

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"Governments have a way of obstructing the feelings of people. They sometimes create problems and then say they are trying to solve them."
—DWIGHT EISENHOWER

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Vol. 20, No. 51

December 19th, 1959

Threepence

Public Protests against South African Racialism

QUITE wide publicity has been given recently to individuals and groups who have made public protests against South African racial policies, among them the Labour Party.

We do not take these party political protests very seriously, because we remember how Labour behaved in office over such 'incidents' as Seretse Khama's banishment, and although it has to be conceded that Labour politicians in general are less racially conscious than the average Conservative, we have to remember that political expediency usually motivates any politician in or out of power.

Was publicity-seeking behind Mr. Chris Chataway's decision to intro-

duce racialism into his maiden speech in the Commons last week? Whatever the reason he must have antagonised quite a number of his Tory colleagues with his appeal to the M.C.C. to refuse to play cricket with the South Africans "while they applied apartheid to their cricket team".

The fact that Mr. Chataway is a Tory will carry more weight than if he had been a member of the Labour Party, but even so it will hardly influence the Prime Minister's decision to visit South Africa, or the Government's policy towards that country.

The Government, called on by the opposition to declare itself strongly against racial intolerance, fell back on the Commons' "escape clause" used in situations when the Government does not want to commit itself. The Foreign Minister of State said that apartheid "was a domestic South African issue".

For the same reasons the Government refused to intervene in the affairs of the Royal Ballet Company which has dropped the Malayan dancer, Johaar Mosaval, while the company tours South Africa.

We feel that this company, which is subsidised by the Government should be the one to protest, by refusing to tour South Africa; we do not think that the principle of Government interference should be encouraged.

All that should be demanded from the Government is that it openly declares itself against any discrimination whatsoever. This would not mean that they "were interfering in the internal affairs of another country", but it might help to convince a number of people that the Government's "non-racial" policies were genuine.

As it is the Government seems more concerned not to upset the South African Government than to declare itself in favour of racial equality.

APARTHEID

CAPETOWN, FRIDAY.

Eight Africans were killed last night in clashes with police in the African location at Windhoek, capital of South-West Africa.

Thirty other Africans are in hospital with bullet wounds. Eight policemen were injured by stones.

One of the dead is a half-brother of Mburumba Getzen, a student who gave evidence at the United Nations recently and asked for U.N. protection for the territory, now administered by South Africa.

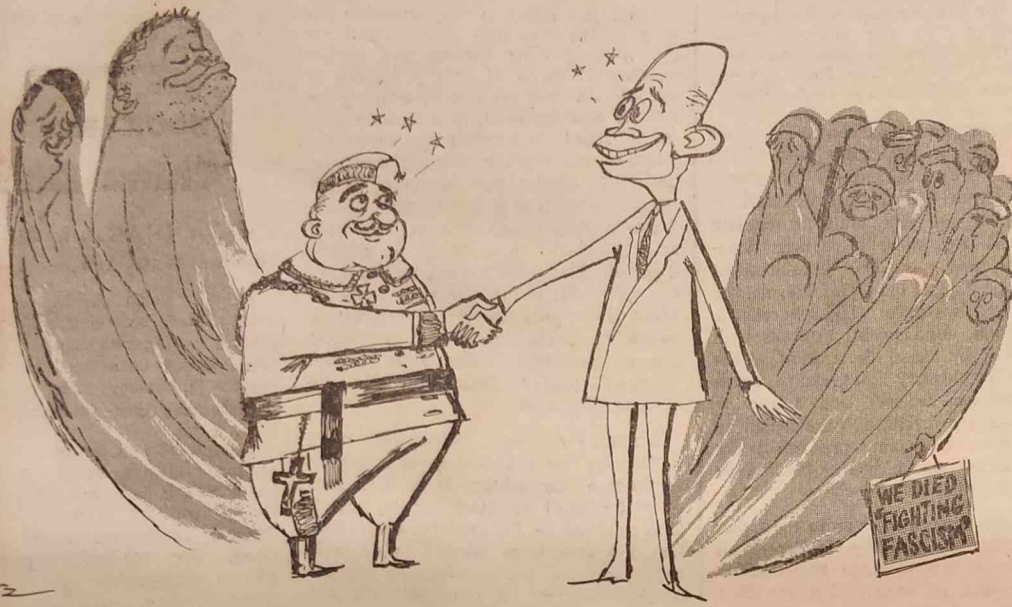
The unrest is due to Windhoek municipality's decision to move all Africans in the location to a new site where they will have to pay about £2 a month for their homes instead of 3s. 6d. at present.

The rioters last night set fire to buildings and besieged police for two hours in the municipal buildings until the arrival of troops and armoured cars.

The South African Minister of Education has ordered the Pietermaritzburg Philharmonic Society to ban non-whites from this year's Christmas performance of Handel's "Messiah".

The society is going to disobey the Minister and so may lose its £250 Government subsidy.

News Chronicle 11/12/59.



BATISTA BUILDS UP AN ARMY

NOW that Fidel Castro has lost his initial popularity with Britain and the United States (because it seems he is not willing to become a complete stooge) there is likely to be secret rejoicing at that news that Batista is recruiting ex-German soldiers to train a new army for the overthrow of Castro.

A German business man, according to the West German paper *Die Zeit*, is arranging for 500 former Wehrmacht men with front-line experience "and medals for bravery, highest rank Captain; no Communists", to fly to the Dominican Republic where free housing and clothing awaits them.

Batista has already recruited 500 Italians, Japanese and members of the Spanish Blue Division to man the new army which is being trained in the Dominican capital Ciudad Trujillo.

If the Western powers consider that Batista stands any chance of success we can be sure that no attempts will be made to stop him. America has too many financial interests in Cuba to want to defend the unreliable Castro, if he can be replaced.

Fear of an uprising may bring Castro to heel, failing this, it is not unlikely that Batista's costly venture may be aided from sources outside the Dominican.

2 Weeks to go & WE NEED £175

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*Indicates regular contributor.

