

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"Order springs from the free activity of all."

—P. J. PROUDHON

White v. Black in Central Africa Job Discrimination

ONE of the more melancholy aspects of the "colonial scene" is the economic division between black and white workers rigidly adhered to by the white man fearful of African economic advancement. Ironically, it is often the employer who recognises the need to satisfy African economic and political aspirations. The reason for his "wise judgment" may be purely materialistic, but African workers are not going to probe too deeply into motives if employers see fit to increase the size of their wage packets commensurate with European workers doing the same job.

Recent televised interviews of white workers in Southern and Northern Rhodesia, produced without exception, the same reaction. A few were "all for" the African but drew the line when it came to mixing socially, and certainly none of them felt that Africans were ready for political responsibility or entitled to higher wages.

The African is accused of being a lazy and indifferent worker, which is hardly surprising since his reward for hard labour is ten times lower than the average white worker, (quite apart from the different cultural background with its traditional slower tempo of life).

But whatever justification the white worker puts forward for the unequal status of the African he cannot conceal the real issue. A handful of skilled and unskilled European workers enjoy a standard of living and a social status far ahead of anything they could achieve back "in the old country". It is therefore in their interests, as they see it, to keep millions of Africans at a depressed economic level, without training facilities for skilled jobs and with the minimum of political rights.

Here and there a concession is made by the organised white workers accompanied by a clause or two compiled to prevent the African get-

ting too many "privileges", as for example the recent proposals accepted by the Northern Rhodesian Mineworkers' Union representing daily paid European workers in the copper mines.

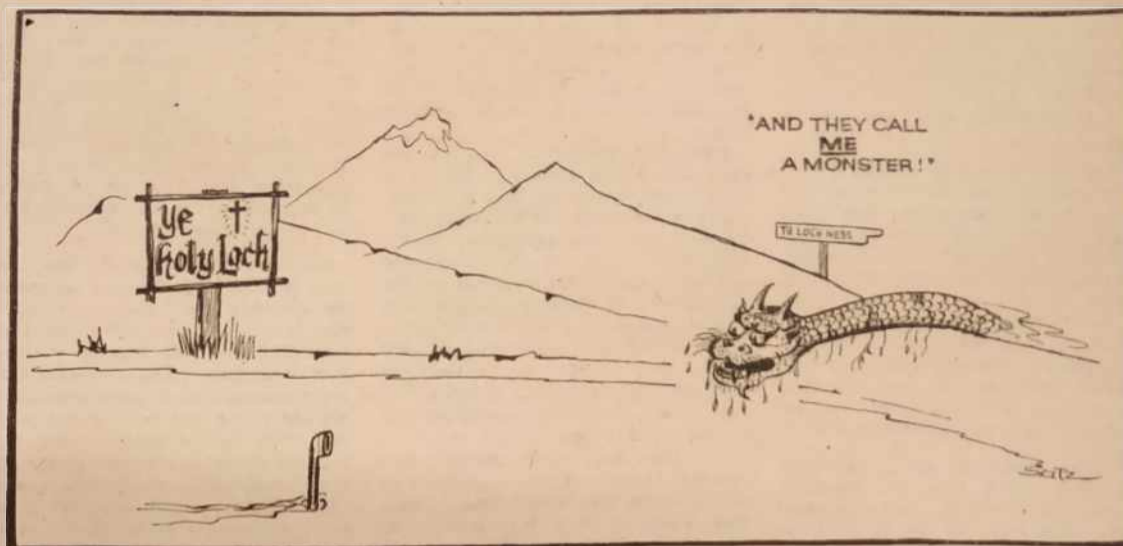
The proposals made after a year's negotiations between the union and the six mining companies in the Mining Joint Industrial Council only affect skilled jobs!

The aim is to set up a single wage structure from labourers starting at 8s. per day plus bonus to operators, so far exclusively European, earning ten times that much.

Europeans in the mines have already been guaranteed that none will be laid off because of African advancement, but the possible lack of employment for their sons has been a remaining fear. To allay this the proposals include a training scheme for youths of any race, preferably the sons of employees. The scheme was carried by 1,868 votes to 1,288. Most of the votes against came from operators and few from artisans whose jobs are not threatened.

In Britain coloured workers are conditionally employed, that is their employment is subject to the numbers of jobs available, and it is understood if not actually stated in writing that white workers "come first", at any rate in industries where the unions are strong. Ostensibly the issue is not racial but is interpreted as a safeguard for "the British working man". Since most coloured workers in jobs are from the West Indies and, therefore, British subjects also, the argument is not very sound.

If the principle of preference for the indigenous subject is accepted then it must apply in Northern Rhodesia and in other colonial territories where the white man is the "foreigner". But in fact of course it



is the white man who demands and is given guarantees in colonial countries where economic and politically deprived Africans live by comparison at a staggeringly low standard.

Here the argument against equality is simply one of preference for the native Briton; in colonial countries the privileged position which the white man holds is justified by the "benefits brought by the white man" argument, with which the African should be satisfied and grateful even if he does get ten times less pay for the same job!

So far, throughout Rhodesia, the white man's policies have paid off but his power is slipping from him, and although we do not agree with the principle that because a man "belongs" to a country by accident of birth he is entitled to greater benefits than the foreigner, the African cannot be blamed if when he gets political power in Rhodesia he disregards the principles of democracy and racial equality, so long denied him.

The Lady Chatterley Trial Sense and Sensuality

SO the verdict was "Not Filthy"—or perhaps it was "Filthy but Eng. Lit."; and after thirty years *Lady Chatterley's Lover* has emerged from the Censor's underworld into the clear light of the bookshops. (It is interesting to note that, like *Lolita* and *Ulysses*, it did so about 18 months after being freed in the USA). But the six-day trial was not a resounding blow for freedom and common-sense—it was in fact (as well as being good business for the lawyers) the most splendid instance of British hypocrisy in years, and well repays examination.

The first thing to note is the recent change in the censorship law. The Obscene Publications Act of 1959 lays down four new principles—an item must be considered as a whole (no conviction for a single dirty word); it must be considered in relation to its likely public (not its possible one); it must be considered in relation to the public good (literary merit, scientific information, etc.); and expert evidence may be given

on both sides.

This is clearly an advance on the previous position, from the points of view of writers, publishers, booksellers and readers alike (though the professional pornographers are probably less happy). But the absurd old legal definition of "obscenity" still stands—that which "depraves or corrupts". This is arrant nonsense, since many things corrupt and deprave without being obscene, and many others are obscene without depraving or corrupting anyone. In fact the test is a sexual one—that which raises sexual interest or excitement—and because this is so difficult to pin down it becomes in practice that which shocks or disgusts. A central point in the issue is that no one will ever admit to being corrupted or depraved—it's always the other fellow—so that any trial for obscenity always becomes a completely unrealistic affair; quite apart from being completely absurd.

