

Inquest on the Sit-Down

expectations. Apart from the *Observer* whose headline "6000 disarmers' gesture ends in 850 arrests" was as admirable as its sour little editorial comment was typical, the other papers exploited "numbers"—success and failure. Thus the *Sunday Pictorial's* "ARRESTS BY THE HUNDRED — as A-base invasion flops", the *Sunday Times'* "850 ARRESTS BUT ANTI-BOMB DAY FIZZLES OUT", the *News of the World's* "The great bomb protest is a damp squib. HUNDREDS HELD" and the *Sunday Telegraph's* "Flop-down fizzle in the fog". Of course the Press insists on having it all ways. Before the demonstrations take place they deprecate the actions the Committee and its supporters propose to engage in; when, in the event, they fail to do what they proposed to do, then the Press sneers

at their failure, forgetting that their chief concern in deprecating the action was that the national safety was being threatened!

From this stems a further point which should be given serious consideration: does the "movement" still need to hold demonstrations which are clearly intended to appeal to what the press calls "news", and therefore to receive maximum publicity which is a mixture of good and bad? It seems to us that there were strong grounds for such considerations in the early days of the "movement" since money and the instruments of mass communications are in the hands of the upholders of the Establishment, and it was legitimate to appeal to others to join one in activities in which one courted arrest and imprisonment, as an example to others, as well as a means of "hitting the headlines". There can be no doubt whatever as to the importance of the activities of the original Direct Action Committee in shaking off some of the apathy, the hopeless fatalism and defeatism which had enshrouded the more or less progressive, thinking, elements in this country (a situation probably contributed to by the inability of the Labour Party to win even a general election!). But it seems to us that the kind of *useful* publicity that the National Press could be expected to give to the activities of the Committee of 100 are now exhausted. We would certainly not advise anybody to accept a prison sentence resulting from a civil disobedience demonstration for the publicity it might be expected to receive, and by implication, the influence it might have on the public. We must qualify this statement in order to express our true feelings and views.

The Press and Mass Communications are interested in "personalities" and not in individuals. They create the "personalities"; you establish your individuality. Now, if you decide to earn your living in the show business, in politics or in any occupation in which you need to be recognised by the mass public as somebody outside the run of ordinary human beings, you seek the aid of the Press, TV, and ITV., or better still you employ an agent who is on paying and drinking terms with the "blokes that matter" in mass communications. They build your "public personality" and destroy your individuality (assuming you have any).

(To those who fail, the only alternative is to commit a series of gory murders à la Heath, or Christie. Not only will you have a brief but intensive monopoly of the headlines but you may even find a place in the law books and the unending "Famous Trials" series not to mention serialisation in the gutter Sunday Press).

For the "personalities", so long as it doesn't keep them out of the public eye too long or disrupt their contracts, involvement in sit-downs

its trim little houses and elegant schools: I did not hear a single favourable comment on the demonstration. When police vans were nosing their way down to the main body of sitters, they were continually obstructed by demonstrators darting out from the verge and squatting in front of the moving vehicles until dragged away by the police. When the last of these, a man seeking with considerable courage or fool-hardiness, to prevent the fast-moving van from going any further, was knocked down and dragged away face downwards, a middle-aged spectator shouted to the police, "Why don't you kill the silly idiot," and thirty seconds later the same spectator was roaring with laughter as a policeman lost his balance and fell heavily to the ground from the back of the same van. To the bystanders the whole thing was an amusing spectacle. I engaged a number of vocal observers in conversation and simply gathered a collection of inane comments directed at the police ("Why don't they bang their heads together; they'd soon clear this lot up"), the Americans ("Trust the Yanks not to come out and fight") and the demonstrators ("Making an exhibition of themselves. Haven't they got anything better to do?").

To the police it was, I suppose, a routine operation—rather over-organised, to judge by the way their officers strutted up and down giving orders. I did not see the incident in which they were alleged to have been "playing chicken" with the sitters, by rushing them on motor-cycles.

So far as the demonstrators themselves are concerned, the effect of this sit-down has been, I imagine, the same as that of the previous ones: a reinforcement of the sense of solidarity and involvement. They behaved with dignity and determination. 591 people were arrested.

C.W.



is good publicity for them and, incidentally, for the "cause" (though the value is dubious since while on the one hand it tends to encourage the waverers, on the other it bestows a halo of respectability on a movement which has no intention of being "respectable").

But for the likes of you and the writer of these lines the publicity value of going to prison as the alternative to paying a fine or agreeing to be bound over has very little chance of making the headlines of the mass press or of influencing its readers if it did. The decision to (a) participate in demonstrations involving the risk of arrest, (b) refuse to pay fines and accept imprisonment, (c) accept committal to prison as the price for refusing to be "bound over" to keep the peace must be a personal one, by which we mean a responsible one, shorn of heroics, fanaticism, emotionalism, spleen, exhibitionism and defiance. We accept any of these feelings as explanations for one's actions on

one occasion; they are a kind of liberation for a whole series of pent-up feelings and fears and doubts which apply especially to young and inexperienced people (and we counsel them as salutary antidotes to the ravages of age, comfort, prosperity, routine and despair which afflict too many of our middle-aged contemporaries!). But surely once is enough to liberate us from the inexperience and to shake off the cobwebs of age; to meekly offer our necks to the executioners is to deserve what we get! Let us enlarge on the points on which we feel every individual must decide.

(a) The decision to participate in demonstrations involving the risk of arrest. Perhaps, if we deal with a real experience and not with the problem in the abstract, the point we are trying to make will receive from our active readers and the militants of the Committee of 100 the consideration we are bold enough to think it deserves.

