

# Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

## BEYOND THE POLITICAL OPPORTUNISM & THE HEADLINES

# PASTERNAK & HUMAN INTEGRITY

EVEN if we assume that the Russian poet Boris Pasternak has for years been cut off from the world of politics, it is difficult to believe that he was not aware of the very strong possibility that his acceptance of the Nobel Prize for Literature could start a political storm—apart from arousing professional jealousy among those of his “colleagues” whose eminence in Soviet literature was more to their being good party-men than good writers. We would like to believe that this is the case, when the “Pasternak affair” assumes truly heroic and significant proportions, which may well overshadow the sordid political propaganda advantage which petty-minded people on both sides of the Iron Curtain seek to achieve even at the cost of the Poet’s dead body.

In this matter of awards and recognition, it seems to us that the Russians are in principle less dogmatic than the political leaders of the West. Perhaps it is that for the

good of morale within the country they need to show that their champions, whether in the field or sport, science or the arts, are as good or better than their counterparts in the “capitalist” half of the world. What would they not give for the Swedish Academy to reach the conclusion that the Nobel Prize for Peace should go to Mr. Krushchev himself!

Whatever they may have said about Pasternak being free “to experience personally all the delights [by which, of course, they mean, all the “horrors”] of the capitalist paradise,” the Russian leaders are, nevertheless, very sensitive to “capitalist” recognition that confers international status on their outstanding men of letters, science and sport. The uproar over Pasternak has nothing to do with Russian objections to the Nobel Prizes as such, but with the Swedish Academy’s choice of Pasternak for the Literature prize! After all there has been no corresponding

uproar following the announcement that the Nobel Prize for Physics has been awarded to two Soviet scientists, Dr. P. A. Cherenkov and Professor Ivor Tamm, who according to a *Reuter* report from Moscow, have announced that they will be going to Stockholm to collect their prize! Indeed it is because the Russians set so great store by the prestige conferred on an individual through the award of a Nobel Prize that it is not surprising that their reactions are what they are, or difficult to understand why the award to Pasternak should be taken as a provocative act by conformist Soviet writers. As a Soviet Youth leader put it in a much reported speech (made in the presence of Mr. K.):

We have masters of writing whose works are of uncontestable artistic merit. But their authors have not been awarded a Nobel prize. But for slander, for libelling the Soviet system, socialism, Marxism, Pasternak has been awarded it. And Moscow Radio, ignoring the present “masters”, uncovered the “gunpowder plot against Soviet literature” by recalling that neither Tolstoy, nor Chekhov, nor Gorky received the Nobel Prize!

★

PASTERNAK’S three communications since the news of the award, single him out as a man of integrity and quiet determination. That he has for so many years succeeded in being himself and surviving, leads one to believe that he will emerge from the present crisis neither as a lick-spittle of the Soviet Writers’ Union and the Soviet state machine, nor as a pawn of the politicians of the West—but as himself.

In his first cable to Stockholm accepting the Nobel Prize he declared that he was “immensely grateful, touched, proud, astonished, abashed”. Allowing for any false modesty, these are the words of a very human and, in the circumstances, of a very courageous and independent human being. The

diamonds and Van Gogh paintings), but quite unlike any other H.P. item.

The problem of hire-purchase proper, that is to say on articles which are luxuries in some degree, is one of personal choice as against relative expediency or necessity. At the same time the two main financial considerations must be taken into account; the cost of buying money—which is what H.P. really is—and the avoidance of becoming over-committed.

Some, the purists perhaps, would insist that H.P. should be avoided like the plague because it constitutes involvement in “the system”—but so does the purchase of anything else. Others may argue that if it is the only means by which a certain article can be obtained at the time it is wanted then it is foolish not to make use of it. We shall refrain on this occasion from making the usual anarchist “analysis” except to say that 5% down and five years to pay on a Rolls Royce still makes a very large monthly instalment—even at bank rate.

\*We use bank rate here as a yardstick of what is available and not in a spirit of tacit approval even in existing society! The principle of “buying money” is quite obviously not in the anarchist handbook”, but since money is used as a means of exchange it would be pointless to ignore the fact.

crowning in the West, and the cheap vituperation and mean vindictiveness in Russia, that followed his acceptance, provoked his second cable to Stockholm:

“Considering the meaning this award has been given in society to which I belong, I must reject this undeserved prize which has been presented to me. Please do not receive my voluntary rejection with displeasure.—Pasternak.

This second message is no recantation. The reference to “this undeserved” prize is a confirmation of the “astonished, abashed” in the first cable. And the “please do not receive my voluntary rejection with displeasure” are not the words of a snivelling coward but of a courageous man still “immensely grateful, proud, touched” by the award, but refusing, on the one hand, to be used as a pawn, or on the other, of being made into a scapegoat. In that second message Pasternak was recognising the honour conferred on him by the Swedish Academy and rejecting its exploitation by the cold-war politicians.

... a completely new era is beginning with new tasks and new demands on the heart and on human dignity.

BORIS PASTERNAK

The *News Chronicle’s* Stockholm correspondent wrote (30/10/58) that Pasternak had “bowed before the storm of Soviet protest”. On the contrary, he has refused to play the game which the Soviet Writers’ Union have tried to manoeuvre him into playing and which, incidentally, many writers, and all the politicians of the West, would have wished him to play... through fear: acceptance of the prize and exile. Let us examine the facts.

★

PASTERNAK’S third communication was addressed to Krushchev himself:

“Dear Nikita Sergeevich,—I am addressing myself to you personally, to the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party, and to the Soviet Government.

“I have learnt from the speech made by T. Semichastny [leader of the Young Communist League] that the Government would not put any obstacle to my departure from the Soviet Union.

“For me this is impossible. I am linked to Russia by my birth, my life and my work. I cannot imagine my fate separate from and outside Russia.

“Whatever my mistakes and errors, I could never have imagined that I should find myself the centre of such a political campaign as has been kindled round my name in the West.

