

It is now apparent—declared the *Observer* in its editorial on 'Priorities' last Sunday—that Britain is moving into the most serious economic crisis for a decade. A Conservative speaker in the Commons, Sir Cyril Osborne, went further and predicted that "a widening trade gap and the growing loss of confidence in sterling were leading us to the gravest economic crisis since 1931". For the *Observer* what makes the situation "especially threatening is the coincidence of three quite different and powerful pressures appearing at the same time". These are

first of all the flight of foreign capital out of London. Secondly, there is the extraordinary and depressing failure of British exporters to take advantage of the expansion of world trade. Thirdly there is the sharp drop in the

Financial Crisis

IN THE MIDST OF AFFLUENCE!

income that Britain derives from trade in the so-called "invisible items"—shipping, investment income, and Government services.

It is as plain as a pikesaff that the so-called crisis is financial and not economic. Indeed the measures which

the government appears to be proposing to take are purely financial ones. The new powers it has voted itself under the Finance Bill to impose special taxes on specified goods will, it is said, "curb home demand". In effect it will not only do this but

also represents an internal devaluation of the currency without devaluing it in relation to other currencies. One assumes that what the government hopes to achieve by these measures is to stimulate exports, if necessary by subsidising competitive prices with the special taxes, and at the same time not having to pay higher prices for imports, which, of course, would be the case if sterling were to be devalued. Apparently the struggle to maintain the pound sterling is not only Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's concern. According to the *Observer*

For the first time since the war there is an agreement among foreign central banks, with the Germans playing the major part, to protect sterling from being submerged by a sudden wave of speculation.

We do not profess to know the answer, though we are sure that the reason has little to do with any generous feelings that the bankers and industrialists might have for the living standards of the British worker! It is more likely that a devaluation of sterling would inevitably lead to other countries following suit, with the German mark emerging as the "European dollar" and Western Germany being expected to pay the lion's share in the "defence" programme of the West. It all sounds fantastic, especially when one recalls the solemn promise by the war-time politicians that for at least 50 years Germany would have to be occupied and unarmed.

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BUT is the capitalist system anything if not absurd? Here we are in 1961 producing more useless and useful goods and services per head than mankind has ever produced, yet every few months there is some kind of "economic" crisis somewhere in the world.

When governments warn both workers and industrialists that they should be producing more, or more economically, such appeals only have meaning if one can accept the, to our minds, crazy concept that useless industries or services can ever be economical. To say that the advertising industry (£400m. a year) is efficient to the extent that it stimu-

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GENERAL SALAN'S LONDON REPRESENTATIVES

(From a Correspondent)

FRENCH business acquaintances in London were surprised to find in their letter box last week a duplicated letter from the "O.A.S. Algeria Française" London Section addressed to "French men and women of London" in which they quote from a leaflet distributed in Alger and Oran which declares that after a waiting period of many weeks "which may have been upsetting to you", "the hour has struck". Their army of the Maquis is ready to strike. Consisting of "our loyal legionnaires, our proud Paras" and supported by a great part of the allegedly loyal regiments, it represents "a huge, almost invincible force". Most of the police and the C.R.S. have placed themselves under the orders of Generals Salan and Jouhaud. "Within the next ten days the events you have been waiting for will take place, etc." This is followed by news items from Algeria and France, and finally:

LONDON: The O.A.S.-London asks you to pass on this communication to your friends. To inform the person who has passed it on to you the number of people you have approached. The corresponding number of the next tract will be passed on to you. We ask you for neither name nor address. There are already nearly a thousand of us; we do not know each other and yet all our tracts reach their destination. It is our strength and our safety. French Women and French Men. THE REGIME IS LOST! HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS PERJURED GOVERNMENT! ANGER IS RUMBLING FROM DUNKERQUE TO TAMANRASSET! THERE WILL BE NO PITY SHOWN FOR THE TRAITORS! O.A.S. LONDON. THE O.A.S. STRIKES WHO IT WISHES, WHERE IT WISHES, WHEN IT WISHES!

All very much cloak and dagger, but an interesting document all the same. No address is given naturally. How our acquaintances are expected to let the O.A.S. know how many leaflets they will require next time is difficult to know. We have suggested that they leave a note in the milk bottle.

THE OLD CRISIS TECHNIQUE

THE old crisis technique, as distinct from the actual waging of war, is a political weapon which many people besides anarchists are beginning to rumble.

