

'For my part, I have sworn fidelity to my work of demolition, and I will not cease to pursue the truth through the ruins and rubbish.'

P.-J. PROUDHON

In this Issue:

TOULOUSE LAUTREC

GUIDANCE IS GOOD FOR YOU

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

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THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY - 4d.

KENNEDY'S PEACE CORPS

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S decision to establish a "peace corps" of young civilian volunteers for work in underdeveloped countries has been welcomed as an "imaginative and praiseworthy initiative". At his Press conference last week he described the composition and functions of this body in the following terms:

Life in the corps will not be easy. There will be no salary, and allowances will be at a level sufficient only to maintain health and meet basic needs. They will be expected to work and live alongside the nationals of the country in which they are stationed—doing the same work, eating the same food, talking the same language.

"But if the life will not be easy, it will be rich and satisfying, for every young American who participates in the peace corps, who works in a foreign land, will know that he or she is sharing in the great common task of bringing to man that decent way of life which is the foundation of freedom and a condition of peace."

"Our peace corps is not designed as an instrument of diplomacy or propaganda or ideological conflict. It is designed to permit our people to exercise more fully their responsibilities in the common cause of world development."

Whether his peace corps is designed as an instrument of diplomacy and propaganda or not, the fact remains that it is in this light that it will be judged and to our minds, should be judged. For those who have been bewitched by this starry-eyed "idealist" who now occupies the White House, the proposed peace corps—for which he has already signed an order for its establishment on a temporary basis, and has sent a message to Congress authorising it on a permanent basis—will add to the myth that things have really changed in the Administration. But such initiatives are merely the sugar to cover the bitter

pill of government, which remains the same whoever is at the top. And Mr. Kennedy who has, all his life, moved in the multi-millionaire's circle, and has reached the top with their support, is no revolutionary, no Vinoba Bhave or Gandhi, whatever he might be expecting from the 500 young people who will be trained and sent out into the underdeveloped world during the coming year.

We know that we shall be criticised for our "intransigence" and "dogmatic" approach by some readers who are desperately looking for signs that some governments are better than others! And we can imagine that their argument will run along these lines: "Is there not enough to criticise governments about already without attacking them when they support initiatives which we can all approve of? Or is FREEDOM opposed to the idea of a peace corps?" The answer is simply that of course we approve of the idea of a peace corps but that we are opposed to such initiatives emanating from, being controlled by, or under the aegis of, governments! Firstly, because as anarchists we seek to influence the people to reduce the power of government by taking over more and more responsibilities themselves. Secondly, because we know from experience, that where government takes a hand in voluntary or independent organisations, these invariably end up by losing their identity.

In connection with the latter we are reminded of a question put to us last week by an American reader who criticised our position on the Congo. At one point he stated and asked (FREEDOM, March 4):

This brings me to an issue which transcends the Congo question. It is the question of the anarchist attitude toward international organisations. In the past FREEDOM has apparently approved

Not for ? Propaganda

of the work of certain U.N. agencies, such as UNESCO. Is this support now to be withdrawn? And if so, why? Unless anarchism is to relapse into a futile individualism or back-to-nature movement, it is necessary for anarchists to come to terms with the modern world. One of the needs of the modern world is international co-operation.

It is true that we have often approved of the work of Unesco (United Nations Educational, Scientific & Cultural Organisation) but we had no illusions as to the fate of such an "independent" body which depended on government exchequers for its continued existence. And when our correspondent asks: "Is this support [for Unesco] now to be withdrawn", we must reply that FREEDOM never 'supported' Unesco, but quoted with approval the documents it issued from time to time combating racial prejudice (such as the remarkable "Statement by Experts on Race Problems") and whatever efforts were made to fight the scourge of illiteracy.

But as long ago as 1952 we were pointing to the dangers besetting an organisation such as Unesco which is financed by governments though ostensibly independent of governmental control. In "H.M. Government Grudges your Tuppence for Unesco" we referred to the important work in Fundamental Education being done by Unesco in Mexico and also to the 7th Unesco congress in Paris at which the British Government delegate, Miss Florence Horsburgh (who was Minister of Education at the time), warned that Britain, which contributed 11 per cent. of Unesco's budget of £6 millions a year (that is £660,000 or a little more than tuppence per head per annum!), would look "critically" on Unesco's coming "programme and budgets". She added: "International budgets are not, any more than national, exempted from the laws of arithmetic. Of every project we must ask, 'Is this essential?' and if so, then 'Is this the most effective and economical way of carrying it out?'" A week later FREEDOM published an article on "Governments' Hostility Provokes Unesco Crisis"† in which we quoted from the *Observer* "that at Britain's instigation and with American approval", Unesco's budget had been cut for the coming two years. This was followed by the resignation of

*Selections from 'Freedom' Vol. 2, 1952, p. 222.

†Op cit. pp. 227-228.

DIPLOMAT VERWOERD

Who gave him that
'Good Neighbour' line?

THE attempt of a man named Pratt to finish the life of the South African Prime Minister, Dr. Verwoerd, at about the time of last year's Aldermaston March has led security police in this country to take stringent security precautions at the airport where Verwoerd stepped to the soil of Britain and at his hotel. According to the *Daily Herald* (4/3/61): "It is feared that Dr. Verwoerd may be in danger again—from extremists in this country." We are informed that Special Branch men of the Scotland Yard police force are guarding this man of our Commonwealth family.

My faith in Dr. Verwoerd has been badly shaken by his speech at London Airport where he claimed with uncharacteristic hypocrisy that the policy of apartheid could be described as a policy of good neighbourliness. Someone, I fear has been advising Verwoerd in the art of diplomacy which is a shame, the honest words of Afrikaners concerning race relations have always attracted me, not for their content may I emphasise but because of their outspoken honesty. Now double-talk has been adopted by the South African Premier.

One issue that has been occupying the minds of the liberal press in the last few weeks is whether South Africa should be expelled from the Commonwealth or not. On Wednesday this week the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference opens and according to the *Observer* (5/3/61) in an editorial: "South Africa's continuing membership and the future of the Central African Federation raise problems of the Commonwealth's future role in Africa, and perhaps of the Commonwealth itself." It ends this editorial by writing with the seriousness that this paper exhibits so pompously: "The

Continued on page 4

Dr. Torres Bodet the Director General who had this to say:

You will tell me that the conference is only applying a general policy on economy. How are we to believe that when we have seen the budgets of other international institutions increase this year and when we compare ours with the huge military expenses?