Continued on p. 3

## CITY NOTES

### The Hire Cost of Living

From our Financial Correspondent) WITH the announcement by the Government that hire-purchase restrictions are now abolished, a whole new vista of national indebtedness may be envisaged. Motor cars and household appliances immediately become the target for every family hitherto obliged by force of circumstance to take the tube to work, wash the clothes in the tub or listen to the old-fashioned steam radio.

What has actually changed? Only the rules. No one by virtue of the change in law has become any richer (except of course the potential riches of the H.P. firms). The fact that 5% down and five years to pay is now permissible instead of 33% down and two years does not alter anything but credit arrangements.

The Government naturally points out its proficiency in governing, its policy of freeing controls, its ability to get the economy running free once more, but omits to mention that unemployment has reached a peak higher than for many years, and the fact that it reversed its freedom-from-controls policy precisely when it raised the bank rate a few months ago. It is all part of the switch-back economy, the vicious spiral and counter-spiral which makes up that extraordinary amorphous scheme of production and distribution commonly called capitalism.

However, upon the subject of hire-purchase there may be said to be two classic approaches: the first, a hangover from our grandfather’s days when it was considered almost immoral to have the use of goods for which one had not as yet paid the full price; and the second: that it is far more reasonable to pay for goods over a period whilst enjoying their use, than to wait until the total sum required has been saved, during which time the money has lain idle, decreased in value and no pleasure has been derived from it.

There are other factors of course, of which the most important is perhaps the danger of over-enthusiastic

hire purchasers placing themselves under too great a financial strain in relation to their earnings. The prospect of some unfortunate family living for weeks at a time on a diet of herrings, potatoes and parsnips, surrounded by electric washing machine, spin drier, vacuum cleaner, television set, and new three-piece bedroom suite, is not so far-fetched as it may appear. For some there is a real problem of not knowing when to stop.

Another factor often ignored, and many people never realise it, is the very considerable cost of hire-purchase. There is a tendency to suppose that 6% on £100 of H.P. goods (although such a low rate does not exist except on a short period) is the same as 6% on permanent (sic) loan from the bank. In fact of course, since the H.P. borrowing is being paid off continuously the percentage can be said to be almost double in actual effect because it is on the whole sum over the whole period. If the bank were to be paid off in the same way, the charges would be made on the actual sum outstanding which would average half the total amount. In addition, since H.P. rates are much higher than bank rate this makes it all very expensive.

It is not quite fair to include house purchases in the H.P. category, because they are a special case in two particular ways. A place to live is a necessity and not, as almost every other H.P. item is to some extent, a luxury. A house is almost invariably—size for size and amenity for amenity—the most economic dwelling unit. But houses represent a considerable capital outlay, sufficiently great as to be out of reach of most people for many years, except on a basis of payment over an extended period. The alternative is to pay rent which is wasteful.

Secondly, mortgage rates are far lower than H.P. and compare favourably with bank rate.\* Interest on a mortgage is deductible for tax purposes (for those interested), and the value of a house may generally be said to increase over the years (like

### The Pope & the Press

Pope John XXIII’s axiom for government is: “See everything, turn a blind eye to much of it, correct a little.” Another axiom which he gave to his clergy is: “Do things, know how they are done, give others things to do, have things done for you, and let things take their course.”

Manchester Guardian 29/10/58.

ENOUGH ink and newsprint has already been devoted to extolling the relative virtues of the newly elected Pope without us adding to the general approbation. Journalistic nonsense apart, it may be that Pope John XXIII is less rigid than his predecessor and his ‘election’ may mean administrative changes in the Vatican, but the dogmatic assertions of the Church relating to all matters in human affairs will remain unaltered.

As anarchists we are opposed to dictatorship in whatever disguise it may appear and consider that the principle of absolute power is as great a threat to individual freedom when exercised in ‘spiritual’ matters as when it is practised politically; not that the Catholic Church confines itself to spiritual guidance. It is a wealthy world-wide organisation claiming infallibility for its head with the aim of complete domination of the individual. A handful of men lay down the law for millions of gullible people not only on theology, but on sex, birth control, reading matter. Very often, on threat of excommunication, members of the flock are even forbidden to vote for a particular political party!

This week our newspapers have made much of Boris Pasternak’s expulsion from the Union of Soviet Writers and the abuse directed at this writer by the Soviet Government. Many writers have added their names to a protest sent by the Editor of the *News Chronicle* to Krushchev appealing for protection for Pasternak from persecution in the name of “human dignity and intellectual freedom”. This is a deplorable affair and we are glad that the initiative has been taken by people in a position to make them-

selves heard, but we feel we are entitled to question the motives of many people who are appalled by the behaviour of one authoritarian institution while ignoring another.

The change in the Catholic hierarchy last week presented a fine opportunity for ‘freedom lovers’ and honest commentators to question at least the basis of a religious organisation exercising absolute power on matters far removed from religion. Instead the pundits and prophets poured out thousands of words on the origins of the peasant Pope, the technique of smoke signalling and the future of the Vatican administration. One outspoken commentary we have read came from Donald Soper in *Tribune* where he described as ‘preposterously wrong’ the demand for absolute obedience and called on the new Pope to declare it a “mortal sin for anybody to become a soldier or a member of the armed forces in any country”. A suggestion we have sometimes made in FREEDOM.

The two events which hit the headlines last week, one from the Vatican and one from the Kremlin, may seem to most people quite unrelated. But the point we are trying to make is that honest men who really believe in the principle of free thought and expression should oppose any attempt to curtail freedom from whatever source.

We cannot believe that editors and journalists are blind to the true nature of the Catholic Church or totally ignorant of its repressive history. It is therefore hypocritical to pretend that it has something to offer in the way of ‘spiritual values’ and dignity. The truth is that the West regards the Catholic Church as one of the ‘bulwarks’ against communism, and the fact that the Church adopts totalitarian techniques used by the communists is of no account so long as it is allied to the ‘right’ side.

This (with other political considerations), is why the self-styled free critical Press chose to ignore the truth about the Vatican.



# ERIC GILL — MASTER OF LETTERING

EVERY reader of FREEDOM is familiar with the work of Eric Gill. He designed the heavy black type in which most of the headlines are printed (*Gill extra heavy sans serif*), the beautiful type reminiscent of stone inscription which is sometimes used for displayed announcements (*Perpetua bold*), and the elegant italic which is also used for display (*Perpetua italic*).