Make no mistake about the test being a sexual one. The old law couldn't deal with children's Horror Comics, although they clearly both corrupted and depraved their readers, and a special Act had to be passed to do so in 1955. Similarly books describing or advocating violence or cruelty are not affected. Sensational trash by Mickey Spillane, Peter Cheyney, Hank Janson or Ian Fleming; classics by Smollett, Rider Haggard or Kipling; *Dracula* or *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*; *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* or *Mein Kampf*—books like these are not banned because they "deprave or corrupt". One of the oddest things about our censorship is that it is illegal to stimulate activity that is not itself illegal on the one hand, but not illegal to stimulate other activity that is illegal. Murder may be exciting; fornication may not. It is a very odd business, and the deeper you go into it the odder it becomes—but this is not the place to examine why no one minds the murder at the end of *Lolita* when many people object to the seduction at the beginning.

The second thing to note is the book chosen as the first real test case under the new Act (the *Ladies' Directory* doesn't count, since it wasn't a proper book but simply a list of prostitutes). Roy Jenkins, the Labour MP who did most to get the Act through Parliament (it took five years), has expressed surprise that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* should be chosen, he complains that the authorities promised they would get on with their "proper" job of chasing commercial pornography (as the liberal press is always urging them to do), and would leave works of literature alone. At this point we may laugh a hollow laugh—we could have told Mr. Jenkins at the start never to trust a policeman. In a way it serves him right, for reasons I will raise later.

Reflections on Clore, Cotton, Littler & Monopolies

THE REAL RULERS

THE take-over bid made by Messrs. Cotton and Clore for the Moss Empires group has been described as a "thoroughly praiseworthy desire to upset the present monopolistic structure of the British entertainment business". The same writer (Peter Wisner in the *Sunday Times*) a week earlier, discussing the Clore-Cotton merger, declared that a decisive step had been taken "to separate the men from the boys in the British property world"

With their combined reputation, drive and financial backing—the £1,600 million assurance triumvirate of Pearl, Prudential, Legal and General being only the largest part—there can be little in the realms of the possible that they cannot afford. If 25 acres are needed, almost anywhere in the world, then 25 acres can now be obtained.

Perhaps we have not understood the meaning of the foregoing, but to us it stinks of monopoly. And we assume that having now separated the "men from the boys" in the property business, there will be more mergers among "the men" and it will be only a question of time before "the boys" go to the wall. Not that mankind will feel their loss!

Messrs. Clore and Cotton in their

Moss Empires bid were made to appear as "monopoly busters" in so far as they were trying to capture one of the two most powerful chains of theatres in this country from the grip of Mr. Prince Littler, a monopolist if ever there was one. In 1942 Mr. Littler got control of the management shares of the Stoll Theatres Corporation. A year later he bought six more theatres owned by Associated Theatre Properties. And according to "Mammon" in the *Observer*

for the rest of the forties there was a string of acquisitions—control or near control of theatres in London and the provinces, suburban music halls, catering firms, breweries, the Hooper Struve soft drink business, H. M. Tennent, the theatrical agents, and a lot more besides.

Littler's position is even stronger than it seems. Not only are some of the ancillary interests—theatre catering, for example—probably more profitable than theatre management, and management usually more profitable than theatre ownership.

And if this were not enough he and his accountant sit on the boards of more than thirty companies

"where they meet all the other great powers of the theatre . . . It is a tight

little world and the Prince was its undisputed ruler—until last week."

That is, until Messrs. Clore and Cotton (we shall henceforth refer to them as Clotton) attacked the Prince's one weak spot: the Stoll group owned only 45 per cent. of the Ordinary Capital and 30 per cent. of the votes, in Moss. Only last year Littler had sought to put this right, for him and the Stoll, by a merger of the two, but was resisted by a substantial minority of the Moss shareholders. But what he could not achieve last year in his empire building, the intervention of the Clotton companies made possible within 48 hours. Now the Prince has acquired a working majority in Moss Empires "and a few thousand" extra votes for good measure. Paying an average of more than £2 for shares which had not risen above 15/3 this year he soon obtained the necessary 330,000 he required in Moss to control a majority of the votes. For a mere £1 million (incidentally Mr. Littler has "close relations" with Eagle Star Insurance) he was able to regain his throne as undisputed ruler, and send the Clotton boys packing.

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Price of a Free Press

THE *OBSERVER* last Sunday drew attention to the fact that for the first time since 1937 it was publishing a 40 page issue.

As a matter of interest we measured the column inches of that issue devoted to advertising. Out of 40 pages, 21½ pages were taken up by advertisements!

Now to the economics of the *Observer*. Assuming that the Trust receives 2d. per copy, the income on the 750,000 copies sold each week is £6,250. But revenue from advertisements at £1,500 a page is £32,250, that is 5 times as much as is received from the sales of the paper.

If the *Observer* dispensed with advertising and produced a 20 page issue (which would contain all the reading matter now published in the 40 page issue) production costs and profits would, we deduce, amount to say £30,000 and therefore with a circulation of 750,000 the "economic price" would be approximately 10d. a copy. A modest price to pay for a free press. But how many of the *Observer's* 750,000 readers would be prepared to buy the paper at that price?

'The Playboy of the Western World'

WHAT would Britain be without its Celtic fringe? What, in particular, would English literature be without its Irish writers? For three hundred years now the English have had no eloquence, except when they make war speeches. In this country, eloquence is ridiculous, passion is embarrassing, poetry is contemptible. No wonder so many writers and orators who use words as magic things and not simply as counters have been not English but Irish, Scottish, Welsh, Jewish. When eloquent poets have appeared in England they have been pilloried by critics and ostracised by prigs. The man who is admired is the man who says what he means and means what he says—not the man who says what he feels and loves what he says.

This philistine attitude has spread even to eloquent Ireland, so that most Irish writers of any stature have had to be exiles if they wanted to be listened to. But what a galaxy of exiles! Congreve, Farquhar, Swift; Sheridan, Goldsmith, Sterne; Wilde, Yeats, Shaw; Synge, O'Casey, Behan; Moore, Joyce, Beckett—men like these have used our language with passion, adorning everything they touched. Even so, the best inspiration of an Irish writer, however long his exile, is usually Ireland and the Irish.

Synge is typical. He left Ireland when he was a young man, and wandered around the Continent until—the story goes—Yeats told him to go back to Ireland, to find the inspiration he sought in the primitive peasants who spoke English (and Gaelic) as if it were Homeric Greek. He did so, wrote some masterpieces that were howled off the Dublin stage by his outraged compatriots, and died of cancer in his thirties—just over fifty years

ago. The old story: exile, genius, insult, death.