What was in question yesterday, however, was Unesco itself. Unesco in action for peace. The debate has shown that several member-states do not want the development of Unesco.

The *Guardian* comment on the Unesco crisis reminded readers that Unesco was conceived as an international organisation which should exist at once on a Governmental basis and a non-Governmental basis and which therefore would have some chance of developing its own personality.

But even the *Guardian*, which has no anarchist axe to grind where government is concerned, admitted that

Already the non-Government element in the shape of the national commissions seems in many cases to be coming under the control of the Government delegation, and the United States proposal would certainly accentuate this tendency.

The United States' proposal, it should be added, was to make the members of the executive board of Unesco State representatives instead of being, as had been the case hitherto, chosen in their personal capacity and therefore without an obligation to make decisions in terms of Government instructions.

WE have quoted at length because we have no doubt that the fate of Unesco will be the fate of Mr. Kennedy's "peace corps", with the added disadvantage for the latter that unlike Unesco it starts off by being an organisation created, financed and controlled by one government. We can only hope that American radicals will boycott the Kennedy "peace corps" not only with the kind of argument which we

Continued on page 3

What you thought about ANARCHY-1

Many thanks for an excellent first copy, and please accept my very best wishes for the success of the new venture—

—E.M., Forest Gate, E.7.

I like it very much—P.J.P., Shoreham-by-Sea

Heartiest congratulations on ANARCHY 1. I look forward to your next issue—R.H., Petersfield

I wish it every success—S.M., Glasgow

I admired it very much for it gets beyond all the surfaces that are presented to us, and tells of what is real—C.MacI., London, W.1.

May I congratulate you on the first number of ANARCHY, which I thought very good—P.P., Reading

I like the drawing on the cover very much—S.B., Basildon

Congratulations on being able to bring out a second anarchist paper—L.H., Manchester

I like ANARCHY 1 and am all in favour of the suggested scheme—H.D., Meirionyd

I think the first issue is most successful and I would like to congratulate all concerned—D.G., Bexleyheath

What we plan for ANARCHY-2

A symposium on Workers' Control including an introduction: Looking for a Movement and articles on the approach to industrial democracy by Geoffrey Ostergaard, the gang system in Coventry by Reg Wright, workers' control in the building industry by James Lynch, and aspects of syndicalism in Spain, Sweden and America by Philip Holgate.

ANARCHY is published (price 1/6) on the last Saturday of each month. For subscription rates, see back page.



London Anarchists in Anti-Polaris Demonstration

MEMBERS of the London Anarchist Group were among the demonstrators against the arrival in Scotland of the *Proteus*—supply ship for the Polaris-bearing submarines that are to be based in the Holy Loch. The Associated Press photo above was printed in the *Daily Mirror* (circulation nearly 5 million) in a feature headed 'Ship with a Cargo of Death'. It shows members of the LAG pausing for a snack while building a raft on which to attempt their obstruction of the *Proteus*.

They are, left to right: Harry Smith, Laurens Otter, John Beaumont and Ken Morse.

As a result of these actions, these comrades have been arrested and are now out on bail awaiting trial. They are hard up and badly in need of financial help. All readers who would like to help them are invited to send what they can afford to: John Beaumont or Ken Morse, c/o Strone Post Office, Strone, Nr. Dunoon, Argyllshire.

Toulouse
Lautrec
at the Tate

SHED NO SAD TEARS

THE crocodile queue shedding crocodile tears for the misunderstood talent of yesteryear has now become a familiar London landmark and the Tate Gallery may even yet become a rival to Lenin's Tomb as a centre of maudlin adulation; for the Arts Council Resurrection men are "digging" from success to success and the press photographs of the silent columns winding up the steps of the Tate is their proof that they have again hit the Treble Chance. The present exhibition is of a limited number of works by Henri-Marie-Raymond de Toulouse-Lautrec-Monfa and is both an exciting and a disappointing occasion. Disappointing in that the ninety works on display come only from the Albi Gallery or from hastily borrowed odds and ends so that many familiar works are missing and exciting in that we who have been fed for years on the perversions of glossy reproductions are now

able to see the rough brush strokes upon the raw cardboard.

Edouard Julien the Director of the Musée Toulouse-Lautrec in Albi has penned the introduction to the catalogue and he evidently felt that it was his duty to show the present London rubbernecks how sensitive, broadminded and understanding they were compared to the hicks that trod the stones of the Town when Toulouse-Lautrec personally opened his own exhibition at the Groupil Gallery at 5 Regent Street, on May the 2nd, 1898 for, cried Edouard Julien, "The exhibition met with no appreciative response." And to show how dumb the natives were, Julien gives us the following quotation from the *Star* critic's write-up—and I quote Edouard Julien in full, "The *Star* said: 'This continual insistence on ugliness, vulgarity and eccentricity, this painting of the same people again and again is really monstrous.'" I checked up the relevant passage and far from this being the case of some gormless critic knocking new talent, he had merely stated his dislike of the subject matter but at the same time gave full credit to the artist for his execution of it. For, what the smug Director of the Albi gallery omitted to print in his introduction to the Tate catalogue, was, that the *Star* critic in 1898 also wrote in the same review, "For sheer brilliancy of handling, for wonderful technical ability, the Lantrec (sic) show at Groupil's should be visited."

If the Tate catalogue goes into a second edition I would suggest that the smooth gentlemen of the Arts Council reword their choice of quotations from the *Star* critic of 1898 and cease to bolster up an unnecessary case through smearing a dead writer by using snide quotes from what was an honest appraisal of a then current exhibition. The answer is of course that they won't and this deliberate distortion of another man's opinion will give many a liberal-minded philistine a gay giggle as he broadmindedly smut hunts.