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WETHERSFIELD

(From our correspondent)

AT Finchingfield, where the CND's Easter march assembled and spilled over into the innumerable roads and lanes that seem to meet there, the village green was deserted. Still we were not expecting to see demonstrators assembling there, though we were hoping that, in view of the last minute refusal by the coach people to take people from London we would meet isolated groups on the road leading to Wethersfield. Wethersfield village contrasted sharply with sleepy Finchingfield. The Press were there in strength; the cameras mounted on car tops, rubber cables connected to black boxes, and men with ear-phones; men with more cameras strapped to their bodies than they had hands to handle them; and of course the Force, the custodians of law and order were there in strength. They were lining the streets like sinister festoons for a village in mourning; the village hall was bursting its sides with the Reserves, kept warm with hot refreshments and food. After all, like the Americans at the base they were, to quote the Minister, "the

guests" of Wethersfield. The Press were there, the police were there, and the Alsations were there, barking away in the vans. But alas, enough demonstrators were not there for the show to start, for the wheels to turn; for the forces of law and order to put away their pipes and stub out their cigarettes and put on their masks; for the news gatherers to take up their action stations.

Hopefully we went on to Braintree to offer transport for stranded demonstrators. At the station there were more signs of life, but even so it was clear that no more than a token demonstration would be possible. Shortly after 1.30 all the transport moved off, plain clothes men and news men as well as demonstrators, on the road to Wethersfield.

With the demonstrators assembled in two columns, it was clear that no more than 500 would be available. Of these only about 100 were prepared to attempt to penetrate the barbed wire defences

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RUISLIP

AT the demonstration at the U.S. Air Force British Headquarters at Ruislip (a West London suburb) on December 9th, there were, according to the radio, 1,500 demonstrators and 1,400 policemen. I did not see that number of either during the five hours between the march from the assembly point, and the final confused scuffles at dusk when demonstrators were still attempting to prevent the police from driving off one of their coaches of prisoners.

It seemed to me that at any given time, the demonstrators were heavily outnumbered by the police, who had previously established themselves in very large numbers in three strategic places: a big dairy depot behind the station, in the Queensmead School opposite the base, and in the American HQ itself. The Air Force itself was nowhere to be seen. The police followed their familiar bottling-up tactics—though they took their time about it. Victoria Road was immobilised for several hours and, after the first half hour they closed it to traffic at both ends. In the isolated group of demonstrators who attempted to approach the base from the opposite side, there were 38 people, sitting surrounded by 64 policemen, until the superintendent decided that it was time they were mopped up. This seemed to be the general ratio—a policy of containment, which succeeded the original one of picking up the sitters and dumping them on the grass verge—after which they immediately ran back again.

As to the effect on the public, the residents of this new suburb, with

ANARCHY 10

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"In time there were degrees of high and low," said Thomas Hobbes. "I verily believe the highest of time would be that which passed betwixt 1640 and 1660." In fact it would not be too much to say that the peak of English history came in the seven years separating the defeat of Charles I in 1646 and the triumph of Oliver Cromwell in 1653. Between the destruction of one tyrant and the accession of another, the country reached a state of social, religious, political and intellectual turmoil it had never known before and has never known since.

Hundreds of groups in Parliament, the Protestant churches and sects, in the regiments of the Army, and in the towns and villages of England quarrelled with each other and among themselves about their plans for a settlement following the Civil War; the King was tried and beheaded, and the Monarchy and House of Lords were abolished; great thinkers like Milton, Hobbes and Harrington were working out their ideas; Ireland and Scotland were conquered and fully united with England for the first time; the men who had fought on both sides in the war and had travelled all over the country (often leaving their homes for the first time in their lives) returned with their minds full of what they had seen and heard; for the first time, English popular thought and discontent came right

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'Comrade Jacob'

out into the open, as books and pamphlets attacking everything and advocating everything poured from the presses in the brief interval between the censorships of King and Lord Protector; fortunes and reputations were made and lost overnight; extreme political groups such as the Levellers and the Fifth Monarchy Men gained very considerable power and influence in high places; "Anabaptists" (the fashionable bo-word of the age) terrified all the Establishments; Ranters and Shakers, Seekers and Quakers wandered about England preaching their strange doctrines, and men like George Fox and James Nayler suffered cruel persecution for their public eccentricities; English society was turned upside down.

In all this confusion one of the most extraordinary and interesting figures was a real live anarchist called Gerrard Winstanley, whose origins and fate were obscure, whose work was forgotten until it was re-discovered in 1895 by Eduard Bernstein (the German "revisionist" Marxist), and who is the hero of David Cauté's second novel, *Comrade Jacob* (André Deutsch, 16s.). Winstanley was a remarkable pamphleteer—quite as remarkable as the more famous John Lilburne—who began with anticlerical theology and turned to its political equivalent, anarchism. First, like Bunyan, he wrote in allegorical terms of the Kingdom of Heaven; then he brought it down to earth and wrote of utopia—but unlike most utopians he not only wrote of utopia, he tried to build it with his bare hands. He fell right through Puritanism, passing from orthodoxy to Baptism to a sort of primitive Quakerism, and came out the other side advocating anarchist communism and for a year leading an anarchist community in Surrey.

He was probably the Garrard Winstanley who was baptised at Wigan on 10 July, 1609, and the Gerrard Winstanley who married Susan King in London on 28 September, 1640; he was certainly born in Lancashire and was in business in London at the beginning of the Civil War. When his business failed he became a grazier at Kingston—like so many revolutionaries, he was a failed petit-bourgeois! In 1648 he was publishing pamphlets upholding universalism—the criminal doctrine "that all men shall be

saved"—and experiencing mystical visions like those of Fox and Bunyan. His active political career began quite suddenly in the spring of 1649, at the time of the Leveller disturbances after Charles' death, when socialistic proposals for ending the crisis were in the air.