It is a technique used by all governments, usually for a variety of internal reasons. One is to excite the population against an outside source—"the enemy"—in order to divert its attention from domestic issues, the handling of which may have made the government very unpopular; another may be wholly economic and, for example, can justify an armament build-up thus helping to solve unemployment problems within a particular country.

The continual political crises and the fear of atomic war, with which people today are faced, may also have a variety of responses. Two very different population reactions are evident, one is apathy the other is the desire to stand up to the outside instigator of "the crisis", and fight.

Either mood may suit a government depending on the circumstances, but both are liable to get out of hand, as the "war frenzy" seems to in the United States at the moment.

According to *Time* newsmagazine this is the summer of discontent in

the U.S.A., for underneath the sun-tanned surface people are uneasy and discontented about the position of the United States in the cold war.

The President for his part is apprehensive (or was) about the nation, and feels that the people are generally not prepared for the showdown—"the country must get ready for the psychological shock (over Berlin)". They must be ready to make sacrifices "and take the risks required by the cold war".

Time's team of correspondents across the U.S. counters the President's fears with the view that the American people are "more than ready . . . to take whatever action is necessary in the struggle against Communism". It quotes the following samples of public opinion, which we think many Americans may well hold because for one thing they have no idea what a war would really involve—complacent in their belief in the superior might of America:—

A *Denver Post* survey disclosed that seven out of ten Coloradans favour war over retreat. Of 32 Atlantans questioned, only one admitted willingness to give up Berlin rather than fight. "Sure it's a dangerous world and nobody wants war," said a North Hollywood businesswoman. "But if we kick in our chips over Berlin, we might as well kick in the whole pot. The effort has to be made somewhere, risk or no risk, and it might as well be over Berlin." To show weakness in Berlin, said Miami Hotel Executive Carl H. Ransom Jr., is only "to give way to something that eventually will eat you up. You lose a little here and a little there, and you wake up and you're lost." Said Wilkie Hanson, a New Jersey businessman: "If we get out of one place we'll have to fight them somewhere else . . ." "We'll stand up on our hind legs in Berlin." Said Bob Maxwell, who conducts a Detroit radio poll: "People think we've been backing off too long."

These are only a few of the quotes which *Time* proudly refers to as the "fiery spirit" of the U.S. people, wherein lies the President's great opportunity—which he must seize unhesitatingly.

President Kennedy should be congratulating himself on the public response to his plea for "sacrifice and risk". Instead we find that Washington is now uneasy about "the growing war frenzy throughout America"!

State Department officials carefully worked up the crisis over Berlin which, according to reports in British newspapers, has now been

put into reverse. An *Express* correspondent writes last Friday that:

... this morning selected American newspapers appeared with stories that said, in effect, "What's all the fuss about?"

Berlin is a political issue between East and West which appears annually. Like the question of disarmament it could have been settled a long time ago if, as they claim, both sides want to end the "cold war".

The re-opening of the Berlin issue at this time when the new administration in Washington had—in the words of political commentators—"suffered a set-back" over events in Cuba, conveniently created a situation critical enough to draw attention from events in Cuba.

It seems that the President's advisors over-did the crisis theme. He will now have to re-interpret the meaning of sacrifice and risk and drag the American people back from the brink.

But if calm has now settled over Washington, in the nature of politics it must lift again and give way to yet another crisis.

SPAIN 1936 Public Meeting

Public meeting to commemorate the Spanish workers' social revolutionary struggle against fascism and to express solidarity with the Spanish people.

Sunday July 16th at 6.30 p.m.

Speakers:

Speakers for the (CNT)
S. GURUCHARRI Spanish Youth (FIL)
L. BAILEY (FAS)
PHILIP SANSON (LAG)
KEN HAWKES (SWF)

Chairman: TOM BROWN

Film: "FURY OVER SPAIN"
DENISON HOUSE.

VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, S.W.1.
(3 minutes from Victoria Station)

Sponsors: Spanish National Confederation of Labour (CNT), Jewish "Free Voice of Labour Group" (FAS), London Anarchist Group (LAG), Syndicalist Workers' Federation (SWF).