For let us shed no sad tears for Toulouse. This cripple possessed wealth, wit and talent and when he drank himself into the grave at the age of thirty-seven it was to be the end of a short, a full and a happy life, and one can only have admiration and envy for any man who could afford to take up lodgings in a fashionable brothel. Here was a man who was honoured in his own lifetime for the brilliance and wit of his draughtsmanship, a man who was the privileged pet of the society he sought and paid this debt by giving his associates a minor immortality. For unlike the English artists Toulouse never moralised neither did he jeer like the German artists, but simply recorded everything with a gallic wit and a kindly eye be they prostitute or ponce or passing bourgeoisie. With his paintings Toulouse had no time for backgrounds and the vast aching spaces that lay within the bold and flowing crayon lines. This is shown time and again in this exhibition for on numerous occasions backgrounds are sketched in or completely omitted and the broad mass of foreground colours are slapped on in one single tone and as

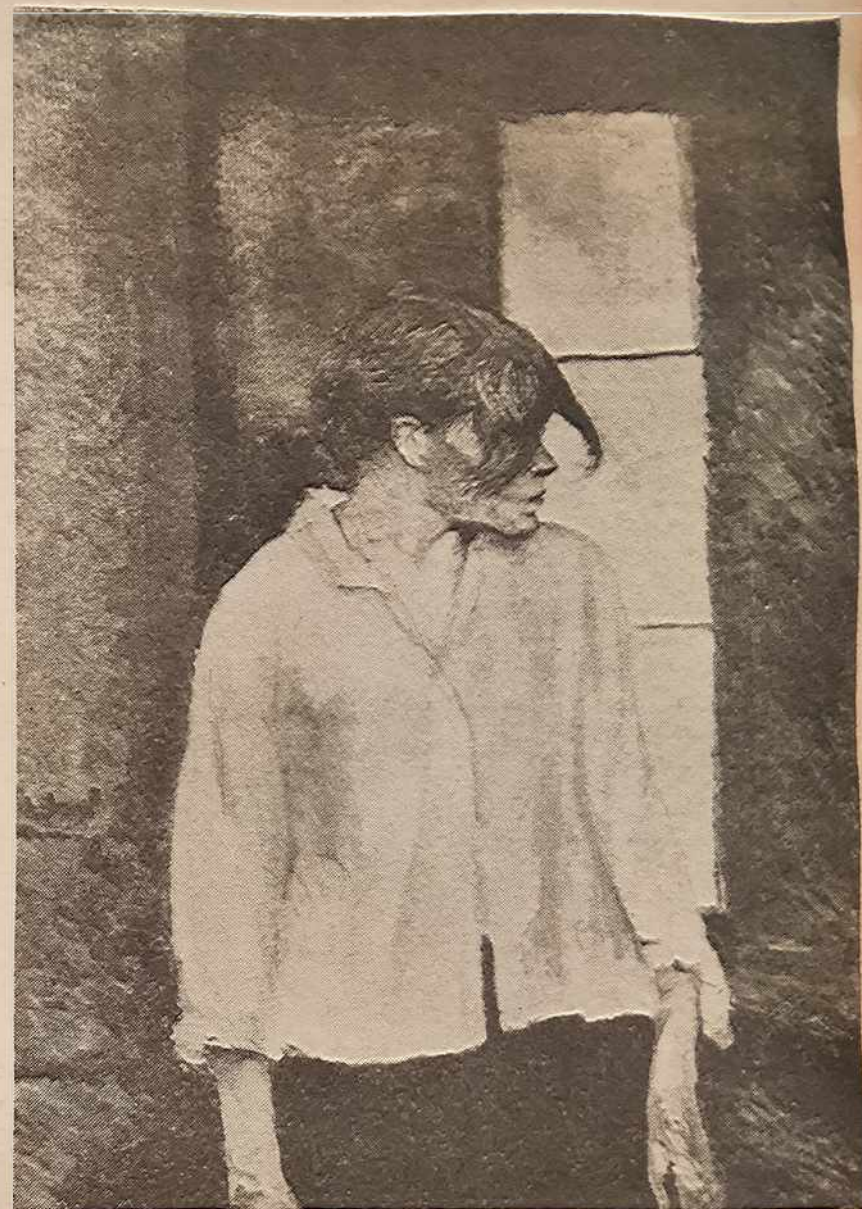
like as not left unfinished as though the draughtsman could not bother to act the painter for Toulouse always regarded his loaded brush as a coloured crayon and used it as such and when he sat down to paint a "serious" painting the effect is leaden and pedestrian. Here is his talented juvenilia on show with the sombre oil, painted just before he died, the ink drawing of the "Ballet of the Flowers" as gay as a Phil May and a lovely "seated nude" of soft greys merging into tender pinks painted when the artist was eighteen.

What is missing from this exhibition are such paintings as "La Visite" in the Chester Dale Collection in America with the two semi-naked prostitutes waiting their turn to be inspected for signs of venereal infection or the series of paintings and drawings of lesbians. There is one in the Gallimard collection in Paris, M. Julien, sketched in the Lesbian restaurant La Souris in the old Rue Bréda, or the gay pornography of "Dans le Monde". If any of these had been included in this exhibition M. Julien might not have been so smug in his introduction, meanwhile we can only hope that the Arts Council will alter this distortion of what a dead critic meant, for to quote again that which M. Julien failed to quote: "For sheer brilliancy of handling, for wonderful technical ability, the Lautrec show at . . . should be visited" the *Star* critic the tenth of May, 1898.

Round the Galleries

Finally, to justify the title of this column, a mad dash around the offerings of the Bond Street zombies. The Redfern at 20 Cork Street, W.1. is showing the first London exhibition of Caloutsis's abstractions and these gimmicky affairs are impressive only on a first glance for Caloutsis achieves his effect by stippling broad masses of plaster in the same way that building plasterers used when covering the huge interior walls of cinemas. Like them Caloutsis paints the whole with different coloured metallic paint but once the illusion has gone that these are not metal then the strength of the paintings drains away. Literally around the bend in the same gallery hang the gouaches of Avray Wilson and these kaleidoscopes of raw colours acting as a background to a rambling pattern of black bars are entertaining even if they are meaningless but as Wilson is due to exhibit at the Galerie Fricker at 177, Bd. Haussmann in Paris some time in March, I suggest that we let the French worry about them.

Hans Tisdall at the Hanover, 32a St.



