

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"Party was never meant for Democracy, will not work with Democracy, and all attempts to yoke the two together must end in disappointment and disaster."
—T. E. KEBBEL

Vol 20, No. 36

September 5th, 1959

Threepence

"Uncle Ike"—or Rehabilitation of the Politicians

WHOSE THE POWER?

THE Eisenhower tour, which was described in last Sunday's *Observer* as "part of a mission to reduce the risks of another war" such as the last, has so far produced no startling peace proposal. Indeed, those of us who live in a line Carlton House Terrace to Chequers had their (relative) week-end peace disturbed by the noisy rattle of "news helicopters" operating a shuttle service between the two places, with a view to keeping the public informed of every detail of our Mr. Macmillan's meeting with the Visitation from across the Atlantic.

But all we got was noise, hot air and detailed accounts of what Ike likes to eat. For once in a while the Press were being honest—or had they in fact been briefed to emphasise the social aspect, the get-together at the dinner table, in church on Sunday and on the golf-course on Saturday, of this meeting of "the mighty"? Was the official silence on the nature of the political talks (if any) during Eisenhower's tour a way of obliging the Press to discuss the menus and the bonhomie all round? And if so why?

POLITICS and politicians have been at a low ebb for some time. The divorce between the politician and the public has never been more marked than in these past years of H-Bomb tests with the relations by the most eminent scientists throughout the world of the disastrous genetic consequences to mankind of the continued testing of H-weapons. Somehow there is a growing feeling that perhaps after all our friend Alex Comfort and the anarchists are right when they consider politicians as dangerous lunatics at large, whose lust for power is so all-consuming that they would not hesitate—assuming they had the power—to destroy mankind, themselves included, in pursuit of it.

We would suggest then that in part the comings and goings of the politicians during the past few months (every national leader from the King of Abyssinia and Mr. Nkrumah to the Premiers of Australia and Ruritana have been pay-

ing courtesy calls on friends and enemies alike) is a concerted effort to rehabilitate the politician in politics; to reveal him in a new light: the strong but human leader, the internationalist and the peace-lover but also the determined defender of national dignity and prosperity.

"Ike", most powerful man in the world—apart from Mr. K.—is how the general public saw him, has after a few days sightseeing and grinning become in the title of last Tuesday's *Guardian* editorial "Uncle Ike". Mr. K. not to be outdone has now announced that on his forthcoming visit to the United States he will be accompanied by Mrs. K. and family (as well as by his bodyguard). *Reuter* reports that the American State Department has expressed its "pleasure" at the news, and it will also mean that when Uncle Ike returns the compliment later in the year, he will be accompanied by his wife (as well as the F.B.I.).

We think that this aspect of the political offensive should not be minimised any more, of course, than the real power of individual politicians should be exaggerated. The political leaders who are in the Press

limelight are no more than the spokesmen for the real rulers, the real policy-makers of the nation and it is surely significant that the political leaders come and go without in any way disturbing the social or economic or political set-up.

Dulles' death which was viewed by some as a calamity (for them he symbolised America's resistance to any policy of appeasement of the Russians and Chinese) and by others with relief (for them it was Dulles who prevented any chance of co-existing with the other side), Dulles' death, we were saying, has in fact not changed the political situation by one iota. He is dead and buried and already forgotten. Now the ailing Eisenhower has been dragged from his golf, and rehabilitated. The *Guardian* (1/9/59) places great emphasis on the physical and intellectual condition of the new Eisenhower

... the evidence of President Eisenhower's well-being is good to see... the [television broadcast] helped to show us that Mr. Eisenhower is fully master of himself... To see Mr. Eisenhower in such good form, with his old sparkle back again, is immensely cheering...
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Another Distinguished Visitor

Franco's Foreign Minister

A VISITOR to this country who is not being accorded one-tenth of the publicity President Eisenhower rates, is nevertheless almost of more interest to the student of world politics.

He is Senor Fernando Castiella, the Spanish Foreign Minister, who is in London to have a little chat with President Eisenhower. The Senor is a gentleman with an interesting background, and the fact that he can now come to Britain to meet our more famous visitor is in itself a commentary on the shift of international line-up since 1941.

In 1941 Senor Castiella was part author of a book called "Spanish claims", among which of course, was the demand for Gibraltar which successive Spanish Governments have made many times over the years, according to how friendly relations happen to be between Britain and Spain.

In 1941, Franco's friends, Hitler and Mussolini, were riding high in Europe. All the German military campaigns had been successful and from North Africa to Russia German panzers were laying the founda-

tions for the New Europe that was to last a thousand years.

Senor Castiella might be excused for thinking then that the Axis was going to win, especially in view of his high moral view of the democracies, of whom he wrote: "The decadent and moth-eaten edifice of the French and British Empires, gluttonous for wealth, rotten in their moral texture..."

And he backed his conviction so far as to join the Spanish Blue Division—the Spanish fascist division which went to fight alongside the Germans on the Russian front.

Senor Castiella distinguished himself in his fight against Britain's and America's noble ally, and was awarded Hitler's Iron Cross—not a very high honour, certainly, but a little something to record the fact that he was there and the side he was on.

It is unlikely, though, that this gallant diplomat will wear his decoration when meeting President Eisenhower. But it should not be thought that he is in any way embarrassed by his past, for the Senor is clearly as thick-skinned as diplomats everywhere need to be.

Eight years ago Franco proposed to send Senor Castiella to Britain as Spain's Ambassador, but the British Government refused to accept him. Today, in spite of that snub, he is prepared to come, and the British Government is prepared to let him in.

A writer in the *Evening Standard* has pointed out that Senor Castiella has probably mellowed during the years:

"After two years as Ambassador to the Holy See, time and events have no doubt moderated Senor Castiella.

"It was he who negotiated the Concordat between Spain and the Vatican signed six years ago. In this he displayed good sense, restraint, and skill.

"Many in this country will probably be able to overcome their dislike of his earlier activities if Senor Castiella now displays similar qualities in his future relations with Britain."

But this is the naïve—or, rather, the dishonest—interpretation. It is not the Spanish fascists who have mellowed; it is the democratic 'statesmen' who are prepared to forget the misdeeds of the fascists if they can be used against the communists—just as, during the war, they smothered their dislike of the communists because they needed them in the fight against the fascists.