IT was a hot June night. The hall, creaking in every joint, as usual, was half full. The audience was respectable, remarkably free of beards and even, on such a night, of open-necked shirts. It was no surprise that against such a backdrop of respectability such weird cults can arise. Only the 'weirdies' can support such commonsense, practical ideas as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

A young man was acting as chairman of the meeting. True to the tradition of extreme respectability he was revealed to be a lawyer.

He was merely the humble instrument of the Society, which he mentioned had charged nine holy mountains (four in the U.S.A.) as power centres and the meeting tonight was to further this work.

The second speaker was more youthful and intelligent. He had been granted a privilege that he had never quite got over. He had travelled to America on a lecture tour with the chairman and founder of the Society. He made a happy parallel with the reception that Christopher Columbus's voyages had. The founder and he had travelled out on a freighter.

The lecture tour had started in Los Angeles (that haven of cults). At the time there was a Space-Craft convention being held at the Statler-Hilton Hotel, Hollywood and the Founder addressed the convention. It had been a cause of some jealousy that the hotel was full for this address. By a curiously apt Spoonerism, the speaker said "every crook and nanny was filled."

Any sincere and open-minded person would, he said, recognize that they had the key to life—to life! he repeated.

The Society had been incorporated in Los Angeles which implied, he said, they had been recognized by the U.S. Government.

Flying Pie in the Sky

They had, he went on, come through the wood and now could see green, broad pastures. It had been a tremendous journey.

The Founder was now entitled to call himself 'Reverend' (of the U.S. metaphysical church) and now he would speak on "Operation Starlight and the Next Master".

The founder rose to speak. He was unimpressive. There was no divine fire. He was like a mock-auctioneer or a market salesman selling a new religion with those purposeful lapses into the common touch which spiritual old ladies and scientific young men found irresistible. "What he lacked in divine fire he made up for with damned cheek", as was said of another Reverend.

"A lot of water has flowed under the Cosmic Bridge in the last twelve months," said the founder, quoting, as he said, from his own book. "Put it down as a commercial".

It had been denied that the Man from Venus existed. He would say, would you recognize a space man if you saw one? Did you recognize Jesus and the Buddha (who came from Venus too)? Jesus was murdered and the Buddha had to beg for his living.

The space men won't land because they can't force us to change our minds. Not one of the members of the audience (with one possible exemption) was alive at the time of Jesus.

The speaker as a practising occultist believed in practical metaphysics and found it necessary to recognize truth as truth. He believed that even cats and dogs have clairvoyance and it was possible to see potential angels in people.

"The fact that I don't like a thing and the fact that I don't believe it doesn't matter" (truth is truth) "we must appeal to intuition."

The speaker believed that honest space intelligences were viewing the world. There was a thin white line, even in the salt mines of Russia.

These were the few upon whose back the many live. If the few were evacuated many would die he said. (This refers to the spiritually enlightened not, as some would judge, by remarks torn from context, to the class struggle).

The speaker came out in favour of not making resolutions but of doing good deeds.

The speaker returned, as he had promised, to the case of the political prisoners in the Russian salt mines. They discovered they were getting younger but he regretted it was not in the public interest to tell what this energy force was. For a full year the Russians practised telepathy, sending messages to the Free World. Ultimately a woman in America tuned in and got the message, this she guarded safely until it got into the right hands (the Pentagon?) and eventually the R.A.F. sent couriers to collate and bring back this message.

Fortified by this expedition into high politics, the speaker returned to July 23rd, 1958, when the 'thin white line' was sorely pressed and at 12 o'clock near Coombe Martin in Devon, Jesus came back. "We can," he said, "prove this." At the time it looked like war in Lebanon but the U.S. laid down their arms. The Bible says that when there is war in the Lebanon shall Armageddon come. This was the start of Operation Starlight when the twelve blessings were given by Jesus.

"In this the Society played a great part and I don't say that because I am the chairman."

The proof of the pudding is not in the text-book but in the digestion. You cannot, he said, tell a lie to this eye, he indicated the middle of his forehead. "Not the Christ-centre."

If everyone knew the cosmic plan there would be no necessity for lawyers (with a bow to the chairman of the meeting). There would be no necessity to eat, clean the house, no necessity for a car to travel (this would be done by tele-portion). All this is waiting on your doorstep when you are ready to work for it.

The speaker then gave way to his film and modestly said it was not a Hollywood production, which, if that was what they wanted, would cost £100,000.