'Harlot' by Toulouse-Lautrec. Very much 'prostitute -in-the-morning', but usually Lautrec implied no such squalor or wages-of-sin melancholy. The Lautrec show at the Tate Gallery ends on March 15

George Street, W.1. states that when he left the small canvases for the big canvases and the big time "I shook myself like a dog coming out of water", but it would seem to one jaundiced eye that instead of painting small bad paintings he is now painting large bad paintings. The Arthur Jeffress Gallery at 28 Davies Street, W.1. are showing the drawings of Mary Talbot and these lovely drawings have the sweet decadence of the uncommitted thirties, for amid a profusion of birds and flowers drawn with the finest of pen strokes there appears like into a metallic mould growing through the paper the faces of dim but beautiful people. While at the New Vision Gallery at 4 Seymour Place, W.1., Giulio Tur-

cato catches the same mood, for among a group of unimpressive abstractions there are two wherein he has treated the surface with fluorescent paint so that at certain angles only they have the gleam and excitement of light flowing across silk. And finally, the pleasure of seeing that Eileen Agar has found a gallery for her work at the Brook Street Gallery at 24 Brook Street, W.1. This one-time feminine muse of the sad sacks of the English surrealist movement has long been part of the legend of the 'thirties and while she was never a very good artist it will be with genuine pleasure that we await her work.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

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The University Libertarian

IT seems very likely that the *University Libertarian* is quietly dying. This is a final appeal for this periodical, if there is no response it will be the end.

Nicolas Walter, who with his grandfather's assistance, has produced the last two issues of the *University Libertarian*, is not prepared to carry on producing the magazine but he has agreed that if there are people willing and able to take over publication they are welcome to do so.

The trouble at the moment is that some of us are very willing but not able to take over, there are about half-a-dozen students of libertarian views who I know of but none of us has any cash for the U.L. project. It takes £55 to produce one issue and this letter is quite simply asking anyone—preferably a student—who has a bit of cash and who believes such a magazine should continue to emanate from the universities of this country, to let me know.

R. J. WESTALL,
16 Ainthorpe Grove,
Derringham Bank, Hull.

NO LOVE FOR JOE SOAP

No Love for Johnnie

(Leicester Square Theatre)

WE are on the crest of what is called a 'new wave' in British films. At first glance *No Love for Johnnie*, a Rank Organization production by Betty E. Box with Peter Finch as "Johnnie" has all the earmarks: an off-beat subject, social awareness, a degree of social realism, provincial backgrounds, sexual lustiness and an 'X' certificate. However, an undulation in the fashionable direction does not make a 'wave'.

The film is adapted from the novel by Wilfred Fienburgh who was Labour M.P. for North Islington until his death in a road accident in 1958. The story is of Johnny Byrne, Labour M.P. for a Northern working-class constituency. He is politically ambitious and is disappointed when, after his election, with a large majority, he is not offered a Government post. He seeks escape in a love affair with Pauline, a twenty-year-old model whom he meets at a Bohemian party; meanwhile he carries on a platonic affair with Mary, the Girl from Upstairs, at the same time keeping a niche for estranged fellow-travelling wife Alice. As if this were not enough he becomes involved in a plot with fellow-travelling M.P.s (Hugh Burden and Donald Pleasance) to ask an inconvenient question about the government's sending troops to the Masran Oasis, a sheikdom in danger of being captured by you-know-who. The Prime Minister tries to steer Byrne off asking this question,

saying that the government knows best what is good for Masran but Byrne needed by lack of office (or hoping to blackmail P.M.?), resolves to go through with the question. Fate, in the personable shape of Mary Peach as Pauline intervenes and the conspirators lose their plot, the Empire is saved by the Labour Party, and the film loses its 'A' certificate to the gain at the box office.

Donald Pleasance, looking more like D. N. Pritt than is really tactful, is furious and with well-known Communist thoroughness turns the local party against the member. He is recalled to Heckmondwitesedge (or wherever it is) and faces a stormy party meeting for his betrayal of Masran and the neglect of his constituency. The vote of no confidence is modified into a sentence of probation. Johnny literally can't stomach this, he throws up and goes off Pauline-hunting—she having meanwhile given him the air on the specious pretext of wanting to raise a family. He finds Pauline and makes what may be thought by some to be a Great Renunciation and returns to Westminster.

He makes tentative approaches to the Girl from Upstairs but before he can finalize them a new Alice (his wife) returns, having deserted the Communist Party and adopted a new hair-do. He is on the verge of starting All Over Again with Alice when the P.M. summons him. He is coming into the office when a cabinet-minister is going out. We are treated to a homily on how the Good Men in politics always die young and

the departing minister is going away to die of cancer. Johnnie is to be Assistant Postmaster-General in the reshuffle and as an afterthought he is informed that it is only because he is now leaving his Communist wife that he can be considered for office. Johnnie takes his seat on the front bench at question-time and contemptuously listens with feet up on the rail to a member's question. Reconciliation with Alice is now forgotten.

Put like this the story sounds silly and the film succeeds in making it sound sillier despite Peter Finch's performance, but behind all this there is the real problem of political idealism in conflict with power and ambition, and the cinema moving reluctantly into adulthood is examining the problem in the gauche adolescent fumbling way.

Behind the film is the novel of a man's experience which has the ring of truth. Fienburgh's death probably saved him from the ultimate cynicism of the Byrnes of politics but what of this assessment in the novel?

" . . . the House of Commons, the unpredictable, cruel destroyer of self-esteem. Six hundred and twenty-five egocentrics all locked up in their own ambitions, disappointments and success. Six hundred and twenty-five politicians each deluding himself that the other 624 revolved around him until, every so often, came the uncomfortable understanding that you were a mere part of the scenery and that everyone was the centre of his own world".

J.R.

Kennedy's Peace Corps

Continued from page 1

have advanced, but by exploiting the favourable climate created by the publicity which will undoubtedly be given to Kennedy's proposals by the organs of mass communications, to strengthen existing, and truly voluntary, organisations, as well as promoting the creation of others. After all, Mr. Kennedy aims at sending only 500 trained men and women by the end of the year, which in terms of the needs is no more than a symbolic gesture . . . or a valuable piece of American propaganda on the cheap!

★

WE must seek to prevent governments from exploiting the idealism and goodwill of young people for their own ends, but at the same time must not put ourselves in the position of advocating a non-co-operation with governments which, if successful, would deprive the people of "under-developed" countries from any assistance which would improve their day-to-day lives, whatever the source from which this assistance comes.

When governments take an initiative they have the knack of suggesting to the mass-mind that what they propose is original and imaginative—and this is understandable since they are all the time trying to persuade us that they are super-men who know better than we do what is good for us!—whereas, in fact, all they are doing is following in the wake of pioneers and reformers, long dead and buried, but whose teachings and example have been assimilated and sometimes acted upon by "cranks and idealists" without the rubber stamp of government or political considerations. Forty years ago Pierre Ceresole, a Swiss engineer, founded the work camp movement, the *Service Civil International*, which to this day functions—in Britain as the International Voluntary Service (72 Oakley Sq., London, N.W.1)—and has in the last few years organised working parties in Russia, Poland and other countries on both sides of the "iron curtain", composed of individuals of every nationality and of every political creed, including anarchists. It is true that what the under-developed countries require are not unskilled enthusiasts who can only give their holidays to such work, but skilled technicians who will devote a year, two years if need be, to the task of organising, as well as training others on the spot, to take over when they leave. But is that an impossible task without the approval of government agencies?