Industrial Output and Unemployment Increasing WASTED MANPOWER

AT the beginning of this month the Government's Central Statistical Office announced that industrial production in October was 9 per cent. higher than a year ago. On the same day the Ministry of Labour published figures for unemployment which at 431,000 showed an increase of 12,000 between October 12 and November 16. Some other government department has issued a bulletin on the state of this country's surplus coal: the dumps of unwanted coal continue to grow and now total some 35 million tons, which if our memory serves us well means that the eye-sore has grown 10 million tons in the past year. Lloyds Register of Shipping statistical tables show that in spite of the crisis in shipping—millions of tons are tied up—the world's merchant fleet grew by 7 million tons and 1,000 ships during the past year. The British fleet alone has increased by nearly half a million tons. With a little patience and research one could go on adding indefinitely to such a list and anyone who upheld that the present social and economic system was either equitable, or efficient, would, we think, have difficulty in finding convincing arguments to support his contention.

WE will be told that the alternative to "free enterprise" capitalism is the totalitarian form of society, in which everything is planned by a centralised authority. Surely inefficiency plus freedom is preferable to efficiency through slavery! These, to our mind are worthless arguments simply because they do not reflect the true situation. That a man can, under the capitalist system, start up his own business has very little to do in fact with free enterprise. Today the one-man business is only possible for people whose ambition for material success is stronger than any feeling about such philosophical niceties as freedom. Indeed those who, without the backing of finance to launch them on a scale whereby they can employ the labour of others, engage in business on their own account as the alternative to being themselves employed, choose the greater slavery as the alternative for the lesser! (We naturally exclude the few remaining craftsmen because apart from the

fact that they enjoy their work, and therefore don't mind how many hours they spend at their job, they have no illusions about earning more money this way than if they were employed in some streamlined factory with all the amenities from canteens to paid holidays, "won" for them by their Trades Union leaders).

In the "free enterprise" society the budding one-man business-man has to contend with landlords, suppliers and competitors before he can start. Competition is the life-blood of "free enterprise" capitalism, or so we are led to believe, but it depends whether you are David or Goliath

as to how much rope you will be given to compete . . . or to hang yourself. Capitalism as we have been repeatedly demonstrating, with facts, is essentially monopolistic. No business man *wants* competitors. Ideally he would like to be alone in his particular field. In practice he has to compete (when it is not in the interest of the "competitors" to form themselves into a "ring" to control prices) but for him competition is neither a stimulus nor a safeguard for the consumer but simply an inconvenience which he seeks to use, however, to force his competitors out of business or, before that situation arises, to swallow them up.

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Direct Actionists Jailed

SEVEN members of the Committee for Direct Action against Nuclear War have been imprisoned for two months for refusing to be bound over to keep the peace (!)

Last Thursday summonses were issued for all members of the committee of nine, but Michael Scott and Michael Randell are at present in the party attempting to reach the Sahara in protest against the French Bomb-test.

The remaining seven—Pat Arrow-smith, Hugh Brock, April Carter, Frances Edwards, Inez Randell, Allen Skinner and Will Warren, appeared at Marylebone Magistrates' Court on Friday and were charged "To give good reason why they should not be bound over to keep the peace".

They all refused and Sir Laurence Dunne sentenced them to two months imprisonment.

Defending, Mr. Janner, who defended all those charged following the demonstrations at Swaffham last year, stressed the non-violent character of the defendants' actions and read the court a message from Bertrand Russell supporting the aims and methods of the committee, asking for leniency.

An observer told us that Sir Laurence appeared to be impressed by this, and by Mr. Janner's exposition of non-violent protest, but nevertheless he put the seven behind bars.

The prosecution was not entirely unexpected, since the Committee has been organising a protest at the Harrington rocket-base near Kettering, Northants. This base is completed, ready for action with Thor missiles, and is now totally enclosed and guarded—unlike the base at North Pickering, Swaffham.

The Committee was planning a demonstration at Harrington, to take the form of scaling the fences and making an attempt to put the land to peaceful use.

It seems, however, that the police are on the committee's mailing list, for some of the leaflets sent out by the committee outlining their plans were produced in court.

This arrest and imprisonment of the whole of the Direct Action Committee indicates the concern with which the authorities regard their activities. These activities can be seriously hampered with seven most active members in jail unless there is a continuous flow of persons ready to step into their places and keep the work going on.

All offers of assistance and support and all enquiries should be addressed to:

Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War,
344, Seven Sisters Road,
London, N.4.
STAmford Hill 7062.

TRIBAL LIFE OF CHILDREN

THERE are a variety of stereotypes about childhood. Miss Dorothy Thompson once wrote an article in which she declared that the human being is born "a natural barbarian", "an animal", "not naturally 'good' according to any standard set by civilised society"; that children are naturally hostile, "little anarchists", "braggadocious and cruel". Whereupon Professor Ashley Montagu published findings to indicate that on the contrary "human beings are born good—'good' in the sense that there is no evil or hostility in them, but that at birth they are wholly prepared, equipped to function as creatures who not only want and need to be loved by others, but who also want and need to love others." And he challenged those who had evidence to the contrary to bring it forth. Miss Thompson was, of course, generalising backwards from her observations on grown children in a competitive society, while Professor Montagu was writing of the potentialities with which the child is equipped from birth. Now Mr. and Mrs. Opie,* in a 400-page volume based on the contributions of 5,000 primary and secondary school-children, have gathered together the folklore of children aged 6-14, which "holds in its spell some 7 million inhabitants of this island, but continues to be almost unnoticed by the other six-sevenths of the population". Miss Thompson would find evidence for her view here, and so would Ashley Montagu, so would the anarchists, and so would those who hold the belief that "the child is right".

Some books become the standard works on their subject the moment they are published. This was true of the Opies' previous book *The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes* when it appeared in 1951, and it is even more true of their new book which depends upon verbal tradition in oral circulation rather than upon printed or reminiscent sources, and gathers from the playground and the back street "the scraps of lore which children learn from each other" which "are at once more real, more immediately serviceable, and more vastly entertaining to them than anything which they learn from grown-ups"—catch-phrases, rhymes, parodies, riddles, games, seasonal rites,

**THE LORE AND LANGUAGE OF SCHOOLCHILDREN* by Iona & Peter Opie (Oxford, 35s.).

nicknames, tricks and magical beliefs.