In any case, the fact that Senor Castiella fought against the Russians is now to his favour, even though he did it when the Russians were members of the Grand Alliance. An American senator has said 'Franco was right all along. He was fighting the Communists twenty years ago.'

No, it's not Senor Castiella's fascism that was objected to. It was the fact that he once stated a Spanish claim for Gibraltar. If he will just forget that—and in view of Spain's increasing identification with the Western defence organisations and reliance on American military and economic aid he will see the sense in leaving Gibraltar as it is—then neither Ike nor Mac nor any of the democrats will give a damn what sort of régime he represents.

(See also news item at foot of Col. 2, page 4)

The Administration of Space

THOSE of us who have always thought of space as just the emptiness 'up there', and thought that there were more things to worry about on this planet are quite clearly pretty primitive people and completely out of touch with the realities of the modern world.

The reality is that space is a territory. It's true that it still has to be discovered, pioneered and prospected over, but it is already beginning to be recognised that its development must be planned. Not for outer space the anarchic, stake-claiming rough-and-tumble of the pioneering in the wild and woolly West. After all, the prizes are not merely a few nuggets of gold, some square miles of cattle country or the end of gun-law in Tombstone City.

The prizes today are entire worlds. All shook up by the unexpected success of the Russians in the Space Race, therefore, the Americans are going in for a little un-American activity in the form of *planning collectively* their exploration up there.

Speaking in Los Angeles last week, Dr. Keith Glennan, head of the United States National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) urged the need for an injection of common sense and good technical judgment into

"the contest going on in this country in which substantial numbers of people are attempting to outdo each other in predicting exotic accomplishments in space in the next few years."

Dr. Glennan went on to say that when NASA was established last year: "We lacked a full realisation of the complexity of the technological problems. Since then the Administration had learned that the United States was not nearly as advanced in space technology as had been thought, while experience with the launching of space rockets had been less than satisfactory.

"With distressingly few exceptions we have not achieved complete success in any mission to date—success

in the sense that the payload has been injected into orbit or into a deep space trajectory within reasonable limits of the planned objectives and in the sense that the payload has worked satisfactorily.'

In order to forestall further disappointments, Dr. Glennan said that 'an orderliness' must be introduced into American endeavours to reach wherever it is, and he announced that for the time being NASA would concentrate in its exploration of distant space on attempts to get rockets near and around the moon, and on attempts to land instruments on the moon's surface. Thus, it seems, American ambitions for Venus have been postponed.

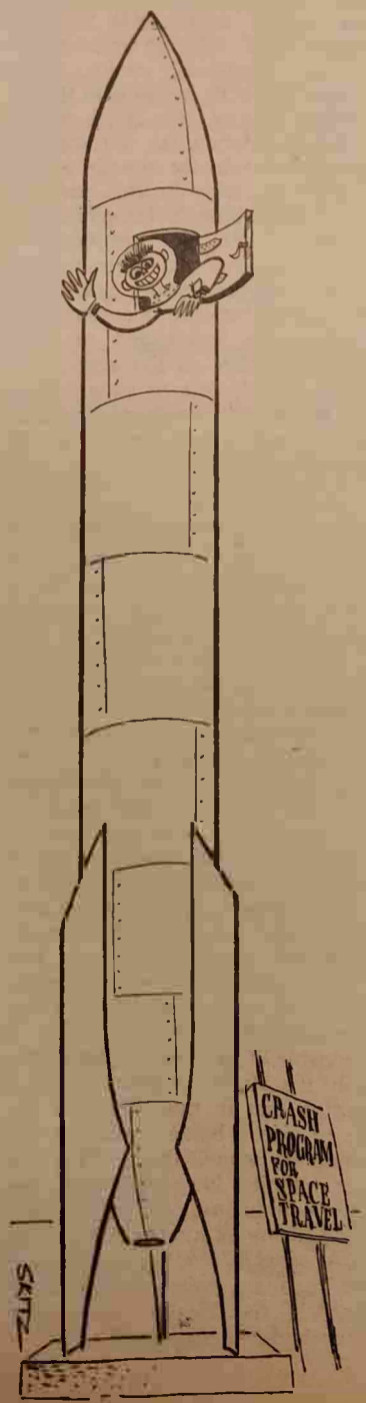
At the same time, they would concentrate on the development of better instruments and control systems for space research rockets and on the development of rocket engines that would be more reliable than those now available, that would in fact be good enough to launch successfully the seven-stage rocket that would be needed to get a man to the moon and back.

Now in case you are wondering what this has to do with you, we should like to quote another American enthusiast for this particular kind of lunacy.

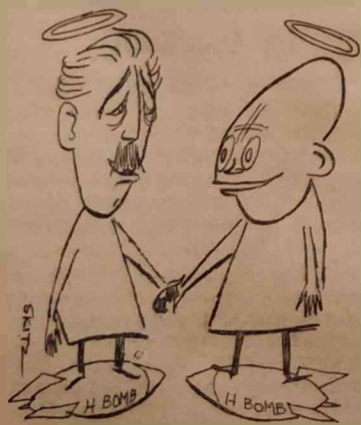
This one is a plain and simple business man, proud of his company (he probably got his job because his wife looked as though she could play bridge OK with the managing director's wife) and happy to make just the sort of exotic prediction that Dr. Glennan was deploring.

Mr. Darrell C. Romick is manager of the astronautics engineering section of Goodyear Aircraft Corporation of Ohio, and in London last Sunday he was advancing the prospect of flying from London to Los Angeles in 40 minutes by 1975.

He said that his company has been working on plans for an earth orbital vehicle since 1950. "We have evolved a three-stage



'See you in the next world!'



Earlier, the President and the Prime Minister broke off their talks to attend morning service at the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul at Ellesborough, just outside the Chequers estate. Mr. Macmillan read both the Lessons and the congregation offered a one-minute silent prayer for "God's righteous blessing" on the week-end discussions.

The rector, the Rev. C. N. White, said in his sermon:

"I bid you, in the name of Christ, to consider the significance of this occasion, which will be indelibly impressed upon our minds because two of the greatest men in the world have broken off their conference for a while in order to turn to God."