On April 1st he and a handful of friends began to dig up the common land on St. George's Hill, between Cobham and Walton-on-Thames, earning themselves the name of "Diggers", though they called themselves the True Levellers. The little band were repeatedly attacked by ignorant mobs and persecuted by the local landowners (led by the Presbyterian parson, John Platt), and a troop of soldiers (under Captain John Gladman) was sent down to keep order; Winstanley and his fellow-leader, William Everard (who seems to have deserted the Diggers for the Levellers just in time for their defeat at Burford in May), explained their behaviour to Thomas Fairfax (the Commander-in-Chief of the Army) at Hounslow, and Fairfax himself visited the community at least once. For a few months the project survived, while Winstanley bombarded Fairfax and the Army in general, Parliament, the Churches, the Universities, the lawyers and the City merchants with eloquent pamphlets, the best of which are *The New Law of Righteousness* and *The Burning Bush*. Other groups appeared in Buckinghamshire, Northamptonshire and Kent, but the movement was short-lived, and nothing more is heard of the community on St. George's Hill after April, 1650. Winstanley's brief burst of activity was over.

But he was not quite finished. After the "crowning mercy" of Worcester, when Cromwell decisively defeated Charles II, Winstanley wrote a long, theoretical treatise called *The New Law of Freedom* to give final expression to his ideas. Disillusion had set in, and he fell into many authoritarian errors—starting with the hope that Cromwell would listen to him—but his last known work is still a remarkable utopian document. It is discussed in M. L. Berneri's *Journey through Utopia* (pp. 145-173), and a shorter account appears in George Woodcock's *Anarchy or Chaos* (pp. 27-31). Incidentally, the Cresset Press published a selection of his works in 1944, but the enormous

American collection which was edited by George Sabine and published by the Cornell University Press in 1941 has not appeared in this country. Winstanley is still a shockingly neglected English anarchist pioneer, who is well worth studying.

David Cauté's impressive novel deals with the history of the community on St. George's Hill from its beginning full of hope to its bitter end. He naturally concentrates on Winstanley, alternating passages told in the first person by his hero with passages of third person narrative. Everard, Platt, Gladman are here, even Fairfax, though they tend to become caricatures when the author's pen slips. There are some jarring moments of hindsight—a reference to "some young chap called Andrew Marvele", words and phrases like "pacifism" and "civil disobedience"—and the language sometimes drops from the colloquial to the slangy, but the book is brilliantly written. There is also rather too much modern preoccupation with violence and sex for the seventeenth century background, but the age lives again nevertheless.

The facts are added to, but scarcely altered at all where they are known (thus Henry Sanders made the first complaint about the community, not Parson Platt, but this sort of thing is unimportant). We certainly get the feel of "a man with his feet on the ground and his head in the clouds", as Fairfax is made to see him. The title, by the way, need not be puzzling. Winstanley once wrote:—

"Now comes the time that the elder sons, that are born after the flesh, shall serve the younger sons, in whom the blessing lies; this is the fall of Esau and the rising of Jacob." Jacob, who was called Israel, was the younger brother of Esau who took his birthright from him and became the ancestor of the Jews. The Diggers used to call themselves Jews, in the sense that they—the common people—were the Chosen People, the meek who would inherit the Earth. So Winstanley is Jacob, the representative of the poor; he is also *Comrade Jacob*, the representative of the working-class. David Cauté manages in two words to link his hero with the Hebrew myth and the socialist movement.

He doesn't manage quite so successfully to convey the apocalyptic

interpretation of Christianity that Winstanley proclaimed: "Some of you hate the name Leveller," he said to the followers of Lilburne who were much concerned to do that they were revolutionaries, tell you Jesus Christ is the Leveller." Nor do we get the compromising anarchist message Winstanley's pamphlets: "All government and ministry, that is set up by imagination, is to be thrown down and plucked up." What do get is the enormous utopianism of the Diggers—"That the earth shall be made a common treasure, livelihood to whole mankind, without respect of persons"—and the burning desire "to sow corn and eat our bread together by the sweat of our brows"; and we are presented with the cruel dilemma of violence and non-violence. "We shall not do this by force of arms," said Winstanley, "we abhor it"; but we would have been forgiven if we hadn't been a great writer too.

It will be guessed that David Cauté is chiefly interested in Winstanley insofar as his work is relevant. This is fair enough, but the book is so good that one really complain. But it is in no sense a substitute for Winstanley's own writing, and in some respects I think it distorts his character; we know it. My objection is that some of his additions to the story introduce an alien element, sexual intrigue which I find hard to accept. I really can't believe in Parson Platt's hysteria, wife who becomes infatuated with Winstanley and gives him more to keep the community going, or the delicious young wife of one of his comrades who fires him into temptation and indirectly prefigures the community's collapse. Here I feel that melodrama is gratuitously thrust into the plot, that an unpleasant attitude towards women and heterosexual activity which was also present in Cauté's novel about West Africa, *At Feet Pitch* (1959), mars his very considerable talent. He is a clever young Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford (which comes in for some nasty cracks on the side!), who ought to know better than to lapse into pure sensationalism. Another small objection is that *Comrade Jacob* is too short and could easily have been twice as long. But it is really such a good novel that I don't want to end by discouraging anyone from reading it; it is far more than a mere political or historical novel and is well worth reading and re-reading, both for its own sake and for the light it throws on a little known episode in English political history. N.W.

UNWELCOME LITTLE STRANGERS

THERE is no constant link between poverty and illegitimacy. In London's East End the rate is consistently lower than in the West End. (However, poverty is certainly a factor in the West Indies, Peru and parts of the Argentine, where the rates are as high as 60-70 per cent.). Climate is not a factor either, since, for example, Icelanders produce seventeen times as many bastards as do the "passionate" Greeks. Nor is religion a factor: in 1938 the highest rates were: Iceland (Lutheran) 23.7 p.c., Austria (Catholic) 20.9 p.c., Portugal (Catholic) 15.6 p.c., Sweden (Lutheran) 12.7 p.c. Education doesn't seem to be a factor and there is little consistency in the results of comparisons between town and country areas.