The first thing that strikes you about this collection, after the surprise of re-encountering things you had completely forgotten since childhood, is the universality of verses which you had thought were original and local. When I was a boy I thought that the Christmas 1936 parody

*Hark the Herald Angels sing,
Mrs. Simpson's pinched our king,*

was made up by someone in my class at school. But from the Opies I learn that, unprinted anywhere, it spread from child to child by word of mouth throughout the country in the three weeks of the abdication 'crisis'. Similarly the improper parodies of popular songs which our children bring home as "just made up by so-and-so" have been collected all over the country, passed around with incredible speed by the schoolchild grapevine. The second extraordinary thing is the antiquity of some of the verbal lore. Words which have disappeared from adult usage but were known to Shakespeare, or to the author of *Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight*, riddles which were old when Henry VIII was a boy, jokes which were cracked by Swift, cures for warts which Francis Bacon learnt when he was young were collected from children in the nineteen-fifties. A third remarkable thing is the persistence of regional variation. It might have been thought, the authors observe, that standardised education, mass entertainment, and national periodical literature would have subverted local traditions and characteristics. But,

"Two distinct streams of oral lore flow into the unending river of schoolchild chant and chatter, and these two streams are as different from each other as slang and dialect. The slangy superficial lore of comic songs, jokes, catchphrases, fashionable adjectives, sick names and crazes, in short the noise which is usually the first that is encountered in playground and street, spreads everywhere but generally speaking, is transitory. The dialectical lore flows more quietly but deeper; it is the language of the children's darker doings: playing truant, giving warning, sneaking, swearing, snivelling, tormenting, and fighting. It belongs to all time, but is limited in locality."

AN example of this which they discuss at length, with several distribution

maps, is that of *truce terms*, words for seeking respite, which have no exact equivalent in adult speech. "If, when engaged in some boisterous activity with his fellows, a child is exhausted or out of breath, or cuts himself, or has a shoelace undone, or fears his clothes are getting torn, or wants to know if it is time to go home, he makes a sign with his hands, and calls out a word which brings him immediate but temporary relief from the strife." The only word I knew for this purpose is the London one *faintes*, but the authors record dozens from other localities, the commonest being *barley, keys, kings, crosses, cree, scribes, nicks, creases and scrogs*.

Such words, and the accepted responses to them play an important part of the "Code of Oral Legislation" by which, like the tribes without rulers described in *FREEDOM* last year, children regulate their social lives without recourse to external authority. In one of their most interesting chapters the Opies describe the operation of this code. The schoolchild, they explain, conducts his business with his fellows by ritual declaration. "His affidavits, promissory notes, claims, deeds of conveyance, receipts, and notices of resignation, are verbal, and are sealed by the utterance of ancient words which are recognised and considered as binding by the whole community."

The child who emerges from the Opies investigation is, verbally at least, an anarchist, with a sceptical and derisive frame of mind. Conscripted by the adult world into schools, religion and stodgy food, he gets his own back by parody ("that most refined form of jeering"), blasphemy, impropriety and cheerful obscenity. Conscientiously agnostic parents, worried about the effect of religious instruction on their offspring should note the series of parodies on hymns and prayers, from "Our father which art in heaven, bought a pair of braces for two-and-eleven" to

*Jesus loves me, I don't think,
He took me to a skating rink.
He drank whisky, I drank beer,
Jesus loves me—I'm a liar.*

He sees the subjects on the school timetable in a clear cold light: Physical Training becomes Physical Torture, and Religious Knowledge, Ridiculous Kapers,

Continued on p. 4

WHAT NEXT?

"WHAT Next!" is a form of protest which might appropriately be addressed to John Gollan after a reading of his C.P. pamphlet "What Next?" just out at 4d. In an attempt to cash in on the recent Labour Party debacle, the author lists that Party's shortcomings, stimulates his hate feelings by isolating Tories and employers completely from the rest of society and, once more, desperately tries to assure us that the purpose of his class struggle is to get rid of class.

Most interesting is his definition on p. 5 of the "working class" which "is the working class because the worker whether he earns £7 or £20 a week in his job can only get this by working for it." If this definition is not clear there is no point in reading the other ten pages since it involves a central and vital part of Communist doctrine. It is indeed vague that it sets no limit to the wages a person may earn to be classed as a "worker": how should we classify a person getting £50 a week by "working for it"? What is "work" anyway? Must it be productive? Is brain-work "work"? Is the brickie on the rocket site a "worker"? Has John Gollan "worked" lately? Presumably he nets at least £7 a week.

It is all very vague. What happens if a "worker" gets £5,000 from a legacy or from a competition—is he dismissed from the "working class" for ten years? One could go on for ever like this. The fact is that a large proportion of Gollan's "workers" are unsuccessful capitalists and most of the remainder are just nothing at all. It might be both cruel and pointless to describe some O.A.P.s who have a 2/6d. flutter on the pools as aspiring capitalists (a £50 win would satisfy all their aspirations) but it is equally pointless for Gollan to appeal to "workers" as *unwilling slaves of the capitalist system*.

Since poverty is relative it would be within bounds to describe the average manual labourer in Britain as a capitalist: does not the £11 a week Briton owe part of his standard of living to the fact that we control the markets that keep millions of coloured British subjects in much greater poverty. Unless our £11 a week "workers" actually oppose this they may be judged to be exploiting their fellow workers!

But when John talks about the "work-

ing class" it savours of the Pope about all his Catholics. We know happened to all these "workers" Catholics in the war—they murdered another's families, such was their arity. The majority of his "worker-enthusiastic slaves of the capitalist tem. His appeal can only response from the unlucky ones—can only be an unprincipled response from the unlucky ones—and it can be an unprincipled response since not based on principle.

ERNIE CROSSWELL

BOOK REVIEW China Diary

CHINA DIARY, by R. M. Fox
Robert Hale, 18s.

