

In his "crisis" speech—before leaving Moscow for a few weeks holiday by the sea—Mr. Krushchev declared that

when a situation like this [the Berlin crisis] arose, it would be impermissible for them to sit with folded hands. History taught them that when an aggressor that he was not rebuffed he became wiser, and when, on the contrary, he was rebuffed he calmed down.

To judge by recent utterances, it seems clear enough that America's Mr. K. and Britain's Lord Home share the Russian's reading of history, for all their speeches have been stern warnings to the would-be aggressor that any threats would be resisted even if it meant war. It all sounds very impressive, and whatever the politicians themselves may think of their respective public performances, there can be no doubt that many people in the danger area take these crises seriously, as is evidenced by the large number of Germans from East Berlin who have been coming into the Western half of the city in the past week. (Incidentally it would be interesting to know how many West Berliners have been leaving their "island" for W. Germany proper in the corresponding period).

So far as we are concerned, we feel that the "Crisis" would be more impressive if after all the threats and warnings, most of the political leaders didn't slink off on hunting, fishing or swimming holidays miles away from their seats of government! And certainly even the Press is a little surprised that the West can postpone further action for more than a month, so as to allow Dr. Adenauer to get on with his elections unhampered by controversial political issues such as the future of Germany and Berlin.

The *Guardian* which takes the "crisis" seriously sees the world situation as "more dangerous than at

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any time for the last ten years".

In one sense, indeed, it is more dangerous than ever before—for ten years ago the Soviet Union had no thermo-nuclear weapons

and laments the fact that the West will probably take no steps to open negotiations until after the German elections on September 17, in six weeks' time.

And in six weeks the crisis may become worse. In such a crisis calm is essential—the more because Mr. Krushchev is deliberately trying to play on our nerves. But the greater the delay now, the harder it will be for both sides to keep calm when the time for negotiations arrive. Sooner or later the West must be prepared to talk if it wants to be sure of avoiding a war.

If indeed it is Mr. Krushchev only who is trying "to play on our nerves" then there would be one simple way of scotching his plans by giving his speeches fewer headlines and less importance in reporting. But, in our opinion, the different governments of the West each have an interest in wanting to use the tough line in Mr. K's speeches for their own political ends. It is obvious for instance that the American government can more easily justify its astronomical war budget and the extra expenditure Kennedy recently asked for, by underlining, magnifying and if necessary distorting Russian speeches. The Russians do likewise for their home consumption. And the British government which is in the process of dealing with yet another of its financial crises, is not averse to distracting public attention from this "crisis" in which the political opposition can derive some benefit, to

one on "defence" on which both they and the opposition are "united".

★

SO long as the world is governed by power politics and divided roughly behind two power blocks, represented by the United States and Russia, every political move by one side can be viewed by the other as a threat to the balance of power, with the need for counter-measures to restore the balance. Germany is an ideal "trouble spot" in the political game, especially since the original agreements between the victors in the last war to keep Germany demilitarised and neutral for all time, have been broken both by the Americans and the Russians. Krush-

chev is quite right when he accuses the Western Powers of destroying the Yalta and Potsdam agreements on Germany when they signed the Paris agreement with Western Germany and admitted that country into NATO.

He accused them of "piling up more combustible material than anywhere else on the globe". (He didn't say, however, that Russia had also made her contribution to the pile!). And it was therefore ridiculous for Lord Home to oppose the Russian demand for a peace treaty for Germany with his statement, full of hurt-innocence, that "all we are trying to do is to continue a system which has worked perfectly well for the last ten years. If that system can be improved, well and good. We are always ready to meet and discuss how it can be improved". There is nothing static about power politics; crises are the life-blood of politics, and if one cannot provoke them then it's the politicians' job to invent one. In which country is the situation stable from one year to the next? No sooner is one crisis overcome than another is born. And Germany—both West and East—of today just isn't the same country as the Germany of ten years ago. Then, for instance, France and the Benelux countries were doing their best to oppose any measures the West German parliament might want to take to build up the war-shattered economy. Today Germany is not only the most powerful member of the Common

Market and the largest exporting country in Europe but it is only a matter of time before she will be the leading military power in NATO. As we were saying, nothing is static in the game of power politics, and a mere peace treaty is certainly not going to keep an enterprising nation from finding its "rightful place" in the struggle!

The meteoric rise of Western Germany in these last five years not only in the economic and financial sense but as a political power has not been matched by a corresponding development in East Germany. For all kinds of reasons, outside purely political considerations, this was not possible. But in terms of the balance of power it is possible to see that from the Russian point of view Western Germany is a "threat" to Russia in a way that E. Germany is not to the Western bloc. Russia's interest in a German peace treaty which would eventually result in the unification of Germany, and the Western Powers' interest to let matters drift along as they are, are therefore understandable. Russia is prepared to gamble on a unified Germany because she has little to lose. The West (or rather, America), on the other hand probably fears what Russia hopes, that a unified Germany will have ambitions which would be hampered by an American-dominated Western alliance, and that in due course she will break away from—and thus weaken the Western bloc.

Continued on page 3

US Pacifist's PRISON HUNGER STRIKE

NEW LONDON, CONN., JULY 26.

Bill Henry, 28-year-old pacifist from Lodi, Wisconsin today went into his 25th day of fasting at the Federal Correctional Institution in Danbury, Connecticut. This was reported by his fiancée, Beverly Kanegson of Norwich, Connecticut, after her visit with Henry, Tuesday afternoon. His first 21 days of non-eating was in the form of a fast as a means of expressing his strong protest against "the tendency of the U.S. and Russia toward the resumption of nuclear testing". Henry was sentenced by Federal Judge Robert Anderson to two 1-year terms, to be served concurrently, for boarding the "Ethan Allen" and "George Washington" Polaris submarines as a protest against nuclear weapons and the arms race.

