

THE "ABSCESS"

FOLLOWING the French bombing of Sakiet, in which some eighty civilians, men, women and children were killed, President Bourguiba of Tunisia declared to the world: "Algeria is an abscess that infects the whole of the Western world". It is clear that the President was thinking in political terms, of questions of "security" and possible new political alignments.

And in the month that has passed since Sakiet, the frontier incident *per se* has been relegated to a pigeon hole of history in company with innumerable other frontier incidents, but the future of the French-controlled Tunisian port of Bizerta has become front page news, and the French proposals (apparently American-inspired*) for a new Mediterranean "Defence" pact, launched last week-end by M. Gaillard, will undoubtedly engage the attention of politicians and political commentators for some time to come.

Reflecting on the President's forceful remark we now find ourselves out of sympathy with it because it does not in fact sum up the Algerian situation at all! Politically Algeria is an "abscess" only because

*According to the *Sunday Times*' Paris correspondent: "It is now disclosed that the proposal, in slightly different form, was first made by Mr. Dulles, Secretary of State, in a secret message to Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, two weeks ago. It is the core of the highly confidential negotiations now being conducted by the 'good offices' mission."

France has failed to subdue the rebellion. Had she succeeded then a curtain of silence would have descended on her methods and the rights and wrongs of her actions, as has happened in the case of Kenya. No one, to-day, talks about Kenya, yet, how many Kikuyu "recalcitrants" are still being held without even the formality of a trial?

We have forgotten, as our intellectuals and Labour M.P.s appeal to the French President to spare the life of Djamilia Bouhire (the young Algerian girl sentenced to death on what is believed to be a framed-up trial of complicity in bomb attacks), that the British authorities admitted to the hanging of over 800 Kenya Africans. We have forgotten as we publish first-hand evidence of calculated torture by the French parachutist troops in Algeria, of the equally calculated and sadistic torture of Kenya African suspects by British troops or at the orders of British officers.

Perhaps the protesting voices in this country over the outrages perpetrated in Kenya in our name were more numerous than is the case in France over the excesses in Algeria. But so far as action is concerned there was none in this country. Either to challenge the government's policy of using some 35,000 troops and guards to protect the interests and privileged status of 30,000 white settlers against the rights of five million Africans, or to seek to make a part of public opinion aware of, and feel its responsibility for, the sub-

human treatment, and torture of Africans at the hands of the military and the police.

In France and Algeria to-day, few as they may be, compared with the magnitude of the problem, there are men and women who not only protest, but who are also prepared to face the consequences of their stand for the dignity of mankind. Elsewhere in this issue we publish extracts from a book written by a Frenchman in his prison-cell in Algiers where he still awaits to be brought to trial. Henri Alleg, author of *La Question* of which 30,000 copies were sold in the first fortnight after publication, is a young French communist, editor of the Communist paper *Alger Republicain* until its suppression in 1955. He was tortured last June not because he was a terrorist.

Was it to save lives that they burned his breasts, his sexual organs? No! They wished to drag from him the address of a comrade who had sheltered him. If he had spoken they would have had one more Communist under lock and key: that's all.

Continued on p. 3

United States WILL THE SLUMP LAST?

THE frightening speed at which unemployment in America has soared to figures above the gloomiest predictions of the economic experts has spread alarm throughout the country. It is now being taken so seriously that President Eisenhower has even torn himself away from the golf course to give it his divided attention.

The USA is not without its usual quota of advisers, and Ike has played the common enough game of scornfully rejecting the advice verbally while putting almost identical measures into practise himself.

For instance, in a letter which he sent to the Republican leaders of the Senate and the House of Representatives, the President wrote:

"I am concerned over the sudden upsurge of pump priming schemes, such as the setting up of huge Federal bureaucracies of the P.W.A. and W.P.A. type. That kind of talk evidences lack of faith in the inherent vitality of our free economy and in the American as an individual.

Schemes of that kind reflect the fallacy that economic progress is generated not

by citizens wisely managing their own resources but by the wholesale distribution of the people's money in dubious activities under Federal direction. Unsound programmes of that kind would do great damage to America rather than contribute to our economic strength."

Which is good stern rugged individualism, very much on the classical Republican line, not wishing to have anything to do with pale pink Rooseveltian New Deal Socialism.

Ordering the Same

In the same letter, however, Eisenhower goes on to enumerate seven measures he has ordered which can be described only by the same phrase 'pump priming' which he has already ridiculed. He continued:

"1. The director of the bureau of the Budget, on my instructions, has directed the executive departments and agencies to accelerate where practicable the construction of projects for which appropriated funds are available. . . ."

And he goes on to enumerate the projects: Certain water resource projects have been accelerated, with more money being provided; an additional \$200 million has been released to the administrator of the housing and home finance agency; Congress will be asked to amend the Highway Act to provide an additional \$2,200 millions for road building contracts over the next three years; military departments have orders to direct contracts to 'labour surplus areas'; the Veterans' Administration and the Federal Home Loan Bank Board are making more funds available for house mortgages; the period for which unemployment benefit is available is being extended from 26 to 39 weeks.

All this adds up to pretty considerable pump-priming and is an indication that the situation is being taken most seriously. And well it might, for by the end of January 1,470,000 workers had been unemployed for more than 26 weeks and had thus exhausted their relief cheques.

Continued on p. 4

Asylum in Mexico for Spanish Refugee?

THE case of the Spanish stowaway, Joaquim Perez-Selles detained in Brixton Prison, whose history was described by Fenner Brockway in our issue of March 1st, has taken a more hopeful turn. We reported last week that the Home Secretary had announced that he "cannot be granted asylum in Britain as a political refugee, and that the proper course is to return him to Spain".

On March 6th, the Home Secretary agreed not to insist on Perez-Selles leaving Britain at once, but to allow him to stay "at the most" fourteen days, to give his friends a chance of finding a country which would accept him. On the following day Fenner Brockway had an interview with the Mexican Chargé d'Affaires in London, who agreed, Mr. Brockway said, to "forward immediately to his government my application on be-

half of Perez-Selles for admission to that country. In addition I am communicating direct with the government in Mexico".

Fenner Brockway said it would be necessary to raise sufficient money to pay Perez-Selles' fare to Mexico if asylum were granted. "I have no doubt that the many believers in liberty and those who are opposed to totalitarian régimes would raise the amount".

Moral Aspects

A legal correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* makes this comment on the case of Joaquim Perez-Selles:

"An alien has no right to remain in this country, and unless the Home Secretary desires to offer political asylum to the alien he has powers to deport him. The recommendation for deportation, however, is a matter of judicial discretion and can be called in question in the courts. But morally important in the present case is the manner in which the deportation order was to be carried out.