R. M. Fox's experiences of China seem to have been uniformly good. The picture he presents is pretty favourable. What about brain-washings and the like? He writes about the problems of industrial development.

Undoubtedly Chinese civilisation is unique. Imagine an Egypt where the last Pharaoh had been dethroned by living memory. The continuity of Chinese civilisation is the remarkable thing. Her vast size has protected her. She is perhaps the only country which could survive a nuclear war. It may be that China will be the last great power that will absorb all the others.

Some advantages the Chinese possess over the West. They seem to have a much deeper love of beauty for instance. This is able to survive even industrialisation. In Europe this love is always tinged with sentimentality, or in danger of becoming so. Plato and Christ have disgusted the European with the natural world, turning his eyes skyward to ideal realms far from the earth. Hence the hideousness of our industrialism and subtopia.

But the Confucian side of the Chinese spirit is extremely authoritarian. However much conservative Confucians may deplore the present régime, Communist pamphlets translated into English often have a strongly Confucian ring. The Taoist side has less appeal to a nation seeking to industrialise itself. No one can blame the Chinese for wanting to escape poverty and landlordism forever. It is a pity that no one seems to have thought of a better way to do it than by puritanism, regulations and regimentation. Almost everyone seems happy in "China Diary". Perhaps, because of the traditional authoritarianism of the Chinese family, they do not feel that they are being regimented. They are used to it, and the Communist road promises to lead to better conditions.

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED AT FRENCH DAM DISASTER

THE French members of Service Civil International, the pick-and-shovel work campers, were working at Fréjus in the South of France within 48 hours of the disastrous dam burst on December 2nd.

By Monday, the number of SCI volunteers there had risen to 30, and more are still needed.

A general call has been put out by the SCI's British section, International Voluntary Service, for volunteers to go to Fréjus. Anyone interested should contact IVS at once at 72 Oakley Square, London, N.W.1. (EUSton 3195). SCI's French section can give volunteers some help in fares beyond Paris.

from a second-rate power. It has been said that there is a danger of dysentery from what is politely called 'night-soil' but even if this is so it could be treated to eliminate this risk.

As it is, the sewers discharge into the Thames and into the sea and outbreaks of polio have been blamed upon this practice.

A policy of conservation would make each public convenience a producer of fertilizer and a public convenience indeed!

URANUS.

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At Nobody's Convenience

A LETTER appeared in the *Guardian* recently pointing out the lack of public conveniences on the much-heralded M.1. There has also been some controversy recently about a village's proposal to erect a lavatory as a war memorial.

It seems to me that these two items point out a growing defect in our public and social life.

The whole subject is fraught with taboos which would never occur to a South-Sea Islander. In the expressions used to signify such an institution from the dignified public convenience, the W.C., the lavatory, to the coy 'comfort station', the 'can' and the crude 'bog', the range of expression is extensive, continually seeking to cover up the crude physiological fact that man since he consumes must also produce. I use the word 'man' in the anthropological sense since I understand that woman's plight is even more deadly than that of the male.

Reginald Reynolds in *Cleanliness and Godliness* and Paul Pry (surely a pseudonym?) in *For Your Convenience* did stout field-work in this subject, Paul Pry's geography of London was especially useful.

Alas, the onward march of what is laughingly called progress has meant that many of the wrought iron cottages and humble 'bogs' have disappeared before the bulldozer and the concrete constructions. The development plans which mean that several 'nice' buildings disappear so that one nasty one may take their place means that the public conveniences go the way of all flesh.

One may go through Paul Pry's gazetteer and delete fully a dozen sites from his London list. It is probable that these concrete and glass monsters that grope the sky have somewhere in their bowels facilities for affirming human fallibility but they are probably labelled 'staff only' and there is a form to be filled up before one can use them.

It is possible for the stout-hearted (and full-bladder) to rush through a pub and avail oneself of the amenities but this is not the kind of thing that one feels happy about.

The simple fact is that despite the testimony of an attendant that 'our by-products were bread and butter to him', there's no money in public lavatories so therefore the provision of them becomes more and more grudging. One may say without fear of contradiction (one hopes) that neither under a Labour Government or a Tory Government's auspices has a new urinal been opened in London since the war. The slogan appears to be 'arsenals yes but urinals, no'.

The public houses do not tack a humble lean-to on their magnificent new look pubs. The lavatories are inside and close at the same time as the pub. Thus showing the illogicality of the official mind. One does not produce until after one has stopped consuming but if the facilities are closed chaos will result—and does. Even the outside lavatory has been known to be churlishly padlocked after closing-time (or before opening time).

As regards hours, there appears to be an official theory that all this sort of thing stops automatically at ten o'clock when the majority of lavatories are closed. There is a dull muttering about Trade Union hours but this is nonsense, for it has been years since I required assistance in this function. I understand that whilst an attendant is optional in the case of a man's lavatory, with the female it is compulsory and so the rare female lavatory is always closed at ten p.m. I am told in the provinces it is not unknown for all lavatories to close at seven p.m.

REG. REYNOLDS in *Cleanliness and Godliness* gives a clue to the finding of public lavatories, he asserts that in the provinces they are frequently to be

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Wasted Manpower

Continued from p. 1

In this age of mass production, markets and technology are not enough. Finance is the backbone of business. And business is the *raison d'être* of production. How much free enterprise is possible for the individual in this jungle it is difficult to imagine.

But even if "free enterprise" capitalism neither suffocated the financially weak nor created unemployment (as part of its policy to encourage subservience and to squeeze more work out of its employees, apart from it being the consequence of the introduction of more mechanisation in the struggle for markets), surely the fact that production is geared to profits is, from the human point of view, the most inefficient way not only to utilising machines and raw materials but, more important, of monopolising the lives of human beings.