"The Guardian" 31/8/59.

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NECROPHOBIA IN POLITICS

developments as such, without considering tendencies internal to various states. By concentrating exclusively on these international events they fail to see that one of the current consequences of weapons of universal destruction is to stabilise the cold war, or, at any rate, to enable governments to create and maintain the impression of tensions in so-called peace conditions similar to the ones which in the case of open war dramatically strengthen the State. It is chiefly by fostering the illusions of 'national danger' and 'emergency' that the State, as happened in two world wars, justifies the controlling of sections of society which it had not previously controlled to the same extent. "War is the health of the state". The extension of central control to almost every department of social life is made more acceptable by reference to 'temporary danger in war-time—but as recent history again confirmed the complete passing of the danger never means the complete relaxation of the restrictions imposed temporarily. This should occasion no surprise, since the dangers are always largely illusory while the restrictions serve real interests.

IN the case of cold war, the unreal nature of the dangers is more apparent and the justification of repression by reference to them correspondingly weaker. Or it would be, but for the existence of atom bombs and their fetishistic defenders and equally fetishistic opponents. If hysterical war or peacemongering could not be sustained (if the pale radicals were to criticise not the handcuffs but the policeman, not the bomb but the State), then the authoritarian measures taken by reference to these dangers would appear more in their true light, and could not be as easily and facetiously justified. If it were not for stores of H-bombs and

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tarian spokesmen advance against the use of atomic weapons sound? I think not. The contention central to these arguments can be formulated thus: hydrogen bombs are a means of universal destruction; since everybody has an interest in surviving, hydrogen bombs are against everybody's interests. They ought not to be used.

I do not know what the precise effects of nuclear warfare would be. But I do know that the concept of 'survival' (as such) begs an important question, namely what is to survive? As reactions from right-wing quarters have shown, many voices—including that of God, via the Archbishop of Canterbury—protest that they prefer physical extinction to the extinction of their way of life which Communist domination would bring about. This attitude, whatever we may think of it, serves well to illustrate that the concrete question 'what is to survive?', is capable of receiving different and conflicting answers. The talk about mere 'survival' obscures these differences and antagonisms and seeks to posit a community of interests where none exists. Everybody is not interested in 'surviving'.

people are interested in the survival of specific things. Once these are named it becomes plain that people are interested in the survival of different things, their own physical survival being only one—and often not the most important—among them. If one, like Engels for instance, believes that human beings want to live foremost and only subsequently live well (according to what they think living well entails), one could not explain the willingness of thousands to die for revolutionary, religious, patriotic or other causes. People will struggle for their ideals. This proposition is not refuted by the fact that the ideas are mostly illusory and the struggles often in vain.

THE argument from the unclarified concept of 'survival' is a confused one—quite apart from the conclusion being a *non sequitur*. It is a *non sequitur* in the narrow logical sense in which the 'ought' does not follow from any part of the premises, as well as in the broad sense in which moral precepts are not independent motives for political action but, inasmuch as they have a con-

nection with politics, are the outcome, in the form of distorted and idealised reflections, of political activity.

The general political orientation of the argument against using atomic weapons is not objective but sentimental. On any objective view it would at least be clear that the political consequences of the H-bomb are those which its existence has now, not the universal destruction which its testing or wholesale use it likely to bring about. If 'universal destruction' means anything, it must surely mean the end of politics. Those who take a necrophobic stand by concentrating solely on the prospect of an end to politics through complete or substantial nuclear annihilation are overlooking the influence of unexploded H-bombs on the political life of contemporary societies. They are pleading for the life of mankind as though no danger other than potential death issued from the possession of such weapons. They cannot see (what to anarchists must appear as the chief worry) that with H-bombs at its command the State is now better armed politically than ever and that justificatory references to this weapon are now being used to extract huge defence budgets, to submit people to loyalty tests and secrecy oaths, to impose additional censorship, to institute extramilitary training, etc., etc. These are real and important developments which pale radicals find inconvenient to mention. In this light, however, the talk about the dangers of fall-out, threats to future generations and the like is irrelevant and secondary. It is the present effects of unexploded H-bombs that are relevant to an objective appraisal of nuclear politics.

In dealing with some of these present effects opponents of the bomb place a misleading emphasis on international

Doctors with a Difference

SINCE the beginning of the National Health Service, we have all become familiar with the stream of complaints (sometimes justified), levelled by patients at their General Practitioners. Doctors now are said to be always in too much of a hurry, not anxious to answer calls at night, hardly willing to listen to the patients' symptoms, and only too ready to pass their responsibility on to the already overcrowded out-patient departments of the hospitals. On the other side, we are also used to the complaints of the doctors, who maintain that under the National Health Service, they are hopelessly overworked and underpaid.

It is refreshing therefore, to have come across a group of four doctors,

two men and two women, in South-East London, who have taken the trouble to organize their work within the service so as to do away with the grounds for complaints, and in a way which, at the same time, has relieved them of some of the pressure of a G.P.'s life, except of course in cases of real emergency, such as 'flu epidemics and the like. They decided that the only way to create good working conditions, was to function as a Co-operative group. For this purpose, a shop site in the High Street of their suburb was acquired for a new surgery. They had built a waiting room, two consulting rooms, a small office and records room and two lavatories. Unlike so many doctors' waiting rooms, where the patient feels he is intruding in the doctor's private house, the atmosphere is functional, but cheerful. A nurse-cum-secretary-cum-receptionist, is on duty from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. Patients are encouraged to make an appointment when they want to see the doctor in order to avoid unnecessary waiting, and the nurse-secretary is on duty for this purpose the whole day. She is also responsible for keeping records, giving routine treatment which does not require the doctor's services, seeing that routine prescriptions are renewed, and generally relieving the doctors from as much paper work as is reasonably possible.