There are many other interesting facts to be learned from a book by Virginia Wimperis which was published this year*. We are told that in this country three out of every hundred illegitimate children die before they are one year old, twenty are at some stage adopted by someone other than their parents, three are in public care, and about a third grow up in unofficial families. In England and Wales the chances of death before one year is 26 per cent. higher

that for legal children (1955 figures); in Scotland it is 70 per cent. higher (1954 figures). However, the first-baby factor could apply here. In Newcastle the accident rate was found to be considerably higher for "natural" children. Some countries, however, seem to have beaten these factors.

A link between illegitimacy and delinquency seems to have been pretty clearly demonstrated—by Burt, Mannheim, Stott and others. Burt, for instance, studying 200 consecutive cases of juvenile delinquency in London, found that 7.6 against 0.7 p.c. of controls were illegitimates. There is some evidence that disturbed pregnancy has its effect. Also, an illegitimate may be cut off from brothers, sisters, aunts and cousins, etc., or others he could otherwise turn to when some member or members of his family show lack of understanding or intolerance.

There is much evidence to show that illegitimates in this country suffer from their misfortune. It is not even necessary for it to be manifested in anti-social behaviour or in obvious clinical symptoms for it to be real. A boy may come to the edge of marriage and then find that his fiancée's people will not accept him because he was born illegitimate; a girl may feel ready to marry anyone at all who will forgive her the stigma of her birth. Some old people

have forgone their pensions even for fear of revealing their "illegal" state. "Those who assume that it is only the old who suffer in this way and that children are no longer shunned for being illegitimate should have to see a boy as he turns to his mother when he is taunted by the neighbours' veiled questions, imploring her to arm him with some story to account for his father's absence. That boy is the citizen of the future... Will he be given a chance? Will the way soon be made clear for the legislative reforms that are so urgently needed?... Every year another 30,000 illegitimates are born in England and Wales alone, and the half million below school-leaving age cannot be left waiting indefinitely for the generosity, the justice and affection, that they must have if they are to grow up into the sound and happy people it is within them to become."

The book tells us about the legislative reforms that have taken place in Norway, Sweden and Denmark, largely as a result of the efforts of a politician named Castberg.

In Russia, which was among the first to put the Castberg ideas into effect, things have been modified from time to time. In 1943 the right to inheritance was withdrawn. In the following year paternity suits were forbidden and the father ceased to have any responsibility

towards his natural child. From what seems to have been a population policy, the State assumed responsibility for the children; medals were awarded to mothers whether married or not. In 1947 the allowances to unmarried mothers was halved.

Of the various ways and means of reducing the rate of illegitimacy, forced marriage, early marriage, legalised abortion and easier divorce were not satisfactory. Birth Control had a lot to be said for it, considering Sweden's experience where the illegitimacy rate fell between 1930 and 1950 from 16 to 9.5 p.c. despite the far-reaching measures taken during the same years to make life economically easier for unmarried mothers. Opinion was sharply divided on this matter, but there was evidence to show that even in this country birth control helped matters.

Despite all the very important information contained in this book it is very disappointing. The author apparently still seeks for a remedy to the miserable situation within the Christian framework of our society. And in spite of the fact that the West Indians solve their own "illegitimacy" problem by ignoring the whole concept of illegitimacy, she fails to draw the obvious conclusion:

If there were no marriage there would be no "illegitimacy". Recommendation: abolish marriage.

**The Unmarried Mother and her Child*, by Virginia Wimperis. Allen & Unwin 35s.

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INQUEST ON THE SIT-DOWN

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This writer has all along supported the initiatives taken by the *Committee of 100*, without sharing their faith and hopes in a non-violent social revolution and firmly disassociating ourselves from the muddled political thinking of their chairman, Bertrand Russell, who we deeply respect and admire as a human being, nevertheless. We have supported them because we felt that they had realised that in order to save mankind from possible annihilation by the latest in the weapons of extermination it was the people, and not governments or political parties, who should be prevailed upon to take action to remove the threat of war. And the sit down demonstrations they organised besides the country—and world-wide publicity they received, served to break down the blind acceptance with which the majority of people allowed the orders and policies of the government in office. They also served to remove the social fears of being "involved with the law". The policeman ceased to be, for them, the "bobby" and assumed his true role as the ruling classes' strongest argument. Prison was a place to which social as well as anti-social members of the community might well be sent in the name of law and order. Prison is a place where young and not so young can discover and re-discover their dignity and power as individual human beings despite the fact that within those walls they officially have no rights, no power.

For the militant, the activist, prison should have no fears. But it is, whatever use one can make of the enforced leisure to read and study, to develop one's individuality, and influence-by-example one's circle of friends, a serious restriction on one's freedom of movement and of communication, to mention the most obvious, and one that we anarchists, at least, do not accept without first asking ourselves whether the price we may have to pay for our actions is worthwhile.

We must always be reluctant to go to prison, which does not mean we should be reluctant to take actions which might involve us in arrest and imprisonment. We should be prepared to court imprisonment if by so doing we further our cause more effectively than we could otherwise, but we must be careful to distinguish between such action and that action which is intended to solve purely personal problems. We know that there will be those who argue that these are one and the same thing. The fact is that for some of us they are not, and therefore reasonable people must agree to disagree!