Whole supplements of the press are daily issued to extol the wonders of a new machine, a luxury liner about to be launched, an electronic brain, or a rocket device that will hurl monkeys into the hitherto unexplored regions of space and time. But no supplements are issued extolling the wonders of Man; Man the creator of these mechanical wonders! Supplements are issued telling us how to use machines to full capacity but none suggesting how Man can and could use his "machine" to the best advantage for his development and happiness. Yet from the point of view of time how much more important is the art of living compared with the performance of a machine?

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HUMAN life compared with that of a machine is real as well as being, generally, shorter (the machine on which these rambling reflections are printed is not only as old as the writer but will still be capable of printing—with the replacement of a few worn-out parts—long after the present writer has ceased thinking!). We are lucky if our life's span exceeds 4,000 weeks. Being neither machines nor mice, it takes Man 1,000 weeks to learn what life is about. Of the remaining 3,000 weeks left to us (and we are being optimistic in assuming that we all live to the age of 77) most of us spend 1,000 weeks sleeping and 250 in preparing and consuming the calories required to survive that long,* and perhaps another 250 weeks brushing our teeth, washing our faces and other parts of our anatomies, as well as undressing and dressing to go to bed or to get up.

A half of our precious 3,000 weeks gone in ensuring that the other half can be lived to the full! But not at all. For in order to provide the shelter, the calories and the soap and toothpaste to maintain life and health we must work in a job for at least a further 600 weeks and spend another 100 getting to and from that job if we live in a big city, as the majority of us do. So if we are generous with our weeks, assume that we don't have to work overtime to make ends meet and

*We would agree with those readers who object that preparing food is an art, consuming it a pleasure if both were leisurely occupations. For most people they are part of the mad scramble of life. For at least half the world's people they can be neither an art nor a leisure since they haven't the means to obtain the ingredients on which to practise the art, or enjoy the pleasure.

bring up children and that at 70 our pension and what's left of our physical and mental capacities make it worth living another 7 years, we have 900 weeks out of a total of 3,000 which are ours to be lived to the full! Was any machine more abused, more inefficiently operated, than the human machine?

We agree that if meals are made into an art, that work is absorbing and spiritually rewarding, then our statistics fall to the ground, because we would then say that most of our waking hours are spent in a satisfying manner. But we contend that this is only possible when individuals will be in control of the jobs they do, not only of how they do it but why. To produce coal which is used to provide a service we all require; to produce the steel, which is used to construct a ship which is needed to perform a socially useful function, these are jobs worth doing. To produce coal which is dumped, and steel which is used to produce ships which are profitable for their owners even if they only work three months in the year is an insult to mankind as well as a sheer waste of valuable raw materials.

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AND this brings us to another point. Scientists, politicians and economists are always worrying about the fate of the world in the year 2,000. One would believe in the sincerity of their concern for the generations yet unborn if they were correspondingly critical of the waste and misuse of natural resources in the present. Production has become an obsession and is in the interests not of the inhabitants of this planet, more than half of whom do not even receive the basic calorific necessities of life but in keeping alive a system which, by definition, thrives on waste and inefficiency. Whole forests are cut down to produce the newsprint required for the Sunday editions of a popular American newspaper, a half of which consists of advertisements, which in turn, provide the revenue to make the journal a "paying proposition". In a non-profit society half the raw materials would be sufficient. Indeed, a quarter, for if one cut out

the clap-trap and the padding as well, the editorial matter would be adequately printed in half the space! Multiply this saving by the thousands of newspapers published throughout the world today which in the main publish advertisements, and agency-supplied news, and only differ from each other on the sensational items which occupy a small part of their available space, one realises how much human energy and raw materials could be saved. And the press is only one example.

The approach today is how to exploit the raw materials of this planet and *not how to conserve them*; how to monopolise an individual's life and not how to provide more leisure so that he can have more time to dispose of.

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IN our opening paragraph we quoted the official figures that in October industrial production had increased by 9 per cent. compared with last year. Yet according to the Ministry of Labour, 12,000 more families, in spite of this increased production, were having to live on the dole. We are delighted that it is now possible to produce more with fewer workers. But what is the point of increased production if the result is that fewer, and not more, workers can enjoy the fruits of this increased production? In a non-profit society not only would working hours be shortened by utilising all the man-power available but imagine what a saving in man-hours would result from the elimination of "competition" in industry, and by the approach that the function of a machine was not to produce but to produce what was needed by the community.

If you think we are exaggerating when we state that a 3-hour working day would satisfy the needs of the community, we invite you to ask yourself: (a) whether you honestly consider that the job you do to earn a living benefits the community and (b) if it does, could it not be done in half the time were it not for the fact that you, as an employee, see no point in working more efficiently and the boss is in business for what he can make and not to serve the interests of the community.

Tribal Life of Children

Continued from p. 2

and he reserves his most sardonic epithets for school dinners. (If grace is said before the meal it becomes: "For what we have put back on the dish, may second dinner be truly thankful"). Cabbage is 'garbage' or 'seaweed', macaroni is 'drainpipes' or 'filleted worm' suet pudding with currants is 'bugs in the bolster', plain suet pudding 'dead baby', tart with cream on top 'atom bomb', and so on. He has of course a host of cruel rhymes about teacher, from (muttered under the breath during class) "Sir is kind and sir is gentle, / Sir is strong and sir is mental", to the observation that

*Mr. MacDonald is a good man,
He goes to church on Sunday.
He prays to God to give him strength
To whip the boys on Monday.*

His attitude to death is harshly realistic. "You going to be burnt or buried?" he asks, and he sings with great good humour a dirge with the verse

*The worms crawl out and the worms
crawl in,
The ones that crawl in are lean and thin,
The ones that crawl out are fat and
stout,
Be merry, my friends, be merry.*

He is adept at finding special days in the year when tradition grants a special license for mischief and disorder and cadging pennies with such verses as this one for July 25th, when the demand is 'Penny for the grotter'

*Please remember the grotto
It's only once a year,
My father's gone to sea,
My mother's gone to fetch him back,
So please remember me!
A halfpenny won't hurt you,
A penny won't kill you,
Two pence won't put you in the work-
house.*

Such occasions bring him into conflict with the police, for whom he has a stream of blistering epithets. Mr. and Mrs. Opie, in discussing the ancient festivals on which in different parts of the country a special wildness and exuberance have been tolerated, if not exactly encouraged, note how the police and the householders seem determined nowadays to stamp them out ("In London and the Home Counties the police now chase off the streets even the simple waits singing Christmas carols"), and they remark that "It is curious that in these days when parents are habitually indulgent to children in the way of gifts and pocket

money they should take it amiss when—in the hope of reward—children sing a traditional song." Is it perhaps the jealous resentment which paternalism feels towards self-help?