Twice fed intravenously, the latter time Henry resisted and engaged in a "friendly and non-violent wrestling match with three guards and the captain". The past few days he has co-operated with a force feeding through a tube in the nose. He will continue his refusal to eat in the form of a hunger strike against the refusal of the prison officials to give him a job transfer, which he had requested at the start of his imprisonment. He was working in the warehouse and requested a transfer to the hospital or the education dept. where he felt his abilities could be better utilized to serve the other inmates. He stated: "The power this prison has over the men is so great that it has become irresponsible. In my case, it is irresponsible because they have refused to give me a job which is suited to my needs as an individual."

After three days of his fast against testing he became too weak to work and was put in "the hole" for four days. He was then removed to the hospital "strip cell". He plans to continue his hunger strike until he is given a job change.

Second Pacifist Drugged for Fingerprinting

Victor Richman, 20-year-old student of Columbia University, New York, who was imprisoned for trespassing during the launching of the "Ethan Allen" last November 22 in order to protest the arms race, refused to co-operate with fingerprinting at the Danbury Institution, feeling that it was degrading. He was placed in solitary confinement for four days, at which time he began fasting. After refusing to co-operate, he was drugged and fingerprinted, but continued to resist as much as possible. His fast lasted fourteen days.

R.J.W.

N. Rhodesia Disturbances

Interesting news comes from the Northern Province of Northern Rhodesia. Recent disturbances there have led to the following significant news, as reported in the "Daily Telegraph" (10/8/61): "The Northern Rhodesian Government seems satisfied that Mr. Kaunda and his central organisation are not responsible for the disturbances. It has, however, complete evidence that many of the local party officials are playing a leading part."

In areas of the Northern Province sabotage and other direct action has been taken by the local party officials of the United National Independence Party, which is now laughingly "banned" in this province. It is this local initiative which is interesting because it shows definite decentralist tendencies in the Party. If Kenneth Kaunda were not a Bemba by tribe it might be put down as a local revolt due to tribalistic antagonism as is often the case in African politics, but the areas concerned are nearly all Bemba areas.

Already the police have murdered several Africans in the Northern Province and more troops and aircraft are moving to the north, 90 arrests have been made and in the district of Luwingu a "large mob" has been dispersed by Government officials.

If the local initiative can be continued by agitating among the wavering Chiefs and by spreading the direct action towards the economic heart of not only Northern Rhodesia but of the whole Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, the Copperbelt, a non-violent strike would be an effective weapon to use.

Postscript:—

The "Observer" (13/8/61) in a report from Andrew Wilson carries important news from Northern Rhodesia. "The wave of violence which has struck Northern Rhodesia this week," he writes, "has been far more widespread than the official communiques suggest." The activities of saboteurs throughout a large area of the North of Northern Rhodesia are spreading towards the Copperbelt. Yet Wilson reports that "the root of the trouble remains unknown. It is definitely not the work of Mr. Kenneth Kaunda's United National Independence Party—at least, not of its official leadership. Everything points to malecontents—in or outside the party—bent on usurping Mr. Kaunda's leadership."

However, elsewhere Wilson reports of "massive discontent springing from poverty, the warlike inclinations of the Bemba people and the modifications imposed by Sir Roy Welensky's Federal Government on the proposed new Northern Rhodesia Constitution", which sounds reason enough for discontent to me, and points to the reasons for the initiative of the local men within the U.N.I.P.

I have spent over a year in the areas where the major disturbances are occurring in the Northern Province, during which time I met several Zambia Congress local officials (the old name for the U.N.I.P.) in private. Everything I have heard and read concerning the rebellion in the Northern Province leads me to the conclusion that Northern Rhodesia is on the brink of revolution.

man was second-hand, and a long-arm second-hand at that. My daughter-in-law told me what her aunt had said about "Sam". I read the book at Bristol and went straight to well-known booksellers there with a list of the author's works. They had none in stock. I ordered three of them. Yes, three—just like that, though heaven knows I have few enough pennies to spend on books. Nor was it because "Sam" was about homosexuals or because it was the best fiction on the subject I had ever read, but because it was the best novel on any subject I had read for some time. The subject is as banal to me as to most orthodox; here I found it written about in a manner that brought it to clean fresh life; and to my mind it was rescued and exalted by the unusual outstanding relationship in the book, between one of "them" and a married woman, the most enduring and significant of various pairings, and carried to a height at which one might even without blushing use that little soiled four-letter word, love.

But it is not so much about "Sam" that I want to write here, greatly as I esteem it and much as it lacks recognition, as about some other books of this writer. "Sam" was the only one published in England, the Bristol booksellers told me; so I wrote to an American friend who took the trouble to obtain for me a second-hand copy of one that was out of print, "Clara", and to have the publishers, Little, Brown & Company of Boston, send me a copy of another earlier one, "The Southern Lady".

Perhaps I exaggerate Mr. Coleman's commitment in the title of this article. He is neither dogmatic nor prophetic. Nowhere does he advocate miscegenation; but nowhere does he refute the rationalist anticipation of that ultimate solution. Here's how the subject emerges in a small mixed company of American tourists in a freighter bound for the Mediterranean. The centre of their circle is the Southern lady. Her husband has none of her pretentious but unquestionable Southern charm. The narrator is a novelist whose conciliatory

Let the people mix

attitude toward the race question is so offensive to them that the lady feels herself driven to "wonder a little", in the lightest manner, if he might not have just a speck of the tarbrush himself; and he replies: "That could be true of both of us, couldn't it, since we're Southerners, and more than one fine Southern family has been known to..."

Her husband intervenes furiously. On another occasion the narrator draws the husband into an exposition of his belief in coloured inferiority, which ends with the assertion that "the usual Nigras, the one with a little white brains, usually get it from the white man, usually have white blood in them."

"Then you suggest that the quickest and surest way to raise the level of Negroes is to have children born of Negro and white parents?"

"I said nothing of the kind," Austin said angrily. "That's what you say... The real purpose of this integration you're all pushing for in schools and transportation is to force interracial marriage. That will lead—or would lead, since we're not going to let it happen—to complete mongrelization of the white race... The white race would disappear. The race that has built the Western world. The trees would grow up again and we'd all be swinging through them."

"In stead of from them?" This arouses anger, but Austin keeps it down until, in reply to his talk of racial wars, the narrator says:

"Why not make friends with the dark people and not have wars?"

