

'Liberty is not a gift that one receives from a state or a leader.'

ALBERT CAMUS

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THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY - 4d.

IN FREEDOM last week, we asked the question "Can America afford to Disarm?" and answered it in the affirmative if one assumed that such a revolutionary proposal could be matched by an equally revolutionary change in approach to the socio-economic problems of our day. We did so because it seemed clear to us that what prevented the people of the United States from enjoying the abundance which was potentially within their grasp, was the system of production based on "supply and demand" and the system of distribution which recognises only those "markets" where need is matched by the ability to pay for what one needs. The failure of that system was virtually recognised by the President of the United States himself when he confessed that whereas fewer millions of acres of land, and industry operating well below capacity, were producing more than the needs of the people, many millions of people in the United States were living below subsistence levels. Only in a capitalist system could this loom as a large scale problem. In a rational society hours of work would be reduced to absorb the unemployed, and wage rates increased accordingly to ensure that the purchasing power of workers was at least unchanged. Thus the worker would be conscious of a real improvement in his conditions, in so far as he enjoyed the same standard of living through working fewer hours. President Kennedy seeks to alleviate the lot of unemployed millions and their families by extending the period of unemployment pay and for those whose unemployment went beyond even these limits, a system of food tickets which would at the same time relieve their hunger as well as reduce the stocks of surplus food. Somehow it seems that the kind of solutions we have outlined above do not meet with approval either from official- or from otherwise -enlightened quarters. We have been reading a paper issued by the "Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions", obviously a very respectable set-up with its long list of Sponsors and Consultants with the Board of Directors headed by the Fund for the Republic Inc. We mention this because what the Vice-President of the Fund, Mr. W. H. Ferry has to say in his paper "Caught on the Horn of Plenty" is really quite revolutionary. The first point he makes is that

As consumers, Americans are joyously sopping up affluence, quarter after quarter sending private debt for consumer goods to record levels, and inventing new categories of services. But the lesson of abundance is even here ambiguous; for while there is enough to go around for all, not all are sharing. There is enough in our ever-swollen granaries so that no American need to go to bed hungry. Yet millions do, while millions of others are vaguely un-

'Abundance may compel social justice'

-As Conscience Never Has

easy and feel guilty about so absurd a situation. The American farm is technology's most notorious victory. That the disaster of abundance on our farms has so far resisted solution is a portent of greater dilemmas in other areas.

He then goes on to argue that not the least of America's troubles occurs over definitions

Abundance of this self-evident variety, for example, is not the opposite of the classical idea of scarcity. And what are resources? How do you tell when a resource is scarce? Or not scarce? Are people resources? Are people without jobs or skills resources? What is prosperity? This is a particularly hard definition. The recession is said to be past. Newcomers by the millions are thronging into the stock market. The Gross National Product is at a 3.4 rate. And around 5,000,000 people are out of jobs. Is this prosperity? What are today's definitions of work, leisure, play, affluence? Our vocabulary is tuned to yesterday's industrial revolution, not to today's scientific revolution. Abundance might, for instance, be defined as the capacity—here meaning resources, skill, capital, and potential and present production—the capacity to supply every citizen with a minimum decent life. We have the capacity, so this makes us an abundant society. Yet some 30,000,000 Americans are living below the poverty line.

The abundance on which Mr. Ferry concentrates his attention is "the disagreeable, the ironic and growing abundance of unemployment". Keynes defined technolo-

gical unemployment, more than thirty years ago, as "unemployment due to our discovery of means of economizing the use of labour outrunning the pace at which we can find new uses for labour". Such a situation is, in Mr. Ferry's view, growing every year in America as the labour force grows (1,250,000 annually) and technological progress forges ahead (permitting the discharge of 1,250,000 each year). Thus technological unemployment could grow at the rate of 2½ million without in any way affecting the productive capacity of industry and agriculture. The question is

whether jobs can be manufactured fast enough to approach full employment, using the present definition of jobs and the means of providing them that are presently regarded as acceptable. The essential contention of this paper is that the answer is no. An apparently unavoidable condition of the Age of Abundance is increasing structural unemployment and under-employment.

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"THE novelty of this proposition", Mr. Ferry points out, is that the majority of "victims of technological displacement will be permanently out of work". The difficulty of radical solutions based on leisure, is in part the resistance such a concept receives from "a nation committed to economic dynamism and to work, any kind of work, as a good in

itself". There are all kinds of ways of deferring the need for radical solutions. The government is spending more on "weaponry" and their action is "regarded by many as a response as much to structural unemployment as to Soviet demands about Berlin". Then again one could return to a "state of scarcity" by "the simple act of deciding to share what we have with those who need it elsewhere in the world." Mr. Ferry who is not opposed to such a plan nevertheless points out that "there might be a good deal of argument before some Americans could be persuaded that impoverished Africans or Asians have a 'just' claim on American abundance". But it is *planning* that Mr. Ferry advocates, plus new ways of thinking. Thus:

* In an abundant society the problem is not an economic one of keeping the machine running regardless of what it puts out, but a political one of achieving the common good. And planning is one of its major means. . . .

* We shall have to stop automatically regarding the unemployed as lazy, unlucky, indolent and unworthy. We shall have to find means, public or private, of paying people to do no work. This suggestion goes severely against the American grain, and it will have to be adopted slowly. . . .

* The essential change in outlook will be to regard the new leisure—including the leisure of the liberated margin—as

desirable, as a good, and to direct public policy to accepting it as a good in itself. . . .

* Let me emphasize that I am not talking about idleness, only about what most people today regard as idleness or near to it. The revolution in economic theory that is indicated by abundance is dramatically illustrated here. Whoever heard of economic theory with poets, painters and philosophers among the premises? . . .

* Abundance may compel social justice as conscience never has. The liberated margin will have to get "what is its due". This means developing a basis of distribution of income which is not tied to work as a measure . . . without the criterion of what members of the liberated margin are worth in the employment market, for there is no such market for them. The criteria of capitalism are, in fact, largely irrelevant to conditions of abundance. Efficiency, administration, progress, success, profit, competition and private gain are words of high standing in the lexicon of capitalism . . . a community of abundance will find less use for these ideas, and will turn instead to ideas like justice, law, government, general welfare, virtue, co-operation, and public responsibility as the touchstones of policy. . . .

* Humanity, with its politics and past-times and poetry and conversation, will then occupy the central place in the landscape. Management of machines for human ends, not management by them, is the true object of industrial civilisation.