"While the Home Secretary's decision to deport Perez-Selles was contested by the Opposition, feelings ran highest when it appeared that the ship on which he was to be placed was returning direct to a Spanish port. If Perez-Selles was not a political refugee in the eyes of the Home Secretary he would be likely to suffer the fate of a political prisoner if he returned to Spain.

"Has a Home Secretary the right and the power not only to deport a person from this country but to deport such person to some particular place or country? The custom has certainly grown up of returning stowaways by the shipping line whose ship the alien stowed away on. This inevitably means a return to the country of persecution.

"The law clearly allows the Home Secretary to make a deportation order, but the means of attaining that end do not entail delivery to a particular country. A deportee is free to find a country to which he can safely go; it is therefore right that time should be allowed in which to find a country willing to receive Perez-Selles."

No Shortage of Human Guinea Pigs?

PHYSICISTS

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THE POLITICAL CIRCUS

Sweet Smell of Approaching Power

THE apparently sudden emergence of the Victory for Socialism group inside the Labour Party is discussed elsewhere in this issue. It is the relatively desperate last throw of the remnants of the Bevanites, bereft of their leader, making an effort to influence party policy before it hardens into the electoral biscuit.

A further question that is worth asking, however, while observing the antics of the Bevanless 'rebels', is why their revival and attempt at an apparent militancy has gone off at half-cock and fizzled out before it got started.

It is not only lack of policy, for that little detail has never stopped the Labour Party, or any section of it, from clamouring in the past. In our opinion it is something which strikes much nearer home for the persons involved: it is the possibility of Labour winning the next election and thus providing office for the bright boys of the Party.

Bevanites Blamed

The loss of the 1955 election by Labour has been blamed on the Bevanites and the obvious divisions on policy—or was it personalities?—which led to the floating voters losing confidence in the ability of the Party to govern the country when it could not apparently govern its own rebels. Nobody, either on the 'Left' or 'Right' of the Party, wants a repetition of that; they want to present the country with a solid, respectable front and an appearance of unity which will inspire confidence, win votes and influence the floaters.

At the same time, the sudden emergence of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, which followed, embarrassingly, Bevan's pitiful plea for atomic clothing at last year's conference and the Party's acceptance of the H-Bomb as part of the British way of life in the twentieth century—this campaign, supported by eminent people and

even arousing the interest of university students, has opened the eyes—and hence the mouths—of those in the Labour Party with their ears to the ground.

Sizeable Opposition

They have suddenly realised that there is a sizeable number of people in the country opposed to the whole concept of nuclear deterrence, and with both the major parties agreed on that policy, these vocal, thoughtful, influential people are not being catered for.

The neo-Bevanites (or should we now call them Footites and Mikardoans?) therefore saw an opportunity to serve their Party and step into the position in the spotlight left vacant when Nye moved over into the grey shadows of responsible elder-statesmanship.

There were two small thoughts, however, that put a brake on their flight to the limelight. Firstly, neither Michael Foot, nor Ian Mikardo, nor Stephen Swinger, nor any of the Victory for Socialism faction, has the personality stature of Aneurin Bevan. Secondly, they didn't want to upset the Party applecart when a successful election may not be too far off.

Labour Both Ways

So a neat little dance routine was effected. The Footites went into a soft-shoe shuffle while Party Leader Gaitskell beat time equally softly on their knuckles. The result is a compromise which provides the Labour Party with the best of both worlds. For the voters who want the hydrogen bomb, the official party line offers it. For those opposed to it, the V for S faction offers hope that sanity will prevail.

The Tories have no faction opposed to it and supporting it. If the Bomb becomes an election issue, how can Labour lose?

And meanwhile, the Footites and Mikardoans surely stand to gain something if the Party wins?

Russian Volunteers for Indonesia?

RUMOURS of a Russian move that could really send the balloon up in Indonesia were reported by Vernon Bartlett in the *Observer* for March 11. He writes: Circumstantial reports of Russian support for the Indonesian Government have increased fears that 'volunteers' on the Korean and Spanish model may soon appear on the Indonesian scene.

The *Standard* claims this morning that Russia is sending Dr. Sukarno jet aircraft through Egypt, and that Soviet Embassy staff are being greatly strengthened. It is thought that some of these officials are Soviet pilots. The information is said to come from a high official in the Central Government, but there are so many wild rumours that I repeat this report with every reserve.

Not even the Air is Free Now!

AMMAN, FEBRUARY 27.
The Syrian Government has told Jordan that all military and civilian aircraft crossing Syrian "air space" will from to-morrow have to pay £6 in tax or be banned. A Jordanian Government spokesman said he was astonished at the move, which would place obstacles in the way of Jordanian aviation.—Retuter.

C.P. Membership Down 8,300

Britain's Communist Party—membership is down by 8,300 in two years to a total of 25,000—still has "hope and confidence", says a policy statement.

EXPERIMENTAL VILLAGE

[This article has been translated by Charles Dawson from the organ of the Swedish Agricultural Workers' Union "R.L.F. Tidningen".]

IN his novel "Drama in the North", Albert Viksten puts forward a proposal of more than literary interest. In one section of the novel, which he calls "The Refuge", Viksten tells of a group of people who escape from civilisation during a few summer months to a disused barn in the hills. They are a mixture with apparently nothing more in common than that they all have tasted the bitterness of civilisation; they busy themselves with their own particular interest from botany to entomology, and spend their leisure hours in discussing both personal and impersonal things—mostly the absurdity of our present-day way of living. They remind one a little of a monastic order and even more of the association of intellectuals which Strindberg describes somewhere in "A Blue Book". Eventually these peculiar people are driven from their temporary paradise by the angel with the naked sword—in the form of a diligent policeman.

These are the literary and personal aspects which motivated the name "Refuge". But the idea can be taken further. The modern tendency towards uniformity in all spheres of life not only hinders and damages the individual in the process, but also puts almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of all attempts to try something new, to work out and try out other alternatives to the generally prevalent ways of conducting life and its activities. Development is allowed to follow in one direction only—the others are closed—and so the impression arises that there just are no other possibilities, that we must follow the trodden path.

It would, therefore, be of great value and interest if we could set up test areas—let us call them experimental villages—where different alternatives to the usual modern ways of living could be tested out. These experimental villages would be a sort of social counterpart to the machine testing stations in the technical sphere.

(Note: Sweden has had a State Testing Establishment for agricultural machinery since 1897).

These villages must obviously be situated in the country, preferably one in the north, one in the Midlands and one in the South, under conditions typical and representative of each area. There are plenty of uninhabited houses, dilapidated villages and desolated crofts which could be used in the various areas.