Gill is known to 'fine art' as a minor sculptor with one torso in the Tate Gallery, to architecture as the artist of the *Stations of the Cross* in Westminster Cathedral and other monumental bas-reliefs, and to the 'Catholic anarchist' movement as one of the founders of *The Catholic Worker* and an outspoken opponent of the last war. But he first achieved international fame as a letter-cutter, and his greatest achievements are probably in the design of printing types.

The Monotype Corporation is still (still, i.e. on Nov. 7) showing an exhibition of his lettering work\* which was intended to finish a week ago. The very readiness of the sponsors to prolong an exhibition with no admission fee, and no exhibits for sale, indicates (paradoxically perhaps) that it serves some vulgar commercial purpose; and if one looks beyond the exhibition one may indeed discover that *Joanna*, the type designed by Eric Gill for the use of his own printing firm, has recently become available to all users of Monotype machines. But the exhibition itself says no more of *Joanna* than the plain truth, that it was his last design for a typeface and the one he kept for himself. The main emphasis of the show is on his work as a stone cutter. A publicity stunt, certainly; but a discreet and elegant publicity stunt, without the least hint of "YOU should buy one NOW!!"

There is, however, one minor defect arising from the circumstances of the exhibition: only those typefaces are represented which are available for Monotype. The organisers of the exhibition must be aware of, for instance, *Pilgrim*, designed by Gill for a limited edition of *Pilgrim's Progress* and since adapted for the Linotype (one of Monotype's rivals); but they choose to ignore it.

A more serious weakness is that, apart from a few engraved wooden printing blocks, all the exhibits are *paper*: work-

\*ERIC GILL, master of lettering. Monotype House, Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

ing drawings, roughs, and specimens of typefaces; books, pages of books, and photographs of books (the famous notebook of letters for Douglas Cleverdon's bookshop is represented by photographs of two pages); working drawings, templates, rubbings and photographs of carvings. As I have said, the main emphasis is on his work as a stone cutter; but the only actual lump of lettered stone is the title piece of the exhibition, a beautiful work, but from the hand of another artist. Gill's own work in stone is shown, very inadequately, by rubbings. (Of course it would be impossible to collect his best stone originals together—persons and institutions are often willing to lend their paintings for commemorative exhibitions, but not their fathers' gravestones or the lintels over their main entrances—but he cut at least one alphabet as a specimen, and good plaster casts of this are quite common.)

## PERPETUA Perpetua Bold Perpetua Italic

But there is enough here to show the tremendous creative vision, the enormous capacity for taking pains, and the ability to laugh at himself, that were Eric Gill's. Had he devoted his talents to some art suitable for galleries and collections, his work would probably be fetching ridiculous prices at Christie's. But he devoted himself to lettering and typography because of a deep inner conviction that art to be worthwhile must be useful. It was his opinion that nothing destroyed the dignity of men so much as industrialism, the subjugation of work and life to machines, and equally that nothing destroyed the dignity of art so much as that by-product of the Industrial Revolution, the art gallery.

Sir John Rothenstein, director of the Tate Gallery, summed up Gill's attitude to sculpture at the opening of the Monotype exhibition: 'By his own day it had become an activity without any generally recognized function . . . an exotic, a luxury. Therefore Eric Gill never felt completely at ease at the thought of doing sculpture at all . . . He was always happy in his lettering through feeling it to be not an "art" but an ordinary, necessary "job". What deep satisfaction he would have derived from the knowledge that certain of his types had be-

come part of the very texture of English life.'

When Gill started his own printing house in 1933, the *Monotype Recorder* (another discreet and elegant publicity medium) happened to refer to it as a 'private press'. The private press movement, began by William Morris, is generally recognised as the movement which rediscovered book design and typography when these arts had been lost amid the horrors of nineteenth-century sweatshop industrialism; but Gill was too concerned about the dignity of useful work to be associated with anything even so little removed from ordinary life.

'Private presses', he wrote in his letter of correction, 'suffer from their very freedom, and in many cases have been conspicuous for the worst kind of self-conscious artistic eccentricity. While the public press in spite of its financial obsession—the tyranny of auditors and shareholders—often achieves a good reasonable commonplace and therefore pleasant standard of excellence.'

The last publication of Hague and Gill Limited was a pamphlet denouncing and ridiculing the war of 1939 (Gill died in 1940), entitled *Unholy Trinity*, the Unholy Trinity being Power ('which is to say the police and the military'), Respectability, and Money.

'You know of course that German re-armament was greatly helped by loans arranged in the City of London. And as we helped them to re-arm, we must re-arm ourselves and more so. Jolly good for trade . . .'

I think I have quoted enough to prove that Gill shunned the dead world of 'fine art', purely because of his passion for the dignity of ordinary life and ordinary people. The word 'commonplace' was not one that he despised, and anyone who called him an 'artist' to his face was liable to hear a lecture to the effect that all men were potential or actual artists.

What offended him about the industrial revolution was not the replacement of the worker's physical strength by powerful machines, but the subjection of workers to machinery. Machines, he

### APOLOGY

We must apologise for stating in our article on Pasternak in last week's FREEDOM that the Russian writer Polovoy is dead. He is in fact the head of the Union of Soviet Writers, which, since it is a thoroughly discredited organisation, may nevertheless imply that he is morally dead only.

### EXHIBITION

## The Intense Inward Image

Paintings and drawings by Denis Lowson at the Woodstock Gallery, Woodstock Street, October 27 to November 8.

THE art of painting exists, these days, in a world of its own, quite divorced from ordinary life. The designer of chairs, or textiles, or books, or cartons can hope if he is successful to see his work in daily use. Some centuries ago the same was true of painters in oils, but now the best a painter can reasonably hope for is that his work will be bought for a museum, kept by some town council or private collector. Even the huge prices paid for the work of those painters most in demand can hardly compensate for the depressing experience of seeing one's most painful work stowed away, where people can see it only by suspending their ordinary activities; and this, rather than the money which can be made by working quickly, accounts for the hurried slickness of best-selling painters.