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MEANWHILE, says Mr. Ferry, "the chief necessity is to revive respect for law and governments as the proper instruments of the general welfare". For without this respect "the economic future of this country . . . will be determined, and stultified, by the accidents of private ambition and the hope of private gain". After so much "new thinking" it is something of an anticlimax to hear that the economic revolution is to be made by a revival of respect for those two hoary old rogues "law" and "government". Like all progressive democrats Mr. Ferry just cannot see that all governments whatever their intentions in the first place, must invariably defend privilege or create it if it does not exist, simply in the performance of their functions as governments. And, furthermore is Mr. Ferry not himself as blinkered as some of the conservative Americans he criticises, when he significantly omits to mention or discuss the possibility of abolishing money as perhaps the simplest way of dealing with the redistribution of wealth in a society of abundance?

FRANCO'S BANKER

Juan Albert March Ordinas [who recently died in Madrid at the age of 81] was the leading financier in the regime of Generalissimo Francisco Franco, of whose rebellion he was the banker. Through his association with the Franco dictatorship, Senor March acquired a grip on a large part of the Spanish economy and became one of the richest men in Europe. [He is said to have amassed a fortune of about £115 millions].

He was the son of poor peasants, whom he helped support at an early age by working in a grain warehouse.

He never went to school and did not learn to read or write until he was 40. Instead, he obtained his business education by working as a longshoreman around Palma Harbour.

He went to Spanish Morocco at the turn of the century, soon acquired a tobacco plantation and built it into a thriving industrial concern, with cigarette factories, shops and a fleet of ships.

The ships, a later parliamentary commission charged, were used to smuggle tobacco into Spain. The fleet became the Compania Transmediterranea, controlling Spanish passenger and freight traffic in the Mediterranean.

Former King Alfonso awarded Senor March the country's tobacco monopoly. According to evidence laid before the Spanish Cortes (legislature) in 1932 the monarch did so because Senor March had been importing so much contraband tobacco into Spain that this was the only

way the King could collect some of the taxes due.

Even then, according to the evidence, Senor March continued large-scale tobacco smuggling, cheating his own company as well as customs. In the first World War, as in the second, he profited heavily by selling to both sides, supplying British ships at Gibraltar and German submarines in the Balearic Islands.

After World War I he went to Madrid became a leading monarchist influential in the Government of the dictator General Miguel Primo de Rivera, and obtained the tobacco monopoly for Spanish Morocco. The monopoly for Spain was then held by a company controlled by a combination of interests.

The dictator ordered Senor March's arrest in 1923 on charges of selling guns to the rebellious Arabs in Morocco. He escaped over the Pyrenees disguised, according to reports, as a priest.

For a time he lived abroad while his parents bought up shares in the Spanish tobacco monopoly, the Compania Arrendeteria de Tabacos. When Senor March had acquired the controlling interest, he returned to Spain, made his peace with the Government and began building an economic empire.

He founded a chain of banks—the Banco March—cornered the rich Catalonian potash deposits, acquired public utilities, extended his shipping line and invested in petroleum, agriculture, minerals and textiles.

As owners of two Madrid newspapers,

PROFILE OF A LARGE-SCALE RACKETEER

Informaciones and La Libertad, he entered politics, as a conservative monarchist. When the monarchy fell in 1931, he had his Balearic islanders send him to the Republican Cortes as a Deputy.

A year later Senor March was ousted from the Cortes and jailed on charges of bribery in acquiring his Moroccan tobacco monopoly. During eighteen months in jail, awaiting a trial that was never to be held, he ran his affairs from his cell, waging a newspaper campaign against the republic.

In November, 1933, re-elected while in exile just before Spain's general elections, he escaped to Gibraltar with the aid of a prison guard who subsequently retired, richly rewarded, to Greece.

To the embarrassment of the Republicans, Senor March's Balearic islanders re-elected him to the Cortes with an overwhelming majority. He went from Gibraltar to France and, in March of 1934, returned, with the Republicans' consent to Spain.

Senor March then became active in the plot to overthrow the republic and is said to have chartered the airplane that took Generalissimo Franco to Morocco to lead the 1936 revolt.

He later joined Generalissimo Franco in Salamanca and became banker of the rebel cause, reputedly placing his wealth of \$50,000,000 at his credit at the disposal of the insurgents.

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Reflections on Utopia

OF all the experiments conducted in the last 100 years the Kibbutz or collective in Israel occupies a unique position. If only by virtue of its longevity it tends to suggest that people are in fact capable of living a new way of life, differing radically from life in the outside world. It poses many problems while attempting to answer many more that plague the man outside. It is one of the best examples of democracy and certainly the nearest thing to practising anarchism that exists. Every pet theory of anarchism, like decentralisation, minority opinion, "law" without government, freedom and not licence, delegation of representation are all part of the daily pattern of existence.

Here in microcosm may be seen the beginnings of what might happen in a genuinely free society. It would be

ludicrous to suggest that it is internally a problemless life, or that perfection is round the corner. But what it does suggest is that people are capable sometimes, in spite of themselves, of being responsible and rational in the conduct of their lives.

Though these collectives have grown out of every specific conditions they are not exclusive in the sense that no Englishman or Frenchman would be incapable of living in such a manner. The ideas that motivated their origins were Socialist in content and, although adverse environmental factors and geographical difficulties might at that time have forced an intenser communal spirit, when these conditions got better in later years the collectivist spirit has remained as strong as ever.

Basically the whole structure works very simply. Each department works independently through part of an overall plan approved each year by the community as a whole, usually through a general meeting. Each department has a head, usually elected by the department itself. These are not permanent positions, re-election takes place each year, and each head works on the job as do all the others, but he may make decisions based upon experience. Decisions made by heads or any plan for development must be submitted for general approval, while any elected member may find himself removed from office should there be any evidence of malpractice or incompetence. No decision is ever carried if there remains a substantial minority of opinion in opposition. The issue is left in abeyance till more discussion can take place and unanimity can be reached.

There is no money in the internal life of the community. All food, clothing, houses, health and social security is dealt with by the various committees concerned with these problems. The approach is personal. One is not talking to an official, but to a friend of yours, probably living next door.

These is no governing body, and no written laws, though a hazy identifica-

tion with socialist principles seems to be commonly held. Equality has a meaning in everyday life, and this often produces one of the problems of the new society.