WHEN the practice began, the doctors had no idea of how it would all work. Soon they found they had made their waiting room much too large. The great majority of their patients accepted and used the appointment system enthusiastically, and there were seldom more than two or three people waiting. This space has since been used to make room for an extra consulting room, enabling three doctors, instead of two, to be on duty when work is heavy. Patients sign on with one particular doctor, and they may stick to seeing him or her if they prefer, by enquiring on the telephone when the doctor they wish to see will be taking surgery. In cases of emergency, however, they may find their own doctor is not on duty, and they will have to be seen by someone else. In this case the patient's record card, which is always kept up to date, helps the doctor who may not have seen the patient before. The four doctors take turns at surgery, visiting patients at home, and being on duty at night, or at week-ends. The doctor who has been available and on call at night, is not on duty next morning. This way of working has obvious advantages for both patient and doctor. There are definite times when the doctor can consider his life as his own, and, knowing he will

be able to sleep in the morning, he is not resentful if called out at night. The patient does not feel bad about calling him in an emergency, or at any rate ringing and asking for advice.

The practice has many other tremendously good features not usually met with. Patients automatically become members of the Patients' Welfare Association, started by the doctors and now run by a Patients' Committee.

The Association takes care of arrangements for the visiting of old people on the doctors' lists who would benefit by this, arrange babysitters in special circumstances, runs parties and raffles to buy presents for the old patients at Christmas, collects suggestions and complaints, and helps with the routine work of the doctors' own babies and children's clinic. The group also runs its own ante-natal clinics, which means that if all is well with the expectant mother, she can have her check-ups in familiar surroundings, amongst people she already knows, instead of having to wait endlessly at the usual hospital out-patient department. If the symptoms a patient presents are more difficult than usual, the doctors can readily call on each other for a consultation. Patients are encouraged to bring left-over tablets to the surgery, to enable the doctors to supply them free to old-age pensioners, who often cannot easily afford the 1/- fee for prescriptions.

THE main difference in belonging to this group of doctors, which we experienced as patients, was a feeling of confidence in knowing that someone was always there in case of emergency, and that whenever you had to see the doctor, he would be unhurried and friendly, whatever the time of day or night. We have now moved to Canada, and if we knew before what all this meant from the patient's point of view, we know it more than ever now.

Financially, the doctors apparently earn much less than the average G.P. who does not build a new surgery, and uses his wife as receptionist and secretary. Income Tax allowances by no means compensate for all this expenditure. The compensation comes from leading a reasonable life, not being continually under the strain of overwork, and knowing that in this way they are able to give a better service to the community around them. They are a community integrated with the larger community, and can regard their patients as human beings, not just as cases. If only more doctors were like them, there would be more health in the Health Service for doctor and patient alike.

L.I.

A Whoremonger's Complaint

IT really is disgraceful, the way people go around spoiling the simple pleasures of life. It was bad enough before when one might spend hours trudging up and down Soho, wondering why there were no girls in sight, only to realise that a pair of inseparable (someone should be looking into that) policemen were trudging up and down too, about fifty yards ahead. Then the shocking number of men who would hang about and snap up any girl who came out, before one had managed, exhausted, to so much as open one's mouth. Always an unbalanced market at the best of times, one might think, and something that the labour exchanges or the Board of Trade or someone ought to have looked into.

Of course Mayfair was better, but then it was twice as expensive too. The Park would have been ideal, except for this tedious business of taking taxis to all sorts of places in London one had never seen before and had no idea at all how to get home from. But even if they did have rooms two or three miles from the nearest bus or tube, there were at least plenty of girls in the Park, arranged tastefully along the railings or packed onto benches like sardines (one always did have the eye of a fishmonger). It is true that one still had to fight all the other men, but it was usually worth it.

But now the situation is really quite scandalous. There are times, it is said, when one can't find a decent whore in all Soho, and the police have so little to do that they pick up girls of fifteen who are waiting for their boy-friends outside cinemas. One wouldn't mind picking up girls of fifteen who are waiting for their boy-friends outside cinemas oneself, if the age of consent weren't so well-known and if boy-friends weren't so uncivilised about it. One might even come down to that, in view of the present position. Where are the whores of yesterday?

Nor is it just Soho. In the Park one can fight through a throng of men just like in the old days, but when one gets to the middle it isn't a pretty negress at all, but a public speaker, perhaps even a parson (and you know what parsons are). The only way out seems to be to venture further afield into dreadful places like Stepney and Notting Hill, where one wouldn't be seen dead (one wouldn't be noticed dead, anyway), or else to pursue solitary so-called pleasures.

Serve you right, say silly puritans, wasting your money like that. Wasting money indeed! When did it cost only

thirty bob (plus the odd half-crown for the maid) to get into bed with a presentable young woman? Thirty quid, more like, what with meals and films and theatres and presents. And then all the fuss about virginity (alas, what crimes are committed in thy name!) and parents and landladies and God and children and heaven only knows what else. But the shared ecstasy, my dear, the union of souls. Union of . . . ! Usually in the dark anyway, dreadful mess, and then up to three weeks' worry until the month is up.

No, this Act should be repealed in the interests of chastity and marriage and clean sheets and all the pure dull things of life. Fornication is altogether too complicated to be pursued, and marriage is not really to be considered. What is left for one in a world where women are virtuous and men are men? Men, I suppose. But there's an Act against that too. Let's have some new Acts, against the abominable crime of humbuggery and to make busybodies mind their own business and their own bodies.

A.F.

Don't Hang About in Piccadilly

CRITICS of the new Street Offences (1959) Act maintained among other things that it made much more likely the arrest of innocent people on charges of loitering. This fear has been borne out by at least one incident, brought to the notice of a wider public by the *New Statesman* (29/8/59):

Piccadilly is notoriously a dangerous place. And growing more dangerous under the new Act, judging from a report that I've not seen anywhere except in the *Jewish Chronicle*. Three Jewish teenagers, two boys and a girl, had come to London from camp. They arranged to meet in Piccadilly, but the boys were late and the girl had to wait for them. When they arrived and greeted the girl 'Hullo, dear', two policemen promptly pushed the girl into a Black Maria and took her to Savile Row police station. The boys followed and kept making a fuss until they were put into cells for the night. The girl, whose holiday was only half over, was packed off by train to her parents in Glasgow. The Juvenile Court, I'm glad to see, saw through this nonsense, released the boys, who were charged with violent behaviour at the police station, and gave each of them five guineas costs against the police.

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WHOSE THE POWER?