"Because!" Anger sent his voice out of control. "They are not to be friends with white men! I'll tell you how not to have a war. Drop the bombs on them now. That would show the world and the Nigras at home that we mean business!"

"I don't get out in the world much," I said, "I've heard there are fools like you, but I've never met one before."

The author's basic theme in this, as in his other books, is love, the idiosyncratic freedom of love. There is a glimpse of it in two contrasted minor characters, two lonely old ladies, Connie Morrell, age 64, and Annie Peacock, 79. The sailors are overheard by the narrator discussing Connie's affair with one of them when she joins him. She teases him for listening "like a chambermaid" but she doesn't care.

"She laughed. 'I've done it!' I said I would that first day and I have. You are shocked. Did you think people stopped when they got as old as I am? I suppose some never care about it, but I've loved it ever since the first time when I was eleven."

And here's the other old lady. Annie has broken loose from Main Street for the first time and is thoroughly revelling in her freedom.

Annie's expression of rapture (on first sight of European land) was so intense and pure it brought tears to my eyes. She gave a deep sign and turned to me.

"Douglas!" She touched a finger to my cheek.

"I love you, Annie."

She smiled. "I love you too. Isn't it nice for people to say that and mean it and not want to hang on to one another or change one another?"

But the racial theme is carried to its tragic conclusion when the Southern lady, ridiculing the narrator's susceptibility, comes to the fancy dress party on the last evening of the voyage, her neck and arms and shoulders coloured a dark brown, and sings an appropriate ditty, "Is that what Mr. Fisher likes? Did I do all right?"

The end of the party is tragic. The narrator has no mercy for her. Yet after we have seen the last of the lady and the narrator has met Annie again in New York and cleared up most of the details, the mystery of his intensely felt but negative affinity with the lady is not unveiled; nor is it when he goes to her home and verifies all she has told about it. Only when he learns from his mother about his own origin is he—and the reader—aware of the tragic significance of the brief reference to the lady's end when Annie reassures him in New York:

"Don't look unhappy. There's nothing you could have done."

"There was."

"Don't tell me, Douglas, I don't ever want to know. But don't blame yourself, my dear. That poor woman used you, too..."

It is the problem of hidden miscegenation and "passing", brilliantly tragically presented; the other book "Clara", gives the solution—knowledge and endurance, leading to love. Clara is in every way mistress of Carl Sayre's house to which he takes his unsuspecting bride, the narrator of the story throughout. They have seen each other once before

—the Negro servant and the white girl—and hated each other at sight. Everything imaginable occurs to intensify the enmity, and following each occasion something is said or done to keep them together. The brilliance here is not so much in incident as in the convincing development of the wife's reconciliation to a standard of living unimaginable to her in earlier days—enduring the fear and incapacity to deal with the sexual savagery of her husband, to which Clara holds the key of unquestioning submission—the agony of being childless while Clara has his son—the unwelcome friendship between that coloured boy and the nephew she adopts as the most loved creature in her life, an indecent friendship in more than one way, in her view. And along with all this is related the progress of the growing family of an elder sister of Lilian Sayre, who consoles Lilian in her typical manner when her "sinful" acquiescence in the situation becomes known:

"I've done the best I knew how to hide your shame ever since it happened, even from you, but these things can't be hidden. The Bible says that our most secret sins will one day be shouted from the tallest roof tops..."

"Your sins, Sister, would sound pretty silly shouted from the tallest roof tops. Can't you just hear the Lord yelling: 'Netta Jackson missed church last Sunday!'"

"Oh, Lilian, you make me mad, you make me so mad!"

Finally in supreme sorrow it is not to her sister she turns but to the Negro woman who in his lifetime was her husband's mistress and is the mother of his only child, when she loses her adopted and idolized nephew, and again when Clara's boy is the subject of their last

I felt lonesome and wanted to talk with somebody. What a relief it was then to remember that I would have Clara to talk to in a little while. I could tell her the day's trouble and by telling her, it would shrink to a size I could deal with. Only this time the trouble was hers and not mine. Yet, being hers, it was mine.

It is not so easy here to find quotable passages. The author has gallantly submitted to the discipline of his commonplace narrator, who tells the story in a manner to win him the highest praise: *ars est celare artem*. A heroine by no sudden event or turn of chance, but through the contingencies of a commonplace life, dramatic as some incidents are, it is only looking back on the sequence that the full import of her character comes home to one. Nowhere does she make any claim of idealistic guidance. She is just an ordinary lower-middle-class small-town American making the best of life, as a matter of course. In conclusion she makes only this comment:

How strange it is that of all the people in my life, Clara turns out to be the one I've shared the most with.

And the rest of that paragraph is given to more planning, especially for the future of her dead husband's coloured grandson, ending:

Maybe for him the plans will work out better than they did for Peter, Randall or Clara or Carl or...

There is money enough for any plan. And at last, there is love enough too.

It is deplorable and discouraging to all pride in English letters that publishers should pander to the uneducated and make fortunes out of an old second-rate novel and a vulgarisation of the beautiful old Bible, while works like these are ignored. K.W.

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RURAL RIDES—or ten-sixty-six and all that

THE motor car is over-rated as a method of travel, it is too quick a means of transport (when it *does* move) for any contact with the life around it. One sees at ground level, an interesting object or event but before there is time to see what it is, it is past. The motor-car insulates one from humanity, and when it is not deliberately assertive of conspicuous consumption of petrol, miles and metal it is aggressively anti-social.

L.P.T.B. has an advertisement (*a la* Peynet) of an omnibus composed of greenery. Travelling in a country omnibus is somewhat like this, they are indeed green and partake of all the charm, (and some of the irritation) of country life. If one has need of speed (and what are holidays, if not a clockless, calendarless, newspaperless feast?) country buses are not the thing. They amble, they detour and they chatter but eventually they arrive—and depart. With a train one feels sent, like a parcel, but atop of a bus rollocking along the country lanes of Sussex one feels, if not actually on the bridge, that the driver would accede to a reasonable democratic request for a diversion.