Social pressure is the only effective deterrent to anti-social behaviour, and the only one in use. It works subtly, and no-one is every brought to account, but the knowledge that such a force exists seems to be sufficient.

There is no crime in these communities, and therefore no police, law courts and prisons. There is no private property and no inheritance, and possessiveness takes on a different form from that which we know. This cultivated "instinct" to possess often finds expression in a kind of pride in the community's possessions; such impersonal things as a modern milking parlour or an all-automatic washing-up machine. There is also some justifiable pride in achievement like "making the desert bloom", etc.

All basic things are owned communally, though people do live in their own houses for as long as they remain members. Clothes and personal articles are the only private property allowed, in the sense that we know it.

Children live in their own separate age communities, within the community. Each age group numbers approximately 18, with not less than 3 teachers to a group.

The children live, eat, play and are educated in their own community, and visit their parents after work. Even the babies live apart from the parents after breast feeding is over. Children refer to their teachers by their first names, and punishment of any kind is unknown. Talent is always encouraged, and communities will send any child for further education in their specific inclinations to courses in town, or even overseas. All monetary transactions with the outside world are done by the community treasurer. Though when any member has his annual leave, and goes into town, he gets a lump sum for his two weeks expenses. Work is allocated to



A general view of the EIN GEV kibbutz. Founded in 1937 it was the pioneer settlement on the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee. Main occupation is fishing, and an annual music festival is held in the settlement's big concert hall.

Photo courtesy Israel Government Tourist Office.

each member by a committee, who are determined by the specific need of the community or by the special project on hand. Individual consideration will play a part in the final allocation of jobs. One can object, and, if one has a good case to present, one can have one's job changed.

At first sight it seems an ideal democracy. Authority is so spread out, and each individual member so intimately involved in all that goes on, that one can think of no better way of conducting economic life. These kibbutzim may vary in numbers from 200 to 2,000, and a great deal of organisation is involved in housing and feeding such numbers.

As suggested earlier in this article it is as yet not the ideal society. Though few could quarrel with the ideological basis of such communities, there are many problems that need to be tackled. All this would be of interest to those who tend to create "free societies" in their more contemplative moments, or at public meetings.

The greatest problem is perhaps the necessary re-education that members have to undergo to accept the abolition of personal possessions. This is contrary to all our upbringing in an acquisitive society such as ours. To many in our society possession equals security.

The change is often hard. Also, living close to people often involves one in their problems, sometimes inescapably so. Whereas in London one often hears of people lying dead in their rooms for six weeks before their neighbours find them, such non-interest in one's fellows cannot exist in a kibbutz.

The children appear to be self-confident and independent, with little evidence of that sticky child-parent relationship so obvious elsewhere. This relationship is often a bone of contention with educationalists and self-regulators and other theoreticians of child-upbringing, who sometimes tend to over-protect their children, or attempt to live their lives through their offspring. Perhaps the first test of the community will come when this new generation grows up. Will this reproduce this new way of life, or will it return to that which their parents had rejected? The bright lights and the apparent freedom of the city still exert some allure to both young and old, and, though many have solved this problem, the new generation must still handle it.

This writer found that political indoctrination, or bias perhaps might be a better term for it, to be one of the negative aspects of these communities. Their defence is that a community cannot just be an "ivory tower", but must make itself felt in the world around it.

No attempt has been made here to discuss the political affiliations of the communities, or their relationship to the state, or to the heavy financial debt that most of the communities are in. There is much that one can say about the influence of the outside world. The kibbutz does not live in isolation, yet within its walls it retains a unique system of social relationships, an environment where new ideas and individual talent will be encouraged. Here, as long as one chooses to remain a member, one can have a real sense of belonging, with a system of social security unequalled anywhere else in the world, and to some degree a feeling of personal usefulness and status. Within its confines no man can be exploited by another, and no man is occupied in unnecessary and unproductive labour. The work each man does has dignity and is recognised.

Yet it cannot be a life for all. It conflicts strongly with authoritarian upbringing. Fierce individualism would find its confines too narrow, its politics no better than elsewhere in the world. Yet it reflects both the limitation and the aspirations of a better way of life.

S.F.

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LIFE AS EXPERIENCE

I CONSIDER life as an experience, or rather as a series of experiences, lived to secure the richest, the most abundant, the most varied possible. I think that the individual attains the age of awareness, of intelligent reaction to his environment, in life, in which he runs the gamut of emotions or of sensations, both because they appear inevitably on the keyboard of his existence, and because, knowing this and wishing it, he deliberately provokes them.

What I say of life in this sense must be understood of the inward or intellectual life, that of the sensations or the affections. Life considered in terms of the accomplishment of organic functions—however dispensable these may be to the development of the inner being—does not give sufficient place to the complexity of experiences. Discovery of variety among foodstuffs is not of serious interest to him who is possessed by true curiosity. There are not more than a hundred ways to breathe, to digest, to sleep or to reproduce one's self. In this domain, therefore, the field of experience is limited. And equally indifferent, to my mind, are the experiences involved in the quest of a "position", of glory, of honours, of a good reputation, etc.

I maintain that there is interest in multiplying the experiences of life: interest for him who modifies or renews them. His horizon is widened, his knowledge increased, his sensibility refined; if he loves experience for the experience itself, that is if he seeks rather to instruct himself than to secure a measurable and palpable profit, if he neither fears sorrow nor overvalues joy, possibilities of almost unlimited personal development are within his reach. I think that no man can be made "good", that is to say, can understand the diverse situations of his fellows while refraining from passing judgment, in any other way than by passing through the crucible of experience.

To attain its maximum of utility the journey of research, the journey of the conquest of experience, demands to be recorded, told, analysed, communicated to another; that this other may learn thereby how to live more fully, more

largely—that he may be inspired to gird his loins, to seize the staff, to take to the road for himself also.

I think that the experience which profits only the one who has it fails in attaining its purpose; it is like the new process which a savant discovers, but whose formula he keeps locked in the strong-box of his memory. Effort and experience do not achieve their power of illumination, and stimulate no intellectual activity, save in the measure in which they are exposed before the world, the world of differences and likenesses, whether they are of the nature of a denial or a contribution. It matters little that those who do not wish to profit by it turn away, shrugging their shoulders. The work of propaganda is not therefore the less accomplished: the fertile work emanating from me, from the individual sanctum to abut on the surrounding world, to illumine the social group—the work of distinguishing,

of personal selection among the masses.