Continued from p. 1

His directness and simplicity are honest and reassuring. And it must be said, he seems to have grown in stature.

And after Eisenhower another figurehead will have to be built up, or blown up, to larger than life-size to impress, not the other political leaders who know all about the game of creating these (newspaper) supermen and strong men, but public opinion.

THE only threat to the real rulers of the world comes from the people not from politicians. It will perhaps be pointed out that in these columns we are always saying that governments are not influenced by public opinion. How then do we reconcile these apparently contradictory statements? There is in fact a contradiction. What we are saying is that the structure of governmental society is such that where public opinion on major issues is at odds with the government it can only effectively express itself through disobedience, by challenging both the validity of the system and the authority of those whose job it is to operate and defend the machine of State. The permanent injustices of capitalist and authoritarian society are touched by changing the personnel of government however carefully chosen for their integrity, and desire to serve the interests of the people. It is the machine that needs changing, but so solidly entrenched are those whom we have called the real rulers as opposed to the politicians who are no more than the managers) that there is no legal, constitutional way for that change to be affected.

There is no shortage of ambitious, power-hungry people to agree to operate the machine of State according to the rules laid down, and of millions of underlings to carry out their instructions as a job on which their livelihood depends. Thus the real rulers, small though they are in number have surrounded themselves with an army of servants who learn to equate what they imagine to be their personal interests with the maintenance of the status quo. Between them they control mass communications and education; in other words they seek to control how people think, and to all intents and purposes have succeeded.

Even assuming there were radical differences in the election programmes of the various political parties, whichever party is elected can do no more than operate the same machine, and the results therefore will at best be variations on the same theme.

By way of illustrating the fundamental impotence of even the leading politicians, of their inability to by-pass the machine or to gainsay the real rulers, we cannot do better than quote from Eisenhower's television broadcast in which he said that

I think that the problem of the underdeveloped nations is more important for Western civilisation than this problem of the Soviet-Western problem itself. There are one billion seven hundred million people living to-day without sufficient food, clothing, and health facilities.

And it was the "biggest job of all in the world which calls itself civilised to help these people..." What a good start could be made in that direction if the civilised countries produced all the food they could and sent all surpluses to the starving billions. Yet it is Mr. Eisenhower's administration which during these past years has been paying farmers to limit the production of food grains and cotton, and spends

millions of dollars storing surplus wheat, much of which is by now unfit for human consumption. If Mr. Eisenhower has the power he is credited with why does he not send the food surpluses to the starving millions with love from Ike? The answer is that Eisenhower when it comes to doing things does what he is told by the real rulers of America.

★
THUS when it comes to the question of war or peace it is fallacious to believe that it will be decided by the Eisenhowers and Macmillans or even the Krushchevs, though the latter enjoys a greater measure of power than his political counterparts in the West because he is at present one of the real rulers of Russia as well as their mouth-piece. But even he could not, even if he dared risk their wrath, alone set in motion the machine of war. Modern war involves the mobilisation of the whole nation; not only the soldiers but the generals, the industrialists as well as the least skilled of factory workers. To a lesser or greater extent such an operation also requires the acquiescence of the overwhelming majority of the population. To our minds not only is that acquiescence lacking at the present time but it is also official policy to discourage it. In this country the abolition of conscription, apart from practical military considerations, would be a psychological mistake if at the same time a third world war were thought to be imminent. To encourage luxury spending for the people (through H.P.) is hardly the way to prepare them to face the hardships of war. And with industry less active though just as profitable as at any time since the war ended, there will be few takers for a holy war against "communism". "Defence expenditure in the post-war world serves more as a safety valve for the financial machine than as an effective defence against a potential enemy. It is when a cold war economy is no longer sufficient to neutralise the crises of capitalism that the real rulers instruct the politicians to turn on the hot tap of war. Then the smilings Ikes, the toast-drinking Mr. Ks and the sauve tweedy Macs of today will demonstrate their professional versatility as they provoke or discover the "incidents" or the "plots to enslave the freedom-loving peoples of the world." which are the excuses but never the reasons for wars.

The *Observer* last Sunday suggested that the "real danger" to-day is an unintended war—it is 1914 not 1939, that is likely to be repeated. How to prevent future "Balkan" crises—i.e., local disputes, such as the one blowing up between India and China—from setting off larger wars, is the question

This idea of world wars starting as it were, by accident, of nations mobilising millions of people, and disorganising the economic life of the country as well as running the risk of annihilation all because of a "local dispute" on the frontier of Tibet and India, is both ludicrous and dangerous.

If and when World War III starts it will be no accident nor the result of Mr. K. calling Ike names, nor, as A. J. P. Taylor suggested in the *Guardian* (28/8/59), the almost inevitable consequences of an arms race between two Great Powers, and the more or less equal balance between them.

We believe wars begin when the world—viewed as a market for the Great Industrial Powers—becomes too small for them all to co-exist. Though it seems to us that it will be still some time before that saturation point in the world's markets is reached, at some time or other it must be reached. That, and not the *Observer's* "Balkan" crises is the "real danger". Can they not see that or is it that they refuse to see because of the conclusions they would have to draw: conclusions which would lead them to the anarchist position of opposition to government and capitalism!

PEOPLE AND IDEAS: An Experiment in Rural Reconstruction

THE depression of British agriculture which, apart from the brief prosperity of the first World War, continued through the twenties and thirties, led to a variety of diagnoses and attempts to halt the process of rural decay. At one level there is the work of enlightened landowners like Lord Portsmouth, agricultural experimenters like Sir R. G. Stapleton and C. S. Orwin, journalists like Mr. J. W. Robertson Scit (whose *England's Green and Pleasant Land* was the most forthright account of rural life, with the sentimental veil lifted, to appear in this century). At another level people to whom working on the land was not only a means of life, but the means to the good life, like Middleton Murry or Ronald Duncan have given accounts of their efforts to form "communities" on the land, in which farming was associated with rural crafts and with efforts to change the master-and-man relationship. One of the reasons for the short life of such attempts has been the shortage of capital and of expert knowledge. The story of an experiment in rural reconstruction in which both money and specialist skill were available is bound to be valuable, if only because of the rarity of these circumstances.