Chesterton once blamed the rolling English drunkard for the 'rolling English roads', but it must have been the power-drunk landlords who said 'not across my land', and it is the power-drunk planners with their set-squares who have made the through-ways so convenient to get from nowhere to nowhere and be sure of seeing nothing.

Travelling about the country of Sussex restores one's faith in Kropotkin. One feels that this country, despite Brighton's thousands, could feed itself. If one eliminates the milk farms, the pheasant shootings, the battle practice grounds and produces something more nutritious than broiler chickens and

barley for the brewers. One realizes that behind all the mysterious posters of sales of 'Forward beef stores' and accounts of farms run as a tax-loss in order to offset high profits there exists the reality of foaming milk, grazing herds, and waving corn. The real wealth is apart from those abstract symbols known as 'money'.

It is said that Britain's joining the Common Market will mean that the food that reaches us will be even less fresh—or in the classic phrase—'frigid-air fresh'. Be that as it may it does not invalidate the theory that this country could feed itself.

Side by side with this invisible decline in agriculture has begun the growth of the 'developers', the continuers of sub-topia and the 'Pelvis Bay' of Osbert Lancaster. The providers of luxury flats near the seaside have probably more aesthetic sense than the caravan sites but they have less social sense. They, like the providers of London office accommodation are more concerned with supply than demand.

The caravan sites at least meet a demand. They grew up to meet the challenge of the expensive, regimented boarding-house holiday and inevitably became just as expensive and regimented. The concreted site at Pevensy Bay is like a barrack square. There are actually some trailer caravans on the site that have been towed there but these are mere 'transients' and are more unpopular with the site proprietors than the site is to the rate-paying boarding-house keepers.

It seemed likely that with the growth of continental holidays there would be a decline in the prosperity of seaside resorts. This to some extent seems true but the variety of provincial accents bears testimony to the attraction of the

South Coast to the Northerner. Perhaps the shop-keeper near Victoria who has a large trade in Continental luggage labels is the explanation of the illusion that more people are going abroad.

The visit of so many French to Brighton is perhaps explained by the illusory glamour of far-away places with strange sounding names.

The seaside holiday as an institution has been treated by J. A. R. Pimlot in *The Englishman's Holiday* but what impresses one is the continual oscillation between permanence and change. One continually finds the visitor who has been 'coming here for years' who enjoys it 'because it's a change'.

The seaside holiday is like arrested development, the pastimes change very little, Donald McGill still turns them

out, miniature golf still remains although the craze must have died back in the 'twenties, miniature railways and tramways still remain so that we can recapture our lost childhood, the Brighton rock is still the same all the way through; one discovers where old comedians go in the summer-time; Mock Auctions are out but Bingo and Betting shops are in.

Bingo has taken over the stalls once given over to rolling pennies, which was skill. Bingo is pure luck but the 'house' can't lose, for a shilling each, sixty to a hundred sit down before an illuminated board and cover up the numbers on the board as these are called out (with the aid of a microphone), the chanting of numbers (no fancy stuff like 'legs-eleven'—this is serious business), is taken up by other acolytes. The winner has one line (perpendicular or horizontal or each corner) and can choose whatever he likes on the stall as a prize.

Bingo makes the name 'Fun-Fair' more of a misnomer than ever. Only the staff seemed to get fun from it. The old-fashioned fruit machines had been replaced with 'film-star' machines but these have now an old-world look. Who was Aya Gardner, anyhow?...

To one reared on the golden sands of the North the pebbly beaches of the South were hard going. In Brighton there was the sinister sign of a 'cleansing station', paying testimony to the perils of pollution by technical advance. At Pevensy Bay the battle against erosion continued and it was ironic that the Martello towers built to resist Napoleon's invasion should have only won a victory against erosion, for behind them soil held and grass grew and fought back the sea.

In Hastings one saw a small cottage

(about ten rooms at the most) which has a plaque stating 'The Duke of Sussex Lady Augusta Murray and Colonel D'Este stayed here (date given) 1750'. One likes to speculate on this *menes a trois* with their lodging behind the smugglers' cave and their view of the sea. What were they doing there? Who were they? One hopes there is no conventional explanation, for it can be treasured as a holiday souvenir intact. Along with it goes the conversation of Pinter's play "The Dumb Waiter" (seen by four holidaymakers).

"What was it all about?"

"I dunno."

"He went out for a glass of water and came back with his coat off and then it was over."

"What was it all about?"

"They talked about the boss but we never seen him."

"I think they were gangsters."

"I think really the waiter was the boss."

"I couldn't make nothing of it."

And then there were the lady chess players at Lewes, in the coach-station. That they should have been lady chess players is not enough, they must play between buses.

Through the lovely Ashdown Forest one's attention was drawn to the place where the Bishop of Bombay (the tall one) lived and (wonder of wonders!) where the Prime Minister lives.

And then there was the Sussex Trog Manufacturers, the largest collection of pixies and toadstools outside Fulham, the house named Llanreggub (Dylan Thomas fans note), the new University of Sussex in construction, the nail-file present in the shape of a girl's leg, the never-ending wonder of Brighton Pavilion with its wonderful bad taste, the appallingly crude poker-work jokes.

Cobbett is dead and 1066 is long ago but a country bus ride brings us into touch with all the complexity of the social warp and woof. A holiday emphasises the point that basically people are good-humoured, polite, sociable and kindly. A holiday brings out the best in people. Then they do what they want to do. Holidays and holiday resorts are full of affections and follies and Goldsmith in his biography of Richard Nash said:

"None can properly be said to write history, but he who understands the human heart, and its whole train of affections and follies."

SPEAKING FRANKLY

THE small number of contributions to the Deficit Fund this week is disappointing but there are other indications that many of our readers have not realised what a serious strain the publication of a 32-page monthly and the improvements made to FREEDOM have imposed on our slender, indeed our non-existent financial resources.