This writer had intended to join the Wethersfield demonstration as an observer, partly because the plan to immobilise the air base seemed hopeless at this stage and the price for insuccess much too high. When we saw how few were those who had made their way to Wethersfield and that the attempt to penetrate the barbed wire fences of the air base (protected by some 3,000 military and civilian police, not to mention the dogs and as we learned, on the spot, helicopters as well) had been called off, a feeling of solidarity with those who had kept the rendezvous, and in particular a regard for close friends deeply com-

mitted to the demonstration, outweighed our reason—and we sat down with them.

Happy as we are thinking back on one more experience of warm, human companionship, the sharing with others of a cup of hot soup, or the relative protection of a sack between wet macadam and bottom, we are filled with doubts as to whether we were right in joining the sit-down, especially if our action influenced our friends. (If this is boastful thinking we can only reply that in the event our friends influenced us more than we influenced them!) But we must add that their influence was emotional. This is not the way to carry on the struggle against the forces of authority. Demonstrations which involve the possibility of arrest, police violence, and imprisonment must not be treated lightly, as a week-end outing. Because we consider them as serious non-violent threats to authority, we felt that the *Committee of 100* when they originally stated that their acts of civil disobedience would take place only if a minimum of 2,000 people pledged themselves to take part, clearly valued the person of the demonstrator as highly as his "witness". A demonstration of 2,000 had the possibility of success so far as its limited objectives were concerned, or failing that, ensured either immunity from arrest or mass arrests which would cause a breakdown of the Court machinery and of the prisons if demonstrators refused to pay fines. This was a reasonable supposition perhaps a year ago. It no longer is. (Strange as it may seem to those who look upon the ruling class as stupid and suicidal, they seem to recognise the danger signals more clearly than their enemies). Knowing that there was a reception committee of the Establishment of some 3,000 military and civilian police at Wethersfield, that the coach company had refused transport facilities the *Committee of 100* should, at its eve of the demonstration briefing, held a secret meeting with its Wethersfield marshals calling-off that demonstration and asking them to intercept would-be demonstrators at the London Station and on the highways and suggest they join the Ruislip demonstration.

Instead of which the 500 demonstrators who made their way to Wethersfield were faced with overwhelming odds even before they set off for the two entrances to the base. In the village itself one felt as if in a trap, what with the police and all the paraphernalia of the press, and this writer and others were convinced that it would have been more effective if all this machine had been set in motion, the barbed wire reinforcements set up, the guards posted at every two yards round the perimeter, the 800 police brought from all over Essex, the dogs, the Randolph Churchills, the Minister, the lot and no demonstrators rather than two columns of 250 people with whom the police played like a cat with a mouse. To subject demonstrators to such treatment is bad for morale and will harm future activities of the *Committee*. We only hope that before embarking upon another demonstration these and other important matters will be carefully considered by them.

(Next week we shall discuss the points (b) and (c) as well as the question of secrecy in the light of recent activities by the police).

DR. CONOR O'BRIEN who recently resigned from his job as head of the United Nations in Katanga, is not going to satisfy his critics by passing into obscurity, at least not before he blows the gaff about the surreptitious role played by Britain in Katanga affairs.

Already the Government has been jolted into agreeing to supply a consignment of bombs for the Canberra aircraft which are being used by the Indian contingent of the U.N. forces in Katanga. The request was made weeks ago by the U.N., but the fact that Britain has been loudly protesting against the use of force in Katanga, and now insists that her bombs be used for "preventive action" only, will not convince everyone that she is dedicated to a non-violent policy. There is much more to the story than that.

The reasons for the Government's attitude became more apparent as information, through press and radio, is reaching the public.

But first of all Dr. O'Brien's exposé in *The Observer* (Sunday, 10th December) is highly relevant, and the following few paragraphs sufficiently revealing in themselves without the other factors which are now being discussed publically:—

My resignation from the United Nations and from the Irish Foreign Service is a result of British Government policy. That policy, as I have experienced it in practice, has been to give all aid covertly possible to the secessionist regime in Katanga while paying—in an attempt to delude the United States and the Afro-Asian commonwealth—lip-service to the unity of the Congo.

In pursuit of this opportunist policy, carried out under the slogan of "conciliation and negotiation," the British Government has allowed the Security Council to pass resolutions which it would have vetoed had it possessed either honesty or courage.

By that resolution the U.N. was committed to withdrawal and evacuation of the foreign officers who were—and in a disguised form still are—the backbone of the regime for which Mr. Tshombe is the spokesman. To carry out this difficult and dangerous task the U.N. forces needed the determined and whole-hearted backing at least of the members of the Security Council. The Force Commander (General Sean McKeown), has now confirmed that he and his troops did not get it.

In the Katanga context the resolution of February 21 was completely revolutionary in its implications. Nobody knew this better than the British Government and nobody was more opposed

REAL ESTATE Congo & REAL INTERESTS

to such a revolution. Yet the British voted for the resolution in question.

It is hard, in relation to such a vote, to frame any other hypothesis than that they voted on the assumption that the resolution would not be implemented. My experience suggests that they made that assumption and did their best to make it come true.

My offence is that on August 28 I was responsible for the first major breakdown in the assumption—the arrest of more than 200 of the mercenaries.

From that date on, the British delegation at the U.N., with help from various other quarters, tried to get me removed, on grounds of "rashness" and "imprudence".

We know that Britain, for economic reasons, hopes for a smooth entry into the European Common Market on her terms. It is not going to help the cause if Britain antagonises Belgium and France by giving support to the United Nations against Tshombe, hence the double-dealing and the apparent confusion. But also there are highly interested groups in this country and within the Government's own party making up the "Katanga Lobby" in financial and political circles who are bringing pressure on the Government.

According to one report:

... the members of this group have never sought the limelight, and in the very cities where it has achieved its most notable successes—London, Paris and Brussels—its discretion has surrounded the whole affair with an atmosphere of secrecy.