★

WE are always recognising with Herbert Read that "we had no power, therefore had patience; but on this question of "peace corps" it seems to us that the anarchists possess the potential to organise an international team of volunteers willing and ready to give something to the people of the under-developed countries which no other group of individuals can give. What these

people need is knowledge, expertise, without the "ifs" and "buts" of politicians and missionaries. The possibility of making up an international team representative of the skills and techniques required could be more easily found among anarchists who are, on the whole, less concerned with careerism, less conformist to the patterns of family, "roots" and status than most people. And though dismissed as dreamers by the political left, anarchists seem to enjoy a universal respect for their integrity, even by those who do not share what they refer to as the anarchists "optimism", an important consideration in raising the necessary funds.

★

YES, we are launching a kite into the unorganised wind of international anarchist opinion! Are there craftsmen, doctors, nurses, agronomists, educationists, engineers and other skilled workers among us willing to work in a team, where our knowledge and expertise will benefit those who need it most, and where our reward will be expressed in terms not of bigger refrigerators, bigger Tellys, more wives or bigger incomes, but in the awareness that the specialised knowledge we have acquired has served to bring a little happiness to some less favoured fellow beings?

Mr. Kennedy, obviously well advised even in his millionaire's ivory tower, declared that those who joined his "peace corps" would not have an easy life, but that it would be rich, for they would know that they were sharing "in the great common task of bringing to man that decent way of life which is the foundation of freedom and a condition of peace".

★

IT is understandable that the youth of the world may only believe what Mr. Kennedy says when he gives up being a millionaire and lives like one of them! But what he says is right. The example he sets is wrong, and for this very reason no young idealist should entrust his life to his keeping. But that we are "our brothers' keepers", that in Africa and Asia the knowledge that has been withheld has become a matter of life and death for a whole generation, there can be no doubt, and perhaps, anarchists could do much to bridge the gap if they thought of themselves less as isolated groups and individuals, and more as members of the only truly international movement in the world today.

Armageddon in miniature

PROTEST IN ARMS, The Irish Troubles, 1916-1923, by Edgar Holt, Putnam, 30s.

ONE must be grateful to Mr. Holt for making so clear the history of the Irish war of independence, and the civil war which followed it. His book is easy reading, clear and simple, and one can now understand who was fighting whom and why.

The story is ghastly enough. The Irish revolt follows the classic pattern, but coming at the end of World War One, and being followed by World War Two, it has tended to be forgotten (except in Ireland!), and to be, when remembered at all, looked upon as a side-show.

Yet every beastly act of the Second World War was already prefigured in the Irish struggle: putting people alive

AT the beginning of February there appeared in several newspapers a full-page advertisement headed *THE HOUR IS LATE, HERE IS THE ANSWER, FOR GOD'S SAKE, WAKE UP!* This advertisement was issued by Moral Rearmament from its Mayfair headquarters. Prior to this in 1959 there was a house-to-house distribution in Great Britain of a physically substantial 32-page booklet called *Ideology and Co-existence*. This was done at a cost of thousands of pounds. Last Thursday the MRA film *The Crowning Experience* opened in Leicester Square.

The advertisement was politely criticised by the *Observer* who, in their dedication to freedom of expression conceded the democratic right of anybody who could pay for a full page to have it. *Ideology and Co-existence* received sustained criticism in the *Guardian*; *The Crowning Experience* is severely criticised in the *Observer* and according to Tom Driberg in *Reynold's News* (26/2/61) MRA have declined to meet for a discussion of their beliefs in ITV's programme 'About Religion'. To crown all this experience there have been endorsements for MRA by famous sportsmen which have been spoiled by Bryn Meredith, Welsh rugby star, repudiating his endorsement.

All this publicity, some paid for, and some not, is mother's milk to MRA. They have always thrived on it and would rather be snubbed than ignored.

The simplest left-wing explanation of MRA is the usual, quite untrue one that it is a conspiracy by the capitalist classes to wreck strikes and divert the working class, by means of the opiate of religion, from the class struggle. MRA thrives on its position as an implacable foe of Communism but the truth is more complex, indeed as complex as the history and doctrine of Moral Rearmament.

Frank Buchman is the originator of what is now known as Moral Rearmament (previously it had been called 'Buchmanism' but this practice was severely discouraged since the cult of the leader was dangerous). Buchman was born in 1878 in Pennsylvania of Swiss descent and he became a Lutheran minister. He had some difference with the trustees of a settlement house for poor boys (his biographers claim it was because the trustees insisted on reducing the boys' rations).

He visited England and went to Kes-

SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY, by H. S. Turner, Michael Joseph, 21s.

AS a student teacher a few years ago, I came into chance contact with Lollard Adventure Playground in Lambeth and during the following vacations was able to absorb something of the set-up enabling the existence of such a vital atmosphere.

Sadly, it has now closed, the ground being needed for a new school, but in his book of warmth the warden has caught and preserved for future visitors, something of the flush of spontaneous beauty that sprang up on this bombed-site and rubbish dump, still watched by those same grey little squashed up dwellings, condemned in 1939.

As the children sensed this was not a place that glared, with threats and unnecessary rules, so they left their dangerous street dodging to come and run and shout, and play real Indians, with real hideouts, and to dig and excavate (the foundations of the bombed school), and make rivers; and most wonderful, to build real camps, and make fires and

into furnaces, shaving women's heads, shooting hostages, torturing prisoners, destroying towns and villages.

Does it matter which side was responsible for which barbarities? What is one to say of some of the assassinations, when no one knows to this day if they were carried out by I.R.A. men disguised as Black and Tans, or Black and Tans out of uniform, trying to look like I.R.A.?

For the humanitarian, it cannot be too often repeated, there can be no choice in the case even of wars of independence. There are no "sides" to be taken.