★

IN their calendar of days like All Fools' Day or Mischief Night and even of more innocuous festivals, the authors note the growing attentions of the police. "It is ironic that in at least one village the police put an end to May garlanding in 1951, the year of the Festival of Britain. May 13th is Garland Day in Abbotsbury, and in 1954 the village policeman ordered the procession to stop, and declaring that the children were begging, impounded the £1 1s. 7d. they had collected. Punkie Night in South Somerset is an occasion like Hallowe'en, elsewhere, when "young boys and girls dress up in old clothes and put on masks or blacken faces with soot. Then they go round the doors *guising* which means they dance and sing and recite poetry",—another custom the police have tried to stop. On Guy Fawkes Day itself

"The grown-ups come out to watch the fire and set off their share of the fireworks. Then they go indoors again and this, the children say, is the nicest time. 'We make a ring and dance round the fire. We see who can collect the most used fireworks. We put potatoes on sticks and cook them in the burning embers.'"

The most remarkable account they give of conflict with the police on these festive days is Good Friday in the South End of Liverpool when the juvenile right of burning Judas Iscariot takes place.

"But since the fires are lit in the middle of the street amid scores of children whooping for joy and throwing wood and straw on them the police soon intervene. To prevent accidents the police scatter the fires and seize the Judases and take them to the police station in Essex Street and destroy them there. It is comic to see a policeman with two or more Judases under his arm striding off to the Bridewell and 30 or 40 children of all ages crowding after him shrieking 'Judas', and by this time the youngest children are thinking the policeman is Judas. . . . For a few days when a policeman is seen the cry of Judas is shouted after him. . . ."

This is a fascinating book on a subject of unending interest, for as Douglas Newton remarked, the world-wide fraternity of children is the greatest of savage tribes, and the only one which shows no sign of dying out. C.W.

Self-Help in Moreton-in-the-Marsh

The following article appeared in a recent issue of the Lancs Evening Post.

CARRYING mops, buckets, shears, paintbrushes, tools and implements of all kinds, the 1,800 citizens of Moreton-in-the-Marsh are planning to come out at the weekends and start vigorous maintenance and repair campaigns on the pavements of this pretty market town about 30 miles south of Birmingham.

For although the neat grey and yellow Cotswold stone houses in this famous beauty spot seem half asleep its unique community is very wide awake. Those who are willing and able plan to save five pounds a year each on their rates—a total of £320 a year for the whole town—by becoming Britain's first Do-it-Yourself Town.

The scheme is for its residents to take over responsibilities usually left to the council and do work otherwise put out to contractors. These chores, such as looking after parks, playgrounds, and monuments, keeping fences and railings in good repair, planting trees and cleaning street lamps, will be done on a voluntary basis.

No need for rates

The idea was thought up by Dr. A. J. Saxton, who is the local general practitioner and a keen-type councillor. He said:

"If every man gives up an occasional hour or so in the evenings or at weekends there will be no need for a rate levy for Moreton and we shall all be better off.

"I'm sure everyone will fall in with the scheme because Moreton people are proud of their little town. We hope to be an example to larger towns and show them how to save public money. The scheme envisages a central bureau of voluntary workers and the delegation of specific jobs. We are still working out

the practical details."

So well has the doctor's idea been received that the local folk have rushed to incorporate the do-it-yourself notion into their advertising so that the local garage began urging customers to avail themselves of self-drive cars, the iron-mongers packed their windows with tools and time-saving gadgets for use in the thrilling money-saving cause and even the local bank managed to cash in by taking space in the Press to point out that banking was one thing which did not come under that heading.

"True, you may keep your money at home," they said, "and spend sleepless nights haunted by the fear of burglars and fire, but where money is concerned it's best not to guard it yourself but take advantage of our professional touch and enjoy safety and peace of mind!"

The questions

The newsagent, grocer, butcher, milkman, garage man all hurried along to the meeting called in the tiny parish chapel with the vicar in attendance. The questions deluged.

"Shall we draw lots for who is to shin up the lamp-posts, doc?"

"What about union trouble—we don't want all the lamp-lighters out on strike!"

"Who is going to make sure the brushes are washed out for the next man on fence painting chores?"

"How are we going to dish out the jobs fairly?"

Doctor Saxton explained that a list of jobs that needed doing would be drawn up and parcelled out according to each one's ability or position in the street.

"If a chap has a lamp-post outside his door, then he looks after it. Same with the line of trees in the High Street that Lord Dulverton so kindly gave us, the house owner opposite keeps the base weeded and the branches pruned. Those who live by the park can keep the shrubs cut and paint the railings. We will have

a liaison officer to ensure that there is no squabbling over the maintenance of the paint brush. Mr. Horne is our local grocer and chairman of the council, perhaps you would oblige?"

Moreton-in-the-Marsh was once made nationally famous by its aerodrome, which featured in the radio programme "Much Binding in the Marsh."

A prize

"We miss the aerodrome very much—it makes our evenings quieter than they used to be," said the newsagent, "but a lot of the chaps liked Moreton so much they settled down here. That was not easy though—everyone wants to live in Moreton and the only sure way to do it is by marrying a local business man's daughter. One ex-R.A.F. man won a prize for Moreton recently with the best-kept Cotswold garden, he will land the job of keeping the main street tubs of geraniums and the window boxes looking nice."

Every shopkeeper in this proud old town that stands upon what was once the Roman Fosse Way, has offered to lend his window for the display of the Bledisloe Cup, awarded to Moreton as the best-kept small town in Gloucestershire.