Naturally it is necessary that the journey to the conquest of experience, to be exposed and told, shall be worth the trouble.

* * *

Life as experience is lived constantly outside "the law" or "morality" or "customs"—all conventions calculated to assure the *farniente* of interior stagnation to those who refrain from risking themselves, whether through fear or through interest.

Life as experience tears up the programmes, treads underfoot the proprieties, breaks the glass, descends from the ivory tower. It abandons the city of Things Gained, goes out from the gates of Things Judged, and wanders toward adventure in the open countryside of the Unforseen.

For experience never accepts the thing gained as defective, the thing judged as

Continued on page 4

A LITTLE COUNTRY ON ITS OWN ?

IN spite of the price, which is rather high, this is only a small book, though well produced. It is the third in a series "Britain Alive", which describes contemporary England. The two preceding titles are *Potbank* and *The East-Enders*.

—This volume is subtitled "A Social Enquiry into the Forest of Dean", but this is rather a heavy title for what is in fact a long essay, based on the impressions that Dennis Potter received from several re-visits to his birthplace. He compares the old life as he knew it in the 'thirties and 'forties, when he was a child, with the new life as it is today.

The Forest of Dean is a rough tract situated between the two rivers Wye and Severn. It had its own small culture. The people were neither Welsh, their rugged matches with Welsh teams took on the form of tribal raids, with considerable injuries given and taken, nor typically English, with their chapel-going and hymn-singing. It was a one-class

"THE CHANGING FOREST", by Dennis Potter, Secker and Warburg, 11s. 6d.

society of miners, village-centred, with life revolving round the chapel, the brass band, the choir and the pub. Mr. Potter certainly does not gloss over the brutality of the old life. It was male-dominated, puritanical and narrow. But he regrets that this old way of living should have merely given place to a sort of semi-middle class suburban culture, based on fashion (with its attendant anxieties), the television, the Young Conservative bean-feasts and *The Daily Telegraph*. At least in the old days there was a certain warmth and vitality now missing. It will soon be no longer true to describe the Forest as "a little country on its own". It will be like everywhere else; television arials, cars outside every house, Woolworths, supermarkets, coffee-bars and the rest.

What he does not take sufficiently into account, it seems to me, is that this process is not confined to England. What is happening in the Forest of Dean is happening in the Kalahari, the Arctic wastes, the Australian out-back, Tibet and the isles of the Pacific. The triumph of urban society is something that no power on earth can now stop. We may console ourselves with the greater gentleness that it brings to daily life, but it is no good blaming individuals who put china ducks on their walls, the Labour Party for betraying its ideals, British society for being class-ridden and so forth. This is a process comparable to the Agricultural Revolution thousands of years ago, or the Industrial Revolution a century back. The whole world is steadily becoming one vast town, and all the same town, whether it is called Tokio or Paris, London or New York, Peking or Moscow. It is the Urban Revolution.

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

GIOVANNA BERNERI

WITH heavy hearts we write of Giovanna Berneri who died last week in Genoa after a short illness. We have before us a letter she wrote the very morning she was due to leave hospital to return home, in which she enclosed an article from an Italian paper dealing with the forthcoming Aldermaston March with the comment "this man has really not understood a thing about the anti-nuclear movement in Britain, and I was angry when I read it". She was in good spirits, but obviously tired. Of her convalescence she said, "I would be glad to have another month's rest. I am just letting myself go to idleness without any feeling of remorse. I was able to read Pasternak which had been on the shelf for the past four years, waiting to be read . . . And how wonderful is this feeling of escapism . . ." Alas, that same day on her way home she collapsed and died.

Giovanna Berneri was sixty-six when she died in Genoa; her companion, Camillo Berneri was 41 when he was murdered by communists during the May Days in Barcelona in 1937; and their daughter Marie Louise Berneri was 31 when she died in London in 1949. All three devoted their energies, their humanity and their persons to the unending struggle for a happier, freer world; their remains are buried in three different countries, yet never were three people closer in spirit. When Camillo met death at the gunman's hands, Marie Louise then only 19, seemed to take upon her young shoulders the work her father had left unfinished. Those of us who worked with her during the remaining 12 years of her life can never forget those difficult war years and the inspiring courage with which she carried on her anarchist propaganda, undeterred by Defence Regulations, the Special Branch and the threat of prosecution. And when she died, her mother, by then already established in Italy, and one of the most active members of the anarchist movement, redoubled her efforts as if wanting to do some of those many things Marie Louise had left undone. One of the most significant of her additional activities inspired by her daughter's memory was the children's colony named after Marie Louise which every year has welcomed some sixty comrades' children from all parts of Italy for a month's holiday in an atmosphere of freedom (which contrasted vividly with similar colonies in Italy mostly run by the Church).

GIOVANNA BERNERI WAS a woman who had suffered. A strong, big, dignified woman with, it seemed, an unlimited capacity for suffering without bending; only in her deep-set sad eyes did one read all the sadness and sorrow that were the milestones of her adult life. Life in France in the 'twenties for the refugees from Italian fascism was hard, uncertain. With two young children, and with Camillo either being deported first from one country then from another, or in prison awaiting trial or deportation, she was at most times the breadwinner, the mother and the refuge for other political exiles. Without being active in the movement yet she was at the centre of its activities. It was not

OURSELVES

● The flow of subscription renewals is slower, but still encouraging. And the contributions to the Deficit Fund are a clear indication that there are many friends among our readers who feel their share of responsibility in keeping FREEDOM and ANARCHY financially alive. We warmly thank all concerned.

● The Aldermaston March has always been a valuable outlet for our propaganda. This year not only will we have

surprising, therefore, that when the Germans occupied France, she was arrested by the Gestapo and held incommunicado for several months. (In fairness to those monsters, she never complained of physical ill-treatment). She was later handed over to the Italian authorities—a process which took several months during which she saw the inside of a whole number of prisons. Her stories of her prison experiences were always light-hearted and full of humour. Poor Giovanna! She had worked so hard, such long hours, such heavy work, that for her, prison was almost a rest cure. In Italy she was sent to one of those isolated villages under a kind of open arrest and remained there until the Allied landings in Italy. With Cesare Zaccaria, a student friend of of Camillo's and with whom there existed a deep bond of friendship during the years of exile, she went to Naples, and there started publishing a clandestine anarchist paper *Rivoluzione Libertaria*. In July 1946 they published the first number of the review *Volonta* which has been appearing monthly ever since. Besides the review she was responsible for the publication of a whole series of pamphlets and books, including two volumes of selected writings by Malatesta, edited by Zaccaria and herself, Voline's *Unknown Revolution*, Archinov's *History of the Makhnovist movement*, and Fabbri's work on Malatesta.