The seriousness of our present situation is not clear simply by reference to the present "deficit" of £66. The estimated deficit on FREEDOM is based on the assumption that the average weekly income from sales and subscriptions to our journals will be not less than £55. In fact for the first six months of this year the income received from these sources averaged £36 a week. Thus not only were we at the end of June £30 short of our target so far as the Deficit Fund is concerned, but our income from sales and subscriptions was £494 less than the estimate. Thus the real deficit at the end of June was £524 (\$1,600).

The seriousness of the situation cannot be exaggerated. It has placed us in a very difficult situation with our suppliers and printers, and while we are not despairing yet, we must make it clear to all our readers who value FREEDOM and ANARCHY that we will not allow the situation to continue to worsen beyond the point where we should feel unable to honour our commitments both to subscribers and to our suppliers. In other words if there is no improvement in the coming months we shall reluctantly feel obliged to drastically modify our publishing programme.

Let us be frank about the situation. The main reason for our present difficulties is that nearly half our postal subscribers who were sent renewal notices last March have not yet renewed their subscriptions. Neither have they notified us that they no longer wish to receive our publications and we have therefore assumed that they are still interested in receiving them. The present appeal is directed in particular to them for if only a half of those who should send us their renewals did so this month our financial situation would be radically changed overnight.

The second reason for our difficulties is that the new efforts which we have made and which have cost us additional work and more expense in production have not been matched by the kind of increase in circulation which we were led to believe would have resulted. Having met the criticisms of many readers about the presentation of the paper and the need for a magazine type of journal, we expected that they would then have responded by helping to find the new readers. Instead of which, with a few encouraging exceptions, there has been no response from the overwhelming majority of our readers. What we, as a group can do to stimulate the circulation is limited both by the time we have left over and the financial resources at our disposal. But if every reader who is an anarchist, or is at least anxious that the paper should be more widely read, were to take the initiative to introduce the paper to friends, as well as to seek to place it with newsagents and booksellers, the result would be an appreciable increase in our influence as well as a corresponding increase in our income from sales.

We shall do all we can to keep FREEDOM and ANARCHY going whether the public climate is favourable or unfavourable. An earnest of our determination is surely the fact that in November we will have completed, with the exception of a break of a few months in 1939, 25 years of continuous publication. During this time we have issued nearly 900 issues, always without a paid staff and always with the support of a small band of devoted readers, a number of whom are still giving their support. We are not pessimistic, then! But neither are we believers in miracles and pennies from heaven!

We have stated what the situation is. We have indicated how without undue sacrifices it could be put right. We ask all those of our readers who feel any involvement in this adventure to respond now, without a further day's delay.

Berlin on the brink?

Continued from page 1

Only such considerations can, in our opinion, explain the stubborn determination of the Russian leaders, and the equally stubborn reluctance of the Western powers, to deal with the question of German unification.

It should be pointed out that in the present "crisis" Mr. Khrushchev is not even asking for a peace treaty to reunite Germany. He calls for a peace treaty with the two Germans under which West Berlin would become a demilitarised free city. His "threats" are limited to a declaration that if the West refuses to sign such a treaty then Russia would go ahead and sign a peace treaty with East Germany, thus recognising her as a sovereign state. In that case, to quote Mr. K. "the question of the use of communica-

tions with West Berlin would have to be settled by agreement with that country's Government", and not with Russia. He even went out of his way to point out that

we do not intend to infringe upon any lawful interests of the Western Powers. Any barring of access to West Berlin, any blockade of West Berlin, is entirely out of the question.

★

FAILURE to reach some agreement on E. Germany will not drive either America or Russia into war; that is, in our opinion, as certain as the failure to admit Red China to the United Nations has not produced a war situation in the Far East! The E. German "crisis" could be used as an *excuse* to declare war, but in that case one would have to seek the real causes elsewhere.

PACIFISTS AND THE POLICE

AMONG the myths which are used to support the existence of a police force are certain arguments put forward by pacifists in their propaganda. Their arguments are to the effect that the police are radically different from the armed forces and are an agency compatible with non-violence. The British police, in particular, are singled out as an unarmed force functioning for peace-making purposes. The following remarks are the substance of a talk given to a pacifist youth group and the quotations used are taken from the entry on "Police Methods", pp. 28-99 of an "Encyclopedia of Pacifism", edited by Aldous Huxley. Although this work appeared before World War II, its ideas regarding the police are still current in pacifist circles.

"The police are generally unarmed".

This is not true. The police are generally armed with truncheons which can be pretty vicious weapons when wielded against someone's skull. It is true that the majority of police do not carry fire-arms, but that is because the authorities do not consider them necessary. However, most police stations, if not all, have an armoury, and certain Special Branch and other police carry pistols. In addition, when the police are trying to arrest a lethally-armed person they are usually issued with fire-arms. Some years ago, for example, lethally-armed bandits were engaged in a fight with the police in Curzon Street, London. Armed only with truncheons the police succeeded in capturing all but one of them. "Peace News" hailed this action as an example of non-violence. Unfortunately for "Peace News" the remaining 'bandit' was captured by police carrying fire-arms. It is obvious that, had the authorities known an armed robbery was planned, the police detailed to deal with it would have been issued with fire-arms.

"Their prime task is the prevention of crime . . ."

The prime task of the police is to enforce the law. If we define a criminal as one who has broken the law, then the job of the police is to arrest him and bring him before the courts. In other words, the police do not prevent the crime from taking place—they can only try to seize the 'criminal' after he has broken the law.

If the term 'crime' is used in the sense of an outrage against the individual the police may well assist the 'criminal'. Pacifists call war "a crime against humanity", but I have yet to hear of a police force arresting a government which declared war or commits any other act of violence against the individual. In time of war, on the contrary, the police are actively engaged in seeing that the utmost obedience is given to those who are organising the war for the State they serve.

The idea that a coercive body such as the police can prevent crime is based upon the theory that punishment is a deterrent. Logically, if the existence of a police force prevented crime then the more police there were the less crime. Ignoring the question of who would police the policemen, the easiest way to abolish crime would be to make everyone a policeman! As we all know policemen never commit any crimes—do they?

... and the forestalling of public disturbance."