The film which followed was the average kind of home movie (in colour) with the shots of the motel, Auntie arriving at the airport, Uncle falling down in the snow, there were shots of Uncle Keith and Auntie practising yoga, and a cosy shot of Uncle George with tape recorder going into a trance in a motel. The sound-track was dramatized in a declamatory style with Sibelius-Mahler style chords of music and at the end the voice of Jesus (recorded by the Founder in a trance).

The whole film is ludicrous in its pretension. We see a man falling (about two feet) and we are told his left hip has gone and he can make no more films. We are told of the deadly perils of this mission (to endow the Holy Mountains with cosmic force so that the Space People can use them as Aquarian Age Power Centres), but it looks like a happy picnic expedition.

After this film we were allowed an interval. Presumably because the hall did not allow smoking. In the lobby, literature was on sale including the Founder's book *You are Responsible!* with a mushroom bomb explosion in the background and a white cross in the mid-ground, in the fore-ground are silhouetted figures of men in various attitudes of beseeching despair, at the side is a figure with an upraised hand (presumably the Founder). There was also tinned nutmeat.

Refreshed by fresh-air (or nicotine), we returned to the rarified air of outer-space.

We were treated to a discourse on Cosmic History.

Lucifer was a planet on which Atomic energy was used wrongly, this disintegrated the planet and produced the asteroid belt.

The 'intelligences' resident on this planet were thrown into the void. They could not go to Mars because Mars was building flying-saucers, they could not go to Venus because the inhabitants were 'Teachers', not Jupiter since it was a reception centre, Saturn's vibrations were too high and Mercury was a communications centre.

The 'intelligences' approached this earth which was peopled by Adamic Man (a backward race of Cosmic criminals). The earth was a space craft which gave her permission for the landing and man came to earth.

Man re-discovered atomic energy and destroyed Lemuria and Atlantis. At this point the founder said, "If you read this

in a novel you would not believe it." My disbelief still remained unshaken. However, we were assured by the founder "Don't take my word for it. Go on to the lower astral planes tonight and find out."

We were assured that in the Aquarian Age people who do not give service to others will go to the other side of the sun. Some countries will be "four miles of water wet". The poles will change places.

The next master will land in a flying saucer—in Glory. Some will try to kill him and will be taken from the earth. "We don't have to wait for us all to be perfect. Just show we are ready."

The founder refused to comment on the statements of Orfeo Angelucci and George Adamski.

He had information that the Russian rocket had not reached the moon and the Americans had been very interested in that tape.

As we left the hall it was difficult to look for flying saucers hovering over the Ministry of Labour and State House but we remain sceptical.

As a footnote to this excursion into space we read in *Time and Tide* (June, 1961) that Adolf Eichmann in 1953 had written a novel about flying saucers which would arrive on earth and bring peace to all mankind.

Wherever we have the hopes of mankind for peace and prosperity there are the credulous who are the sheep who can be led into the green, broad pastures to browse on the bread of heaven or sup from flying saucers.

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Surrealist Nostalgia?

I personally enjoyed those of Hughes' work that I saw before the hanging, an unavoidable bias is raised in my mind by the sight and sound of so many Bond Street old hands eagerly preparing to soften the rigour of their old age by pushing what is at the moment minor talent. Sylvester claims that Hughes has an affinity with René Magritte, and Spencer in *Art News* echoes Sylvester but there is little that the two painters have in common. Magritte has a greater command of his medium than Hughes and his were visual puns that could make their point even without the caption. Hughes on the other hand loves the play on words and without their titles many of his paintings are meaningless, as when he offers a crude painting of a house literally painted with house paint and calls it, "House painted with house paint" or "What a yoke" with a series of oval shapes changing from a childlike drawn head into a blank egg shape. It is that literary type of humour so essentially English that we usually associate with middle-aged Victorian Divines, bald, bearded and slightly bonkers and has as its basis an uncontrollable sob of frustration and

David Sylvester, the art critic of the *New Statesman*, has written the blurb for the catalogue that is the most expensive glossy that the Portal Gallery has so far produced and Sylvester who is an honest, sensitive and informed writer must have been personally convinced of the merit of these works to append his name to the catalogue. And yet, though

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despair. It is surely no accident that of the three buyers I have mentioned each was actively associated with the English Surrealist Movement and the guess might be hazarded that Hughes' charm is that of nostalgia. Yet this 21-year-old Leeds waiter has a lifetime before him to justify the confidence of those who are backing him and we in this country are at the moment so barren of painterly talent that we can but wish him well.