What principles should be followed? An experimental village should be wholly or partly self-supporting, as well as economically run in the matter of basic foods such as bread, milk, meat, etc.—and in power. The main principle should be to work on as modern and highly technical a system of production as possible.

The experimental community must from the start be supplied with all imaginable technical equipment, omitting as far as possible that which would have to rely on outside sources for fuel and repair. There should be a small but well-equipped machine workshop and a small power station. All the most important consumer goods should be capable of manufacture on the spot, from furniture to clothes.

It is intriguing to follow the idea further. Economically and in appearance the experimental village would function as a large or medium sized farm and obtain its running capital by the sale of its products in the normal way. The inhabitants would be ensured food and housing with all modern conveniences and the main necessities, but they would be paid in proportion to their work only as far as the village's income would allow. A "kolchos" system would not be followed: each would have his own house, so situated that an unconstrained private life was possible. Communal possession would be restricted to technical equipment with the necessary buildings including a meeting place with cooking facilities and room for people who might wish to live there.

Work would be voluntary and co-operative. The inhabitants would have to be chosen partly from the practical point of view, but also with a thought for the differentiation normal to the particular area. The group could be composed as follows: one or two families in farming, one or two families in forestry work according to conditions, one or two social workers, a couple of intellectuals or artists, preferably with a family. On account of the unusual conditions and the unavoidable difficulties in adapting themselves the inhabitants would have to be of suitable age for such an experiment.

There would of course be many details to work out. If there were children in the families, a school based on radio lessons could be arranged. Every inhabitant in the village would have his particular task to follow, the intellectual in looking after the library, education and study circle activities, the artist if say a musician, in helping with concerts—and the representatives on the practical side of course with their particular contribution.

The cost of setting up an experimental village would not be excessively great, certainly not more than that of one of our modern asylums. But the carefully

POLITICS IN THIS T.V. AGE PERSONALITY CANDIDATES

A NEW field has been created for the supply of parliamentary candidates. Not a bad idea either, for we are all getting a little tired of the preponderance of lawyers, retired army officers and trade union officials who huff and pompously puff in Parliament at our expense and to no good effect.

The emergence of television as a power in the land has brought with it the creature and creator of that power—the television personality, and it was bound to be only a short time before it began to be recognised that to turn a TV personality loose on the electorate might provide just that shot in the arm that politics seems to so sorely need.

It started seriously with Ludovic Kennedy, a TV commentator or something, who stood as Liberal candidate in the by-election at Rochdale last month and scared the pants off the Tory Party by stamping their candidate down to the bottom of the poll. And he had the Labour Party victor looking over his shoulder, too.

Mr. Kennedy is, by all accounts, an attractive chap, and he has been helped enormously in this first step in what will obviously be a successful political career by having for his wife a beautiful actress and dancer, Moira Shearer.

The dear old Liberal Party realised, sensibly enough, that this is just the sort of gimmick it needs if it is to get back to any sort of parity with the other two parties. And it could not have come at a better time, when the electorate give a firm impression of being fed up to the back teeth with Labour and the Tories.

Imitation is Flattery

Both of these organisations, of course, were most scornful of the Liberals' telly candidate, particularly the Tories, who castigated the Liberals for splitting the anti-socialist vote. One cannot help but have the feeling, however, that it's a matter of sour grapes, for the Liberals got in first with a personality candidate.

The Tories are not far behind, though, for that record-breaking runner, Chris Chataway, has announced his intention

of standing for Parliament as a Conservative as soon as he can find a constituency which will have him. Being a good runner is always likely to be most useful to a Member of Parliament, but Chataway is not coming direct from the dressing room at the White City to the dirt track at Westminster. No, he has made himself known through the same source as Ludo Kennedy—he has been a BBC television interviewer for the past couple of years. Now the time has come to cash in on whatever fame he has managed to achieve with his tongue rather than with his legs.

Which brings us to another on the band-wagon—Mrs. Gerald Legge, now Lady Lewisham. She is the lady who hit the headlines by storming into the lounge at London Airport and raising hell over un-emptied ashtrays and uncleaned tables. From there she graduated to panel games on TV.

It's the Name that Matters

She is already a councillor of the City of Westminster, and has now been chosen as municipal candidate for the Tories at Lewisham in the forthcoming County Council elections.

But a small spot of bother has arisen, since last month her husband's uncle, the Earl of Dartmouth, died and Mr. Legge, in the hereditary re-shuffle, has landed the courtesy title of Viscount Lewisham. This makes Mrs. Legge Viscountess Lewisham, and it is under this title that she wishes to contest the council election. She thinks 'Lewisham for Lewisham' is a snappy campaign slogan.

The local Tories, however, know perfectly well that no-one in Lewisham knows or cares about Lady Lewisham. But, thanks to TV, they all know Mrs. Gerald Legge. In spite of her protests therefore, (that 'I don't believe in clinging to things of the past', for instance), and since the campaign publicity is already printed, that's the name she will go under. After all, what's the use of picking a personality candidate if she changes names in midstream? So now the campaign slogan ought to be: Show

a Legge, Lewisham!

Last of our intriguing series of new-style politics promises to enliven Parliament considerably if only she would stop professing to be so serious. Jacqueline Mackenzie is known on television as Wackie Jackie, and she has made her name in a crazy style of rubber-faced reporting which includes imitations of concrete mixers, cactus plants and similar or dissimilar unlikely subjects or objects.

For all that Miss Mackenzie must be a real Pagliacci, a genuine clown yearning to play Hamlet. For she is really serious, she says, in standing as Liberal candidate for Cheltenham, where she is due to be adopted next month.

Shame!

To which we can only reply that it is a great big shame and a swindle on the public. Wackie Jackie has no right to change from her TV personality, which has made her known and loved wherever TV throws its baleful glare. If we were voters in Cheltenham we should demand a solemn promise from Jacqueline that in the middle of every debate on the dreadful economic situation she puts on her funniest face and cries 'Look at me, I'm a retarded disinflationary tendency!' or something equally relevant.

This will perform a great public service, for we are convinced that if the workers could only see what these things look like, they would willingly work harder for less and accept realistically the necessity for a certain percentage of unemployment for the health of the economy as an 'ole.

The trend towards the introduction of TV personalities into Parliament is, in our opinion, an extremely valuable one. We should like to see it developed, and shall in fact not be satisfied until Harry Secombe is Prime Minister and the Goons are running Whitehall.

Major Bloodknock at the War Office; Moriarty Home Secretary; Bluebottle as Foreign Secretary and Eccles Chancellor of the Exchequer. For this Cabinet even we would vote! P.S.