At present those causes do not exist. World capitalism neither threatens nor is threatened by Russian "communism". The growth of Germany, and the role she will play in world politics and economics in the next 10 years may radically affect the balance of power as well as upset the markets of the world (as could also Russia's entry as a big scale operator in world markets). These could well be factors leading to war. But even that is not certain, since Capitalism in the post-war era has shown a greater flexibility in tactics than its Marxist and anarchist critics ever imagined possible. The cold war has become a permanent feature of capitalist society; a more profitable aspect of modern society than an unpredictable and virtually uncontrollable hot war. But it would never do either for the politicians (or even the pacifists and some anarchists) to admit this!

This assertion is a rather amusing one in view of the way the police have dealt with some pacifists in recent demonstrations! It is a dangerous one, however, since it can be used to justify the suppression of any 'unconstitutional' activity, such as direct action against nuclear weapons, industrial strikes, and public protest meetings. Another point to be remembered is that should a "public disturbance" be such that the police cannot "forestall"—i.e., suppress—it, then the authorities can call in the armed forces and declare a state of martial law.

"They have no power of inflicting punishment."

The police are part of the coercive machinery of government amongst whose powers is that of inflicting punishment. They are therefore as much a part of the punitive structure as a cartridge is a part of the rifle which speeds a bullet into a man's heart.

"Armies are radically different from police forces".

Inasmuch as both are instruments whereby the government imposes its will there is no radical difference between the police and the army. What difference there is lies more in the area in which they operate than in their nature—it is one of degree, not of kind. The army is generally concerned with inter-national affairs; the police with intra-national affairs. This is not a rigid distinction since the army can be used to quell internal 'disturbances' and the police assist in the rounding up of deserters and so on. In those countries with a less legally conformist population than Britain, the police are not only equipped with pistols but certain sections are militarised and act in relation to their compatriots rather like an army acts in relation to an occupied country.

"Police operate with the universal consent of the community which employs them."

This statement is neither valid as a justification, nor historically correct.

Even if a 'community' does consent to something (we are not told how the consent was obtained) it does not mean that that to which it consented is worthwhile. There are many evils in the world for which communal 'consent' could be claimed simply on the grounds that they are common practices. The 'consent' argument is one of the typical illusions of democratic political theory and is capable of being used to justify anything from monogamy to concentration camps.

It would be interesting to know at what particular period the 'community' in Britain consented to the creation of a police force. Inspector Keetch, of the Kent County Constabulary, admits in his booklet "Public Order" that it has taken many years for the police to win the favour of the public. In his "Prisons, Police and Punishment", Edward Carpenter records an incident during the Chartist movement in which a riot between the Chartists and the police resulted in the death of a policeman. When the case came before a court of law the jury returned a verdict of "justifiable homicide"! (Can you imagine such a verdict being returned today?) It would appear that the police were not very popular in their early days. Just where, then, did 'universal consent' come into their creation?

Even if at some time in the past the 'community' had "universally" consented to the establishment of a police force, it cannot be argued that we today are under any obligation to accept a decision of our ancestors. I know for a fact that no-one has ever asked my consent as to whether I wanted to be policed or not and if I had been asked in the latter half of my lifetime I would not have consented. As long as one person in a community withholds his or her consent to being policed it cannot be argued that universal consent has been given.

"States arrogate to themselves the right, not only to judge other States, but also, by means of their armies, to punish them. The principle is wholly repugnant to law . . ."

But what is the law of the State but the arrogation on the part of some men of the right to judge others and, by means of the police and prison systems, to impose their judgment upon them? If judgment and punishment are wrong on an inter-national scale, then they are wrong on a national scale. The nature of an act is not changed because it is done by a state to its own subjects rather than to the subjects of another state.

Those critics of pacifism who argue that the army plays a similar role in international relations as do the police in national relations are not, therefore, as wrong as orthodox pacifists would like us to believe. Both armies and police are products of archist systems and both are hostile to individual autonomy which is the primary conditions for the creation of war-less relationships.

S. E. PARKER.

Round the Galleries

THESE are the dog-days when our favourite gossip writers pen their prose from a bar in St. Tropez and the Bond Street dealers pack the cash register along with the wife and kids into the back of the Old Jag and, like sleazy and ancient Mr. Toads, make for the open road. For the yearly announcement that the Town is empty means that the sucker money is greasing the palms of the French and Italian dealers and our lads must wait for September for their share of the loot. But the galleries stay open and some dim clerk has his moment of glory in that he can stand at the door of the gallery openly enjoying his spit and a draw without the governor's eye stabbing him in the back and for a few brief weeks he can play god in his tiny playground.

But the galleries themselves use this month to work off old promises of one-man shows for those whom they have little faith in and for giving an airing to the unsaleable bric-a-brac that lies in every dealer's cellar. Only the Arthur Jefferys Gallery at 28 Davies Street, W.1. shows signs of genuine artistic activity, for a small group of card-carrying painters are busily slapping dove grey paint around the walls of the gallery for 5/1d.-an-hour-plus, a marriage of art and labour that would have made Ruskin and Morris dance upon the stones.

The only exhibition of any interest is the Jack Simcock show at the Piccadilly Gallery at 16a, Cork Street, W.1., for Simcock is at the moment one of our most important realist painters and his world of Mow-Cop in Staffordshire still holds its dark sweet beauty. But as Simcock's deserved reputation grows, so a laziness creeps into his work. He is lightening his landscapes and adding a phoney romanticism that ill-serves his

talent. His weakness was always the shadowed figures that he tried and failed to create to haunt his silent world and in place of these he has used snowmen. These shapeless figures in the foreground with their funny hats and gormless grins will win the palpitating and flabby hearts of our affluent middle class but they bode ill for Simcock for the worst painting in this exhibition, "Pigeon huts, Mow-Cop" was the first to be sold just as Burra's worst painting at his Lefevre show was the first to find a buyer.