Lawrence Alloway, the self-elected messiah of American painting, is now *persona grata* at the American Embassy and his full page article on the exhibition of Masden Hartley, now currently showing at the magnificent gallery within the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square, lacks his old bite. This one-man iconoclastic squad has subjugated his pen in defence of an American second string painter who would appear to work on the simple principle of you name it, I'll paint it, for Hartley is a chameleon painter who can merge into any group or any period and produce work that is neither better nor worse than above average.

nearly a hundred letters by the young Freud to the girl he was going to marry. They are full of the usual little-tattling young lovers of the lower middle-class write to each other and only sometimes there emerges in an aside, the picture of the scientific world and its moral bankruptcy even at the beginning of the 20th century. The way an overdue professorship is bought with the gift of a rare painting to a Museum, is charmingly told in a letter, reprinted here again, from another and better collection. There is no doubt that the flood of books about Freud is still rising. Now Sartre writes a film about him and some other member of the Freud-family will act as adviser. It is time, especially for those who loved and honoured Freud, to remember his own regret of ever having described details of his private life. "I cannot recommend anyone to follow my example," he says again in his Autobiography.

Whilst the history of the Psycho-analytical Movement is certainly interwoven with the person of its founder, psycho-analysis as a method and a science will only take its full place among other sciences and methods when it becomes separated from and independent of the people who gave it to the world.

MAX PATRICK.

AROUND THE GALLERIES

Elizabeth McCausley in the catalogue foreword suggests that Hartley was one of the expatriate Americans who on returning to America found his soul but the answer I feel is more prosaic and it is that Hartley found the pace of his mercurial Parisian masters too heady and settled for the quiet corn of the local talent in the State of Maine.

The Grabowski Gallery at 84 Sloane Avenue, S.W.3, are showing the work of five Belgian painters and here is visual poetry by a group of people who work at their self-allotted tasks with the same skill and devotion as any master craftsman at his bench. Jadot after a lifetime of mediocre work has finally found his true medium and is producing abstractions worthy of international note while Mesens' collages of found objects possess a wit and a freshness that many have tried to imitate but only he can rescue from the taint of the talented amateur while the Hanover Gallery at 32a St. George Street, W.1, are offering the Town an opportunity to view a magnificent collection of off-beat sculpture literally overshadowed by a huge wooden structure by Nevelson that looks like, and has, all the dotty charm of a Victorian overmantle plus a sculptured hand by Picasso that is so crudely bad that if offered under any other name should never have been accepted.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

FIANCIAL CRISIS

Continued from page 1

lates demand for goods and services which but for the psychological pressures of advertising the public would not feel a need for, is double-talk. As we see it efficiency is the ability to produce for the satisfaction of human needs with a minimum of human effort.

Waste is the hall-mark of capitalist production: durability is a factor in production which no rational society can overlook. 10,000 workers who produce 10,000 tractors which shake themselves to the scrap heap in a year are from the point of view of efficiency less efficient than the same number of workers who produced half the number of tractors but which lasted five years. In a capitalist society neither they, the workers, nor the industrialists nor the army of advertisers and salesmen would agree with this approach, for durability is bad for business and for "full-employment". But when, of course, there is no relationship between "business", or "full-employment" and efficiency.

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IF the development of the machine, to the point where machines can be used to control machines, has any social meaning it is not that it permits the industrialist to have more power and more privileges, but that the relationship between the time needed to provide the necessities of life and the time available to each individual to live and develop, has radically changed even within the last ten years. Yet in

More leisure to live!

THE opponents of anarchism (and of socialism, for that matter) always argue that such a society cannot be achieved because everybody will want a car, a house, and this or that "luxury" and nobody will want to do the work to provide these things if there isn't somebody in authority to make them do the work. To our minds this concern with the "demands" for the material frills—as distinct from the basic needs to maintain life and health—which will pour forth in an equalitarian non-capitalist society, is based on a misunderstanding of what are the true demands that people make as distinct from the artificial ones that reflect the social malaise of our industrial civilisation.