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Two Views on Cancer Research

I

Mr. S. Irving (Lab.-Co-op. Dartford) asked the Minister of Health in the House of Commons yesterday what was the current expenditure from public funds on cancer research.

Mr. D. Walker-Smith said expenditure by the Medical Research Council from public funds on cancer research in 1957/58 was estimated at approximately £390,000. Cancer research was also carried out in the National Health Service in the course of treatment of patients, but it was not possible to make a separate estimate.

Mr. Irving: Are you satisfied that no promising line of research is being neglected because of lack of funds?

Mr. Walker-Smith said the amount spent on research was higher in this financial year and compared favourably with the £157,000 spent in 1950-1.

[An official of the Cancer Research Fund said last night that the amount spent on pure cancer research in hospitals was remarkably small, and the ordinary run of hospitals did not do any.]

Mr. D. Griffiths (Lab. Rother Valley) asked what was the total number of deaths from cancer in the period from 1945 up to and including 1957.

Mr. Walker-Smith said for England and Wales the figure was 1,064,475.

(Manchester Guardian)

noted results of such an experiment would from all viewpoints be of infinitely greater value: psychologically, socially and economically. The importance of such an idea is in fact so great that it should be taken seriously, however lacking in detail this present article may be. To avoid the idea becoming tied up in red tape, it could be advantageously taken up by one of the large popular movements. In the country the SLU (National Farmers Union) is particularly well equipped to do something. (This might not apply to England where the NFU has done its best to suppress details of the investigations which an English University made into the economics of various agricultural methods. They seemed to arrive at the same conclusion as Kropotkin who pointed out the advantages of intensive methods).

E. R. GUMMERUS.

II

To the Editor of the "New York Times". The letter from David L. Cohn in your issue of Feb. 23 repeats the often quoted opinion that there is no real progress in cancer because there is not enough money given for cancer research. People do not realize that during the last ten years an unheard-of outlay of more than \$500 million research money has been spent on cancer—without success.

The \$50 million which the Congress votes every year for cancer is abundant for efficient research, but a conspicuous part of this money is wasted on sterile undertakings.

In an industrial enterprise such failure prompts a change in the incompetent management. Cancer money is administered by the Federal National Cancer Institute and the American Cancer Society.

It is not money which is lacking, but brains which know how to use it properly.

HENRY K. WACHTEL, M.D.

New York, Feb. 24, 1958.

**Have you Renewed
your Subscription to
FREEDOM?**

Suffer Little Children . . .

Because he wondered why God had made him unhappy an 11-year-old Fulham boy decided to burn down a church, said an alleged statement read at Chelsea juvenile court yesterday. The boy pleaded guilty to causing malicious damage to St. Clement's Church, Fulham Palace Road, Fulham, and was remanded on bail for three weeks for reports from a psychiatrist. The damage caused was estimated at £200.

Detective-Sergeant Edward Anning said that the boy in a statement said he bought two books for a shilling and did not take them home because he thought his father would be cross. He took them into the porch of the church and left them, the following day he went to get them, but the church was locked. Two days later he went to the church and retrieved his books, and then saw a candle burning in front of a statue of Our Lady. He piled up hassocks, paper pamphlets, a chair, and a kneeling stool, and surrounded the pile with candles he had found in a tin box, and then set light to the heap.

When he saw the fire smouldering he got frightened and ran out of the church.

Let's Join the Human Race!

A 63-year-old woman was told in court yesterday: "You are a very merciful woman."

It was to her husband that little Mrs. Elmira Thompson had always been merciful. Her husband left her nearly 40 years ago. Alone, she brought up a young son.

For the first 12 years she received 25s. a week from him and had to go out to work to give her boy a good education. Then in the early '30s, when times were hard, she asked that the maintenance be cut to 15s.

And yesterday, at Portsmouth magistrates' court, she heard that her husband, now a 70-year-old pensioner, was ill. So immediately she asked for his payments to her to be reduced to 1s. a week.

Said Mrs. Thompson, of Stamshaw Road, Portsmouth, after the case: "I don't know where my husband is. All I've done is to act with common decency." Then she went back to the £7-a-week job at the factory where she's worked for 38 years.

Reynolds 23/2/58.

The alleged statement added: "The reason I did it is I am unhappy. I lay in bed and wondered why God has made me unhappy, so I decided to burn his church."

A probation officer said the boy had been in a great deal of emotional trouble. His mother had died when he was a baby and he had gone from relative to relative until his father remarried. The boy had never been able to get on with his stepmother.

Manchester Guardian 6/3/58.

BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

From Routledge & Kegan Paul: MARXISM & THE OPEN MIND by John Lewis 25s.

From Rathbone Books: FEAST & FAMINE by Lord Boyd Orr 17s. 6d.

From Van Nostrand Company: DEMOCRACY VERSUS COMMUNISM 30s.; HEROES BEHIND BARBED WIRE 45s.

From Angus & Robertson: GLORY REFLECTED by Martin Freud 21s.

From Hogarth Press: SIGMUND FREUD—LIFE & WORK. Vol. 3—THE LAST PHASE 35s.

From Collins: THE FIVE GIFTS: BIOGRAPHY OF VINOBA BHAVE by Sir R. P. Masani 15s.

From Weidenfeld & Nicolson: THE MAIN CHANCE by Peter Wildeblood 13s. 6d.

From Eyre & Spottiswoode: SOLDIERS & GOVERNMENTS edited by Michael Howard 21s.

From Faber & Faber: THE ENTERTAINER by John Osborne 10s. 6d.

From Thames & Hudson: IMRE NAGY ON COMMUNISM 30s.; THE NEW CLASS by Djilas 21s.

From Cohen & West: VILLAGE ON THE BORDER by Ronald Frankenberg 18s.

From MacGibbon & Kee: THE SUEZ WAR by Paul Johnson 10s. 6d.

From Neville Spearman: BROTHER LUNATIC by P. Warr 18s.

From Valentine, Mitchell: CONSCIENCE IN REVOLT by Annedore Leber 25s.

From Max Reinhardt: AFRICA IN TRANSITION edited by Prudence Smith 15s.

THE "ABSCESS"

Continued from p. 1

This is how Jean-Paul Sartre described Alleg's "crime" in a recent issue of his magazine *Les Temps Modernes*.

★

NOW, that issue of *Les Temps Modernes* was seized by the police. The extracts from Henri Alleg's book which we publish elsewhere appeared in a recent issue of the Paris weekly *France Observateur*, which was promptly confiscated by the police. And Jean-Paul Sartre's tract called "La Victoire" which was written following the publication of Alleg's book† was the subject of more police attention. For publishing extracts from it, last week's *l'Express* was confiscated, and according to *Le Monde* (10/3/58) the Paris police raided a printing works in Rue de l'Abbé Gregoire and destroyed the type which was to be used to print M. Sartre's tract. Public meetings protesting against the Sakiet bombing have been banned by the authorities.