Denis Lowson is not a best-selling painter, yet, and three of the paintings in his exhibition have the feeling of struggle and wonder which one associates with Leonardo or Cézanne. They are in fact illustrations of a novel, *Le Grand Meaulnes* by a writer called Alain Fournier who wrote, the artist tells me, in the early twentieth century. But they are nothing like the 'literary art' of the Victorians; the paint is smacked on the canvas in whorls and streaks and blobs, and if it were not so precisely and carefully placed it would be reminiscent of 'action painting'.

It is as if a scene were conjured up in the mind of the artist by some passage of the novel, so vivid and intense that it could be transferred to a canvas with all its depth, all its atmosphere, all its incidents, without anything being added or

thought, should be controlled by those who use them, and used for the satisfaction of human needs instead of for financial 'profits'.

His adherence to the Roman church, like his habitual attire of a belted work-smock, a box-hat and knee-breeches, was part of the expression of his concern for the dignity of craftsmanship. Much was wrong with society, when a man's job was obvious from his dress and the Roman church was all-powerful. But at least the craftsman then had command of his tools, 'art' was a part of life and not something for a museum, and there was no difference between an 'artist' and an 'artisan'.

It may be said that this is a slight reason for being a Catholic (and I do

not mean to pretend it was his reason); but Gill used 'Roman Catholicism', like G. K. Chesterton, to mean what he wanted it to mean. To quote again from *Unholy Trinity*: 'I photograph a little while ago a Catholic priest saying Mass with a for an altar. How glad the arm profiteers must be of our support.'

Beatrice Ward, the typographic authority, writes that Gill 'can be remembered, by those who ever met him, the very last person they would call "eccentric". He was on the contrary as "concentric" a personality they had ever encountered.' The monious, practical beauty of his forms is the best evidence of his 'concentricity'.

### BOOK REVIEW

## Angels and Ministers of Disgrace

THE ANGEL - MAKERS, A Study in the Psychological Origins of Historical Change, 1750-1850, by Gordon Ratray Taylor. Heinemann, 42s.

THIS book is an elaboration on Mr. Taylor's "Sex in History", in which he advanced the theory that historical periods can be distinguished by the tendency of men to identify themselves either with their mothers or their fathers. The former he calls "matrists", the latter "patrists". The first group is distinguished by its relatively easy-going attitude, its belief in social reform, its lack of readiness to blame the individual for his shortcomings, whereas the second group is exactly the opposite, cruel, hard of heart, money-making, guilt-ridden, puritanical. The ideal the author sees as being a middle position between the two.

This theory worked well enough in a survey like "Sex in History", which covered a vast period of time. Seen from a sufficient height the world seems smooth and round, while at ground level it is all hills and valleys. The amount of information available about such recent periods as the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is so colossal that one loses the general outline in a maze of contradictory details.

Mr. Taylor comes to the surprising conclusion that " . . . it may even be that the sum total of immorality was higher in the nineteenth century than in the eighteenth." Anyway, the Victorians were far from what they are usually thought to have been by people to-day. "The delicate fainting Victorian lady has become a stereotype. But to Lucy Aiken, writing in 1842, it was 'forty or fifty years ago' that women had 'pale faces, weak nerves, much affectation, a delicate helplessness and miserable health'. But now they have 'well-developed figures, blooming cheeks, active habits, firm nerves, natural and easy manners, a scorn of affectation and vigorous constitutions.' Probably the "Victorian heroine" was a literary creation. Even to-day women are generally represented on the screen, and in the trashier forms of literature, as far more helpless than they are in real life, so that the handsome hero may rescue them.

But was the eighteenth century predominantly "matrist" or "patrist"? And what of the nineteenth? It appears that in the eighteenth century the aristocracy and the common people remained more or less "matrist" in outlook, while the middle classes, who were growing in power, were "patrist". The eighteenth century is not usually thought of as a period of Puritanism, but it was for many. In the nineteenth century the power of the middle classes was much greater, and they were able to impose their morality more and more on the rest of the population, on aristocrats and common folk alike.

To-day the power of the middle and lower middle classes is (in questions of sex morality) so absolute as to be almost unchallenged and unchallengeable, though time and complete victory have softened the anti-sexual attitude of these classes.

The "matrist" emerges as a much more sympathetic kind of person, although neurotic to some extent (but who isn't?), while it is difficult to see anything that can be said for the "patrist". However the latter has fanaticism and drive, and can overcome the "matrist", so it is up to the "matrist" to learn to defend himself and his philosophy of life. Mr. Taylor considers both attitudes to be neurotic. A healthy person should identify himself with both parents.

There seems to be a weak point somewhere in all these theories which stem

from Freud. Certain characteristics arbitrarily associated with the male—hardness, toughness, a sense of sin, a readiness to exploit others, while female is gifted with all the virtues—firmness, softness, capacity to love, freedom from guilty feelings or, at least, readiness to forgive. Even with all deliberate training that children receive in "manliness" or "womanliness", the picture is completely false, and also has been.

The development of a society dominated by one sex alone, the male, was as much a disaster for the dominant sex as for the one dominated. Men come the victims of their own ideal of "manliness", and force themselves a harsh and artificial way of life. They are not, by nature, any braver, tougher, more balanced or self-controlled than women. But they are brought up to behave in a certain way, and women are brought up to behave in a contrary way. The resulting strain creates neurosis.

The "father figure" that Mr. Taylor's "patrists" introject is not the naturally kind person a father would be in a society freed from sex-guilt. Women, on the whole, are less forced into an artificial pattern than are men. They are allowed to express their feelings more, so the "mother figure" is closer to nature, with the result that the "matrists" are more attractive people.

It is perhaps inevitable in a book of this type that we should be presented with all the extreme examples of conduct. Still, it was not a good thing to be a child in the period with which this work deals. While the aristocracy, who could afford to have damage repaired, who had large houses, extensive grounds and plenty of servants, were able to let their children run wild, in a way that would make many "free schools" seem tame affairs, the bourgeoisie set out to break the spirits of their offspring with the utmost physical and psychological cruelty, as ingeniously applied as anything an Inquisitor could imagine. There are terrible things in this book. It makes one wonder sometimes if the human race is really worth anything at all, seeing that its members are capable of such atrocities.