The local Chamber of Commerce is being asked to erect an elegant sign announcing that "Moreton enjoys this Honour" (that is, if the do-it-yourselfers don't manage to produce one).

"It will make more people want to visit us and stay to lunch," said the enthusiastic owner of the town's famous old Ostlers Inn that had enjoyed the presence of Charles the First when setting out against the Roundheads.

Women, too

The newsagent explained—behind his hand—that there was no real fear of union trouble about Moreton's self-help scheme. Mr. Alan Hicks—he is on the milk round and he is a strong Labour

man, but he is even keener on his job with the council—his boss, Mr. Newbury, is a Conservative and they are both going to join in the do-it-yourself scheme, cutting the grass on the green, I think.

"The women are coming in strong with offers of help too and that makes a difference, you see."

Everyone is ready to spare at least 10 minutes time once a week or more often to keep Moreton beautiful—old, young, retired, apprenticed, or professional. Doctor Saxton and his three children kicked off the scheme by stripping off old ivy from the Festival of Britain garden and pruning willows by the brook.

But the unanimous vote is that the doctor should be let off lightly from the chores rota. "When the oldest inhabitant falls off the lamp-post and the youngest rogue get stuck trying to free the drains, I reckon Doctor Saxton will have his work cut out patching up the patients!" said the postman doubtfully. "Unless, of course he can persuade them to do it themselves!"

PETER KNIGHT.

There is still time!

Les Textes de ma Tante

I never send Christmas cards but when my aunt sends me those tasteful little texts I get the urge to send back a neat little card with an anarchistic countertext which you can get (if you hurry) from*

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at 3s. for a set of six,
all different with envelopes.

*sayings by Herzen, Turgot, La Bruyere, Maupassant, Pasternak and Mat Kavanagh.

Why It's Not Freedom

THE report issued within the last few days by the committee under Sir Geoffrey Crowther, which had been considering education of young people between 15 and 18, has been enthusiastically welcomed, both in the press and by the educational organisations. The Minister for Education has described it as "a tremendously important document", and the *Guardian* in the first paragraph of its leaders, comments that "He is dead right." (Would that pass the English master?)

Unfortunately, the summaries of the report do not show very clear grounds for enthusiasm. The committee has declared that educational planning must be conceived in the framework of a twenty year plan. A rather amusing remark comes towards the end, when the report is discussing public interest in educational policies. It claims that it should not be any more difficult to convince the public of the need for a twenty year programme of educational development than to convince it of the need for railway modernisation and the development of atomic energy.

It is worth while dwelling for a moment on the analogies which the committee has chosen. In both fields the recent tendency has been massive planning, designs for great things in the very near future, followed by a sudden discovery that the plans would not work, the atomic energy generators were not quite suitable, or something similar, and the quiet abandonment of the project. At least the fruits promised with the launching of each new technological marvel never seem to reach the ordinary people. A reasonable explanation is that when a few people plan a national policy they plan, and execute it in such a way as to enrich and serve their own part of society, and not the fictitious general interest. In the same way, when a small circle of people (and this does not refer specifically to

the members of the committee, but rather to the whole world of professional educators) decide on a national plan, to solve by and large the educational problems of all children in all parts of the country, whatever they hope to do and become, we should be suspicious. If, as is the case here, one of their chief methods is to be the extension of the state's coercive powers, then it is much more dangerous.

The danger lies in the conception of education as something of a national industry, with investments, capital and policy directed towards a goal of production. A necessary concomitant of this approach is that education is something to be done once for all, at the beginning of a person's productive life, to fit him for a rôle in society afterwards. It is obvious that the authors of the report are thinking in terms of investments and rewards, in the framework of a technologically regulated society. Besides being inhumane, this policy could also be unwieldy, for no-one can tell what the technological demands of society will be in twenty years time, or whether they will bear any resemblance to those of today.

If the government's policy follows this report, it will tie education even more tightly to the wheels of industry, and the individual more tightly to society's plan for him.

The concern of the state, and its so-called Ministry of Education, is not the education of people, but their administration. P.H.

A COMMENT ON A.F.'s reply to my piece on "Why it's not Freedom". The issue is well boiled down by A.F. Which is more akin to freedom: To do the wrong thing voluntarily or to do the right thing by compulsion? The answer to this one depends upon what sort of goal one has in mind, if any. The goal I have in mind is a "happier and healthier life" and I know that freedom is a prerequisite for it. In fact freedom is the petrol that makes the happy life engine go. The only thing that I know that's really free in A.F.'s sense is the wind. People, for as long as they live together, and existence depends on this togetherness, either have to accept rational limitations upon their conduct within a framework of freedom or have a certain standard of behaviour exacted from them.

If driving at 35 miles per hour in a built up area helps to reduce road casualties am I to say 'to hell with you Jack, I'm alright' and pelt away at 70 m.p.h. or do I acknowledge this limitation on my freedom because it seems a reasonable request? I accept the responsibility as a reasonable member of society. If I choose to ignore this consideration then I feel that society has the right to curb my freedom. If on the other hand the landlady tells me that I cannot live together with my partner because we are not married then I tell her to go to hell simply because to me conformity for its own sake is antipathetic to my framework of freedom within which a happier life can be lived today.

One simply cannot have one attitude to all aspects of life (an idea lots of Anarchists just cannot appreciate). One cannot, because one chooses to call oneself an Anarchist, believe that if one believes in freedom it's absolute without form or structure and with no visible limits.

Nothing alive has that background for its life. Which brings me to my second observation. If freedom is sometimes a "dangerous and ugly" thing as A.F. suggests, then it's my duty to eliminate, if I can, those aspects of freedom that are dangerous and ugly. A lynch mob may be called ugly but they are after all governed by a genuine hate and enjoying a certain liberty. Is it right to curb their freedom and force them to do the right thing by compulsion or let them carry on and do the wrong thing because freedom for everyone must be upheld at all times?