It is also typical that because of our extraordinary attitude to literature in this country we hardly ever get a chance to see Synge's plays performed. The fact that they are some of the best ever written in English is unimportant. Apparently it is only worth putting on plays by a dead author if his name happens to be Shakespeare. How many people who read this have ever had the opportunity to see a play by Synge? Anyone would think we were ashamed he wrote in English. But, thank goodness, there has recently been a run at the Piccadilly Theatre—"for a limited season" (why?)—of what is generally agreed to be his best play, *The Playboy of the Western World*.

When this masterpiece was first put on at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin in 1907, it was thought to be a gross caricature of the people of Western Ireland. Certainly the village community on the wild Mayo coast (in the north-west), crushed by the Church of Rome and the Government of England, fuddled with whiskey and stout, is not the most stimulating society one could imagine. But for all their dullness, the peasants can talk; and part of Synge's greatness was that he set down their wonderful talk for the world to hear.

The other part of his greatness was that he brought in his imagination as well. Into the little village comes a young man, a poet, drunk with eloquence, who has wandered up from Kerry (in the south-west) after killing his father out in the fields in a fit of rage. At once he is the idol of the peasants, the champion, the playboy. He wins their sports, and he wins the heart of the publican's

daughter. But when his triumph is complete, and we are expecting the conventional romantic ending—in walks his father, who has followed him up the coast, to punish him and take him back to work in the fields. At once the peasants turn on him for being a liar, but he chases his father out and kills him again, in front of them all.

But he is not their champion any more. "A strange man is a marvel, with his mighty talk; but what's a squabble in your back yard, and the blow of a loy, have taught me that there's a great gap between a gallous story and a dirty deed." They tie him with ropes to drag him off, and he is almost subdued—when, yes, you've guessed it, his father comes in again, on all fours this time, but unskilled. The two go off together, reconciled at last. The peasants will have peace again; but the girl mourns his departure—"I've lost the only Playboy of the Western World."

Absurd. Frivolous. Trivial. Yes, there is no social message here, no lessons for the audience. But what a wonderful play it is for a few nights before the West End falls back into the clutch of *The Mousetrap*! And of course there is a message if you care to look for it—but don't look too hard, or the whole thing will fall to pieces. There is a message about words and poetry and romance, the difference between a beautiful idea and a brutal fact. Nor should you ignore such a message—it is no coincidence that the heirs of Synge have been O'Casey the Communist, Behan the IRA man, Donleavy the nihilist. In time the difference between the beautiful idea and the brutal fact becomes intolerable; some people try to make brutal

'CATHOLIC ANARCHISTS'

THE EDITORS,

In your October 1st issue you state in a note to one of the letters to the editors that you do not believe in "Catholic Anarchism". Since I have not read your past arguments on this subject I am not familiar with your reasons for not believing in the concept of Catholic anarchism, but as a Catholic anarchist I would like to point out that I have found nothing incompatible between Catholicism and anarchy. The Church can only direct me in the matter of faith and morals and this in no way interferes with my ideas concerning

ideas, but the better ones try to make beautiful facts—why, then you have progress.

In the meantime, it has been an unforgettable experience to see an Irish company acting this great Irish play—especially Siobhan MacKenna as the girl Pegeen, and Donal Donnelly as the Playboy. Irishry has become so hackneyed in England that it is good to have it from a master, who had it from the most Irish Irishmen of all in the islands of the Western World half a century ago. What writers are listening to the speech of the people now, before everyone talks like the BBC, to bring back another dash of eloquence to English literature? It is encouraging to see that there are actually several who are doing just that. One day, if there are enough of them—who knows, there might even be some eloquence in English life as well.

N.W.

government. Proudhon's ideal of a social organization based on common ownership and free agreements is essentially very little different from the religious community, and of all the various types of communities that have been tried, the Catholic religious community is one of the very few which has endured.

Personally, my religious beliefs have served to extend the horizons of my anarchistic convictions, rather than to limit them to the materialistic and temporal. I believe that it is the over-emphasis on materialism and the exclusion of the spiritual needs of men which has been responsible for the disillusion and failure of anarchists in the past.

In this country, the first anarchist who came out against income taxes, defence and other government evils in a positive, non-violent and constructive manner was the small group of Catholic anarchists at the Catholic Worker in New York. Ammon Hennacy and Dorothy Day led the first protest against civil defence in New York city in 1950. While you may not "believe in Catholic anarchism" the evidence points to the fact that it is being lived, and that it works.

Sincerely,

(MRS.) CAROL PERRY GORGEN

Wisconsin, U.S.A., Oct 31.

The Independent Press

IS there a grim lesson for the voters in the merger of the *News Chronicle* with the *Daily Mail*? Anarchists—who, of course, cannot in all conscience vote for any party candidate—have consistently declared the lack of any basic difference between "Liberal" and "Conservative" politics, and the ease with which these two organs of political opinion have fused is evidence enough of their compatibility.

Now, more than ever, the reasoning citizen must rely upon the few completely politically independent periodicals. Which are these? *FREEDOM*, of course, and *Peace News* probably. Can your readers name any other? Possibly *The Humanist*, although its political ideas are not often in evidence.

We shall soon, at the present rate of demise of national newspapers, be reduced completely to reliance for political information upon the increasing volume of material emanating from Embassy press or information departments.

Southampton, Oct. 10. B. C. BEVIS.

Around the Galleries

THIS is a gay week for the better type of lunatic fringe for Georges Mathieu has loped into town and this French painter who combines the appearance of a young Groucho Marx with the financial acumen of a London estate agent is well set to oust the ageing Dali from the role of society's clown. In a statement to the press Georges Mathieu stated that, "men's clothes have no personality. I have ordered a claret tuxedo and invented a waistcoat which buttons down the side", which all in all is a publicity blurb that the Master himself would not have disdained. Sir Herbert Read, never at a loss for a sophism in defence of the latest fashionable heresy has declared that Georges Mathieu's paintings are, "an unpremeditated paroxysm, as un-selfconscious as a child's scribble or the autograph of a caliph". Paroxysm can be defined as any sudden violent action, a fit of passion or a fit of acute pain occurring at intervals and I feel that the first definition covers Mathieu's paintings and the third definition covers my reaction to Sir Herbert's testaments. But let us not make the mistake of denying Mathieu's talent merely because we dislike his clowning or his company for that is a trap that too many fall into when they damn a man's work for his political, religious or moral opinions.

Upon a changing background of flat bright colour Mathieu paints the same painting time and time again. The titles change but the subject is always the chattering tommy gun or the light machine-gun, according to the size of his canvas. With a colour-soaked sponge Mathieu wipes in, with a few brief strokes, a vague suggestion of his subject matter then with a swift and swinging brush and with paint that shines like icing sugar he writes in his vibrating sub-machine-gun. These paintings have the charm of Chinese calligraphy but they are things of the moment, for like a well-dressed Bond Street window they are there to be admired and then ignored in favour of the next window dresser's offering. Mathieu's only failures are those paintings made to fill too large a canvas, for when his arm can no longer cover the whole of the canvas, he is forced to hesitate and the rhythm of his swinging brush is halted, but good or bad the *haut ton* are buying them at prices ranging from £1,000 to £5,000 a frame-full and that should make Georges and the New London Gallery at 17 Old Bond Street, W.1. happy, so who am I to spoil the party.