Giovanna and Zaccaria were also the pioneers in Italy for Birth Control. Their pamphlet "Il Controllo delle Nascite" in which they not only discussed the right of the individual to plan his family but also outlined the various mechanical methods by which this could be done, resulted in a prosecution following their denunciation to the authorities by the Catholic Church. The Court fortunately found in their favour; we say fortunately, not because Giovanna worried much at the prospect of sampling yet another prison, but because as a result of the Court's findings other, more timid, more law-abiding citizens, with much greater resources than the anarchists had, took up the question of birth control. The pamphlet by Giovanna and Cesare was reprinted by them in tens of thousands of copies and family planning clinics were started.

In Genoa where she went to live some years ago, as in Naples, Giovanna was a kind of clearing-house: administering the generous solidarity that came from our American comrades and trying to satisfy the requests from comrades in need, in prison or in special difficulties. Immediately after the war, we remember it was food parcels, and bundles of clothing from America; her flat was a depot and she a smiling storekeeper, happy in the unbounded faith the comrades from overseas showed in her integrity and in the possibilities they had given her of relieving a little of the suffering and privations caused by war.

ADVERSITY, AND GIOVANNA BERNERI had more than her share of it, did not make her into a self-pitying, bitter woman. So far as the anarchist movement was concerned she was outspoken about those who talk, and criticise, yet do nothing. To them she may have appeared as em-

FREEDOM but also the two special numbers of ANARCHY on "Direct Action" and "Disobedience" which should have a ready sale among Marchers. The success of our selling efforts depends on the number of sellers. A number of readers have already written offering their services. May we appeal for many more to come forward. We shall in due course give more details of the arrangements made for collecting literature, etc.

ABOUT nine months ago, the New Zealand Rationalist Association's executive committee resolved to change the name of the Association's journal to *Polemic*. Previously, it had been prosaically known as the *New Zealand Rationalist*. The new title signifies "argument, discussion, controversy", to employ the defining words used in the editorial of the first issue.

The contents of the first issue covered such diverse subjects as militarism, civil liberties, archaeology, cinema, literature

bittered person. On the other hand, it seemed to us, that for her, adversity was a challenge which she always accepted positively. If one says that she used adversity to look for, and develop, latent strength within herself, one might wrongly create a picture of a person who thrives on adversity. No healthy person thrives on adversity; they react, they fight it. Like the person who has lost a limb, they unconsciously seek to develop their remaining faculties by way of compensation. But they can never replace the loss, or obliterate it from their intimate thoughts and feelings.

Next month, 13 years will separate our thoughts from the beautiful and intelligent reality that was Marie Louise Berneri. For her mother, sick with pleurisy, in a letter written from her bed on the eve of Marie Louise's birthday (we had, some years before, agreed to try and "forget" when she died and "celebrate" only her birthday), evoked this poignant cry from the heart which time and "compensations" could not obliterate:

Tomorrow is the first of March! How many recollections are linked to that date. For this reason too I had wanted to come close to you, with Maria Luisa deep down inside me (tutta dentro di me).

GIOVANNA BERNERI IN these past twenty-five years "discovered" a new self not in spite of, but through, her dead loved ones. She would have been the last to deny, in spite of the unhappy circumstances of their separation, the positive contribution those years with Cesare Zaccaria (who died only a few months ago). With him, at long last, she was spared the anxieties of material insecurity—a situation which she, in middle age, used not to "settle down", but to engage in full-time activity for the anarchist movement. With him, also, she learned to overcome her modesty and shyness to express herself. Within her limitations, of which she was deeply aware, Giovanna Berneri developed, in late life, the ability to express herself lucidly, convincingly and rationally. Her recent reply to Gaston Leval, who in late life has become so "reasonable" that he has fallen backwards into defending the "American way of life", was so good, so human, so full of common-sense, so anarchist, that he death transcends the personal loss, and all the memories that live only in the living.

Months ago we remember publishing in FREEDOM a letter from a critic who challenged us to give a list of names of anarchists whose service to mankind could compare with his list which included the much publicised Schweitzer, Michael Scott, Gandhi. We did not reply, partly because we have an aversion for this cult of the saint, the personality, the martyr. But we did, intimately, ask ourselves whether the taunt (which it was) was justified. And we remember coming to the conclusion that it was not; that the headlines rarely reflect the worth of the individual. But shorn of the headlines and recognising the integrity, the humanity, and the service which the people our correspondent referred to, renders or rendered their fellow-men, names came flooding in and not least among them the Berneris: Camillo, Marie-Louise and Giovanna. They neither invented the wheel nor split the atom; they were simple people, victims of an unjust world who, nevertheless, found the strength to defend justice and bring love to human relations. And in so doing their lives are a model, and in death they live on, not through the reference books or the mass communicators who will kill "personalities" with the same cynicism as they create them, but in our hearts. When we mourn the death of Giovanna Berneri we do not need the headlines of the gutter press to console us. We know, as we write, that in London, in Italy, in France, in Montevideo as in Mexico City; in Montreal and San Francisco, in Paris and Petaluma, in Newark and New York, in Buenos Aires and Los Angeles, in Caracas and Toulouse, in Tunisia and Brussels, in Geneva and Zurich, in Amsterdam and Cheltenham are others who share our sorrow and loss, whose world will be the poorer by her death, and enriched by their memory of her.

Another Voice of Dissent

and philosophy. Perhaps the highlight was an article on brainwashing, "The Good Shepherd", originally printed in FREEDOM some years ago but abundantly worth resurrecting. Tony Gibson wrote it. Alas! despite a good reception from younger members of the Association, from university types and various others whose orientation is generally mid-twentieth-century, *Polemic* aroused the hottest argument, discussion and controversy among the very people who were supposed to be behind it, the rationalists. The group most responsible for the new look were sacked and the Association returned to the prose and battles of yesteryear. Yes, Paine, Ingersoll and Bradlaugh were lofty figures in their day but why continue fighting their battles today? Rationalists should live in the present.