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

## Visit to Cyprus

Continued from p. 3

of Agriculture and the growing response of Cypriots eager to learn the advantages of modern methods. The combine harvester, threshing machine and tractor run side by side with implements so primitive that their "scratching for a living" is no mere phrase.

Officers of this and the forestry department confirmed my general impression by unhesitatingly stating that the natives of Cyprus were individually most hospitable, co-operative and friendly. Themselves as loyal to Great Britain and as unquestioning of the good of British intentions as they were of their own integrity, these officers could smell a rebel with one sniff. Their unsolicited warm testimonial was therefore to be relied upon in preference to the judgment of the politicians and priests and mere police of the three most interested governments.

Most of the 627 villages have piped water supplies, but it was noticeable that too many of these public water-points are inscribed "Elizabeth II" for anyone to refute entirely the sneer that these excellent by-products of British rule so lately erected might be classed with that American aid to the Middle East no-one respects as being other than an insurance premium.

SAM WALSH.

(To be continued)

### FREEDOM BOOKSHOP OPEN DAILY

(Open 10 a.m.—6.30 p.m., 5 p.m. Sets:)

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Pasternak and Human Integrity

Continued from p. 1

Having realised what was happening, I formed the Swedish Academy of my voluntary renunciation of the Nobel Prize.

To leave my country would be the equivalent of death; and for that reason I ask you not to take this measure.

With my hand on my heart, I can say that I have done something for literature and I can still be useful.

Far from "bowing to the storm", my letter is an uncompromising instrument of his would-be persecutors.

This "internal expatriate" as Moscow Radio called him writes to K. not to beg to be allowed to return to Russia but "to ask [Krushchev] not to take this extreme measure" of exiling him from Russia.

In making this request he makes no confessions in return. On the contrary he declares, in all modesty and yet with the sureness of a man whose values are above politics of the State, that "I have done nothing for Soviet literature and I am still useful to it".

To destroy your work and values before the Supreme Leader, when your colleagues are "asking him to denounce the traitor Boris Pasternak of Soviet citizenship" and when Moscow Radio is telling the world that there was no place in Soviet society for a man who had long been a "Dr. to his country and who had spat in its face", calls for a kind of courage.

Pasternak has declined the superficially easy way out of the situation. At the time of writing he has received no official reply to his letter.

At the Tass Agency after quoting Pasternak added that it was "authorised to announce" that no obstacles would be put in his way if he wished to go abroad to receive the prize.

"As has become known, Pasternak so far has not applied to any Soviet state authority for a visa to travel abroad; and, on the part of the authorities, there are, and there will be, no objections to granting him a visa."

"If Pasternak should wish to leave permanently the Soviet Union, the social régime and people which he has slanted in his anti-Soviet work 'Dr. Zhivago', the official authorities will not put any obstacles in his way. He will be given the chance of leaving the Soviet Union to experience personally all the delights of the capitalist paradise."

But Pasternak refuses to go. In spite of the fact that in the West he would be wined and dined (to death) he prefers to face the hazards of a lonely future, or no future, in Russia, and in so doing embarrasses the West and infuriates the East!

Victor Zorza in the Manchester Guardian (Nov. 3) believes that the continued calls for Pasternak's expulsion would indicate that the Soviet authorities are expecting more than his rejection of the Nobel Prize in return for allowing him to continue to live in Russia.

Already in his message to Mr. Khrushchev the writer found it necessary to speak of the "political campaign" which had been kindled round his name in the West, thus appearing to endorse at least one part of the Soviet official view of the matter. But now that he has made this concession, he will be pressed to make others.

If he is to speculate in this way, Mr. Zorza should not have overlooked the following passage in the second cable to Sweden: "Considering the meaning this award has been given in the society to which I belong, I must reject..." And this makes nonsense of Mr. Zorza's "confession" theory!

No one can tell what the outcome of the Pasternak affair will be. There are too many imponderables. Though, in a world in which might is right, the physical fate of Boris Pasternak will be determined by Krushchev, one thing is certain, that thus far the integrity and calm determination of the Poet has left the voluble politician speechless!

"I have a feeling"—he wrote in a letter some time ago—"that a completely new era is beginning, with new tasks and new demands on the heart and on human dignity, a silent age which will never be proclaimed and allowed voice but will grow more real every day without our noticing it. . . . That is why 'Dr. Zhivago' is the most important piece of work I have been able to do so far in the whole of my life."

Whatever they may succeed in making him do or say in the weeks ahead, Boris Pasternak has already shown us what are these "new tasks and new demands on the heart and on human dignity" and we, at least, draw inspiration and hope from his example.

Footnotes to an Editorial

Coal & the Common Sense Society

Not long ago the country was crying out for coal, and it seemed a criminal thought to suppose that it would ever be necessary to use it—as the Germans did during the war—for making oil. Then came Suez, and it was clear that an inventor with a process that would produce petrol from the stocks of coal then beginning to build up might have made his fortune overnight. Now oil is plentiful again, but it is beginning to appear that in the long term the country's need of coal as a fuel will not be enough to keep the collieries going. In this situation it is entirely possible that the price of coal—or of small coal at least—may fall substantially, and it is against this background that the research of the Fuel Research Station which aims at finding an economic process for making oil from it is being carried out. In the nature of things this is bound to take a long time. . . . Whether this can be done remains to be seen. Nevertheless, it is comforting to know that at the least the country can be protected from any outrageous increases in the price of oil that the future may bring, and also that some substance is being given to the belief which chemists have cherished for decades—that it is wasteful merely to burn such a valuable source of chemical raw material as coal.

Manchester Guardian, (Editorial, Oct. 31).