A gallery that deserves attention is the Adams Gallery at 24 Davies Street, W.1., that does not carry an advert in "Art News", and by an editorial oversight is not included in their buff-coloured handout of the London galleries. It is a pity for they list 99 galleries and it would have made it a neat 100. This gallery is a silent empty place that has the deserted air of a provincial museum yet it is well worth a visit for it specialises in the work of lesser known French realist painters. Though the main room is dominated by a pretty awful life-size painting of Christ in screaming reds, blues and greens by Lorjou it can be ignored for the paintings of Michonze. Michonze was a one-time friend of Max Ernst and it is said that he found Ernst his first work in Paris but there the claim on our age ends for Michonze tries carefully and painstakingly to capture the background of the renaissance paintings. The same flat sky, the same green mountains rising like bad teeth, the same air of divine unreality but painted oh so lovingly, and oh so badly, yet when week after week one views the trash that is hawked for three figures by the

50 CHARACTERS - in search of an author

It begins with a party of fifty people attending an anarchist summer school. They are camping around a farm, belonging to one of the comrades, which is on an island off the west coast of Scotland. They have had the usual sort of lectures and discussions for three days, and a number of different trends are manifest within the gathering. There are the anarcho-syndicalists who regard the whole thing as rather a joke, a pleasant holiday but a mere talking-shop for the intellectuals. The more sociologically orientated intellectuals regard the gathering as a golden opportunity, although largely a wasted one, for debating matters of importance in the development of modern anarchism. This latter group is supported, to some extent, by the individualist anarchists who regard the anarcho-syndicalists as labouring under an illusion.

There are, of course, stray individuals at the camp who are vague social idealists but not anarchists. There are also one or two people who ridicule anarchism privately, but who come for a holiday which has the attraction of its un-

conventionality.

There are about a dozen children in this party, and the men outnumber the women by three to one. The women have made themselves responsible for the catering and for most of the organization of the camp. Although most of the men have been perfectly co-operative and willing in doing their share of the chores, after three days it becomes apparent that a few men are determined shirkers of all work. Most people in the camp regard this personal failing as of little importance, as there are plenty of people willing to do the work, but one of the comrades insists on calling an emergency meeting to discuss the problem of individual responsibility "as a matter of principle". The meeting is badly attended and achieves nothing.

The whole party is down at the beach

on the west of the island, when there comes an earth-shaking shock and a brilliant flash from the east. Later a mushroom cloud rises in the sky: an H-bomb has been detonated on the Clydeside. Lesser shocks indicate that the rest of the mainland is also being devastated. As the island is a long way from the mainland, it escapes damage, and a steady westerly wind protects it from fall-out.

There are four crofts on the island and over a thousand sheep, but otherwise the island's resources are poor. The tidal wave which follows the H-bomb shock carries away or smashes the few boats which were available, so everyone on the island is stranded. They realize too, that the mainland is probably uninhabitable anyway because of radioactive fall-out, which they are lucky to escape. The immediate problem of food is soluble only by killing and eating the sheep on the island, but almost at once the owners of the three other crofts realize that their own future is being imperilled by the presence of fifty strangers on the island, and are determined to resist their encroachments, using shot-guns if need be.

This is the situation for the beginning of my novel. How does it develop? How do the theoretical principles of these anarchists stand up to being confronted with such a testing situation? If the hostile crofters are not prepared to let them share in the resources of the island what are the pacifists prepared to do about it? How are the determined layabouts treated? How do they deal

with the problem of a miniature society in which there are three times as many men as women? Above all, how does the problem of power really get resolved in such a situation—do they equate practice with principle, or does a controlling junta arise, as the more forceful and perhaps the more intelligent members of the community decide that it is best that things are done their way?

It may be objected that I have put these characters in a most artificial set of circumstances, and that theories of anarchism would have no fair test in such circumstances. But in real life circumstances are always peculiar. Our comrades in Spain achieved their successes and their failures in peculiar and unforeseen circumstances, and it is likely that this will always be so. Anarchist theories do not exist in a vacuum. It will always require men and women, with their individual peculiarities of personality to implement such theories. A man's personal characteristics may make him utterly incompetent or unwilling to put his theoretical ideals into practice. This has led to a philosophy of despair propounded by Herbert Read some years ago, that theory and life are two separate realms of existence.

I have done no more than set the stage for a novel. It has been with me for so long that I now know that I will never have the time to write it. How the plot must unfold will depend upon the writer. Everyone who reads this is a potential writer, and even if he never thinks seriously of writing this novel, the plot will develop to some extent in his

fantasy. What would be the future of these fifty characters in your own story? Naturally you yourself would be a member of the community, and those other anarchists you have known would also be there. How would X behave in such circumstances, and how would Y react, when he was expected to work as well as talk? Those who had some experience of communal life during the war will have already experienced in some slight degree, the problems which confront these fifty characters.

On a sociological level the novel might embrace a span of time in which the descendants of these pioneers were concerned. A communism of poverty might prevail in the years when the party was confined to the island, herding sheep and digging potatoes, but eventually the radioactivity of the mainland would die down and they could return to the problems of creating a complex, technological society—if they wanted to. What ever you envisage is dependent on your own view of anarchism. The fifty characters look to you in hope.

G.

ON STRIKE?

WEEK 32

Deficit on 'Freedom'	£640
Contributions Received	£574
DEFICIT	£66

August 7th—11th

Oxford: Anon. 5/-; Woodford: J.S. 3/10; Wolverhampton: J.K.W. 2/-; Wolverhampton: J.G.L. 3/7; Glasgow: J.H. 1/6; Bangor: J.T. 5/-; London: N.D. 5/-; Melbourne: V.R. 2/6; Surrey: F.B. 10/-.

Total 4 18 6

Previously acknowledged 573 11

1961 TOTAL TO DATE £578 10

*Denotes regular contributors.

UNIVERSITY ANARCHIST GROUP IN NEW ZEALAND

(From a correspondent)

LONDON Anarchist Rae Vinycomb, now settled in New Zealand, lay ill in a Wellington hospital. In the bed beside him was a young trainee teacher who ran a night coffee bar to support his wife and child. The shop was also the centre for intellectual and working-class activity where plans for campaigns such as Nuclear and Total Disarmament, repeal of anti-union laws and the organising of public opinion against racial discrimination were often discussed and formulated.