It is quite clear that police action against these publications is aimed more at their very existence than at suppressing Henri Alleg's revelations since no move has been taken by the authorities to prevent the publication of his book which, as the *Manchester Guardian's* Paris correspondent points out, has "proved one of the best sellers, if not the best seller of French books about Algeria"—and it has not yet reached the provincial booksellers. The authorities obviously hope that repeated confiscation of whole editions of these publications will eventually make it financially impossible for them to carry on. During the past two years it has cost *France Observateur* the most badly hit of all, more than £16,000, but fortunately it appears that its readers think otherwise. An appeal last week brought in over £600 in a few days.

★

ALGERIA is just one more name in the annals of colonialism and cannot be singled out as an "abscess", unless one believes that the colonial powers have become more human, more progressive in their outlook. To our minds there is no evidence to link the progressive "independence" of former colonies with a "change of heart", a "new moral approach" among the colonial powers. It is so easy for politicians to dress up political realism in the guise of "progressive" government! How otherwise, explain the intransigence towards say, Cyprus and Kenya, with the "magnanimous" attitude to India and Ghana? Basically governments do not change; what changes is the physical and political world around them. Britain is "liquidating"—according to one section of the public—her Empire simply because it no longer can provide the economic and political advantages which were possible even only fifty years ago.

France which, politically speaking, cannot, as far as we can see, be considered more reactionary than any British government, is determined to hold on to Algeria not out of spite or "false pride" but because the government's advisers or bosses look upon Algeria as an economic asset. It is noteworthy that the French are suspicious of the United States intentions. They declare that the Americans want to get the French out of North Africa so that

†Extracts from which were published in last Sunday's *Observer*.

Henri Alleg - Victim of the Parachutist Torturers in Algeria - speaks A CHALLENGE TO WORLD CONSCIENCE

J., still smiling, waved in front of my eyes the clips at the ends of the electrodes. Small, glittering steel clips, long and toothed. "Crocodile clips," as the telephone engineers call them. He attached one of them to the lobe of my right ear, and the other to a finger of my right hand.

Suddenly I strained against the ropes that tied me, and yelled at the top of my voice. C. had just switched the first shock of electricity through my body. A long spark flashed near my ear, and I felt my heart pounding in my chest. I screamed and twisted, tensing till my muscles hurt, while C., with the switch in his hand, sent the shocks through me one after another. To their rhythm C. repeated the same question over and over, hammering out each syllable: "Where is your hide-out?"

Between shocks, I turned to him and said: "You shouldn't do this. You'll be sorry for it." Furious, C. turned the switch all the way on, and said, "The more you moralise, the more I turn on the juice," and as I went on screaming, he said to J. "Bon Dieu, what a big mouth he's got! Stuff a gag in it!" J. rolled my shirt into a ball and forced it into my mouth, and the torture went on. I bit hard on the cloth, and almost found some relief in doing so. Suddenly I felt as if the teeth of an animal were ripping my flesh. Still smiling over me, J. had clipped the wire on to my penis. The convulsions were so violent that the straps that held my ankles came undone. They stopped to fasten them, and went on.

Violent convulsions

Shortly afterwards the lieutenant took over from J. He pulled the wire free from one clip, and ran the end of it over my chest. I shook all over with more and more violent convulsions, and the business went on. They had poured water over me so that I would get the full force of the current, and so between shocks I was shivering with cold. Around me, seated on their knapsacks, C. and his friends were drinking bottles of beer. I bit my gag to ease the cramps that were twisting my muscles. No use. At last they stopped. "All right, untie him!" The first session was over.

I stood up, staggering, and put on my trousers and jacket. K. stood before me. My tie was on the table. He took it, knotted it round my neck like a rope,

and, to the laughter of the others, dragged me after him, like a dog, into the adjoining office.

"Well?" he said. "Is that enough for you? We shan't let you go. Get down on your knees!" With his huge lumps of hands he slapped me across the face, putting his full strength into it. I fell to my knees, but I could not hold myself upright. I swayed from side to side, his blows knocking me up straight each time—those that did not flatten me on the ground. "Well, are you going to talk? You know you're done for. You're as good as dead now . . ."

K. roughly pulled me to my feet. He was furious. This was going on too long. "Listen, you bastard! You're finished. You're going to talk!" His face was close to mine, almost touching, and he went on shouting, "You will talk! Everybody talks here. We fought in Indo-China—that's where we learnt about you people. This is like the Gestapo. Have you heard of the Gestapo?" Then, ironically, "So you wrote articles about tortures, did you, you bastard? Well, now you're getting some from the 10th Parachute Division." I heard the torture squad laughing behind me. K. slapped my face with his hands, and drove his knee into my stomach. "We'll do what we're doing here in France, too. Your friends Duclos and Mitterand, they'll get what you're getting, and your Republic, she'll get it too. You're going to talk, I'm telling you." A piece of hardboard lay on the table. He picked it up and hit me with it. Every blow stupefied me more, but at the same time strengthened my determination not to give in to these animals who flattered themselves that they were as good as the Gestapo. . . .

"Can you swim?"

"Can you swim?" L. said, leaning over me. "We're going to teach you. Come on, under the tap."

Between them, they lifted the plank with me tied to it and carried it into the kitchen. They rested the end where my head was on the sink. Two or three parachutists held the other end. The kitchen was lit only by a faint light from the passage. In the shadows I made out K., C., and Captain D., who now seemed to have taken over. L. fitted a rubber tube to the tap that I could see gleaming above me. Then he wrapped my head in a rag, and D. said, "Put a wedge in his mouth." Through the cloth, L. gripped my nose. He tried

The prospect of a Government being formed to negotiate a settlement is so remote as to be inconceivable. The majority attitude is summed up by the Socialist Senator, M. Marcel Champeix: "For France, Algerian independence is impossible." The heavy costs of Algeria, even in peace time, cut no ice. The ordinary Frenchman is persuaded that the loss of Algeria would mean the end of France.

And, he adds, what inspires this state of mind "is apparently pure nationalism".

★

AS we see it, then, the "abscess" is not Algeria, nor colonialism as such. The "abscess" is only *uncovered* by the Algerians, the Kenyas, Malayas, the wire-tappers, press censors, witch-hunters and the rest, for it is there all the time. It is issues such as Algeria that make us aware of its real potentialities to "infect" humanity. That "abscess" is power and the acceptance of the dictum that "might is right", which produces the tyrant and the torturer as well as the slave and the fence-sitter.