The I.C.A. at 17 Dover Street, W.1 are showing a collection of well-known paintings under the cover of, "The mysterious sign". We've had "situation" and last time it was "matter" and today

it is "sign". The only danger in this type of exhibition is that the organisers are liable to run out of paintings before they have exhausted the adjectives, but there it is for those that like a good mixed show. The same gallery as last time, the same gentleman at the desk to take your money, the same Robert Melville of the Arthur Jeffress Gallery to grace the catalogue and even a couple of paintings, Agaoglu's "Brown and grey" and Capogrossi's "Surface 188", from the last exhibition to fill the wall space, or perhaps they forgot to take them down after the last exhibition.

It only needed the announcement that Roger Coleman of *Art News* was to join in a public discussion of the prosaic "sign" and to come across Alloway on "Words on Images" in a dim student magazine to realise that all the hot little hands were finally joined in the old charmed circle. Alloway is now the official muse for the *Tory Weekly Post* and it is unfortunate that a man who in the past has never been afraid to take a stand in the defence of the unpopular in the arts should this week devote a large slice of his column to attacking the group of artists associated with Bowen and the New Vision Gallery.

Alloway, in my opinion, has carried the torch for too much rubbishy painting to call copper on those who commit the same fault. All this would be very unimportant if it were not for the fact that these people carry considerable influence and their likes and dislikes will one day decide what appears upon the walls of the Tate Gallery and various provincial galleries, and if you feel that this *kulturkampf* between dealers, critics and painters is a stupid business that does not concern you, then understand this. In the end you will have to pay in hard cash for their whims and their mistakes. Walk through the catacombs beneath the Tate Gallery and witness the rubbish lying there among the shadows among the dust and remember that tens of thousands of pounds was paid out for the privilege of hoarding junk.

Finally, to return to the painters, the Molton Gallery at 44 South Molton Street, W.1. are showing the work of the Bessarabian painter Sioma Baram. His cloud formations executed in muted blues and light greys with a small dragging brush are slight but pleasant things and we can derive as much pleasure from viewing them as the artist must have had on painting them.

The Beaux Arts Gallery at 1 Bruton Place, W.1 have filled their barn-like interior with the oppressive painting of the fifty-six-year-old Swedish painter Evert Lundquist. He follows the Beaux

Arts trend of muscle painting for like so many who have exhibited there of late his paint appears to have been spooned onto his canvas like chocolate onto a tray but still the blurred image only lies upon the surface like a reflection upon churned mud and one feels that one more turn of his tired brush and all would be lost in a mess of darkening paint.

I would like to mention the work of Prunella Clough and Jack Smith but there is a basic honesty about these two painters so completely alien to the times, that common courtesy forbids that I should leave them only a few lines, so for them another week.

ARTHUR MOYES.

Theatre

Are M.P.s Human?

Mr. BURKE, M.P. at the Mermaid Theatre, London.

"Houses of Commons and Houses of Lords appear to me to be fools, they seem to be something else besides Human Life."

GERALD FROW in his play at the Mermaid has extended the Blake quotation to make Mr. Burke, M.P. literally an ape. The play is fashionable in its satire on politicians, newspapers, P.R.s, advertising, marchers, TV. programmes in the way that *The Lily-White Boys*, *Espresso Bongo*, *Paul Slickey* have made all too familiar, with the usual love/hate relationship that passes for satire nowadays. It is all done fairly well—the satire on a brains-trust is particularly good. But the whole thing dates, it has a period air to which the skiffle group lends an old-world charm. This is not to say that as a satire it is not enjoyable.

Satire is a very difficult medium and Gerald Frow has not pulled it off. Indeed satire being a two-edged sword, the awful possibility is that many people will take the play for what it is not. It is (1) a protest against the misuse of democratic machinery by public opinion manipulators, (2) A protest against the exploitation of public sympathy for a minority, (3) An exposition of the viewpoint that an ape is nevertheless an ape and should be respected for his apehood and not his manhood. It could be regarded as (a) an attack on democracy, (b) an attack on humanitarianism (e.g. the excellent march scene reminiscent of Aldermaston with the refrain "When the

Apes go Marching in'), (c) an attack on the lines that apes are better kept in their place. At Sloane Square or even at Mornington Crescent it is unlikely that Group Two ideas would be read into the play very often but with the audience at the Mermaid it falls a little strangely on the ear.

From the beginning we start off our protest march on the wrong foot. Two convicts are being discharged from gaol (they are excellently played by Ronald Pember and Brian Rawlinton) and they are reluctant to leave gaol for the harsh world outside, the kindly warden presents them with a teddy-boy outfit. This could be taken on a par with Thomas Carlyle's criticism of the model prison's pampering of criminals—or the baying of Conservative ladies for the 'cat'. But this is not Mr. Frow's intent, he seeks to criticise the world outside for its harshness, and the prison for its making of criminals.

It would have been kinder for the play to have been re-written before being produced. But Sally Miles has produced it with the usual Mermaid zest and Mr. Bernard Miles has no need to be ashamed of the first dramatic effort of his publicity manager.

The charm of Peter Clegg as Mr. Burke prompts the idea that he might have saved the play from its ambivalence if he had a running commentary written in, for he has the telling last word.

"Watch out that they don't make a monkey out of you." A good attempt, Mr. Frow, but not top marks. J.R.

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Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

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The Real Rulers

Continued from p. 1

THE Clotton-Littler struggle for the theatre business has been presented in the popular press as a struggle between the theatre men who believe in the future of the theatre (Littler) and the property men (Clotton) who only want to lay their hands on the sites in order to pull down the theatres and build skyscraper office buildings in their place.

In reality, of course both the Littlers and the Clottons are interested in making money first and foremost—as are their shareholders. The Clotton group, as everybody knows, cannot afford to allow sentiment or aesthetic considerations to stand in their way. Wide open spaces in the heart of the nation's capital, at their mercy, for them to build upon, is what they dream of night and day. Mr. Clotton, according to the *Daily Herald* explains his love of buildings in these corny terms:

A building is like a baby. You watch it grow beautiful and strong. It's yours and it's new and it's lovely.

To an *Evening Standard* interviewer he declared "I don't know anything about building flats". A most telling remark especially when one bears in mind that

neither Mr. Clotton nor any of the other post-war property tycoons have been tempted to invest their energies and resources in large-scale flat building in London's inner areas. Shops, yes; offices, certainly; flats, no.

The costs are too high, the return is too low.

So Central London has more office space now than it had before the last war, and the resident population is about half what it was 50 years ago. (Our italics).