We don't suppose that all the Tory back-benchers who support Tshombe have a financial interest in Katanga, but there are some with consider-

THOSE BOMBS!

Since the above was written, the Government has had to change its mind about sending those 1,000 lb. bombs for the UN bombers. This was clearly the result of pressure from the "Katanga Lobby", and caused an outcry from the humanitarian supporters of the UN—who thought the bombs SHOULD be sent!

able influence who do.

The *Guardian's* Commonwealth correspondent on December 6th, writing about the important financial lobby in the City of London and its links with Westminster, points out that the mighty Anglo-Belgian mining corporation, the Union Minière, now provides the Tshombe regime with about 80% of its annual revenues.

Other tie-ups are as follows:

Tanganyika Concessions Ltd., an Anglo-Rhodesian concern with its headquarters in Salisbury, owns 14½ per cent of the shares in Union Minière du Haut-Katanga and has 20 per cent of the voting rights. The Chairman of "Tanks" is Capt. Charles Waterhouse, one of the original "Suez rebels" in the winter of 1956-57 when he was still a Conservative MP at Westminster.

In turn, a substantial shareholder in "Tanks"—and therefore a company with a stake in Katanga—is the British South Africa Company, the enormous mining and merchanting concern which dominates the economy of Katanga's next-door neighbour Northern Rhodesia.

Here we come to numerous links with the British political scene. The president of BSAC, Lord Robins, also sits on the board of "Tanks" and is therefore directly concerned in the welfare of Union Minière. Lord Salisbury was until his retirement (for reasons of ill health) last April a member of the board of BSAC. In recent African debates in the House of Lords he has been a sharp questioner of Government actions in Katanga as well as the Rhodesias. Lord Clitheroe, another vigorous champion of Katanga at Westminster as well as in the letters columns of the serious newspapers, has interests in companies associated with Union Minière, and has declared this interest when speaking in Parliament. So has Lord Selborne, who has similar financial interests in Union Minière associates.

The role of the United Nations in the Congo as a peace-maker has been discussed often enough in *FREEDOM*, the view being that since it is virtually controlled by the big nations it could only do harm. Not everyone agrees with this view, but whatever its ultimate function as an independent force, if it withdrew from the Congo at the moment there would be nothing but "the will of the people" to stop Tshombe taking absolute control aided by the same people who kept the Congo in ignorance and poverty for so long.

What is less obvious is what "the will of the people" really is.

R.M.

AROUND THE GALLERIES

Victorian furniture, waiting to accept the spittle of authority.

Kaplan has lingered too long over this nostalgia for the womb of abasement. Ilya Ehrenburg has written that "There are lithographs by A. Kaplan on the walls of the room where I work, they bring me much joy. I am sure that a similar joy will be experienced by the owners of these lithographs." To me, that reads like the patronising reference of some *petit bourgeois* shop-keeper for his counter hand. The joy will be when the Ehrenburgs of this world fear to have the lithographs upon their walls for then, they will sing of the dignity of the Jewish people and not of a clownish element accepting the role of Russia's Uncle Toms.

In an emotional preface note Wolf Mankowitz has written, "In Prague, in the oldest graveyard of Jews in Europe, there stands an ancient synagogue, clean, perfectly reconstructed and empty as a blown egg."

"In the dim light, such as Kaplan captures in the multi-toned black of his lithographs, the walls seem for a moment as you enter to crawl with maggots. But there is not even the movement of death in this museum sepulchre. It is a trick of the light as it falls across writing on the walls which make the names [of the murdered Jews] painted inch-high in strict alphabetical order, seem to writhe."

Anatoli Lvovitch Kaplan is a magnificent technician who will honour his people more by singing of the glory that could be their future than by continually weeping over the humiliations of their past, for let us always honour the dead but remember that our place is with the living.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

ANATOLE KAPLAN

ANATOLI LVOVITCH KAPLAN was born in the year 1902 in the small village of Rogatchev in Byelorussia, and he spent his boyhood and his youth in this village of wooden shacks and orthodox Jewry. In 1921 he joined the Academy of Arts in Leningrad and for six years shared in the ferment of those days. It was a period when every encouragement was given to the artist to experiment, and Kaplan found himself in the company of men like Skouliari, Charnetskaya, Matiukh, Vedernikov, Shenderov, Ermolaev and Sudakov, men who had come to be accepted as among the best of graphic artists working in Leningrad.

For ten years after leaving the Academy Kaplan worked as a designer and scenic artist and this period had a pronounced influence on his later work. In 1939, Kaplan was accepted as a member of the Union of Soviet Artists and from then on his course seemed clear, for his work was acclaimed and accepted within the Soviet Union and he became a regular exhibitor at the major official art exhibitions. The Russian museums began to acquire his work and his reputation became known outside the Soviet Union. He is best known among the Russian Establishment for his prints, such as the twelve sheets of "Views of Leningrad" during the days of the blockade, that were issued in 1946, but Kaplan was for ever turning back to the village of his youth for his inspiration and he found his outlet during the dark days leading up to Russia's entry into the Greater Great War, for it was then that Kaplan began the illustrations for Sholem Aleichem's "Kasrilovka".

Eric Estorick, the director of the Grosvenor Gallery, is responsible for this exhibition of Kaplan's work, on view at 15 Davies Street, W.1., and this is, I believe, the first one-man show of a contemporary Russian artist to be held in this country, or for that matter the West, and though the point is open to correction our thanks are due to Mr. Estorick for enabling us to see this work. Here are Kaplan's 130 lithographs, and this man who has been acclaimed as the greatest living Russian-born painter, next to Chagall, has now staked his claim to our attention. Kaplan has rightly spurned the laboured fantasies of Chagall and has used a softer, sadder line to record his vision, but for all their acclaim among the Top People of Moscow and of London there is too much of the masochistic nostalgia for the stench of the ghetto about this work for my taste.