In these wars the mass of the population always tends, however sympathetic they may be to the rebels, towards a certain "apathy", which is really a desire to go on with everyday life, under what-

Guidance is good for you

wick where there is held yearly a religious convention which is a combination of revivalism and gentility. It must have profoundly moved Buchman for he wandered into a country church where a woman was speaking on some aspect of the Cross (this distressing vagueness, indeed a fine contempt for facts, is typical of all MRA literature) then "for the first time in his life he felt the power of Christ as an inward reality".

He felt so moved by this experience that he wrote letters apologising to the trustees of the settlement. They made no response but doubtless Buchman felt morally superior and cleansed by the detergent effects of confession. He took this idea of confession or 'sharing' to Cambridge where he carried on his campaign of personal evangelism. There he 'changed the life' of one young undergraduate, at least.

On his return to America he became YMCA secretary at an American State college, and started his "First Century Christian Fellowship" and in the words of Alva Johnson in a *New Yorker* profile 'perfected himself in the great art of extracting confessions from adolescents'.

For some rather inscrutable reason Buchman attended the 1921 Naval Disarmament Conference where he must have acquired the taste for military expressions and association with military personnel which seems to have remained with him ever since.

Buchman carried on with personal evangelism in the universities, and 'house-parties', which are orgies of confession and 'sharing', began to be a feature of University life. At this time his followers were known as Buchmanites.

In 1928 the groups visited South Africa (with what results can be observed today). It was there it was said they were christened by a railway porter. The team all came from Oxford so naturally the porter said "Where is the luggage of the Oxford group?" Hence the

name. In 1933 the centenary celebrations of the Oxford Movement took place in Oxford. This was an evangelistic movement by Pusey, Newman and Keble. In 1933 there took place at Oxford the Assembly of the Oxford Group.

The movement evolved from a tent-show revivalism of the Billy Sunday, Elmer Gantry type to totemistic muscular Christianity with a philosophy of 'be kind'. This was not enough.

In 1938 the movement emerged streamlined as Moral Rearmament. This coincided with the re-armament programme of the Chamberlain government and was an attempt to throw overboard the Oxford Group taint of pacifism and pro-Nazism. These two accusations have dogged the movement for some time and their repudiation has involved some strenuous re-appraisals and re-writings of history. Fortunately the Gestapo in 1942 provided a report (discovered during the German retreat in 1945) which revealed the Oxford Group as anti-National Socialism.

Now there can be no doubt that Moral Rearmament is not a religion, nor a political party, but an ideology which is firmly opposed to Communism—indeed it provides the only alternative. To quote the words of William Penn (that well-known Quaker, internationalist and believer in co-existence with the treacherous Red Indians and, incidentally, a co-citizen of Philadelphia with Frank Buchman): "Men must choose to be governed by God or they condemn themselves to be ruled by tyrants". This quotation appears *ad nauseam* in MRA's battle-cries, for they firmly believe in the advertisers slogan "repetition is reputation", and the meek Quakers 'who live by the life that takes away all occasion for wars', seem to put on the full armour of Buchman.

(To be continued)

JACK ROBINSON.

Playground for BELONGING

to cook (in Oxo tin utensils) . . . There were hammers and nails and pickaxes, and a good source of firewood from the fruit stalls in the Walk.

After the establishment of grass, came the Garden Committee, with marigolds and pansies far sweeter than those floral professionals on the stalls! And potatoes and other vegetables to add to the deliveries of firewood to the old people.

This living thing was never static, but grew and was always changing, breathing; alive—and allowed to be by its backbone, a Voluntary Association formed to run the first Adventure Playground in this country, a bold experiment in practical answer to realisations

of the particular uselessness to these children of the choice between asphalt and swings and youth clubs that "preach"—

As young people they came after work, to chat and confide, to hairdress, or to "just jive"; or maybe to join a work party decorating an old age pensioner's room; or to just watch, not yet sure—but always to BELONG. For here had grown roots.

Such a centre of existence needs not to preach or use timetables with imposing names that only frighten away.

As the contemporary toddlers in the sand-pit would, these youngsters had become part of the Playground when they were Red Indians, and when they had brought "their babies" with them while Mum was at work. They have grown up within it.

To the sophistication of make-up and grooming and jiving; and to sometimes finding within surprise the pleasure in doing something positive and creative by helping other people in their close-knit community.

Because the children did not grow out of the Playground, the Playground fulfilled and outgrew its own name, growing with them and overflowing into something unique and free.

This was what the indignant passer-by missed when he declared the "eyesore" to be worse than the hitherto naked bombed-site.

But Mr. Turner's book is much more than an entertaining panorama of an intriguingly exploited bombed-site. It is interwoven with practical observations, which are the invaluable fruit of his insight and wisdom and warm understanding of children, especially these children, and their families and neighbours, often living an hour by hour life of HP.

I recommend everyone in any way involved with human nature and now contaminating education to read this book.

The photographs by Michael Peto are superb. S.B.

BOOK REVIEWS

ever régime. This means that if you are going to drive out the foreign oppressor, you have to fight two wars simultaneously, one against the foreigner and one against your own people, who have to be effectively terrorised, so that they fear you more than the enemy. Ireland, Kenya, Cyprus, Algeria, it is all the same.

It is difficult to disagree with Mr. Holt when he says of the Irish victory that it was essentially not a military one, but one of public opinion, and adds, " . . . it must always be debatable whether this could not have been more quickly achieved by an ordered programme of civil disobedience and peaceful non-co-operation towards the British authorities than by the long campaign of violence and destruction."

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

MAU MAU NO RANK-AND-FILE MOVEMENT

I am sorry to have to disagree with R.J.W. whose writings on Africa generally, as far as I am capable of judging, appear well-informed, sane and usually anarchist. However, when he refers to Mau Mau as a rank-and-file movement (FREEDOM, Feb. 18), I must take him up.

I went to Kenya in 1953 and was then no pacifist—and I went believing the Mau Mau to be a valid, independent movement militantly fighting Colonialism; thus I went supporting it—though prepared to be critical on Libertarian and egalitarian grounds.

It was in fact, I found, highly authoritarian both in the structure of its militia and in its administration of those areas in the forest clearings that were under its undisturbed control. To my surprise one of the attacks on the British was on the quite fantastic grounds (unfortunately) that we were trying to introduce socialism thereby upsetting their traditional property relationships. This allegation was based on the fact that the administration did to a very limited and quite insufficient extent advocate co-operative farming or farm marketing. Anyone who has read Jomo

Kenyatta's "Facing Mount Kenya" knows that he has abandoned his previous Libertarian socialist views for a mystical, traditionalist tribalism that justifies cloacal and frequently sadistic sex rituals; however those he advocated are as nothing to what Mau Mau practised, so that it was in effect a religious-fascist movement of the worst kind.