The newspaper stories put around that the Clotton bid in the theatre business if successful would mean even fewer theatres is not without foundation. After all Mr. Clotton did say: "Oh, I am the property man in all this. I'm not interested in theatres or shares". It is true that Mr. Clote on the other hand "is extremely interested in theatres", controls three in the West End and plans to build more. But it is ridiculous to assume that Mr. Littler because he was born into the theatre (his father and mother managed a theatre in Woolwich) is anything but a business tycoon. Yes, he did talk lovingly of his theatres to the *Daily Herald* reporter. Indeed he spoke of the Palladium and the Hippodrome, Birmingham, as "lovely houses". But on being questioned what he meant by "lovely houses"

he explained that this meant they were commercially successful. He said: "It would be nothing short of a calamity to pull down the Palladium, that money-making house".

There is no reason to suppose that the live theatre is any safer in the hands of Mr. Littler than it would be in those of Messrs. Clotton. Both parties are interested in it so long as it shows a handsome profit, for whatever may be their secret, innermost desires, and apart from their personal wealth (Mr. Clotton who is an "animal lover" gave £250,000 to the London Zoo—to provide bigger and better prisons for them?) behind them are the insurance machines interested only in one thing: a good return for their investments.

MR. REGINALD MAUDLING, President of the Board of Trade, told a Conservative conference at Newquay recently that amalgamations produced economies and a more balanced outlook. Fearing, perhaps, that such an argument would give encouragement to the

enemies of Mr. Gaitskell in the Labour Party, he added, with reference to monopolies,

"We are a party of private enterprise and we must be a party of competition. You may find that the number of competitors is reduced from six or seven to two or three, but as long as there are competitors there is competition."

The sooner the public realise that the Conservative Party no more believes in "private enterprise" than the Labour Party believes in "public ownership" will it be possible to begin to think of organising production and distribution in the public interest! The sooner the public realise that the capitalist system is monopolistic the sooner will they lose their press-fostered illusions that only by competition will they get "value for money".

As Mr. Maudling was telling Newquay Tories that they were a party of competition a £30 million merger was being agreed by the boards of Pye and Ekco "household names in radio and television". A joint statement by the boards of both companies expressed their conviction that

considerable benefit will accrue in each case, not only to the operating companies themselves, but also to their stockholders and employees because of the availability of greater resources and on account of the complementary nature of many of the subsidiaries and associated companies of both groups, and, particularly in the many export fields, in which both companies are now engaged."

The statement, it will be noted, makes no mention of the public, the consumer. It refers to the "operating companies", the "stock holders" yes, and "the employees", but not a word of how the public will benefit by the merger. And for the simple reason that it did not take place in the interests of the consumer, but in order to safeguard shareholders' dividends in spite of a contracting market.

While the TV slump is not the immediate cause of the merger, Mr. Stanley (chairman of Pye) agreed that bringing Pye and Ekco together would be particularly useful at this stage when the market seemed to be contracting.

FOR those of our readers who skip the financial pages of their favourite (quality) daily, we refer to the success story of the not-ostentatiously named *The Great Universal Stores Limited* which has issued its financial report for the year ending March, 1960 (including a portrait of its successful Chairman and Managing Director Mr. Isaac Wolfson). In 1951 the G.U.S. group trading profit was £8 millions. In 1960 it was £27 millions. In 1951 the group's net assets were £18 million. By 1960 they were £2m. short of the £100 million mark! We mention the "success" story of Mr. Wolfson's empire for two reasons. Firstly because we wonder whether such a concentration of . . . power brooks competition—short of revolution; and secondly for the interesting, and to our minds significant, sidelight, provided by the following news item from the Financial Staff of the *Guardian*:

The Waring and Gillow Stores group, part of Great Universal Stores, is being sold for £730,000 in shares and an undisclosed cash sum. The buyers are John Peters (Furnishing Stores) whose main shops are in Leeds, Sheffield, Doncaster, Chesterfield, Darlington, Barnsley, and Glasgow.

The allotment of 500,000 five-shilling shares gives GUS, whose chairman is Mr. Isaac Wolfson, a one-third stake in John Peters, but it was stated yesterday, that the business will be carried on "as heretofore".

Prince Littler had only 30 per cent. of the controlling shares of Moss Empires. But he needed only 21 per cent. more to control the group. Wolfson's G.U.S. in selling one of their assets have secured a "third stake" in the firm to whom they have sold their asset, and though up to the time of writing we had never heard of John Peters, we have no doubt that in due course the financial columns will inform us that

But why has this particular book been chosen? There are three main answers —it is a very well known obscene book (in the normal sense of "obscene"); its obscenity is very direct, taking the form of explicit sexual description and tabu words; and it was to be sold in very large numbers at a very low price. No doubt one of the strongest reasons for prosecuting *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (3/6d.) instead of *Lolita* (21s.) is the same as Pitt's reason for prosecuting Paine's *The Rights of Man* instead of Godwin's *Political Justice*—it is far cheaper and therefore available to the masses, not only "your wife" but "your servant" too.

This attempt to ban a paperback edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (when a de luxe copy was freely sold by Foyle's last year for eight guineas) and the general intention of banning "out and out pornography" are simply examples of class censorship. It's all very well for a few well-educated people with well-lined pockets to chuckle over Petronius and Apuleius and Boccaccio and Rabelais and so on down to *Lolita*; but for the common herd, who can't afford to buy de luxe copies or go to Paris, to buy and read really rude books in thousands and ten thousands—I mean, it's just not done. High-brow "bawdy" (including the recent study of Brigitte Bardot by Simone de Beauvoir) is all right; low-brow "pornography" is not. Class distinctions apply to obscene books just as they do to prostitution (street-girls persecuted, call-girls tolerated), and

John Peters have been gobbled up by The Great Universal Bear Ltd. to the "benefit of stock holders, employees" and Mr. Wolfson.

The mergers, the "weddings", the take overs, are an integral part of capitalism. The more the competition is serious the greater the number of mergers and take-overs. Capitalism believes in competition only as a means of eliminating free enterprise, or, to quote the *Sunday Times*, of separating "the men from the boys". Having driven the boys to Carey Street, the "men" fight it out at our expense. Let us not forget this small detail! When Prince Littler (and the Insurance machines) pay more than £2 for 15/3 shares they intend that someone should pay the price of their pride and power! Whether we are dealing with industrialists, land and property sharks or share manipulators, who pays in the end is the public, the consumer.

The public interest, and the interest of the Cottons and the Clores, the Wolfsons and the Littlers, the Prudential and the Legal and General, are poles apart. The public, alas, has still to be made aware of its interest. We hope this column has done something more than retail the "success" stories of a bunch of social and economic ponces.

THE REAL RULERS OF BRITAIN

The two millionaire Mr. C's, Mr. Jack Cotton and Mr. Charles Clote, met for a lunch in Park Lane today. It was to have been simply a luncheon to follow the yearly meeting of Mr. Cotton's City Centre Properties. But it turned into a "celebration" for the union of his company with Mr. Clote's City and Central Investments.