Kaplan's Jewish men and women lack that touch of dignity that could add charm to their rural humour, for they are the Jews of the witless lavatory jokes, passive and uncomplaining in the face of the world's abuse, every-ready to curl up beneath the jackboot of authority. I turned to the work of George Cruikshank in his Dickens illustrations, to seek an artist who could use as subject matter the men and women spawned like animals, into the stew of last century's London. The same decaying façades to his buildings, the same sunless skies and the same gloomy interiors such as Kaplan offers, but Cruikshank's half-starved creatures are children of movement and revolt, whilst Kaplan's figures sit passively among their ghastly

Ban the Bomb Demonstration a Flop!

(By a correspondent)

RELUCTANTLY twitching his neat moustache, Police Supt. Bendigo fought back his tears. "My men . . . the finest body of men in the world . . . are disappointed. They expected violence and they didn't get any. Many of them, battle-scarred warriors of Trafalgar Square and Upper Brook Street were ready. There's nothing these sit-downers hat more than the feel of a cold truncheon or the hoofs of a good horse. We expected there would be more of them. There was ample space for them to sit down." He looked sadly over the Essex landscape dotted with 180 2-year penalty notices. "We had about 500 troops backing up our men and we thought we'd get a good scrap. We did get the co-operation of the bus company and we thought they'd get sufficient numbers to march the nine miles to make it worth our while . . . You know what I think? . . . they're getting soft! I've seen the day when they'd gladly march twenty miles and sit in a puddle at the end of it."

"We knew they'd been infiltrated with foreign ideas like sattygrayer and ahimsa but we didn't think they'd bring us all this way for nothing. Not that we ever thought they do it mind you but the simple precautions we took soon put a stop to it. It's this telling us what they're going to do and then doing it that gets on our nerves. It's not the sort of thing our men are used to."

"Another thing. It's taking advantage of the nature of the police force, all this non-violent resistance. Now what we like is a bit of non-resistant violence. My men can deal with that. A quiet punch on the kidneys or a quick going over with the truncheon. My men," for a moment he choked with emotion "can deal with that sort of thing."

"What are police-station steps and resisting arrest for? . . . and another thing . . . why didn't we have a white-paper about Trafalgar Square? We've always been used to having one. We had one for the Savidge case (before your time I think), the Waters case, and one from the Christie case . . . there was esprit de corps if you like! What I mean to say is how can we clear our characters unless we have a white-paper? How can we describe how these non-violent resisters set upon our judo-champions, weight-lifters and wrestlers and how some of them went bathing in the fountain despite regulations."

"Another thing a white paper would have done would be to reveal how we kept violence off the TV screens and out of the papers. That's why we went in after midnight. The things that went on weren't the sort of things that should be on the screen. Too much violence. Bad for the youngsters."

"I think by and large we have dealt fairly with them. We pinched the leaders in the first go, the Brains Trust. Now we've pinched the heads but they're not playing fair with us. They're keeping the real leaders in the background . . . or how do they go on? But we'll go on picking up the leaders. They're bound to run out some time."

"Finally I want to say how we feel here in Essex that it's quite unfair to pick on the place where the bombs actually are. After all it's an Official Secret that they actually exist. Same as its an official secret what goes on in prison, or even my station house."

"It is quite libellous to say that the police are vindictive, brutal, petty-minded and stupid. But it is also an official secret."

J.R.

GREETING CARDS

THROUGH the generosity of an artist friend we have available a few cards which can be used for greetings.

They carry no message, are folded cards printed with six different lino-cut designs taken from diverse sources, such as cave painting, African carving, etc., and were cut by painter Bruno Manini, and printed in red or black.

Available from Freedom Press now, at 1s. each including envelope, all proceeds to the Press Fund.

WETHERSFIELD

and since the organisers had felt that a minimum of 500 were needed for this "operation", it was decided that all available demonstrators should be used to block the two entrances to the air base. So off we marched with our escorts along the winding road that led to the base. Once there, we were faced with a double line of police and most of our group of about 250 sat down. It was then 3 p.m. About a quarter of an hour later three organisers from the front of the group were picked up and taken away in a van. Shortly afterwards two military ambulances with bells ringing and the red cross lighted up arrived and stopped. What should we do; there were those who said "sit down" and others who thought we should get up; there was the rosy cheeked girl on the side lines who cried out "Don't get up; they played the same trick at Croydon". And of course we were not to know that at the other gate they were playing just

Correspondence

Prejudiced 'Parent'

DEAR COMRADES,

Parent writes of schools that the "worship session is a very powerful weapon of our rulers". One can only assume that he has never attended one since he was a very small boy. The biggest argument against the 'act of worship' so-called is that it is boring to all concerned. Its ideological content is practically nil. The staff at my school well know my agnostic beliefs and many of them agree with me. Teaching to me is a job and like most other jobs is more or less distasteful. It is a question of expediency, I need the money to keep myself and my family. If I find an employer daft enough to pay me for a quarter of an hour's work spent singing hymns, which incidentally I enjoy, and listening to the headmaster on the school's achievements, which I don't, so much the worse for him. A reduction in the number of pupils in each class of course does not solve any problem but it does make working conditions easier.

Parent objects to teachers demanding more pay. It is worth reflecting that miners, electricians, railwaymen, Post

Office workers and M.P.s are also claiming more pay. It seems that he is singling out teachers purely on the grounds of personal prejudice. Brighton, Dec. 9.

TEACHER.

The Disgusting Mass Media

COMRADES,

The mass media disgust me yet again! The biased way in which the magnificent protest demonstrations of the Committee of 100 of December 9th were reported amazed even this highly cynical reader of the press.