In the present travail of the coal industry a visit to the National Coal Board's central engineering establishment here is a cheering experience. The establishment is doing some exciting things. A tunnelling machine, which should be able to dig underground roads eighteen feet in diameter through the hardest rock at twice the speed of the present methods, will probably begin its trials next summer. It has been developed at the establishment and will be built by Vickers Armstrong at Newcastle. The cost may reach six or seven figures, but this is not so staggering when one recalls that the Coal Board's present fifteen-year plan includes the driving of 3,000 miles of underground roadway, and that the present boring and blasting methods are a delaying factor. This project was started about two years ago, just two years after work on the establishment itself began. Another exciting device is the star wheel cutter. This may provide the answer to the shortage of large coal. It works on the wedge principle, and should burst the coal face open, so that it falls into fairly large pieces. The cutter has already been successfully tested on a mock "coalface" on the surface at Swadlincote, a few miles away, and within the next few months it will go under-

VISIT TO CYPRUS

(Continued from previous issue)

ALTHOUGH a multitude of modern transport wagons, army trucks, cars and taxis throng the 3,000 miles of Cyprus roads (800 miles of which are narrowly asphalted, leaving wishid borders into which the lethally reckless native drivers force their weaker brethren as automatically as they sound hideous horns), the villager relies on the donkey, mule, ox or camel to carry him and his produce of the land along the winding undulating roadways linking plain with mountain.

Except for narrow-gauge tramways from the mines in coastal vicinities there are no railways in Cyprus. Thus for longer jaunts, ramshackle motor buses, not inappropriately called lorries, carry passengers, bicycles and literally everything but the proverbial kitchen stove. One weekend our journey was regularly briefly interrupted at various points where some such crowded vehicle was being emptied of every individual person and piece of luggage by a small army patrol or perhaps a couple of Turkish or Greek auxiliary police. Hopelessly outnumbered as they are, these ruthlessly examining forces never encounter resistance. The reason is that the Cypriot generally has not the slightest interest in the cause of rebellion, and with stoic philosophy endures the inconveniences of such hold-up with remarkable indifference. For the majority the struggle for a decent living commands their individual attention in a land where nature needs great persuasion to yield most of its fruits.

Yet even such an experienced campaigner for colonial freedom as Fenner Brockway can assert in the face of such apathy that eighty per cent. of the Cyprus population is fiercely opposed to the British Government's plans for Cyprus. The conclusion can be no more than a politician's assumption that people who have no vote somehow inevitably and without exception if they be Greek Cypriot, endorse whatever "their" party stands for.

From the alternate gold and yellowish-brown, shot with a sparse green of the Mesaoria Plain, where river beds are stone dry for most of the year, a good road rises 6,400 feet through the unspoiled scenery of the Troodos Mountains to the summit of Mount Olympus. The route is marked by hillside villages

reached by a series of hairpin bends sharper and steeper than any I have seen in Switzerland. Their houses perch precariously over the precipitous edges of roads carved out of the mountainside, or cluster in tiers built firmly into the rocky eminence.

Self-contained in all respects these communities have their quota of skilled tradesmen in workshops, etc., identical with those in the towns. Even the village high school uniform of the Greek Cypriot girls is that worn by their town cousins. A striking feature is the number of magnificent Byzantine churches, their domed roofs glinting brightly in the powerful sunlight. They and their bearded priests, who abound, must place as considerable a strain on the village finances as does military occupation on the finances of the country as a whole.

Impressive pine and cedar forests of rare depth and beauty alternate with terraced cultivation of vegetables, fruits and vines reaching to the mountain tops. A wonderful panorama of peak after peak presents itself in a remarkably clear atmosphere distinctly cooler than that of the hot plain below.

Troodos village, the 5,500 feet high summer seat of the Government of Cyprus, is an unlovely collection of buildings symbolic of all that is worst in any imposed administration. A notice in English, Greek and Turkish warns the wayfarer to watch out for overhead electric wires when the snow lies deep in the January-April ski-ing season: but as the Cyprus cricket season lasts from May to November, during which virtually no rain falls, these two extremes of climate are of vital importance to people wrestling a living from the soil, whatever games are being played, political or sporting.

When I mentioned to a Greek Cypriot girl serving in a Nicosia bookshop that I never seemed to come across any male Cypriot villager who looked about my age—which is 61—but that they all appeared younger or older, she said she was afraid that was simply because they aged prematurely. "They work hard and I don't think they get enough to eat," she remarked—and the hot dry climate for most of the year does the rest.

It seemed to us, however, that not only at home, but in the fields and, even more strikingly, in their navying for the extensive road development schemes, that it was the women who did most of what

we call the donkey work—along with the donkeys, mules and oxen themselves. The menfolk thronged the village and town cafés, though seeming to drink little and stare around a lot.

Along the indented northern coastline of the Kyrema range, from which one gets a clear view of Turkey only 40 miles away, the vineyards and barley fields run right down to the pebbled beach. Groves of olive, orange and lemon trees alternate with the carob tree. The carob has more of utility than beauty. Its coiling trunk and bushy branches give rise to such products as cattle food, gum arabic, chewing gum, textiles, nougat, face cream, cinematograph film and a paint used on aeroplane wings. It has been estimated that there are 2,185,000 carob trees in Cyprus. They resist the annual drought well and involve little labour, their crop consequently being termed the "black gold" of Cyprus but it does not fetch the price of another black commodity, coal, which must be imported and costs the astonishing price of £5 12s. 0d. a hundredweight, or exactly one shilling per pound avoirdupois.

At Lapithos the silkworm is cultivated from cradle to cauldron. From cottage ceilings are slung tiers of beds on which the silky leaves of the mulberry tree are spread for the caterpillars to eat until they fall into a coma. Then they are eventually shovelled into cauldrons of boiling water as the first stage of the silk-gathering process. The silk is skimmed off and wound by hand on to reels, leaving the naked grub to be fed to the hens.

There is a variety of mining—asbestos, pyrites, sulphur, chromite, gypsum and amber. There are flour mills, a cement factory and a number of light industries. The village weaving and pottery is craft work of a high standard. There are lovely hillside and seaside resorts and long stretches of unspoiled seashore in lonely reserve for a dormant tourist industry.