Climbing a mountain is a dangerous thing but to legislate against it would be idiotic and no doubt resisted by all who hate irrational restraint. Climbing is also often fatal but to ban it would make a mockery of freedom because he who climbs, has a choice and as far as I'm concerned, when any aspect of freedom helps to create victims, then I'm prepared to curb it. This leads one to another question. To what degree do we integrate into society and accept its duties? And where and why do we begin to kick against it? It appears to some that, whether the old age pensioners get an extra 10/- or not doesn't really matter as the cost of living will in any case neutralise the gain. What we must plug for is £10 per week in order to get the 10/-. By the same token it doesn't really matter whether the "cat" is still used in prisons because what we really want is to abolish prisons altogether.

It appears to me far more reasonable to get the extra 10/- even though the cost of living keeps on rising, than to have it rise in any case without the 10/-. We know also damn well that prisons aren't going to be abolished in our lifetime, but there is a good chance that the cat will not be reintroduced if the public voice their opposition loud enough. So I may find that I'm supporting Mr. Butler, though politically my enemy, on this special issue. Prisons have always been a sore point with us—to ban them altogether is a laudable idea indeed—but to do so today would give a little more freedom to a few and a lot less freedom to a great many. It appears stupid for a man who refuses to learn to kill others to land up in gaol, while the man who has already killed someone, lands up in the same place. It seems reasonable to remove a dangerous person capable of harming others, from society. But the object of the prison should not be punishment, but rehabilitation, but restraint it appears, is necessary. Consequently, what we want is not to abolish prisons today but rather to change their function. Any tendency in that direction should be welcomed.

even if some choose to label it as retributive. Should any Member in the House of Parliament try and get a bill passed outlawing blood sports I would support it wholeheartedly because I know there is little chance of all the blood sport wallahs being rounded up and sent to psychiatrists. Yet if such a bill were to become Law a lot of suffering would end.

I'm against walloping children. If being human I do it sometimes in anger. Because it's my child, my anger would be laced with a good deal of compassion. Anyone else would clout him in anger without compassion, so I stick to the principle that I'm against clouting altogether, but if ever it is administered should only be by me. My present look, which is anarchistically inclined, is well tempered with bits of the real principle and I refuse to kick against reasonable limitations that are imposed upon me by myself as a biological entity and by the society in which I live.

If ever a gang of Anarchists do form a society on some far away island, a rigid code of laws will be necessary otherwise when old Henry gets loaded up with coconut wine and makes a damn nuisance of himself outside my hut, I tell him to buzz off, he won't go for course. Because he'll say, "we are in freedom, aren't we?" S.I.

MEETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP and MALATESTA DEBATING SOCIETY

Meetings now held at The White Bear (Lounge Bar) Lisle Street, W.C.2. (Leicester Square), Every Sunday, 7.30 p.m.

DEC. 20.—Debate on motion: "That B.B.C. English is corrupting the English Language".

DEC. 27—No Meeting

1960

JAN. 3—Tony Gibson on LOLITA AND SOME PROBLEMS OF OUR TIME

JAN. 10—David Bell on PRISON EXPERIENCES

JAN. 17—Philip Holgate on PARADOX OF ANARCHISM

JAN. 24—Jack Robinson on ANARCHISM IN 1960?

EAST LONDON DEBATING COMPETITION (Round One)

Dec. 20th, 7.15 p.m. at "White Bear", Lisle Street, W.C.2.

London Anarchist Group will propose the motion "That B.B.C. English is corrupting the English Language".

'COMING OUT' PARTY for David Bell

Saturday, December 19th at 7.30 p.m. at 5 Caledonian Road, N.1. (basement) Entertainment. Refreshments

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London Meeting

U.L.R. by another Name

(From a Correspondent)

ON the evening of Monday, December 14th, the *New Left Review* was launched in St. Pancras Town Hall with a series of speeches that were even more than usually contradictory. We heard some of the ex-Communists from the *New Reasoner* using the sort of technique that must have held the comrades spell-bound in the days before Krushchev upset the apple-cart; we heard some of the Victory For Socialism brigade (though Stephen Swinger, Konni Zilliacus and Sydney Silverman sat on the platform and said not a word), followed by a trade-union official and a *Tribune* man. We were vaguely urged to keep "left", but none of these speeches was impressive, let alone "new". One of

the troubles was the ambivalent attitude to the Labour Party; one speaker would say how utterly dreadful it was, and the next would tell us to work through it—all rather confusing. Nor was it easy to see what *NLR* has to do with the Labour Movement in general; the number of working-men present was not exactly overwhelming.

But there were some good speeches too. Claude Bourdet of *France-Observateur* let in a breath of French air (in excellent English); Laurence Daly, who recently stood as a Socialist (not Labour) candidate in West Fife, revealed some unpleasant truths about the working of the nationalised mining industry; a teenage girl and an Oxford undergraduate told us oldsters just how useless we were—the latter indeed pointing out that ULR had had no real effect at all; Raymond Williams introduced some genuine ideas; and good old Stuart Hall did his usual stunt of thinking aloud with astonishing fluency and clarity—the only trouble being that it is difficult to remember anything he said a few hours afterwards.

All this time there were on the platform such people as Abu, Professor Ayer, Basil Davidson, Peter Townsend (the sociologist, not the Group Captain), Doris Lessing and Iris Murdoch, and most of the audience would have far preferred to hear what they had to say than to have assorted chunks of old-hat socialism and platefuls of undigested self-congratulation shoved down their throats.

What about the actual magazine, which was sold with autographs all over the front on the same evening? The obvious comment on *NLR* No. 1 is that it seems to be old *ULR* writ small—the same "new" gang, in fact (though it is nice to have Clancy Sigal, John Braine and Arnold Wesker too). As usual there is hardly anything about foreign affairs, and as usual one feels that most of the articles could be cut by half. One also wonders how Stuart Hall (now the full-time paid editor) will be able to stand up to an editorial board of 23 people, most of whom served their stint in the Communist Party some time before 1957. How "new" is this *New Left*? More important, how "left" is it? What is it all about? They don't seem to have very much idea themselves, beyond a lot of talk about "socialism" (less about "humanism", one notices) and some good articles and social work. What does it all mean? It's a very odd business.

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