Over 200 sat down with the two men of property at the Dorchester. Names backed by millions joined them at the top table.

Sir Simon Marks of Marks and Spencer was next to Hugh Fraser of Harrods, Mr. Harold Samuel, most elusive of property men, was sandwiched between Sir Miles Thomas and City financier Sir Nutcombe Hume.

Mr. Cotton had Mr. Geoffrey Kitchen, of the Pearl Assurance on his right, and Mr. Irwin Wolfson, director in charge of City Centre's American affairs, on his left.

Also nearby were two leading merchant bankers, Sir Charles Hambro and Mr. Lionel Fraser.

Evening Standard.

snobbery is as prevalent in sexual censorship as prudery. This is why it served Roy Jenkins right when the authorities prosecuted one of his pet works of literature instead of some genuine "obscene article"; he is not a prude, perhaps, but he is certainly a snob. Like most other people, he cannot see that it is an appalling thing to suppress good books not because they are good books but because it is an appalling thing to suppress any books at all.

The third thing to note is the sort of argument that was advanced for and against *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. As usual we were asked to choose between two unacceptable extremes. On the one hand it was maintained by the prosecution that the book "sets on a pedestal promiscuous intercourse, commends sensuality almost as a virtue, and encourages and even advocates coarseness and vulgarity of language" (I particularly like "almost" and "even"); that it describes thirteen (significant number!) sexual "bouts" with "the emphasis always on the pleasure, the satisfaction, the sensuality of the episode" (what else?); and that it uses such-and-such a word so many times, etc.

To which the proper answer is "So what!" But unfortunately it was maintained by the defence on the other hand that Lawrence was "a strong supporter of marriage and far from encouraged promiscuity"; that his message was "that promiscuity yielded no satisfaction to anyone, and that the only good relationship was the one existing between two people in love which was intended to be a permanent relationship". Then of course we heard half of the seventy available witnesses talking about an "extremely pure book", an "extremely moral book", a "highly virtuous, if not puritanical" book, a book which treats "the sex relationship as something sacred, in the real sense, as an act of holy communion" and which "Christians ought to read".

To which the proper answer is "Rubbish!" Of course Lawrence wasn't a dirty old man (indeed just after he finished this book he accused James Joyce of "deliberate, journalistic dirty-mindedness"!), but he wasn't a wide-eyed romantic moralist either. He had no time for either Soho muck or True Love—he was in fact a "strong supporter" of what he called "phallic tenderness" (he nearly called the book *Tenderness*), and he must have blushed in his grave to hear some of the things his defenders said about him. It was rather like the Mothers' Union singing Blake's *Jerusalem* without having the faintest idea what Blake would have said about them.

But all this is absurd. What does it matter what Lawrence intended? (It is technically inadmissible evidence anyway.) And what does it matter what a lot of dons and bishops and publishers and critics think, any more that it matters what policemen and magistrates think? I believe the book is a monstrous failure, because the sociological bits are dull and the sexual bits are ridi-

culous, but what has that got to do with your right or anybody else's right to publish, sell and read it? I believe most of its impending millions of readers in this country, like those in the USA, will be interested in its four-letter words, not in its treatment of the Sociopathology of Sex. So what? Good luck to them—that's their business, and it won't be the first time a writer has been misread and misunderstood. At least they will now be able to get the book without difficulty; I had to go to Paris and smuggle the damned thing home!

The fourth thing to note is that the sort of argument put forward in support of the right of Penguin Books to publish *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is going to rebound upon future books that get into trouble. In the past obscene books have been pardonable if they are indirect, obscure or incomprehensible (*Lolita*, *Ulysses*, *The Lovely Awful Thing*). Now they are pardonable if they are elevating or realistic. But how will Henry Miller's novels, or *The Black Book* or *The Naked Lunch* or *The Ginger Man* (unexpurgated) or dozens of other well-known or unknown books fare in the courts? Will we have batteries of experts testifying for and against their literary merit? (At least this is a way of helping impoverished intellectuals now that there are hardly any "little magazines" and television being so crowded, my dear). One thing about the recent trial was that no prosecution witnesses were called; they could have been, and in future they may well be. It is pleasantly ironical that the test whether books are "well written or badly written" should have been foreshadowed by Oscar Wilde (in the Introduction to *The Picture of Dorian Gray*), but what a ludicrous test it is.

Even then it is better than pretending an obscene book is ever so "moral" when as likely as not it is nothing of the kind, and if it is will be the worse for being so. The trick is used at the end of the classic of English pornography, *Fanny Hill* (published two centuries ago at the same time as *Tom Jones*), and perhaps writers will now learn to slip little sermons in at the end of their naughty books to satisfy the *Director of Public Prosecutions* and the *honour moyen sensuel* alike. Then in the end we shall have sex in our books presented in every conceivable way except the right way—the emphasis always on the pleasure, the satisfaction, the sensuality of the episode—but we shall still call ourselves civilised.

In the meantime, the fifth thing to note is that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* joins the host of books written in the English language that were once thought objectionable and are now read freely—books like *Tom Jones*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, *Ann Veronica*, *The Rainbow*, *The Well of Loneliness*, *Ulysses*, *The Philanderer*, *Lolita*—on, no doubt, to the last syllable of recorded literature. Here at least there has been a small advance, and here at least we are more civilised than we were last month. N.W.

FREEDOM PRESS

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 - Vol. 2, 1952, *Postscript to Posterity*
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NINE MILLION VESTED INTERESTS

NO city of the ancient world except Rome had as large a population as that of Bournemouth. A hundred years ago there were only three cities in the world with over a million inhabitants, Tokyo, Paris and London. Today there are eighty-three, and tomorrow there will be many more. They are not dense and compact, like the ancient cities; they sprawl over a huge hinterland of residential suburbs which both gave rise to, and resulted from, the revolution in transport begun by the railway and completed by the motor vehicle.

The administration of public services in these great metropolitan areas has not kept pace with their growth, and the existence of varying and arbitrary boundaries which have long been physically outgrown, has resulted in confusion, waste and needless complication. London is no exception to this, and three years ago a Royal Commission on Local Government in Greater London was appointed, with the task of examining the entire system of local government in the whole area and of recommending "whether any, and if so what, changes in local government structure and the distribution of local authority functions in the area, or any part of it, would better secure effective and convenient local government . . ."

Its report was issued last month, and while it is believed that the government intends to adopt its recommendations, it would certainly not introduce legislation for at least a year, while the chairman of the commission, Sir Edwin Herbert, estimates that after such legislation became law a period of between two or three years would be needed to complete the reorganisation which the commission envisaged, and as someone else observed, the ordinary citizen, remembering the usual fate of Royal Commissions, may take the view that he is likely to die of old age before anything could possibly be done about it.