We can reduce the abscess automatically by seeing to it that no one is in a position to use a sten-gun as an additional argument in a discussion. But perhaps Henri Alleg offered the real cure to a poisoned mankind when he accepted torture rather than betray a friend and in the end defeated his torturers and under their very noses wrote and smuggled out the account of his experiences which is at this moment stirring human consciences throughout the world.

Royal Dog Collars

The Pope has established a "Grand Collar of Gold," which may be conferred on "rulers of peoples and other high authorities."

to force a piece of wood between my jaws, so that I would be unable to close my mouth or spit out the tube.

When it was all ready, he said to me, "When you want to talk, all you have to do is move your fingers," and he turned on the tap. The cloth quickly became soaked. The water ran everywhere—in my mouth, in my nose, all over my face. But for a while I could still breathe short gulps of air. I tried, by tightening my throat, to swallow as little water as possible, and to resist suffocation, by holding my breath. But I could only manage to do so for a short while. I felt as if I was drowning, and a frightful terror took hold of me, like the terror of death. Involuntarily, every muscle in my body tightened in a vain effort to rescue me from suffocation. Involuntarily, the fingers of both hands moved wildly. "That's it! He's going to talk!" said a voice.

The water stopped flowing, and they took the cloth away from my face. I could see the lieutenants, and the captain, with a cigarette in his mouth, striking swinging blows at my stomach, to make me throw up the water I had swallowed. Drunk with the air I was breathing, I hardly felt the blows. "Well?" I said nothing. "He's making mugs of us! Put his head back under!"

This time I clenched my fists, digging my nails into my palms. I was determined not to move my fingers again. I might as well die of suffocation straight away. I was afraid that once again I should have that terrible sensation of sinking into unconsciousness, and struggling against death with all my strength. I did not move my fingers, but three

times in succession I felt that intolerable fear. When I was in extremis, they let me get my breath back while they made me throw up the water I had swallowed.

The next time I lost consciousness. . . .

"Nobody will know"

When a long time afterwards, the door opened again, K. came in, with two officers I had not seen before. In the darkness, one of them crouched down by me, and put a hand on my shoulder in a confidential manner. "I am General M's aide-de-camp." This was Lieutenant M. "I'm sorry to see you like this. You're thirty-six—that's young to die." He turned to the two others and asked them to go out. "He wants to talk to me alone," he told them. The door closed, leaving us together.

"Are you afraid that someone will know you talked? Nobody will know. We'll take you under our protection. Tell me everything you know, and I'll have you transferred to the hospital immediately. In one week you'll be back in France with your wife. You have our word. Otherwise, you will disappear."

He waited for an answer. I gave him the only one that came into my head. "That's too bad!"

"You have children," he went on. "Perhaps I could see them. Would you like me to tell them that I knew their father? Well? You don't want to talk? If you let me leave here, they will come back. And this time they won't stop."

I remained silent. He got up, but before he went he said, "The only thing left for you is to kill yourself."

(Editorial Comment - p. 3)

Victory for Socialism

ONCE again the depressing spectacle of an organisation of "borers" within the Labour Party is making political news. Only a few months have passed since the figurehead of the previous attempt, Aneurin Bevan, fell finally into the waiting arms of the official leaders of the party, helping them to do what perhaps they could not have done without his help in ensuring the rejection of an anti-H-bomb resolution at the last annual conference.

However, one of the encouraging features of the latest developments in the "Victory for Socialism" movement is that no-one really expects anything to come of them. The organisation is not new, it has been in existence for several years, publishing its own news-letter and advocating the "Third Camp" policy, under the slogan "Neither Washington nor Moscow—a socialist Britain". What is happening is that the same old names that have appeared in one left wing after another—in the *Socialist Outlook* and in *Tribune* are turning up again, without even bothering to start an organisation of their own.

The executive of the party is simulating indignation in the time-honoured way, threatening expulsion, warning of the disasters likely to meet a divided party at election time, and exchanging official letters. During the inaugural meeting on Thursday, a steward remarked that the organisation was meant to launch its new drive in a fairly quiet way, but that Morgan Phillips had appointed himself publicity agent. This contains the key to the whole affair. The Labour Party needs factions and ginger groups to keep itself alive, just as parliamentary democracy needs a loyal opposition, and as the chairman, Mr. Swingle, made clear, "Victory for Socialism" is going to continue to be a loyal movement, believing that socialism must be sought through the Labour Party.

People who try to bring about their political aims by supporting the party nearest to them are in a position analogous to those who want to introduce a free society by means of the State. In order to be able to use a tool, they have to preserve it and keep it running smoothly, and when a choice has to be made they are usually more concerned to preserve the "means" rather than to use them to further their declared "ends".

But this particular game has been played so often before. During the thirties the I.L.P. were forced to disaffiliate, during the war many labour people supported candidates of minor parties rather than accept the electoral truce, resulting in the election of the Common Wealth group of M.P.s. Since then there have been the dissident papers

such as *Socialist Outlook*, which radically attacked the Party leaders and was finally proscribed, and *Tribune* which has always been careful just not to go too far, and which has been suffering lately from the defection of prominent politicians who have found safer niches in the party structure. So as to make sure of not falling into any of these traps, "Victory for Socialism" has been very careful not to present any new ideas, no campaigns either inside or out of parliament, and as one newspaper so sadly cries, not even a leader!

What power of attraction has the Labour Party, that so many people (often young and enthusiastic) prefer to direct their energies to "boring" rather than to thinking out radically different approaches to the social problems with which they are confronted?

Firstly, it is the traditional organisation claiming to represent the workers, and has grown out of the Trade Union movement. When a problem arises such as the threats of the H-bomb many people instinctively look towards the Labour Party, hoping that it will do something. Secondly it is a massive organisation and gives the feeling that by virtue of its size, it could achieve any aim which it attempted. But perhaps most important, it does not suggest that its members do anything themselves. All one has to do is pay subscription, attend business meetings, and perhaps carry out a small amount of propaganda, which has been decided on by a democratic majority.

Anarchism on the other hand presents a way of approaching social problems, which at the same time as being derived from the most natural feelings and desires shared by all people, is in violent contrast with the political attitude. It has not mass following, and anarchists would tend to discourage adherents who merely wanted to hide away in something big. The ideal anarchist attitude is "The H-bomb represents a threat to me, and I am going to try to do something about it", while the general socialist attitude seems to be "I am worried about the H-bomb, and since there is a group in the Labour Party trying to change party policy, I might as well go along with it."