Dartington Hall, near Totnes in Devon, is known to most of us for one reason or another, possibly because of the "progressive" school there, possibly because we have seen the beautifully restored medieval buildings, or because we have learnt something of the goings-on there by hearsay. Mr. Mark Bonham-Carter has told the full story in a new book,* though he does not attempt a final summing-up, for while he emphasises that there has been no pressure upon him to impart a particularly favourable view nor to gloss over criticism, one feels that none was necessary—Mr. Bonham-Carter is too much of a gentleman. It was this that made his Penguin book on *The English Village* so dull compared with more vigorous writers like Robertson Scott in his prime. However, although one would have liked a more critical assessment, and although at Dartington too they would probably have preferred it, the story he tells is most interesting and the book is enhanced by a long additional chapter on the school by Mr. W. B. Curry, its headmaster from 1931 to 1957.

The remaining part of the Dartington estate—the Hall and its grounds, 190 acres of woods and two farms of about 600 acres, was bought in a state of rapid decline by Leonard and Dorothy Elmhirst in 1925. Mr. Elmhirst is a Yorkshireman, who, in India in the first World War met and was greatly influenced by

DARTINGTON HALL by Victor Bonham Carter, (Phocnix House, 30s.

Necrophobia in Politics

Continued on p. 2

ICBMs which the other side has, each Power would have had greater difficulty with its armament programme. If it were not for the threat supposedly represented by the existence of unexpoded bombs, by the general climate of the cold war, on neither side would the forces of regimentation and control gain their points as easily as they do now. Among the most important political consequences of the H-bomb is precisely its central place in the myth of cold war danger, a myth which is instrumental in strengthening State-power in the West to the point of increasing resemblance to that in Russia.

A good cause can be made out for saying that the humanitarian moralist opponents of the bomb are themselves unwitting victims of the ideology of 'eternal vigilance'. Since in their pronouncements they concentrate on the most remote and least real issues involved in actual nuclear destruction, they divert attention from the immediate and continuous processes of encroachment by State-power on independent movements and institutions, and of increasing regimentation under the slogan of 'danger'.

Why do you think governments allow the Hiroshima-panels, depicting gory details of the effects of the first atom bomb, to be shown? The situation is that people everywhere are being threatened with unreal dangers, but the reward of their eternal vigilance is not made known to them. It is not freedom.

Sydney. GEORGE MOLNAR.
From The University Libertarian, No. 9.

Sam Higginbottom the American founder of the Allahabad Agricultural Institute who spent his life teaching Indian peasants improved methods of husbandry. After the war Mr. Elmhirst studied agriculture at Cornell University and then returned to India at the invitation of Rabindranath Tagore to found and develop the Department of Rural Reconstruction in Bengal, which he handed over to an Indian staff in 1924. Mrs. Elmhirst was the daughter of the American financier William C. Whitney and the widow of Willard Straight, banker and founder of *The New Republic*. Inheriting her father's fortune at the age of seventeen had led her to feel "that I was economically privileged and that wealth entailed social responsibility", and to engage in all kinds of "social work". She met Leonard Elmhirst at Cornell University and on his return from India they married and determined to undertake the experiment that emerged at Dartington. Their programme was firstly "the reconstruction of the buildings and services of the estate and their adaption and extension for contemporary use: that is to serve the needs of farming, horticulture and forestry, which may be termed primary industries; also of certain secondary industries such as sawmilling, textiles, cider-making and building—all of which were launched within a few years and formed part of the general plan to reconstitute the estate as an economic enterprise." Secondly they proposed to start a small co-educational boarding school. This arose in the first instance because Mrs. Elmhirst had three young children and could not find in England an equivalent to the Lincoln School, New York, an experimental progressive school which they had been attending, and it was intended to make it available to the children of all who worked on the estate.

"These two projects—School and Estate—ran side by side from the beginning; and for a short time a conscious attempt was made to integrate them. The purpose was generally to create a common basis for a corporate life between pupils, teaching staff and Estate staff; and particularly to enable the School to use the Estate for occupational training, and in various other ways to give the children opportunities for responsibility and for learning at first hand about the practical issues of life. Later the attempt at integration was given up and the School was reconstituted with independent buildings and facilities of its own."

But at the same time it was intended that all departments should have some educational significance. They were not only to balance their books but to conduct technical research and to make the fruits of their experience available to interested people outside Dartington. So three research departments—agricultural economics, forestry economics and a laboratory were established and there were various, now famous, experiments in adult education and the arts.

THE changes at Dartington were not well received in the neighbourhood. The policy of paying wages "at least equal to the best prevailing in similar occupations elsewhere" was not welcomed by the other local farmers and landowners. (This was at the height of the depression, when Dartington was employing as many as 600 men most of whom would otherwise have been out of work). The provision of many facilities—canteens, pensions, holidays with pay, transport, also upset other employers, as did the lack of formality, use of first names, and the presence of socialists, agnostics, pacifists, foreigners, and the rumours about the dreadful school, as well as the fact that the Elmhirsts did not hunt, shoot or fish.

In fact of course, Dartington was not a "community", or at least not in the sense which Leonard Elmhirst described as

"a self-sufficient, insulated, isolated group: growing your own food, making your own boots, weaving your own shirts, and living a special life of your own. I do not say this is not possible. I do not think it is desirable. You can do it if you are prepared to accept a very low standard of living indeed. In fact I think you would become a rural slum. This wasn't our objective."

After the first few years the activities and enterprises at Dartington were divided into two organisations, a private limited liability company, Dartington Hall Ltd., to control the farms, poultry, textiles, works department and quarries,

and later, forestry; and the Dartington Hall Trust to control the school, the Arts Centre, the Adult Education Centre, the estate itself and the welfare and maintenance departments.

Many of the departments in both organisations have changed considerably, and in the more "business-like" atmosphere of the post-war years some have disappeared. The nursery and market gardening business for instance slowly folded up. The woodworking department which used to make furniture has been absorbed into the forestry section, the cider and apple-juice factory was closed in 1952 after 24 years' operation, the textile mill still exists after many vicissitudes and experiments, the laboratory was closed in 1946 after the formation of the National Agricultural Advisory Service in 1944, the building department has grown into a very large contracting firm which to-day has no organisational links and only the most indirect financial connection with the rest of the enterprises.