How much indeed, does the "ordinary citizen" care about local administration? Isn't he more likely to be resigned to it than interested in it?

★

THE present system of local government in London dates from 1888 and 1899. Before that there were three hundred parish vestries with the Metropolitan Board of Works, elected by the vestries, supervising the whole area. A Royal Commission found evidence of inefficiency and corruption in the Board and the Act of 1888 carved out a new County of London, with a Council directly elected, similar to the other county councils. The new London County Council was immediately dominated by radical reformers, and the Conservative government sought to curb them by establishing the 28 metropolitan borough councils in 1899, as independent counter-weights. These were born in an atmosphere of conflict and dissension which only began to resolve itself when, in the nineteen-thirties, both levels of the two-tier system of local government in London began to be dominated by the Labour Party. The LCC is concerned with education, fire services, personal health services, main drainage and sewerage, housing, town-planning, main highways and bridges, welfare and entertainments. The metropolitan boroughs also undertake housing and are concerned with public lighting, street improvements and cleansing, refuse removal, museum and library services, local parks, baths, cemeteries, crematoria, local sewerage and drainage, local regulating and inspecting functions, and the registration of births, marriages and deaths.

As things are, the larger part of what we call Greater London is outside the County, (even the LCC has built half its own houses outside its own boundaries)

SEX SEGREGATION

Sex segregation has been introduced in bus services because the men of Catania, Sicily, have been pinching too many girls. Separate coaches are provided for men and others for women.

The decision was taken at a conference between the police and local bus company chiefs after an exceptionally heavy crop of complaints from women, who claimed that men on buses caressed them, asked them for dates, or molested them.

A policeman rides in every women's bus to enforce the order. So far, segregation has been introduced on one route only, where the complaints were the most numerous.

Guardian, 14/10/60.

and is administered by a variety of Counties, Boroughs, and Urban Districts. There is considerable jealousy and resentment between these. The Commission's report, for instance remarks that: "things have reached such a pass in Middlesex that the chairman of the Middlesex County Council thought it worth while to devote a large part of his opening statement in oral evidence to polemics against the larger boroughs in Middlesex."

and that the LCC's witnesses

"resolutely refused to discuss with us any of the wider issues of the government of London as a whole, and stuck firmly to the proposition that 'London' and the Administrative County of London are synonymous terms and that the LCC is the government of London."

On the question of traffic management, the Commission noted that:

"the present machinery is so confused that it is difficult even to put down on paper a description of what it is, let alone how it works. It does not differ in principle from the ancient system of parochial responsibilities which parishes as highway authorities had in the most remote country districts."

The Royal Commission proposes that the County of London and that of Middlesex should be abolished and that together with them large parts of Essex, Kent and Surrey, the County Boroughs of Croydon, West Ham and East Ham, and part of Hertfordshire should be joined together under a new Greater London Council. As the second tier of local administration the present 28 Metropolitan boroughs and sixty-six other local authorities would, it is proposed, be replaced by 51 Greater London Boroughs (of 100,000 to 200,000 inhabitants). The total population of the area involved is about eight-and-a-half million people.

The Greater London Council would be the overall planning authority, it should set up "the strongest possible traffic engineering department", and would be responsible for building, improving, maintaining and lighting main roads, other roads being the concern of the boroughs. Housing would be the concern of the boroughs, which should take over the houses at present owned by the LCC. The Council for Greater London would be responsible for education in the whole area, for the general educational development plan, for "promoting freedom of choice throughout the whole area", and for higher education. But the boroughs should be responsible for the day-to-day running and maintenance of schools and for the school health service. Ambulance services, refuse disposal, and main sewerage would be the Greater London Council's concern, but personal health, welfare and children's services, refuse collection, parks, museums, entertainments and museums would be the borough councils' domain, (the Festival Hall, Hampstead Heath and similar large immovable objects would be taken over by the Greater London Council).

Everybody in greater London has a vested interest of some kind in these proposals—if only in how it will affect his rates, or, if he is a council tenant, his rent. The politicians are vitally concerned. For the predominant political complexion of the Greater London Council would be Conservative, while that of the present LCC is Labour. If adopted the proposal would finally break what the Tories call Labour's stranglehold over London. The amalgamation of many of the present Metropolitan boroughs will also have the effect of reducing the proportion of boroughs with Labour majorities. Not surprisingly, the Commission observed that "The recommendations made by the Labour party were 'conservative', and those put forward by the Conservatives were 'radical'."

The hierarchy of local government officers are also very much concerned. Which of them, inside the LCC or out, gets the top jobs in the new Greater London Council? When two boroughs,

U.S. NAVY IN ACTION

Two of America's nuclear-powered submarines, the *George Washington* and the *Patrick Henry*, saw "action" for the first time yesterday. They were invaded by four boatloads of pacifists, members of the Committee for Non-Violent Action.

The pacifists crossed the harbour at Groton, Connecticut, in two rowing boats and a canoe. A Navy tug tried to swamp them, then a boatload of sailors closed and tried to beat them off with oars. Three reached the submarines but were driven into the water with fire hoses.

Daily Telegraph 22/10/60.

like Fulham and Hammersmith or Chelsea and Kensington, are amalgamated, whose Borough Treasurer or Town Clerk gets the new job?

Council tenants are likely to be affected by any transfer of LCC housing to the borough, for, among other things, the LCC does not operate a differential rent scheme, while more than half the present Metropolitan boroughs

PEOPLE AND IDEAS

do, and so do most of the present "out-county" districts in which the LCC has estates. Parents and children are likely to be affected, because the LCC, contrary to the Conservative central government's policy, seeks to add to the number of its "comprehensive" secondary schools, with the aim of doing away with selection at 11-plus. This is not likely to be a policy which a Tory-dominated Greater London Council would follow, nor does it seem to be a matter which will fall to the proposed new boroughs (although the Commission declared that "it is bad for local government that in the Administrative County of London metropolitan borough councils should be deprived of any direct say in the education of the children of their inhabitants.")

★

BUT what do we, whose vested interest is in anarchism, the idea of individual freedom and autonomy, think of the Commission's report? It seems to me that there are at least three possible attitudes. We might very well say that the question of who runs the education bureaucracy or who manages everything from crematoria to the registration of births is so marginal to the real problems of our time, that we don't care anyway, we are, after all, concerned with going to the root of things, with radical matters. Or, if we are the kind of anarchist who postulates the notion of an anarchist society, we might say that neither the present nor the proposed system of local administration in London bears any relationship to the anarchist idea of the *commune* as the territorial unit of social organisation in a free society, and consequently we aren't interested anyway. Personally, I don't think the anarchists are very interested in the subject in *FREEDOM* appeared in our issues of 28th July, 1945, and 4th June, 1947.