Recovering from the debacle, some of the younger members determined to put out *Polemic* on their own, changing its emphasis somewhat so that the appeal would be to university students, recent graduates, younger trade unionists and the like. £5 each was contributed by members of the group and other supporters, copy collected and the search for printers begun. The idea was that the costs of the first issue would be financed by *Polemic's* friends, and whether another issue would come out would be up to the public at whom the magazine aims.

The search for a printer helped to illuminate a few things about the culture into which *Polemic* is to be projected. At first, it was intended to use the multi-lith process because of its relative economy. A well-known firm expressed willingness and gave a quote. Then the copy was handed over. Bang! the willingness exploded. One of the articles, written by an artist, attacked the notorious Killier Prize, offered by a brewing magnate to landscape painters of the photographic image type. The article also attacked a certain fellowship of the kind of artists who compete for prizes of the Kelliher kind, and this fellowship

is a good customer for this firm of printers.

Four more multilithing firms were tried. Either exorbitant quotes were given, or the withdrawal of certain articles was insisted upon, or both. So the group promoting *Polemic* tried ordinary printers and finished up with a quote as good as the ones offered by the multilithers. One article which has been objected to quite regularly was about the security police in New Zealand—not a very radical one either. Another objected-to article remarked on the motives of a daily newspaper in running a charity appeal every Xmas (this has been withdrawn now because it has become dated in the delays).

In any case, *Polemic* has found a printer. Moreover, the first issue is now in the press and due out this month. Apart from security police and art, the issue covers Fiji, modern English poetry, space travel and philosophy. A poem or two are in as well. Articles scheduled for the issue after that include ones on conscription (just reintroduced on a selective basis in New Zealand), U.S.A. and Cuba. If the magazine lasts it will valuably supplement the other more intellectual magazines printed in this country, especially as none of them appeal to quite the same audience that *Polemic* is directed at.

And a fair amount of not-merely-radical-but-libertarian thought should be dispensed since the editorial group of five include four ANARCHY readers (though one of the four is a Trotskyist). In this country, as apparently in England, there are quite a few younger people whose outlook is radical tinged with libertarianism. They may never take a consciously anarchist stand but should still be a refreshing ingredient in New Zealand life in the future. And the gusts emanating from *Polemic* should clean the mustiness out of odd corners here and there. God knows, we need a few whiffs of fresh air.

K.J.M.

Around the Galleries

IT was nearly a year ago that FREEDOM gave space to the work of the primitive painter Brian Pearce. Until then he had enjoyed a parochial reputation in and around St. Ives but it was these columns that introduced the work of this talented painter to a wider audience. To be allowed to sound the fanfare is an honour if a minor one, but the good painter in this money-grubbing racket has little need for a tout, for in spite of so much mediocre canvases that are, and can be, sold by the big-time spiv galleries for such odd prices there will always be a market for the work of the visionary and the craftsman. Brian Pearce is now having his one man show at the St. Martin's Gallery at 11 St. Martin's Court, W.C.2, and it can be but a matter of time for his work to become the accepted coin of the Bond Street trotting collectors. His broad flat masses of blue dream up a vision of placid serenity as his still seas merge into his spreading skies, while floating on the surface of this silent world is superimposed his skein of towns woven with a firm black line as strong and stark as bending wire.

At 24 Brook Street, W.1., they are showing the recent paintings of Eileen Agar and like a bowman dying in a ditch at Agincourt, Eileen Agar's claim to glory is one of accident and association for she had the supreme good fortune to be a friend and associate of those who formed the nucleus of the International Surrealist Group of the 1930's and like many people with lesser talent than herself she rose to glory by grimly clutching onto the coat-tails of the masters of the month.

Her work was of the magpie variety and though pleasant, cast in such a minor key as to be of only academic interest to students of the art fashions that rippled through England between the wars. So when this new exhibition of her work was announced one felt that one could expect only the inevitable on entering the gallery. But those who paused to pluck the faded paper roses of yesteryear found that she had succeeded in confounding those who might have passed her by, for, by cutting all past associations, and working on a bigger canvas she has given herself a new lease of artistic life. From her surrealist days she has bought her corny patterns and her literary titles but from the present wave of contemporary ab-

stract painters she has taken the dumb interplay of colours, the use of cheap glossy household paint to act as a counterpoint to her dull brick-coloured reds and yellows and to this she has added her own contribution which is to work upon the wrinkled texture of the quickly dried paint so that the whole become a coloured relief map of a thousand winding hills and valleys. She is no action painter, but an artist who has utilized her limited field of action upon the accepted theories of others and has succeeded in her purpose.

And to Cornelia Dibble at the Portal Gallery at 16 Grafton Street, W.1. Though only twenty-five years of age or because of it she has gone to the world of Aubrey Beardsley and his dying age and produced a series of magnificent pastiches of that *fin de siecle* minor genius.

She lacks Beardsley's strong line and his amazing use of black masses to colour his artificial world, and her camp characters lean a little too heavily towards the sad little world of Ronald Firbank with naughtiness upon a bed of paper orchids in place of Beardsley's adulation of evil among pale lilies and festering roses. But she has succeeded in evoking the world of Wilde with a mastery of touch and a wealth of imagination which can but mean that though her subject-matter is but a passing phase, her talent is so obvious that whatever path she takes and to whatever purpose she puts it, the result must be awaited with eager interest.

For those, however, who feel that they would like to beat their breasts in what is regarded as primarily a male world, then they can do no better than to make their way down the alley to the Beaux Arts Gallery at 7 Bruton Place, W.1. where Timothy Behrens is showing a group of powerful new oils. It has been said of these paintings that they look like raw meat, and the confidence and the crudity of his colours puts Bratby to shame. Though on occasions they tend to caricature he does succeed in catching the unprepared moment. There are oils and there are watercolours that are frankly bad but there are others that are worth the visit for they breathe a beery life into the artificial silence of the gallery. Here are paintings to go with the chanting plays of the Irish roaring boys.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

Freedom & Education

HEAVENS what a funny paper FREEDOM is! At least in regard to those long unsigned articles, presumably editorials. The Committee of 100 is criticised for being insufficiently revolutionary, yet at the same time we are advised to force children to go to school—for their own good needless to say. There were times, particularly in that controversy over the H-Bomb and the sanity or otherwise of our rulers, when I thought I had got hold of *The Daily Express* by mistake!