Mr. Bonham-Carter tells us little about the processes of decision-making at Dartington. He says that Mr. & Mrs. Elmhirst "are continuing the part played in the past by the squire and his wife, but in a modern and liberal form", though this is probably not the kind of compliment they would like. He also remarks that "works councils and joint consultation have never really 'caught on' at Dartington. A head of department, or the managing director himself, is always accessible, with the result that difficulties are settled at an early stage, without the need for formal representation".

In Mr. Elmhirst's view, the formation of "Land Trusts" like, but not copying Dartington is the proper solution for the question of land-ownership in the era of the break-up of the old landed estates. The Land Trust would be responsible for the proper exploitation of resources, and would pay attention to the welfare of the tenants and the human and social needs of everyone living in the area. The nearest thing, he says, that exists at present (apart from Dartington) is the estate of an Oxford or Cambridge college, the point being that "the college never dies, tenure for the good tenant is absolutely secure, and management is constructive." He suggests that any surviving landed estates should turn themselves into land trusts instead of selling up, with detrimental consequences to the tenant farmers.

★
THE account of Dartington Hall School which concludes the book will be eagerly read by people who were influenced by Mr. Curry's books *The School* (1934) and *Education for Sanity* (1947). But both in the school section and in the book in general the reader gets the impression that in the early days at Dartington there were too many people spending too much money. Big building programmes and rapid changes of plan and policy were followed by the inevitable restrictions on capital expenditure, and the fact that so many projects were given up even by so wealthy an organisation as Dartington is not encouraging for the protagonists of decentralised rural industries. From the point of view of physical planning, even Mr. Bonham-Carter permits himself a severe judgment. An immense amount of architectural advice was obtained, the Hall itself was admirably restored, very large sums were spent on building, and yet

"a golden opportunity has been missed for a coherent and harmonious architectural development; but whether this is due to the multiplicity of architects or to some other cause, is a matter of personal opinion. Finally there is ground for criticism of the physical planning of the Estate, as a neighbourhood... Most of the houses built by the Estate are... inadequately served by public transport; nor are they within easy walking distance of either of the main centres. In short, a bad example of piecemeal development, expensive to service, and without meaning or pattern. There is in fact no traditional village, and all the settlements seem too small and too scattered ever to form one."

The combination of an inherited fortune and intelligent social aims in industry, the arts and education which produced Dartington are not likely to occur very often; future attempts to combine these aims are likely to come from different sources and with different resources. They will have plenty to learn from this experiment.

A Matter of Taste

DEAR SIR,

It would be unfortunate if Tony Gibson's letter (FREEDOM 29/8/59) misled readers into thinking that the article signed Goy was intended as a personal attack on S.F. through his "Jewishness".

Whether the contents of the article in question are in "bad taste" is a matter of individual appreciation, but I can find nothing in it to justify the mischievous comparison made by Tony Gibson between the word "nigger" which might be used to attack Negroes and the use of Yiddish by Goy.

FREEDOM, as Tony Gibson says, "has a very good record for keeping anti-semitism, and similar devices for confusing issues, out of its pages". Have we now to assume that FREEDOM has broken its "good record" or will most readers be objective enough to treat the article, "Momma, what is an Anarchist", as lightly as the author obviously intended? I doubt if any reasonable person would be deterred from writing to FREEDOM because he or she was afraid of being attacked in "comic" language (how often does it happen?), any more than they would allow their criticisms of FREEDOM to be hindered by the susceptibilities of the editors.

I hope that Tony Gibson's over-emphasis will not arouse antagonisms where none existed.

London, 1/9/59.

RITA MILTON.

And the Bad Goy Explains!

DEAR SIR,

I am sorry if Tony Gibson was offended by my article signed 'Goy', I should be even more sorry if any other of my friends were offended.

I know that a plea of innocence is useless to a student of psychology but cannot his own fervid leap to the defence be acclaimed as a hidden racial prejudice, over-compensating itself?

If one was to ignore the surroundings which might cause controversy in any imaginative piece, the choice of background and subject would be very limited indeed, characters would have to be given numbers and come from outer space.

It is true that I know S.F.'s background, and I have been driven to exasperation by his failure to understand even the basic concepts of anarchism. I know of many excellent comrades with a similar background and I don't think I presented "Momma" or S.F. in an unfavourable or denigratory light.

I may have been a little crude and shocking in my metaphors but the choice of bathwater was S.F.'s not mine. "Shinwells' shit" was my choice through alliteration not through any other motive. (Tony can substitute "Cripps' crap" if he wishes). Lack of proper toilet-training may be the trouble.

A sense of humour is rather devilish and does become rather aggressive at times, but if I have offended anyone I'll try not to do it again—in the same way.

London, Aug. 31.

JACK ROBINSON.

CLERGYMENS' INCOMES

I HAVE agreed to differ with you for a long time on religion, while fairly loyally selling your paper: I feel therefore that I have the right to protest about Ernie Crosswell's article in the current issue. (As he writes to *Tribune* describing it as "Our Paper" occasionally, he is presumably not an anarchist).

In this diocese (one of the wealthier ones), a curate starting as a deacon at 23 gets £336 a year in most parishes. He rises a year later, on being ordained, to £360; after another five years he reaches his maximum of £456. Housing at a valuation of roughly £100 a year may be added after three years in Priest's orders, as with marriage allowance £50 and subsequently children's allowances—£35 first, £20 any other.

In Sussex anyway, and probably elsewhere, curate's stipends are not, or until recently were not, guaranteed and are only paid when money is forthcoming. (I know one priest who in his first seven years in orders was only paid twice: thus a nominal stipend of £350 per annum was in fact £100).

The point about Ronald Knox was irrelevant since he should be regarded primarily as an author (writer of theological best-sellers).

I enclose a parish priest's old income tax voucher as a guide to the position of fully beneficed priests.

Bow, Aug. 24. LAURENS OTTER.

(The document enclosed showed a total income before deduction of tax, of £619).

