, Matiukh, Vedernikov, Shenderov, Ermolaev and Sudakov, men who had come to be accepted as among the best of graphic artists working in Leningrad.

For ten years after leaving the Academy Kaplan worked as a designer and scenic artist and this period had a pronounced influence on his later work. In 1939, Kaplan was accepted as a member of the Union of Soviet Artists and from then on his course seemed clear, for his work was acclaimed and accepted within the Soviet Union and he became a regular exhibitor at the major official art exhibitions. The Russian museums began to acquire his work and his reputation became known outside the Soviet Union. He is best known among the Russian Establishment for his prints, such as the twelve sheets of “Views of Leningrad during the days of the blockade”, that were issued in 1946, but Kaplan was for ever turning back to the village of his youth for his inspiration and he found his outlet during the dark days leading up to Russia’s entry into the Greater Great War, for it was then that Kaplan began the illustrations for Sholem Aleichem’s “Kasrilovka”.

Eric Estorick, the director of the Grosvenor Gallery, is responsible for this exhibition of Kaplan’s work, on view at 15 Davies Street, W.1., and this is, I believe, the first one-man show of a contemporary Russian artist to be held in this country, or for that matter the West, and though the point is open to correction our thanks are due to Mr. Estorick for enabling us to see this work. Here are Kaplan’s 130 lithographs, and this man who has been acclaimed as the greatest living Russian-born painter, next to Chagall, has now staked his claim to our attention. Kaplan has rightly spurned the laboured fantasies of Chagall and has used a softer, sadder line to record his vision, but for all their acclaim among the Top People of Moscow and of London there is too much of the masochistic nostalgia for the stench of the ghetto about this work for my taste.

Kaplan’s Jewish men and women lack that touch of dignity that could add charm to their rural humour, for they are the Jews of the witless lavatory jokes, passive and uncomplaining in the face of the world’s abuse, every-ready to curl up beneath the jackboot of authority. I turned to the work of George Cruikshank in his Dickens illustrations, to seek an artist who could use as subject matter the men and women spawned like animals, into the stew of last century’s London. The same decaying façades to his buildings, the same sunless skies and the same gloomy interiors such as Kaplan offers, but Cruikshank’s half-starved creatures are children of movement and revolt, whilst Kaplan’s figures sit passively among their ghastly