Lest anyone attack me for justifying British Imperialism, let me here mention that I nearly got myself shot for objecting to a British atrocity that went on while I was there. (Since I was not then a Pacifist, I did not use non-violent resistance which might have saved some lives though it would have cost mine; this I regret but it does not alter the fact that I did to the limit of my then ability oppose British Imperialism).

Yours fraternally,
Argyllshire, Feb. 25. LAURENS OTTER. FILM:

THE B.B.C. AND MATT KAVANAGH

DEAR FRIENDS,
I wonder if many of FREEDOM's readers in the South-East of England shared the pleasure of hearing the B.B.C. give oblique recognition on Thursday evening to our beloved Matt Kavanagh?

LETTERS

Sub-consciously absorbing a background noise of "local" feature items in the programme! In the South East one ear was drawn into range on the announcement that we were about to hear the reminiscences of Mr. Raphael who had been an open-air orator thirty years ago in Southend, which struck me as an unlikely enough place. He had been inducted into public speaking, he said—and the fork stopped half-way to my mouth—by a fiery little Irishman called Matt Kavanagh.

Without mentioning the word anarchism, the speaker, who was a boy of sixteen had opened Matt's meetings, conveyed Matt's unambiguous attitude to government and all governments, and he gave a hint of the skill displayed in getting week after week an attentive audience to listen to what he called Matt's "one set piece".
"Find a friendly face in the crowd

and talk to it." Matt had instructed him, and "Use the opposition to get a crowd—even the other fellow's—but never let your own meeting get out of hand. But, if things go wrong, remember that the force of argument will always overcome the argument of force."

This recipe, which never failed under Matt's expert hand, was not foolproof with a new cook. On a Sunday morning when the effects of the beer had overcome the urgency of the proclamation of the free society, Mr. Raphael found himself along with the crowd he had collected, selected his friendly face; talked to it in what he evidently believed were Matt's words, watched the benignity evaporate under the force of his argument, and his career as an open-air speaker ended in what as a loyal Southender he referred to as the sea.

One is tempted to think that the reason why the same crowd listened with sympathy to this message from Matt and reacted violently to it coming from the lips of a sixteen-year-old boy, might not have been entirely due to the difference in the ages of the two, as was suggested. The depth of Matt's conviction no doubt played its part as well as his oratory.

But it was good to be reminded of Matt Kavanagh.
Yours sincerely,
London, S.W.6. M.C.

STOP THIS DEFICIT PROGRESSING

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Includes Deficit on "Freedom" £180, Contributions received £119, DEFICIT £61.

Received February 27 to March 4

- List of donors and amounts: Caterham: F.B. 5/-; Enfield: J. & M.S. 15/9; Hyde Park: 1/6; London, N.W.3: P.N.G.T. 10/-; Brynaglas: H.D. 6/-; Watreport: N.L. J.O.H. 5/-; Oxford: Anon. 5/-; Wolverhampton: J.G.L. 2/6; Bilston: J.W.P. 2/6; Sheffield: P.M.B. 3/1; Ashbourne: R.E.W. 1/9; London, N.W.3: P.N.G.T. 5/-; London, W.C.1: F.H. 1/.

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BRISTOL CONTACTS

Any readers living within the vicinity of Bristol (i.e. Somerset, Gloucestershire, Wilts., Glamorgan) who would like to contact other readers in that area are invited to get in touch with: S. E. Parker, 55 Pretoria Road, Patchway, Bristol.

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP

Every Sunday at 7.30 pm at The Swan, Cosmo Place, Southampton Row WC1 (Holborn, Russell Sq Stns) LAG 'At Home' 17a Maxwell Road, Saturday, March 11, at 4.30 pm. MAR 12 'John Smith': South Africa MAR 19 Jeremy Westall: Africa and the Future All Welcome. Liquid refreshment available.

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

Jazz Club

An evening of records of PIANO MUSIC presented by Mary Stevenson Friday March 10th at 8 pm 37 Old Compton St W1

Freedom The Anarchist Weekly

FREEDOM appears on the first three Saturdays of each month. On the last Saturday, we publish ANARCHY, a 32-page journal of anarchist ideas (1/8 or 25c. post free).

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Anarchist Notebook

THOSE OF OUR FELLOWS WHO THINK THAT one of the main purposes of science is to devise ways and means of getting places at ever increasing speeds, will be heartened by the announcement that in introducing Vickers Vanguard planes on their Paris service, BEA will manage to cut down the flying time between London and Paris by 15 minutes, as well as having "a good money-making aircraft". One of the new problems our speed-mad fellow citizens will now have to face is what to do with the 15 minutes saved. Think of all the energy, the time and money that have gone into producing a plane which will save 15 minutes and ask yourself if you feel that you are doing justice to all concerned by spending it lounging in a café watching the world go by!

ONE IS ALWAYS BEING TOLD THAT whatever one may think of its political line, the Daily Telegraph has a news service second to none for accuracy and for factual presentation. Perhaps it is not fair to judge from just an occasional reading of the paper, but the copy I bought recently to see what they had to say about the sit-down demonstration hardly persuaded me that the description was justified. On the sit-down they wrote, in the editorial "In the name of the 'ban the bomb movement', one thousand of them had defied the law by squatting on the Whitehall pavements for an hour or two" (my italics). As far as I know there is no dispute as to the number of squatters; most newspapers agreed with the Committee's count of at last 4,000, and there are surely enough photos with Big Ben in the background to confirm that the sit-down lasted for nearly three hours.

In that same issue of the Telegraph (20/2/61) is an article on Angola by their special correspondent in which we

read the following paragraph: Whatever the shortcomings and abuses of Portuguese administration, it is inspired by a high ideal expressed at all levels in an easy, unself-conscious friendliness between black and white. Given peace, this spirit could fulfil itself. Given immunity from external influence, Portugal could go steadily forward with her slow, civilising purpose. Given time, she might show the world that she alone possesses the secret of living on in Africa.