FREEDOM PRESS

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

DEAR COMRADES,

In the last paragraph of the printed version of my letter of August 18, it would appear that one or two lines have been omitted by the typesetter. I refer to the sentence which reads: "Freedom is not, ultimately, a question of the abolition of authority as such". Unfortunately, I do not possess a copy of my original letter, but, to the best of my recollection, the sentence should have read: "Freedom is not, ultimately, a question of the greater or lesser power of authority—it is a question of the abolition of authority as such".

London, Aug. 28.

S. E. PARKER.

Stationary!

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT! WEEK 35

Deficit on Freedom	£700
Contributions received	£584
DEFICIT	£116

August 21 to August 27

Calgary: W.E.W. £1/1/0; St. Heliers, N.Z.: K.J.M. 2/7; Edmonton: T.F. 10/-; London: J.S.* 3/-; Radlett: D.S. 1/-; London: L.B. £2/0/0; Bristol: E.B. 10/-; High Wycombe: J.R.G. 3/-; London: N.I.B. 11/-; London: Anon.* 2/3; Hyde Park: Sympathisers 3/-; Woodbridge, Conn.: F.C. £2/2/0; London: London: Anon. £11/18/4; Wolverhampton: J.G.L.* 2/6; Preston: Anon. £1/0/0.	
Total	20 9 8
Previously acknowledged	563 13 10
1959 TOTAL TO DATE	£584 3 6

*Indicates regular contributor.

The Administration of Space

Continued from p. 1

vehicle, about 140ft. long, consisting of a passenger compartment and two separate boosters," he said.

When the 40-minute flight became a reality, the world's capitals and major cities would be only minutes away from London by aerial transports, employing the principles used to fly in an orbit around the earth, visit a space station, or take a trip to the moon.

Giving details of his vehicle, Mr. Romick said that the 24 or so passengers would lie supine in the rocket-shaped plane and, in a matter of minutes, would be shot 35 miles up into the sky and would be travelling at about 12,000 m.p.h. This peak altitude would be attained about four hundred miles after take-off.

The power would be stopped at that point and the vehicle would then glide to its destination. Near the landing point, it would have descended to an altitude of 50,000 or 60,000 feet and slowed to a low supersonic speed. At about 400 m.p.h. turbo-jet engines would cut in and a normal landing would be made.

Now this will clearly be a great step forward. Instead of wasting time travelling over the surface of this planet, spending say five days in a scruffy old luxury liner, having romantic interludes on the boat deck by moonlight; instead of seeing anything of America on a dreary coast-to-coast trip on which you might even meet people to talk to, having meanwhile to sit in an unaccustomed

Adenauer Thinks Again

DR. ADENAUER is no more or less an opportunist that most other politicians, but he is 83 years old and perhaps less diplomatic and more publicly peevisish with any opposition than a politician might be who has a long political career to think of. Nevertheless, like most men who have experienced the heady thrill of power, the "verdict of history" is important to him as is the fear of being deprived of power either through popular sentiment or defeat by a powerful enemy.

Perhaps then these are amongst the reasons, as well as American pressure, why President Eisenhower (as the *News Chronicle* naively puts it) in their talks last week "has evidently swung Adenauer to his point of view" on the question of disarmament.

In a letter to the Soviet leader today Adenauer made a plea for disarmament talks to be resumed stating that all other issues, including German reunification, were of secondary importance, although until now he has insisted that disarmament should depend on a settlement of the German problem.

He denies Krushchev's accusation that he, Adenauer, had a hatred of socialism, in these terms:

"I don't hate Socialism, or the form of it called Communism. I go further. In certain stages in the development of a nation perhaps Socialism can be a form of economic development that promotes progress.

"But I do not believe that Socialism is the final stage of any people's development because men are not angels and

saints who behave without regard to their personal interests."

The torch which he carried for the reunification of Germany above all else has now dimmed and he has suddenly been "swung round" to the view (expressed in his letter to Krushchev) that:

"The clearing up of problems arising from the war, either according to your ideas or according to ours, would in no way ease the frightful tension which hangs over the world."

How much more honest and less perplexing (for "the people") would it be if Adenauer had stated that his powerful Western allies are not prepared to support an absolute stand over Germany at this stage, therefore, he is forced to abandon the crusade for German reunification on his terms as the primary issue to be hammered out between East and West.

The talks at Geneva showed that Britain is prepared to dally over the question of Germany, but it seems then that the U.S. was as determined as Germany not to give an inch to the Russians. However, as happens to so many issues of this kind the problem has been "solved" by shelving it, but whether it will be time to gather dust remains to be seen.

We do not claim to understand all the complexities of the politics involved in power politics. Very often switches in policy both East and West make little sense to rational people, but what is obvious is that Russia and America, each equipped with frightening military machines, live in fear of each other. It may only be a question of time before one or the other decides it is opportune to test their strength.

We would like to think that these exchange visits and summit conferences meant something in terms of "permanent world peace", but we hold that this is not the long-term purpose of powerful competing nations and are afraid that as long as military, political and economic considerations govern the affairs of men, stability and peace are impossible.

MEETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP

London Anarchist Group meetings are suspended for the Summer. They will be resumed at new premises in the Autumn.
Date and place to be announced.

NEW YORK LIBERTARIAN FORUM MEETINGS

Held every Friday night at 12 St. Mark's Place (between 2nd and 3rd Avenues), 3rd floor, N.Y.C., 8.30 p.m.

P.S.

NO RIGHT TO STAND AND STARE?

A man was told by Mr. Leo Gradwell, magistrate at Thames Court today that he had no right to stand in the street—only to walk up and down.

Louis Goldberg, 53, boiler maintainer, of Well Close Square, Stepney, said he would rather go to jail than pay a £2 fine for obstructing a policeman.

The magistrate, who ordered him to pay £1 costs, fixed an alternative of 14 days and allowed 14 days to pay.

Goldberg, who pleaded not guilty, was said by Police-constable Beell to have refused to move on when asked to do so in Cable Street, Stepney, last night, and to have said: "I am a British subject."

Goldberg said in court: "I have a right to stand there, near my home, and get fresh air."

"Curiously enough, you have not," said the magistrate. "People always think that. But the law states you have only the right to walk up and down, not to stand there."

Evening Standard 18/8/59.

Are you helping to introduce NEW READERS to 'FREEDOM'

News Chronicle 2/9/59.