Well, there's nothing like variety. A narrow consistency is boring and unproductive. But I find this jumping about a bit bewildering. I remember the music article many years ago, and being puzzled by it. I was forced to learn the piano at one time in my childhood. I never got anywhere with it, and the lessons were discontinued. I have no regrets or grudges on this account. I think that some people are gifted with an aptitude for one thing (in this discussion music is the example) and others for other things. One man has a gift for playing a musical instrument, another has a gift for gardening. Forcing someone to learn something he is not gifted for may do him little harm, but it does seem to me to be a waste of time, and it is likely to be a more efficient method to let him choose for himself. Let him explore the world and find for himself where his talents lie.

I had little interest in the piano, but soon discovered for myself a great interest in books, which has been one of my consolations throughout life. I found this out for myself at about the age of eight or nine, and was in fact neither encouraged much nor discouraged in my desire to read. I was left alone in this matter.

I am sure that my case is in no way exceptional. I was neither forced nor persuaded. I believe that it simply isn't true that "the young child hardly knows what he wants in the present and certainly does not know what he will want in the future." My experience of children, both those I met as a child and those that I have been in contact with as an adult, is that they are endlessly interested in the world around them. Mainly they need to be looked after, so that they shall not come to harm, and, for the rest, be left alone to find out for themselves. They should be provided with tools and books and musical instruments as they express a desire for them. (Although our economic arrangements often make this difficult, but that is another matter). But the main thing is to provide opportunity.

Children will sometimes follow their parents. Children in a musical family might well desire strongly to learn to play instruments. Or indeed they might well accept this as their natural destiny and not contemplate anything else. Then, in some cases, they might react strongly against their family background. In any case choice will always be conditioned by many factors. The interests of the other children the child meets on the street or in his school will also play a great part. So, in a sense, the child is persuaded by his surroundings as much as by actual conscious effort on the part of parents or teachers.

But the idea of forcing a child to learn something—for his own good—is a dangerous principle, and one which I should have thought anarchists would have regarded with a certain suspicion.

A.W.U.

[Comrade Uloth's opening paragraph, with all its irrelevancies, is a text book illustration of what we were saying last week about the difficulty of engaging in rational discussion with some anarchists on certain subjects.

There are no problems for our comrade: "mainly they [children] need to be looked after, so that they shall not come to harm, and for the rest, be left alone to find out for themselves". Presumably he would exercise "authority" in preventing them from "coming to harm" and he would perhaps admit that it was done for "the children's good"! We will not however accuse him, on that account of being an "authoritarian" and an advocate of the "dangerous principle" of dogmatism.

The "free child" is a myth. He is hopelessly and helplessly dependant on, and at the mercy of, adults for everything. When people speak of a free

Letters

child they are in fact talking about the "free" environment in which their children live, and which from their and other people's observation of child behaviour, is considered to be most conducive to their greatest development and "happinness". But let us face it: both the parent who provides the "free environment" and the one who provides the "orthodox" home for his child are taking a decision for the child. The assumption must be that the adult knows best what is best for the child. The problem, then as we see it, so far as the child in the "free environment" is concerned is: at what point in his development can he be left to take his own decisions, including decisions which may be long-term in their effect.

Uloth, for instance, suggests that we should only pursue those subjects in which we are "gifted". But many children do not display any special "gifts"—for one reason or another. Does that mean that they should be taught nothing? And incidentally, how poor life would be if we only did or could only do those things in which we were "gifted"!

Elsewhere in this issue we publish a review of Ferdynand Zweig's enquiry "The Worker in an Affluent Society" which, we think, is relevant to the subject of our editorial which Arthur Uloth found so "funny".—EDITORS].

All or Nothing?

DEAR COMRADES,

I'm sure you'll agree with me that anyone who has any decency and morality plus an inquiring intelligence cannot fail to be impressed by the Anarchist philosophy of freedom and autonomy but in this world of the sixties I'm afraid it can only be a dream, as the concept of 'the offshore islands' is very much of a reality today.

There is a song which tells us that learning to trust is just a juvenile fancy and caring too much is just for children at school. This I appreciate is an over-cynical formula for life but with regards to the major powers in the world today it is the only attitude one can adopt.

Briefly then what I am trying to say is that NATIONAL autonomy cannot be achieved and if it is it will be short lived. History is full of examples of the small libertarian societies being

walked on by bigger tyrants than they had displaced; from the autonomy of the St. George's Hill Society which was walked on by the Levellers to the autonomy of Tibet which was walked on by the Mao Tse Tung dictatorship. This evidence further makes me feel that unilateralism (extremely moralistic in its way) and disestablishment (the Secular Societies' clarion call) would only bring to a head the Catholic/Communist struggle forcing us to accept either the Black International or the Red, both being utterly despicable from the anarchists point of view. Which further makes me feel that the balance of power and collective bargaining which exist now should be tolerated until we can initiate an INTERNATIONAL anarchist revolution which must be democratically made and not imposed by a ruling group of revolutionaries. In other words workers on either side of the iron curtain must unite in the common class struggle and not just on one side of it and not on a NATIONAL level but INTERNATIONALLY.

Yours fraternally,

Altrincham, Mar. 14. JOHN BOYLE.

[If we understand him correctly, our correspondent is saying that either all or nothing, because anything in between will open the gates to worse systems than the one we nappen to live under in the West. Since it is virtually impossible to go from nothing to everything in one leap, i.e. from capitalism to anarchy, from national disunity to international unity, then if we followed his advice we should be resigned to doing nothing. But we think that every step in the direction of the libertarian society strengthens—and does not weaken—us, both in our struggle against the system we live under as well as against the worse tyrants waiting to pounce!

Even today, at the level of the man in the street that is, life is possible because our relations are in fact based on mutual trust if only because even the simplest minded individual realises that it is in his own interests to trust and be trusted, just as it is in his interest to respect the other man's freedom if he expects him to respect his.—EDITORS].

'But why me?'

DEAR SIR,

In his review of the film *Thou Shalt Not Kill*, Arthur Uloth refers to it as one of the few genuinely anti-war films.

Whatever virtues it may possess, and it possesses many, an aversion to war does not form the mainspring of the film.

Both Laurent Terzieff as the French conscript and Horst Frank as the German soldier priest, recognise the authority of the State and accept the legality of the army and each, in his turn, feel that as individuals they have the right to contract out of certain specific actions because of strongly held religious beliefs.