But nowhere in this article which admits that the 4 million blacks are still in a state of tutelage and that only some 200,000, including half-castes, rank as full citizens" does the special correspondent mention the, surely, all-important fact, that the Portuguese have been in Angola for the past 500 years! If after so many years the blacks are still "in a state of tutelage" what does he mean when he writes of Portugal going "steadily forward with her slow, civilising purpose"?

FROM A WHOLE SHEAF OF INTERESTING press cuttings sent to us by a reader in Australia, I quote for the time-being two small items both, I think, from the Herald of Melbourne. The first reads:

Colleague back from the harbour city tells us that Sydney fruit shops are featuring snap-frozen Californian oranges and grapefruit.

How much? Cheaper than the local fruit. The second, an editorial comment on China's famine meaning good business for Australian farmers:

A country that, diplomatically, does not exist for us is becoming very useful to our farmers.

Red China's order for 240,000 tons of wheat, raised this week to 300,000 tons, and wanted quickly, will help to dispose of the embarrassingly large harvest that is pouring in.

Perhaps Peking would rather have bought it elsewhere if it had been practicable. And perhaps we would rather have sold elsewhere. But the ruinous seasons have made China's need pressing and we were looking for buyers. There was no flag for trade to follow. But politics haven't stood in the way of a big deal.

Which goes to show that business is business the world over, and that capitalist economics is crazy, to say the least. LIBERTARIAN.

SUBSCRIBERS !!!

EXCEPT for a few readers whose subscriptions are paid so far in advance that we will be old men by the time they expire, and others for whom we still lack information about payments, all readers who are postal subscribers should have by now received subscription reminders. Besides drawing their attention to the position of their subscriptions these reminders are also a request to them to let us know whether they wish us to send them our new review ANARCHY, which will be appearing on the last Saturday of each month instead of FREEDOM.

A number of forms have the word "FINAL" in the right hand corner. Unless we hear from those readers in the course of this week, the next issue of FREEDOM will be the last they will receive. We are sorry to lose readers but cannot continue to send the paper to

those who have given no sign of life for the past year and who do not even respond to this request. (American readers in this predicament will be given until the end of March to reply).

When sending your subscription renewal please use the form provided, and thereby save us a lot of unnecessary work.

ALDERMASTON - WETHERSFIELD EASTER 1961

The London Anarchist Group would like anyone going on either of the marches to get into touch with them (at 17a Maxwell Road, S.W.6) so that selling FREEDOM, ANARCHY and a special LAG publication may be arranged. Also any non-marchers who could sell in the Square, etc., on Easter Monday would be welcome.

Verwoerd the good neighbour

Continued from page 1

Commonwealth itself is facing a crisis that threatens its continued existence. What voices are heeded by London now may determine which countries will wish to continue their membership in the years ahead. We are being closely watched by the younger generation of Asians and Africans".

If one turns the pages of the Observer to a book review by Richard Hoggart of Paul Goodman's controversial book Growing up Abused there is to be found the following extract: "Their dissatisfaction (of young dissenters) can therefore be the reverse face of a thwarted idealism, a rejection of the creeping spiritual claustrophobia of mass commercialised society—its destruction of what Mr. Goodman calls "the created world": the world of real love, effort, sacrifice, shame, pity, honour—in favour of the unreal world of Public Relations utterances, institutional role-playing and the mish-mash of mass entertainment." Within the pages of this very paper we see just what is meant by the unreal world. The attitude adopted towards the expulsion of South Africa is full of Public Relations utterances, overbounds with institutional role-playing. So let us, few readers of FREEDOM, try and face this question with what is left of our honesty and worthiness.

That mis-nomer of the century the "Commonwealth" is the biggest sham, the largest slice of hokum that has taken in the mugs of both posh and gutter press readership. The way Macmillan stands up and talks of the British Empire being transformed into a free Commonwealth family is the largest lump of unadulterated excreta that is imaginable. What we need is a gust of solid disgust at all the rubbish that is passed from one learned academic intellectual to another. We are just about to blow.

A member of the "Commonwealth" (where all wealth is common), South

Africa, has a policy that enslaves the vast majority of its citizens to a life of bare existence, humility and boundless misery. It is imagined by some people, and I am sure they are very well meaning, that if South Africa is shown the door of the Commonwealth club, that it will affect the policy of that country. But, apart from economic effects, this would hardly affect South Africa at all. True the loss of economic Commonwealth preferences will be mildly annoying to the South Africans and the snub will make them angry, but the Commonwealth is a myth, a figment of the imagination that is kept installed by Royal pronouncements and political lies. In essence it does not matter whether South Africa is expelled from the Commonwealth or not, conceivably it would give heart to those who are fighting apartheid in South Africa but those who have their eyes open do not need such boosts as this from abroad. The die is cast, white supremacy is ending and no speech, no amount of clap trap at the top will change that.

No, to bring reality to the situation in South Africa, to show how unjust a world we live in someone needs to take a shot at Dr. Verwoerd, then we will see what happens to a man who attempts to live up to what he is told is right. That the law is the embodiment of justice. The law is that a man should pay for his crimes, the fact is that Dr. Verwoerd rules a country where 72 people were murdered by police and he then praised them for it. If there was any justice and real law Verwoerd would suffer for his crime, for the moment when he fell as David Pratt shot his bullet home, the world knew an act of justice—we were to discover what a world of injustice did to Pratt. It would be interesting to see what happened in this country if anyone tries to kill Dr. Verwoerd; would we see demonstrated the same act of injustice that followed David Pratt's attempt at justice?

Something tells me that we would, R.J.W.

FREEDOM PRESS PUBLICATIONS

- SELECTIONS FROM 'FREEDOM' Vol 1 1951: Mankind is One Vol 2 1952: Postscript to Posterity Vol 3 1953: Colonialism on Trial Vol 4 1954: Living on a Volcano Vol 5 1955: The Immoral Moralists Vol 6 1956: Oil and Troubled Waters Vol 7 1957: Year One—Sputnik Era Vol 8 1958: Socialism in a Wheelchair Vol 9 1959: Print, Press & Public Each volume: paper 7/6 cloth 10/6 The paper edition of the Selections is available to readers of FREEDOM at 5/- post free. V. RICHARDS Lessons of the Spanish Revolution 6/- PAUL ELTZBACHER Anarchism (Seven Exponents of the Anarchist Philosophy) cloth 21/- VOLINE Nineteen-Seventeen (The Russian Revolution Betrayed) cloth 12/6 The Unknown Revolution (Kronstadt 1921, Ukraine 1918-21) cloth 12/6

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