Any set of people, however radical and well intentioned, who try to keep the Labour Party going, are directly supporting an institution which stands in the way of progress towards a less authoritarian society, and are helping to keep up the belief that organisations can bring about fundamental changes without a widespread change in the minds of individuals. This time people don't seem to be taking so much notice of the political pretenders, so perhaps there is some chance that they will look for an alternative. P.H.

Students, H-Bombs and the Status Quo

Trad Jazz at the Malatesta

LAST week's FREEDOM discussed the excitement in the universities over the questionnaire addressed to students by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. This has caused excitement outside the universities too: the *Observer* last Sunday provided a set of "model answers" to the seven questions, and Lord Hailsham, Chairman of the Conservative Party has attacked "government by undergraduate resolution and agitation by private referendum". There was great danger, he said, in the growth of emotionalism and hysteria in the conduct of public debate. Coming from Lord Hailsham, the Tory candidate for the Goon Show, this talk about "emotionalism and hysteria", is irresistibly comical; the real trouble is that the government has nothing to worry about. As FREEDOM concluded last week, "The sincerity and strength of a student's revulsion against nuclear terror is to be measured by his personal expression of his responsibility, not by 'Yes', 'No', or 'Don't Know' on a questionnaire or a signature on a petition".

All the same, the fact that the nuclear warfare number of the Oxford undergraduate newspaper *Isis* sold out at once and had to be reprinted is at least a symptom that in the universities people are starting to think again. The editorial in the Winter issue of *Sphinx*, the Liverpool University magazine remarks that:

"Manchester University's magazine died last year because too few students were interested in and capable of producing their own thoughts. Leeds's was stigmatised as too 'arty' and now seems to be sedulously vulgarising itself to appeal to a less discriminating majority; the portents are a little discouraging when we all seem bent on merging ourselves in a swelling 'admass'... If we in this issue have aimed at breadth we have also aimed at a certain cohesion of thought in our material... The problems of the present situation demand a serious attitude and it is in consideration of this that we devote space to serious discussion rather than to the usual droll innuendos which pass for student wit...."

IN the same magazine is a long article by its editor David Rowan with the title "Stop It—a plea for sanity". When he gets to the perennial question What Can We Do?, he declares:

"The first answer is to state that we preclude all possibility of a 'state of emergency' where events are so marshalled that we have 'no choice but to fight'. To establish such a position is the aim of war-mongering governments, to ally the qualms of the half-conscious and vitiate the stand of the pacifist, forcing the people into an *impasse*. The only lasting way to do this is to destroy all the institutions which breed war—economic, political, and especially all militaristic institutions. Destroy the military academies—the Sandhursts, the West Points, the Suvarov academies—and you destroy their produce: the tight lipped, blinkered, I-don't-think-just-act-as-I-am-

told professional soldier, a sickening spectacle at any time whose only goal in peace time is to provide for his sole pointless function and see that a war is brought about. Think of the huge stature and the sanctity we have accorded the 'business' of war in our society and you think of the huge motivation for war that pervades the national consciousness. Nothing that is conducive to international strife, to spurious hostilities, must remain. We must have reached a stage in our evolution when we can refute the idea that it takes all types to make the world and decide on our fundamental values—what kind of a world and what kind of types we want, and I do not propose that the decisions be left to the equivocating imbeciles in parliaments or senates....

"The second answer is to present the means to this end. I find little hope of achieving anything through political steps (what are often called by those who do not realise that they are profaning the concept, 'democratic means'). Indeed when one surveys the cant, the multi-think, the constant prostitution of duty in the political arena one is almost tempted to embrace Kropotkin's dicta* *Permanent revolt by the speech, by the dagger, the gun, the dynamite charge... we are consistent; we will use any weapon since our business is to strike as revolutionaries. Everything is good for us, which is outside the law.*

"When one considers the 'Law' that, masquerading under the panoply of justice, deprives men of their jobs, persecutes the Negro in his own land, tortures the Kenyan and the Algerian and massacres the Hungarian in his own capital, there is a strong sympathy elicited for this attitude. But it is wrong. We will not exterminate executions and butchering by executions and butchering. We must act by enlightenment, by breaking our acceptance of and acquiescence in ways of thought which include bloodshed in any form. Individual will, concerted individuals' action, disclaiming any extreme violence to person but declaring absolute enmity to all institutions and property which foster such violence must be the methods. Peace will be the result.

"As I write now 1958 is beginning and strong movements are under way to put these methods into force. Priestley, Russell, King-Hall and many others have pledged themselves to combat the mental terrorism which afflicts our every day. There is a mass march along the main roads of Britain to a Scottish nuclear missile site being planned and also a march to the Nuclear Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston where a silent bareheaded vigil will be kept. These signs are encouraging but like the articles which Russell and Co. put in the papers they are too mild, too content to advocate and not enforce; it is only too bitter a truism that man proposes, governments ignore. We must see that this does not happen again; protests are not enough; the N.W.R.E. must be blown to pieces, and the inmates set to build a block of flats out of the debris; all over the country munitions factories must be obliterated; the much-vaunted members of the U.S. air force must be rounded up and shipped back to the jungles

*But was it Kropotkin?—Eds.

of New York; and our government should be on trial for its life for abandoning us to murderously insane policies; we should be a nation of pacifists but not a nation of defeatist sheep. *Must* is not the word we want to see; but *shall*. Let us follow the lead of the Aberdeen plumbers who refused to work on the missile sites, for no-one can accept the guilt of another war by toiling on work of human destruction".

HOW far among students does this boldly intransigent view from Liverpool extend? Not, apparently, at Oxford and Cambridge. The Magazine *Gemini* has conducted a poll amongst male third-year undergraduates at the two universities, questioning 100 students at each. The results are tabulated in the current (Winter 1957/8) number of the magazine. The questions related to religion, newspapers, monarchy, H-bomb, the Wolfenden report and so on. The editors' final comment on the tables of results is that "The poll, and the opinion of the interviewees, seem to show among this group of third-year male undergraduates who have done their National Service, a high proportion of Conservative, orthodox, politic, quiescent, illogical, pro-establishment young men with a strong interest in the status quo confirmed by religious belief."

ON the showing of the *Gemini* poll, less than a quarter of the undergraduates in Oxford were in favour of unilateral nuclear disarmament. Results of the present Oxford poll were expected by the end of this week. At Glasgow University 1,163 out of 2,000 students filled in the H-Bomb questionnaire. Fifty-eight per cent. of them gave their votes in favour of keeping the bomb as a deterrent to total war. At Nottingham University 1,063 out of about 2,000 students answered the questionnaire. To the question "Does Britain's possession of the H-bomb decrease the risk of total war?" 53 per cent. answered "No", while 58 per cent. denied that the bomb gave Britain greater negotiating power as justification for its retention.