I was at the York demonstration and I am determined that the truth should be known about our demonstration. The evening rag in York spoke of 1,000 C.N.D. marchers and the liberal paper *Observer* only mentioned a figure of 675. They can't both be right, and in fact neither is. I really could not bring myself to digest the mush of lies in the other Sunday vomit but no doubt you will have seen it for yourselves.

In York, on a cold, foggy Saturday afternoon the first ever civil disobedience demonstration against nuclear weapons

Golden Steps to 'Success'

Executives in search of room at the top in industry must be earning £3,000 a year well before they are 40, states the third annual survey of executive salaries.

The survey appears in the latest issue of the management journal "Business". Its author, Mr. Tony Burgess, writes that even the men of the older generation who had already arrived were earning their £3,000 a year before they were 45. Inflation meant that this barrier—gateway to the really big pay-cheques—had to be passed even earlier by the present generation of young executives.

To achieve a top executive's salary by the end of his career, a young man just starting in business should aim to be earning £1,000 a year somewhere be-

tween the ages of 24 and 28. He should pass the £1,500 mark shortly after his 30th birthday and £2,000 before he was 34.

With his 40th birthday and the £3,000 milestone behind him, states the survey, the oyster was well and truly open and it was up to the executive just how much of its contents he enjoyed.

The survey says that peak salaries were not quite so high as opponents of surtax maintained. An average salary for the chairman or managing director of an industrial firm was £6,000 and for other directors, general managers, and chief sales executives about £4,500. Accountancy, with top salaries around the £3,000 mark, seemed the least well-rewarded of the executive functions.

farmyard years ago where the farmer when he wanted a chicken for lunch would first survey his flock and when he spotted the one he fancied for the pot would point it out and his faithful dog, always by his side, would simply rush into the flock and grab the victim by its neck, and, tail wagging, bring it to his master, alive, a little sore in the neck probably—but then if the chicken could have realised that its neck was due to be broken, it would have appreciated the delicacy with which the dog had done its job.

The operation stirred up discussion, as we all huddled a little closer together to close the gaps as well as to try and keep warm, with some demonstrators declaring that we should continue to sit after 7 p.m. in view of the latest provocation. But most of us felt that no purpose would be served by this. The point was still being debated ten minutes later when an insignificant little Ford car with just the driver was brought onto the scene. Obviously some very important person, perhaps the Minister in disguise. "Make way for this car" came the orders from the Inspectors who with two lines of policemen escorted this miserable little motor. Nobody moved, and the forces of law and order went into action. Dragging, picking up and throwing people into the muddy ploughed field. Some returned and placed themselves in the path of the car and were hurled back. Now here was a case of obstructing the police, yet not a single demonstrator was arrested. A quarter of an hour earlier 20 had been arrested for no apparent reason!

At 7 p.m. a muddy column of 200 wound its way along the country lanes back to Wethersfield. Behind us, lighting the way, were the motorised forces of law and order driving at *pas d'homme*. The day's sport—it was cat and mouse—was over. The column broke up in the village, the line of motor-cycles, police cars, police vans and plain vans with barking dogs passed us, the dogs back to their kennels, the policemen back to theirs, and we adjourned to discuss the day's events and gather what news we could of Ruislip, Bristol, Manchester, York and Brize Norton.

Six p.m., and we were still there; just changing of the guard with some of them taking the muddy route on the edge of the field, others instead finding it more fun to push and kick their ways through the small field of squatters. At 6.30 p.m. only half an hour before the demonstration was due to end, a van arrived and an inspector followed by his posse of coppers made his way into the assembly shining his big torch into faces and, presumably guided by a man's face, would bark out to his followers "take him away" or "this one" and they would pounce on the victim and take him off, and since the operation took place only in the light of a couple of torches, those in the vicinity of the victim were trampled on, had knees poked into their backs, not intentionally of course. And in this way some twenty more demonstrators were whisked off to the police station. This little operation reminded me of a scene we had witnessed in a

attracted thousands of demonstrators at observers. For three long, freezing hours 150 demonstrators sat down outside the HQ of Northern Command, all prepared to be arrested. The very fact that we were not arrested whilst breaking the law indicates our strength. To speak plainly, we got away with breaking the law under the dripping noses of the police.

The C.N.D. supporting march of over a thousand people from all over the North of England presented a fine showing of solidarity and we had ever respect for each other's means of expressing PROTEST.

We heard a correspondent on the B.B.C. Radio Newsreel lie and report our demonstration and one who for granted that the same applies to the other demonstrations. As a formerly solid citizen remarked: "I thought Aunt Sally was impartial." I didn't sit down and freeze on a winter's afternoon for some yellow pressmen and phone observers to mis-represent me. But certainly added to my education.

Fraternally,

Hull, Dec. 10.

J.W.

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP CENTRAL MEETINGS

meetings to be held at
The Two Brewers,
40 Monmouth Street, WC2
(Leicester Square Tube)
Sundays at 7.30 p.m.

DEC 17 Gramophone Recital by John Pilgrim on: Sex and Folk-Music
DEC 24 No meeting: Saturnalia

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.
3rd Thursday of each month at 8 p.m. at Donald Room's, 148a Fellows Road, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3.
Last Friday of each month at 8 p.m. at Laurens and Celia Otter's, 57 Ladbroke Road, W.11.

—NB—N.2 and W.11 no meeting in December.

JAZZ CLUB

This season's meetings are being held at 4 Albert Street Morning Crescent NW1 at approximately monthly intervals.

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WEEK 49

Expenses: 49 weeks at £70	£3,430
Income from Sales & Subs:	
Weeks 1-48	£1,503
Week 49	£81
	£1,584
	DEFICIT
	£1,846

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Oxford: Anon. 5/-; Smethwick: E.W. 6/7;
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