Cyprus is, however, predominantly an agricultural country producing wheat, barley, carobs, potatoes, tobacco, citrus and deciduous fruits, olives and legumes. It is at this ground level there emerges from the colourful jigsaw of East and West a pattern of co-operation transcending the turbulence which is best exemplified by the unremitting devotion to duty of the Cyprus Government's Department

Continued on p. 2

LAND NOTES

THE climate of this country is really unpredictable and often compensates for its perversity; fine days in late autumn have a certain quality of relaxing softness that I am sure cannot be reproduced anywhere else. The last fortnight's fine weather has on this light sloping land given wonderful autumn sowing conditions at the last possible moment, and the soil as it falls from the mould board of the plough has fallen apart to provide a perfect autumn seed bed. Lower, heavier soils however do not provide such fortunate conditions for the tiller and much of the important grain-growing area is of this nature, which means that this year of difficulty will continue its effects for another year as spring corn does not yield so heavily. Often however, nature compensates and may produce a perfect year for spring-sown crops.

In a welter of superficiality we often lose sight of the situation of man in a complex biological and social environment dependent on a fragile and expendible crust of soil astonishing in its manifestations, sensitive and responsive to stimulation. It is good to reflect upon

ground for testing at Merrylees Colliery in Leicestershire.

Nothing is too imaginative (or too mundane) for the engineers at Bretby. Manchester Guardian.

★

Miners' leaders in South Wales are to ask their union to urge the coalfields' M.P.s to join in a demand that opencast mining should be stopped, on the ground that it is imperilling employment at the deep mines.

Mr. Will Paynter, the South Wales miners' president, said: "We believe opencast developments will ultimately be at the expense of the closing of pits. We see no justification for this sort of mining going on when both opencast and deep-mined coal are being stocked in millions of tons." Manchester Guardian.

the organisation and beauty of our natural environment to get a sense of perspective and proportion. Sanity and creativeness are dependent on reflection of the place of man as potentially an innovator and a manipulator of the natural resources that are the sources of untold wealth. The fine beasts that are seen at our shows and on our farms are the result of many years patient selection; the fruit and crops and grasses are also a result of the careful selection of characteristics.

The general superficiality effects also the countryside and its agriculture. Of the fine beasts at the recent dairy show 20 were disqualified because their milk did not reach even the lowish legal standard for fats and solids. The crafts that made their mark on the countryside on stacks, roofs and hedges are dying fast. The shops are full of bright red apples that are punky and without flavour but they look good. The number of people who are concerned with this vital activity of agriculture has dwindled to 5% of the total population of the country, producing 50% of the total food supply. The number of people engaged in socially useful work in industry gets smaller and smaller while the number who scurry into offices and counting houses and government buildings gets larger and larger.

Millions of people are dependent on an organisation that in reality is as substantial as a rotten marrow, on an artificial system which if it collapsed, would result in the death by starvation of millions.

As with the industrial field, units in agriculture are tending to get larger and larger and, while from a capitalist standpoint of more production per man, this is good, from the point of view of world needs in foodstuffs this is a very bad thing. Although early mechanisation made it difficult for small units to be mechanised the development of small machines in the last few years has made it possible to work as small an area as half an acre mechanically.

New means of power have also made this development possible in industry, and indeed there has been a move in

recent years to disperse industry mainly for reasons of defence. I am sure that with sane people in a sane society with the technical means that are available, a marriage could be arranged between industrial and agricultural activity with great benefit to the people engaged in both these activities.

The great concentrations of population are hives of loneliness and producers of neurotics and not conducive to the creation of satisfying relationships. All countries of the world or their rulers, are falling over themselves to expand their industrial production, to mechanise their agriculture, under conditions which will repeat the tragedies of past cultures. Although the agriculturists and ecologists are influencing government departments with regard to the reafforestation and conservation of soil, the reclamation of land and forest lags sadly behind an ever-growing world population. Wilfred Wellock once wrote a pamphlet called "Money has Destroyed your Peace"; it could also destroy our food supplies and ensure our eternal peace. The application of false values to activity often make those activities destructive in their application. The gratification of the superficial often stifles the substance and creative energy spent on a thing of no intrinsic value is a waste of human energy.

ALAN ALBON.

Anti-Pope

The less said about the previous John XXIII (same number) the better: he was an anti-pope set up in Pisa in 1410 in opposition to Gregory XII, and his career was best summed up by Gibbon, who described his eventual deposition in 1415 in one of his most famous passages:—

"The more scandalous charges were suppressed; and the vicar of Christ was accused only of murder, rape, piracy, sodomy and incest." Observer, 2/11/58.



Reflections on the Montgomery Memoirs

THIS SIDE IDOLATRY

IN time of war the Leader, and the Leader's chosen leaders, can do no wrong. It is essential for the public morale that no hint of fallibility be allowed to jar the confidence of every subject of the realm in the ability of his leaders, appointed as they are by God, to lead the nation on to final victory.

While it is clear that on one side this confidence must, by the end of the war, be shown to be misplaced, since one side must lose (except in unusual wars like the one in Korea) which resulted in a restoration of an uneasily balanced status quo to be finally settled, no doubt, at a later date, nevertheless the People, on

whose morale and sacrifice the successful prosecution of a war always depends, must always be convinced that theirs is the winning side.

Hence the penalties, even in democratic countries where we are told of freedom of expression is defence of the war's functions, against anybody uttering anything that may be construed as defeatism. In Britain imprisonment, in Nazi Germany death, was meted out to any who suggested that 'their own country' might lose the war.

Churchill's Function

Thus it was Churchill's prime function, when he came to power in 1940, to convince the British people that Britain was going to win. In other words he might have had his function, for he had not at any other time—nor has he since—impressed with his ability in any of the Government jobs he has held. He did in fact admit his rôle to be that of a dried cheer leader when he said 'The British people provided the lion's strength. I only provided the roar. But that was admitted only ten years after the end of the war! During that terrible time Churchill was held up to God-like proportions and the impression was that this great man was guiding our destinies and for our benefit every decision from the size, fire-power and armour on tanks to the quantity of dried eggs.