A more interesting approach would be to consider the extent, if any, to which the Commission's proposals would make for greater freedom and greater autonomy, as well as for greater efficiency. The Commission, after hearing the evidence of an immense number of interested parties could have made a variety of recommendations. The problems of administering great cities may be new, but examples of quite different administrative mechanisms can be found in different parts of the world, and the Commission could for instance, have recommended one omnipotent regional authority for the whole area, or it could have suggested a dropping of the pretence of municipal democracy and the appointment of professional managers on the pattern of some American cities, or it could have aimed at keeping many more of the present boundaries undisturbed, especially in view of the immense pressure against change from many of the authorities involved.

In the event, the Commission took the view that local and regional government for local and regional affairs was better than central government. It noted that because of the inadequacies of local government many local services had al-

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT!

WEEK 45
Deficit on Freedom £900
Contributions received £869
DEFICIT £31

October 28 to November 3

Sutton: Anon. £1/0/0; Oxford: Anon.* 5/-; Bristol: Anon. £3/18/6; Bristol, Pa.: A.L. £1/15/6; Coleman's Hatch: D.M. £50/0/0; Chingford: A.M. £1/2/0; Stockwell: Anon.* 2/6; Oxford: Anon.* 5/-; Wolverhampton: J.G.L.* 2/6; Los Angeles: 'Man' Group, per A.R. £3/10/0; W. Wickham: G.P.R. 2/-; Parma: H.P. £2/9/0; London: D.M. 3/-.

Total 64 15 0
Previously acknowledged 804 17 2
1960 TOTAL TO DATE £869 12 2

GIFT OF BOOKS: London: A.M.

*Indicates regular contributors.

ready been taken out of the hands of local authorities and put into those of public corporations and nationalised boards. (Many of us can remember when the LCC ran trams and hospitals, and when other local authorities ran gas and electricity undertakings). The Commission concluded:

"We are convinced that the choice before local government in Greater London is, in truth, to abdicate in favour of central government (a process that has already gone some way) or to reform . . . There are great and growing problems to be solved and the present machinery of local government is inadequate to solve them. Unless this machinery is made adequate, the problems are so great and obtrude themselves so obviously on public attention that they will be taken out of the hands of local government."

Having adopted this attitude, which, given that particular choice, is surely the more desirable one, the Commission was guided in its division of powers between the regional and the local authority, by the idea that those services which needed to be organised on a regional scale should be, while everything else "should be organised on as local a basis as possible". This principle has led to some uneasy compromises, like the division of powers for education—where their problem was evidently that the regional authority—covering about one-fifth of the population of England—is obviously bigger than is necessary for an "efficient" education authority, while the local authority—the new borough, is thought to be too small to have full responsibility for primary and secondary education.

The Commission did not recommend the suggestion which had been made by the Local Government Boundaries Commission's 1947 report that "urban parish councils" should be formed within the boroughs to undertake welfare services on a more truly local and intimate basis.

What is it going to mean in practice, assuming that the report goes unscathed and unmodified through parliament? Obviously local politics will be conducted on lines as before, with the same reflection of the political divisions of national politics. Although the press headlined its account of the proposals "LCC to be abolished", the Greater London Council will be in fact an LCC shorn of some of its powers, but vastly enlarged in area, and with a different political complexion. The new Council

WHITE FARMERS REFUSE 15s. WAGE FOR AFRICANS

SALISBURY, S. RHODESIA, NOV. 5.

White farmers in the Umtali area of Southern Rhodesia have rejected proposals for a minimum of 15s. a week and detailed ration scales for African labourers.

A crowded meeting of farmers expressed the view that payment of wages to Africans should be left to the discretion of individual farmers.

One of them said: "A man can only be paid what he is worth, and there is no one but the farmer who can decide what a labourer is worth to him."

The meeting unanimously turned down a wage scheme suggested by the Rhodesian National Farmers' Union.

British United Press.

ORDNANCE WORKERS PLEAD "GIVE US LESS WAGES"

NOTTINGHAM, NOVEMBER 5.

Four Hundred Royal Ordnance Factory workers pleaded with the Government yesterday for less wages and a shorter working week. "We are fed up with sitting around the factory being paid for doing nothing," said their leaders at a protest meeting of A.E.U. members from Nottingham Royal Ordnance Factory.

The works convenor, Mr. George Squires, a fitter, said: "I do so little work all the week that my hands are softer than my wife's."

Workers were angry, he said, about the Government's policy of giving armament work to private firms while Royal Ordnance Factory employees had little to do.

The meeting decided to ask the 1,000 workers in the factory to demand a four-day working week to stop further redundancies. The meeting was called to protest against a War Office announcement that 100 men would be made redundant by the end of the year.

At present the men work a 42-hour week for a gross wage of £9 10s.

Observer.

FREEDOM

will presumably take over the old LCC Kremlin on the South Bank, and many of the same permanent faces will be seen in the familiar places. Middlesex will disappear altogether, unlamented, and its name in history books will make our grandchildren snigger. In their day, the problems of London's even greater growth will perhaps demand another reshuffle of boundaries. The Commission notes that already London is leaping over the Green Belt, designed 20 years ago to contain it, and suggests that the fundamental question is not "How can the growth of London be stopped?" but "How can London's abounding vitality be guided and directed for the general good through the medium of self-government?"

How indeed?

C.W.

Meetings and Announcements

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP and MALATESTA DEBATING SOCIETY

IMPORTANT

MEETINGS WILL BE HELD in basement, 5, Caledonian Road, N.1 (near King's Cross Station) Sundays at 7.30 p.m. All Welcome.

NOV. 13.—Tony Gibson on THE PRESS AS A SOURCE OF MISINFORMATION
NOV. 20.—Ian Leslie on Subject to be announced.

NOV. 27.—Ian Celnick on THE KRONSTADT REVOLT.

London Anarchist Group AN EXPERIMENT IN OFF-CENTRE DISCUSSION MEETINGS

1st Thursday of each month at 8 p.m. At Jack and Mary Stevenson's, 6 Stainton Road, Enfield, Middx.
Last Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m. At Dorothy Barasi's, 45 Twyford Avenue, Fortis Green, N.2.
1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m. At Colin Ward's, 33 Ellerby Street, Fulham, S.W.6.

Study Group on Non-Violent Defence

(Organised by CND)

Every Thursday at 8 p.m. at 18 Campden Grove, W.8. Admission 1/-.

NOV. 10.—James Henderson on RESISTANCE TO TOTALITARIANISM: A GERMAN CASE HISTORY

Public Discussion Meetings:

RANK AND FILE INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE LIAISON MEETING White Swan, 28 Farringdon Road, London, E.C.1.

FRIDAY, November 18th at 8 p.m.

PHILIP SANSON opens discussion on "What Sort of Rank and File Movement do we Want?"

December 2nd. BRIAN BEHAN on "Why We Need a Rank and File Movement."

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A comrade in Baltimore, Md., U.S.A. would like to contact others with a view to forming a group. Please write to Freedom Press.

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