An economy which is geared to satisfying needs would radically change the relationship between work and leisure in people's lives. Whereas leisure hours today represent the moments of escape from the routine of jobs and the miseries of crowded buses and trains, leisure in what, in this machine age, could be the leisure society would be viewed, and used in quite other ways. Furthermore the replacement of competition by co-operation in our working lives would at the same time deeply affect our personal relationships. "Keeping up with the Jones", which today impels millions of people to mortgage their lives to the Hire Purchase finance companies would have no meaning in a society in which Smith is interested in being Smith and not in apeing Jones!

Elsewhere in this issue we publish a talk given on the BBC Home Service in May by Mr. J. M. Richards (and reprinted in the *Listener*)

fact it is doubtful whether most workers spend less hours in their jobs today than they did ten years ago. What small reductions in basic working hours have been gained are swallowed up by overtime working and the ever longer hours people have to spend getting to and from their jobs. It is true that living standards have gone up and people demand more of the gadgetry of modern civilisation, and in consequence they have to work more hours, relatively, to afford them. But even so there is no relationship today between what a worker produces, the hours he works and what he receives for his labour.

Sir Arthur Bryant, writing in the *Sunday Times* last week, reminds us not only that agriculture is this country's largest industry but that "every British farmer and farm worker produces enough food to feed twenty-five people". Yet it is notorious that land workers are among the lowest paid workers in the community.

We only mention this in passing as an example of the irrationality and injustice of the existing system and not because we believe that in a just society based on production for need each individual would or should demand to enjoy the full fruits of his labour. To assess the value of each man's labour in terms of money or rewards is not only virtually impossible but a waste of time in an equalitarian society in which there is no reason why the needs of all should not be met with considerably less work than at present.

on the subject of *Men in Motor Cars* which brilliantly illustrates some of the things we have been trying to say not only about the artificiality of public "demand" today but of the unrealism of those who assume that such demands will be automatically transferred, with added intensity to the free society.

We suspect that perhaps Mr. Richards looks for initiative from above, when, for instance he writes:

There are . . . two measures that can be taken to solve the traffic problem—in so far as it is caused by the over-use of the private motor-car. One is to provide people with other outlets for their need of self-expression, which could be of many kinds. This opens up all sorts of questions concerning the dull nature of many people's jobs and the proper use of their increasing leisure. . . .

Clearly jobs are dull either because the persons doing them see no point in them (that is, they cannot see any useful purpose in what they are doing) and/or because the hours they spend at work are much too long. We do not believe in trying to persuade people to make "proper use of their increasing leisure", because only governments and nose-yparkers have the impudence to tell people what is the "proper use" to make of their leisure. What does interest us, however, is how to awake in people a feeling of the importance of being in a position to run their own lives. For then, not only will they begin to question existing relationships and values but will develop new interests which will make demands on them for more time . . . more leisure to do things they want to do, to observe, to study, to live!

WE are at last becoming fully aware of the high price we are paying for letting motor-cars become such a dominant element in our civilization. The price includes the ripping apart of our towns and cities by driving new motor roads through them, the huge cost of road building, the waste of time and nervous energy resulting from traffic congestion, the frustration of never being able to find anywhere to park. Politicians, town-planners, and road-engineers are all busy trying to find ways of improving this situation, but they are working on the basis that the way we use motor-cars is a necessary part of the pattern of modern life.

What happens if we take another view? The view that a civilized life comes before the demands of any particular machine and that perhaps, instead of every kind of planning automatically making way for the motor-car, we should put ourselves first even if it means questioning the way cars are now used. I am not disparaging their usefulness. Nostalgia for the peaceful days before motor-cars happened would be pointless now; the world has changed because of them. But we have the choice of either passively succumbing to them or making them into a real asset—not, as now, a mixture of private assets and public nuisance.

Nor am I advocating restrictive legislation. There has been talk of the time coming soon when private motoring might have to be forbidden in the centres of cities, as the only way of easing congestion. This offers a tempting way out to those would-be legislators who think only in terms of imposing discipline on people; but apart from the difficulty of administering such controls I do not believe in legislation that runs dead against ordinary people's wishes and instincts. We must go deeper, and it is just this matter of people's wishes and instincts that we need to think about. The motor-car has achieved its dominant position because it provides an outlet for all sorts of psychological needs that everyone possesses. It has given an inflated social and psychological value that has no connexion with its usefulness as a transport machine. This has come about through several causes. One is the habit of regarding motor-cars as a symbol of affluence. Another is pressure from the industry, which to keep itself prosperous has to persuade the public of the importance of not only owning a motor-car (or several motor-cars) but of getting if possible a new model each year, with the result that, anyway in America, the discarded motor-cars, the space they take up and the visual squalor they cause, are becoming almost as much a problem as parking those which are still in use.