In London University last week's issue of the newspaper *Sennet* contained the questionnaire. The normal weekly sale of the paper is about 3,500 copies. Last week's sold nearly 8,000. The editor, David Harris says that the early replies were "fifty-fifty on the first question—but slightly more in favour of the bomb".

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT! WEEK 10

Deficit on Freedom	£200
Contributions received	£183
DEFICIT	£17

February 28 to March 6

Per Osmar:— San Francisco: Social Feb. 15 £17/10/0; Rivendite di Freedom £1/15/0; Napa, Cal.: J.M. £1/15/0; Pittston: "Beduino" £7; San Francisco: G.B.R. 7/-; London: A.D. 16/-; London: E.W.P. 10/-; London: W.H.T. 2/6; Germiston: V.D. 1/-; London: S.B.* 2/6; Rochford: D.W. £1/1/0; Sheffield: G.P. 10/-; Sheffield: Anon. 5/-; Per A.R.:— Los Angeles: "No!" Group £25/11/0; "Man" Group £5/5/0; Boston: R.D. £2/9/0; Oxford: Anon.* 5/-; Luton: J.A.L. 5/-; Geelong: G.P. £2; Chandler's Ford: A.P. 2/-.

Total	67 12 0
Previously acknowledged	115 18 11
1958 TOTAL TO DATE	£183 10 11

America: Will the Slump Last?

Continued from p. 1

The total figure of workless is now around 5,200,000 and still rising. The experts had warned Ike that there might be 5 million by the end of March. But if the present trend continues the figure is likely to be over 6 million. And that begins to have a real depression look about it.

Hopeful Signs

However, there are signs that things might not get very much worse. It is difficult to say, because the snowballing of a slump is quite unpredictable. As purchasing power decreases, the rate of lay-off increases, decreasing purchasing power still further. This is what makes the present situation so dangerous, for when desperate measures have to be taken to deal with an economic crisis, with the world armed to the teeth and snarling as it is, anything can happen.

MEANWHILE a Cambridge university magazine *Cambridge Opinion*, publishes under the title "Declaration" seven articles by graduates and undergraduates, giving their views on life, morals, politics and so on. Moderation and liberal democracy are the characteristics of these writers. "Between two extremes", writes one contributor, "there lies a third position known pejoratively as a compromise, and which is in fact a hard-headed common sense." And another declares that:

"Libertarian democracy does not mean anarchy, but an agreed sacrifice of individual freedom so that others may likewise enjoy some freedom."

The thing only sparks into life with the declaration of an American contributor who writes:

"Some of us went to Korea and saw things and, worse, did things, to Kenya or Malaya or Cyprus or Germany. This has been our education and the chronology of our lives, and these experiences, more than anything else, have seared us and made us individualists, non-joiners, sceptics, and relativists. In my case the realisation has become clearer each year that there is nothing more sacred than human life; that the only possible, feasible criterion for action is the concept of man as greater than any of his ideals."

When the issue is phrased in these terms it is impossible to disagree, but on actual issues, for example that of the H-bomb questionnaire, where would this author stand? With the abolitionists since "there is nothing more sacred than human life", or with the "realistic" supporters of retention of the bomb, since he is a "non-joiner" and a "relativist"? Will he not, through his unwillingness to commit himself, be in fact a reluctant, regretful, but in the end reliable defender of the status quo?

The White Paper and the Anaemic Bishops

WHILST Divorce, A.I.D. and such like topics can be relied upon to send at least a handful of Bishops scurrying to the House of Lords, their absence is quite conspicuous when Defence comes up on the Agenda. Pretty obviously the nuclear weapon is a deterrent as far as Bishops and Westminster are concerned!

However, the Bishop of Carlisle decided, or was detailed, to attend the House last week when the White Paper on Defence came up for approval. He apparently took with him the same script that Dr. Fisher used in the House some time ago for the Suez debate which, in essence, advised that murderers can murder more people more quickly and efficiently if they avoid falling out amongst themselves.

Mind you, he didn't put it so crudely—but no amount of refined technical jargon can hide such a blatant call to the colours. So he wrapped it up in a whopping great peace cry. "It is not the banning of weapons but the banning of war which would offer hope to mankind," said he.

Thus everyone will applaud his humanity and good sense—and forget that he failed to condemn a monstrously inhuman document.

But perhaps we should hesitate to condemn the timidity of this one solitary lonely Bishop. After all, the other forty-odd Bishops weren't there to support him.

ERNIE CROSSWELL.

FOLLOWING a successful social at the Malatesta Club, organised by the International Anarchist Centre on behalf of their own funds and those of the Club, a jazz band has been established which will be playing there every Saturday evening until further notice.

A piano has been acquired, with much toil and sweat and some money, and many hours have been put in by the pianist, comrade Tom Currie, trying to tune and repair it at least up to Dixieland standards. Together with drums and banjo, trombone, trumpet and clarinet, a six-piece band of enthusiastic amateurs (aspiring to professionalism) is raising the roof with earthy, traditional jazz, and in some numbers at least they really swing.

This band is prepared to identify itself with the Club to the extent of calling itself the Malatesta Jazz Band. The Club is open to the public on Saturdays now (on payment of a small fee which includes coffee) and jazz men are invited to drop in and sit in.

More organised socials will be arranged from time to time, with usual (and unusual) entertainments, and these will be announced separately.

MEETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP

Every Sunday at 7.30 at THE MALATESTA CLUB, 32 Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

LECTURE - DISCUSSIONS

MARCH 16.—Bob Gannon on CONFLICTING ISSUES IN SYDNEY LIBERARIANISM

March 23rd, 1958 TOM CURRIE

"IS CAPITALISM INCOMPATIBLE WITH ANARCHO-SYNDICALISM?"

Questions, Discussion and Admission all free.

HAMPSTEAD LIBERTARIAN GROUP

Fortnightly public discussions are held on alternate Mondays at 7.45 p.m. in the basement of 12, Oak Hill Park (off Froggnal) N.W.3. Nearest tube station: Hampstead (Northern Line).

★ Malatesta Club ★

SWARAJ HOUSE, 32 PERCY STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1.

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Every Sunday at 7.30 p.m. London Anarchist Group Meetings (see Announcements Column)

Trad Jazz at the Malatesta

Every Saturday from 7.30 THE MALATESTA JAZZ BAND

Admission 2s. includes coffee MALATESTA CLUB 32 Percy Street Tottenham Court Road W1

Open to Public Jazz Men welcome Organised by IAC

Every Wednesday at 8 p.m. BONAR THOMPSON speaks

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