When the three Partisans are summarily sentenced to death the priest as a member of the German armed forces is completely unconcerned though standing only a foot or so from the condemned men, but when he is ordered to form one of the firing squad he indignantly demands "But why me?" Cordier the Frenchman in his turn reports to the barracks and takes his place in the queue until he reaches his own point of no return, which in his case, is the donning of the French uniform. There are degrees of evil that we all accept to a greater or lesser degree but, having accepted the first and second degree, we must expect to have our values suspect when we name our own stopping point. Cordier is the familiar figure who accepts the State and the private authority, but on one single issue will not co-operate, for he is the man who will not join the union, pay a certain tax, be vaccinated, use chlorinated water, don a particular uniform or murder unarmed prisoners for he will render unto Caesar everything that Caesar claims, with one ex-

MUTUAL AID

The following letter appeared in the columns of the "Guardian":

Sir,—For 11 years the Audenshaw Periodicals Service, run largely by sixth formers of Audenshaw Grammar School, Manchester, has organised the sending of second-hand magazines to schools and colleges overseas, where many students cannot possibly afford to buy good reading material for themselves.

We now despatch over 20,000 periodicals a year; but we are desperately short of helpers in Britain, and we should be grateful for offers of the more serious weekly magazines and technical papers. Full details will gladly be sent on receipt of a post-card addressed to the school.

ception and that to be decided at the moment of demand, for when these two men make their protest one is a priest wearing the uniform of the German army and the other a French social worker queuing up in a French quarter-master's stores. All honour to the men in every country who have suffered imprisonment and death for refusing to acknowledge or participate in organised and uniformed murder but let us be wary of the man who cries "But why me?"

Yours sincerely,

London, W.14 ARTHUR MOYSE.

LAG Jumble Sale

Please pass on your accumulated use-value for realization (or in basic, jumble).

LAG Jumble Sale on Saturday March 31st at 2.30. Jumble (parcelled and labelled) may be left either at Maxwell Road or at 5 Caledonian Road N1 on Friday, March 30th. or telephone REN 3736 for arrangements.

Books, Clothes, Household, Articles, etc.

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meetings to be held at The Two Brewers, 40 Monmouth Street, WC2 (Leicester Square Tube) Sundays at 7.30 p.m.

MAR 18. Max Patrick: Confessions of an Old Anarchist

MAR 25 Alan Albon: The Significance of the Common Market

APR 1 Donald Room: Subject to be announced.

APR 8 Dachine Rainer. Subject to be announced.

OFF-CENTRE DISCUSSION MEETINGS

1st Thursday of each month at 8 p.m. at Jack and Mary Stevenson's, 6 Stainton Road, Enfield, Middx.

1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m. at Colin Ward's, 33 Ellerby Street, Fulham, S.W.6.

3rd Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m. at Donald Room's, 148a Fellows Road, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3.

Please note that the meetings at Donald Room's are now on the third Wednesday of each month, not Thursday as hitherto. (Next meeting 18th April).

Last Friday of each month at 8 p.m. at Laurens and Celia Otter's, 57 Ladbroke Road, W.11.

JAZZ CLUB

This season's meetings are being held at 4 Albert Street Mornington Crescent NW1 at approximately monthly intervals. Friday MARCH 23 Peter Turner and others choose Personal Favourites

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LIFE AS EXPERIENCE

Continued from page 2

beyond appeal. Indeed, it wanders, life as experience, as an "outlaw", without lodgings the terror of good form, of the respectable bourgeoisie continually affronted by the thought that someone will come at night to pound the knockers of their doors and to wake them from their stupefying habits.

Life lived as experience is not troubled by the lack or by the volume of the results obtained. It is disturbed by defeat no more than by victory. Triumphs, checks, obstacles, falls into the mire, all are subjects of experience. One thing only can distress it: the thought that it might be lived uselessly or without profit.

All things considered, one concludes that the true educators are those who encourage one to enter without fear on the roads of experience, to look life squarely in the face—life with its incalculable richness of diverse experiences. The true educator does not seek to destroy sensibility, to annihilate feeling, to rule off the individual life as he would a sheet of music paper, to limit the vibrations, to restrict the fullness. Oh no! For thought and appreciation for and by one's self, there is no value of committing to another the equipment and the desire for experience. And the more that experience has been difficult to pursue, rich in surprises, harassed by perplexities, saturated with joy, the less those who have risked it are willing to abandon their liberty of thought and to bestow it upon another. And greater still will be the number of those unafraid to live, because they have known life by experiment.

E. ARMAND.

(Slightly adapted from the translation by George Headly in "Man!"—Vol. 4, No. 2).

Keep up the Good Work!

FINANCIAL STATEMENT AT MARCH 17th 1962

WEEK 11

Expenses: 11 weeks at £70 £770
Income from Subs. & Sales:
Weeks 1—10 £596
Week 11 £61

£657

DEFICIT £113

DEFICIT FUND

Whitehaven: R.H.E. £1/10/-; St. Paul: M.S. £1/15/-; Sevenoaks: B.J.R. 18/-; Wolverhampton: J.L.* 2/6; Wolverhampton: J.K.W.* 2/-; Bilston: J.W.P. 4/-; Woldingham: F.B.* 9/-; Glasgow: J.H.* 2/6; Seaford: D.T. 18/-; Manchester: M.G. 8/-; Milverton: E.G.B. 8/-; Wembley: J.D.K. 1/6; Bristol: E.B. 10/-; Shepton Mallet: E.H.S. 10/-; Birtley: J.H. 8/-; Hull: V.M. 8/-; Liverpool: R.D. £1; Leeds: G.L. 4/-; Birmingham: F.D. 5/4; Hounslow: L.* 2/6; Southend: P.O.* 5/-; Pittsborough: O.S. £1; Newcastle, Aust.: B.C. £1/1/-; Sydney: G.M. 2/8; Torino: G.I. 4/-; Edinburgh: C.M. £1/8/-; Cleveland: T.H. £1/15/-; Gilroy: M.R. £1/15/-; Los Angeles: p.p. Feb. 3 dance L.A. group (per S.S.) £17/10/-; Birmingham: G.O. £1; New York: N.McD. £3/7/-; Lakewood: S.M. £1/15/-; Bangor: J.T.* £2; London: P. & G.T.* 5/-.

TOTAL 45 19 4
Previously acknowledged 343 9 3

1962 TOTAL TO DATE £389 8 7

*Denotes regular contributors.