The two convalescents soon engaged in long discussions on politics and more particularly socialism. Rae discovered that in this city were several groups, such as Socialist Forum, a SPGB club, and individuals who were thoroughly disappointed with the Labour Party and were seeking other ways to bring about the socialist ideal. Fortunately he had brought a large amount of Anarchist propaganda and literature with him, including a hundred back issues of FREEDOM. (Ironically the local Conservative party organ has the same title).

Paddy Craddock's coffee bar shortly became a base for anarchist discussions and debates. Many people, from wharf labourers to university students, stimulated by readings of LAG weekly and books by Kropotkin, principally, found a cause more worthwhile and positive than could be offered by any of the seesawing political parties whether labour, Tory or communist.

At last in July it was decided to establish a group on the university campus. Soon placards and stencilled notices proclaiming "Property is Theft", "Law—the Prostitution of Justice" and apt quotations from anarchist writers were prominently displayed to advertise the meeting.

A capacity crowd turned up in the new Students' Union building, about three-quarters through curiosity and interest. A meeting without a chairman might have been expected to be chaotic, particularly as many had come to vent criticism and even hostility. But, as a lecturer present described it, it was one of the best ordered and most interesting meetings held in the university for many a day.

Comrade Vinycomb helped to estab-

lish a fitting atmosphere in his introductory talk, in which he described his fifteen years as an anarchist and the fundamentals of libertarian thought. Bill Dwyer invited discussion on the anarchist conception of society in which all the mutual relations of its members are regulated, not by laws, not by authorities whether self-imposed or elected, but by mutual agreements between the members of that society, and by a sum of social customs and habits—not petrified by law, routine or superstition, but continually developing and continually readjusted, in accordance with the ever-growing requirements of a free life, stimulated by the progress of science, invention and the steady growth of higher ideals.

On this basis the discussion provoked lively arguments on religion, sex, society, morality and a host of other topics. Jim Hawkins, a second-year school teacher, saw society as having evolved from early primitive tribal life through feudalism to capitalism and now striving to a higher life in which the goal of true equality would be eventually achieved.

So ended a highly successful inaugural meeting. It was stressed that the new group was as yet an infant and that the first step was to set up study groups to promote an informed and growing centre from which other groups would stem and receive encouragement. Already plans were made to hold a summer camp and seminar in a remote mountain area near the sea where it is expected about fifty men and women will meet to combine serious study on the problems of the new society and its achievement with a free social holiday.

One interesting aftermath to the Meeting was the pronounced hostility of the Student Executive who would not understand how a university club could function without officials and therefore refused to enrol the Anarchist Association as a campus society. Hostile reaction to this decision was reflected in that, within an hour of a requisition for a Special General Meeting being canvassed, more than twice the required number of students had signed it, not only to have the anarchists enrolled but also to pass a vote of no confidence in the Executive. In a word the new group has started people to think.

BUTTON MADNESS

FOLLOWING the piece in FREEDOM on Berlin (August 5th—*Jumping Off Ground to Nowhere*) the point was made by one of the editors that the commentary seemed contradictory in places on the seriousness or otherwise of the "Berlin crisis".

Reading the piece again, and allowing for the errors which obscure one or two of the points, the main argument seems clear enough, that the . . . "Berlin crisis is but a stage in the cold war providing a jumping off ground to nowhere".

When I said that . . . "there is always the possibility of war . . ." it was not merely to cover myself in the particular issue of Berlin, but because I hold to the traditional anarchist view that war is inevitable under capitalism; the enemy may change, the scale may be limited but as long as profit can be made from war and the fruits of political power increased, we will have wars. Therefore, the possibility of a particular

"situation" resulting in war is always there.

The reasons why Berlin at this time seems an unlikely "war starter" have been expressed in FREEDOM several times. There are many but the most important as I see it is that Britain and America, whatever they say, are divided on the question of a united Germany.

Further, in spite of the war-like gestures from Eastern Germany, in my view the Government has no intention of pushing the issue to the point where an open conflict between East and West will result in large-scale war. Neither Russia or Britain wants this for reasons which have already been stated.

But at the risk of confusing the issue still further I am not so sure about the intentions of America.

With an "independent" and aggressive leader in Washington determined to prove himself as a political leader capable of standing up to "any aggressor", backed by an administration which spends more on armaments than the previous one and whose advisers are not at all uneasy about a "limited" war in Berlin, a "skirmish" between East and West forces in Germany with the use of small nuclear weapons is not an impossibility.

Several weeks ago when the Soviet Government announced its intentions to re-open negotiations for a separate peace treaty with East Germany (which had already been conveyed to Kennedy in Vienna when he talked with Krushchev) we suggested that the resultant clamour made by the Democratic Administration, under fire over its Cuban policy, provided a welcome diversion into which the big guns could be fired.

But the trouble with political diversions is that they are not always controllable.

One of the main points made by the spokesmen for the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, and I think a valid one, is that "some lunatic might press a button" involving us in a nuclear war which no-one can control.

Although recurring crises is the political meat on which all governments feed, when discussing them we must always think about the press-button lunatic who will never be satisfied with a monotonous crisis diet.

R.M.

Round the Galleries

Continued from page 3

big-name spiv galleries one can but return to share Michonze's faith and struggle.

It was not only a disappointing week among the galleries but also for the so-called Soho Vigilantes, for this small group spawned at a table in the French café in Old Compton Street decided it would be a giggle to make with the feet in the mass to Gimpel Fils at 50 South Molton Street, W.1., to make a public and publicised protest at the Josef Albers' exhibition, "Homage to the square" in the belief that the unfortunate title referred to the opposition and that there was political overtones or undertones or what have you. Fortunately one of their fingermen broke the news to these ersatz poets that these paintings by a seventy-year-old German were literally what the title said i.e. squares having four equal sides and angles.

For this elderly German who now lives in New Haven in America loves to examine the motifs that can be obtained by the use of colour when applied to rectilinear geometry and one wishes that not only the Philistines but our own home-grown phoney avant garde would take the trouble to find out what they are supposed to be protesting about before they make with the mouth.

ARTHUR MOYSE

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