An impression which the great man was himself most willing to foster, with the result that he emerged from the war with the reputation of being the greatest Englishman of all time and of having won the war almost single-handed. The fact that the main contributions to the defeat of Germany came from the mistakes of the Germans themselves and the entry into the war of Russia and America were overlooked in the adulation of our Leader. For instance, at the end of the 'Battle of Britain', had German Intelligence been as good as it was supposed to be it would have known that British losses in the air had reduced the reserves of fighter planes in the whole country to six! Had the pressure of Luftwaffe been maintained for even a few more days, the British predicament would have been plain. Similarly, had Hitler not hesitated against the advice of his generals and not given the order for the invasion of Russia, but instead had cemented the non-aggression pact and done a deal with Stalin to get grain and oil by peaceful means (there is no reason to suppose Stalin would not have played ball), Germany would have kept intact a fighting machines which would have proved to the Allies, both in North

Africa and in Europe, a much more formidable obstacle to final victory. Necessity for a Myth

Finally, and this is another point that Churchill has admitted—afterwards—the most important single factor in Britain's ability to withstand the Nazis was simply—the English Channel!

But in wartime it is not the accident of geography or the mistakes of the enemy which inspire the sacrifice of soldier and civilian alike. And all that is cynical and carefully built up for propaganda machines for the purpose of deceiving the people.

After the war, as volume after volume of memoirs from the pens of the great and the important of the presses, the common man is allowed a peep into that rarefied world of top level planning, where populations are used or written off, defended or destroyed with equal disinterest. As Prime Ministers and Presidents, Field Marshals and Admirals, Chiefs of Staff and common journalists with their eyes to keyholes tell all they know, a common pattern begins to emerge. Every one of the great men sees himself as always right while the others fumble, claiming the credit for victories and placing the blame for defeat on someone else. And as they draw back the iron curtain between the rulers and the ruled, we are treated to character studies—though probably unwittingly in the autobiographies—which bear out to the full the anarchist conception of the personalities of those who seek power; pompous, vain, egotistical, yet so sensitive of criticism.

Erstwhile Sacrosanct Monty

Latest in the line of gaff-blows is Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, the man who blew Rommel out of North Africa, whose amendments ensured the successful invasion of Sicily (but not the blunders which enabled the German army to escape to the mainland), whose master-plan for Normandy ensured the capture of there (but who was not responsible for the drawing out of the war into 1945).

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Something About the Bomb

DEAR FRIENDS, Owing to the lack of elaboration in my letter (FREEDOM, Oct. 25th), you seem to have misunderstood some of the points I made.

Firstly I must make it clear that I am not labouring under the illusion that any fundamental change for the better in human affairs could ever be brought about through parliamentary channels. I believe that to bring about a lasting peace which constitutes a way of life, a revolution in the mind and soul of man is necessary. I think that we have not the time that this would take left to us.

In the past, human beings have been capable of standing resolutely and solidly together in order to gain a desired end, temporarily calling upon their undeveloped capacities and resources. This could not be termed a revolution of the soul, but owing to certain events

At the time of his resounding successes the name of Montgomery ('Monty', the casually-dressed, unconventional commander) was sacrosanct. Criticism of Monty, after the first British victory of the war, was tantamount to criticism of God, to heresy. To-day, nobody is quite so sure. Montgomery's laid-out in the most important of his Memorials that few of his contemporaries come out unscathed and it is now possible to hear a British officer say: 'I am one of the few fortunate officers never to have served under the Field Marshal.'

It is not for us to discuss the man's military abilities. Plainly he was a more than able soldier; equally plain is the fact that he came to the top when men and materials were becoming available in quantities unobtainable before. He had nothing but contempt for Auchinleck, his predecessor in North Africa, but he was careful not to go into battle against Rommel without a supreme effort of body and metal that Auchinleck never had. He had a boldness and impetuosity in action which often came off, but which could have led to disaster for the British on D-Day, if Monty had had his way. Had it not been that the original plan for the invasion of Normandy was to start on June 5, 1944, but that on the 3rd the meteorological experts forecast bad weather. He continues;

On June 4 we met at 4 a.m. at Southwick House. The weather reports were discouraging. The Navy reckoned the landing was possible but would be difficult. My own opinion would not be to commit myself one way or the other. I was for going. Tedder, Deputy Supreme Commander, was for postponement. D-Weighing all the factors, Eisenhower decided to postpone D-Day for twenty-four hours—it would now be on June 6. We met again at 9.30 in the evening; the weather reports were still bad and we agreed to assemble again at 4 a.m. the next morning.

We met as arranged on June 5 at 4 a.m. A heavy storm was blowing in the Channel, and it was clear that if we had persisted with the original D-Day of June 5 we might have had a disaster. Had it not been for that storm, the mistakes on an error of judgment which would have cost the lives of thousands more of his own troops, and perhaps led to the defeat of the invaders.

The Another Massacre

Another error of judgment which did lead to a dreadful slaughter was Montgomery's adventure at Arnhem,

where two corps of airborne troops dropped straight into the jaws of the guns of an SS Panzer division who picked them off like partridges as they floated helplessly down. He checked up the troops and ordered rapid armoured advances, but was marshaled out up by canal and a week before the ground was caught up with the paratroopers. He found that all his massed troops at Montgomery arrived at Arnhem. But in his memoirs he points out that his strategy of the advance into Northern France and Germany, also Normandy, was not his own. He opposed to his idea. Eisenhower chose was for an advance on the front, whereas Monty had proposed a narrow drive into the Ruhr to disrupt the Germans and give the time to re-organise.

Monty's plan, he claims, was shortened by the war and by the British and Americans to be before the Russians (an impetuous plan for a long time was proposed by Eisenhower by the Americans), whereas Ike's plan led to dragging on of the war into 1945. When telling of this, he writes;

I was determined to play my own business, the British refused to show, and did show, that when they to the mobile battle they were good as the next man.

The result was Arnhem. As I must now consider how much inspiration to trust so far as with airborne troops was not a pique on Montgomery's part, decided to 'show the Americans' how they should be treated on his own and swing round the direction of Berlin after all?

We shall never know for the thoughts not put down in detail—and we may of course be completely wrong. It is a pity that out of character for a man who wanted to be put in charge of land armies, who thought of himself as the man with the right ideas at the time, but who had been compelled to accept something else. Such a man must be the most human beings. But in Field Marshals they spell death destruction for thousands. Would they be Field-M Marshals who out them? P.S.

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