But there are more personal reasons than these for the all-pervading, uncritical cult of motor-car ownership. The act of driving a car is one of the few outlets available to most people for their need to exercise personal power and assert their individuality. Skill in driving and roadmanship enable the ordinary person to express his innate sense of craftsmanship, which in the modern world has too little outlet, and one by-product of this, incidentally, is more road accidents. Speedy and expert handling of motor-cars is admired and glamorized. The young have been taught to look with envy and hero-worship at the fast driver—including the too-fast driver—in a way they do not look at any other criminal, such as the safe-breaker or the cat-burglar.

Wasted Time and Energy

So we have acquired an attitude to motor-cars which is not only irrelevant to their proper purpose but, if you come to think of it, utterly out of date. Compare other kinds of machine. The operation of every machine in a factory by a different person has long been out of date. If only from the point of view of conservation of energy, the introduction of power looms, power presses, and the like was one of the biggest moves forward out of the handicraft era. The fashion for using individual motor-cars in towns, although it is often glibly described as an essential ingredient of our mechanized world, is in fact a retreat right back into the handicraft era—the era that existed before the invention of power machinery, when people had to perform every operation individually.

In the case of the motor-car, it cannot be regarded as an advanced form of social organization when the time and energy of the occupant of each unit of what is, in effect, a mass migration citywards every morning is separately taken

MEN IN MOTOR CARS

up by the task of propelling that unit. It is utterly primitive and wasteful, especially when the units are situated almost head to tail, as constantly happens. One really powerful unit at the front of the queue could pull them all, making what used to be called a 'train' before our fairly well organized transport system allowed itself to be fragmented by the individual's enthusiasm for driving his own car. And this did not happen because it increased efficiency but because it was a means of relieving psychological and social frustration. The degree of waste is shown by the fact that one person riding in a private car occupies, on an average, seventy square feet of road-space, whereas each person in a bus, even when it is only half full, occupies seven square feet.

There is an interesting parallel between planning for motor-cars and planning for houses. In each case the idea of planning in the interest of the whole community—especially the community without much expendable ground-space—involves bringing each unit into a coherent relationship—units which without such planning would scatter themselves too widely. In the case of housing we have managed to progress from separate villas swarming out into the countryside to a more organized pattern of terraces, squares and the like, and of blocks of flats, so freeing ground-space for other purposes. The private car, spreading itself more widely than our available ground-space can afford, is surely the exact equivalent of the single villa because it, too, takes up too much land. The equivalent of bringing houses into more compact groups is perhaps to make more use of public transport.

Town-planners, and other people whose business it is to prevent the wasteful use of land, have shown up the imbecility of allowing little houses to be scattered everywhere, at the whim of the house-owner but to the detriment of the community. And the public is beginning to accept their arguments. The next thing to do is to show up the imbecility of allowing free rein to the individual motor-car, so that society can take action in this case too. But it cannot act effectively until ordinary people understand what the fight is against; that it is not, according to my theory, against the sensible use of the motor-car as a transport machine, but against allowing it to become nearly everyone's means of expressing his individuality.

Two Suggested Measures

There are therefore two measures that can be taken to solve the traffic problem—in so far as it is caused by the over-use of the private motor-car. One is to provide people with other outlets for their need of self-expression, which could be of many kinds. This opens up all sorts of questions concerning the dull nature of many people's jobs and the proper use of their increasing leisure. The other measure is the improvement and the reglamorization of public transport. I emphasize reglamorization, because public transport has been vulgarized and made squalid by bad conditions and obsolete equipment. If my parallel between housing and transport is accepted, not only do people have to be educated to prefer public transport in exactly the same way as they have to be educated out of their prejudices in favour of nothing but isolated villa ownership, but the process must compete with difficulties equivalent to the resistance to flats that was created by flats becoming associated with obsolete slummy tenements.

Public transport suffers from similar associations. But this can be put right by showing how comfortable and efficient it can be—and how adventurous. There are no end to untried possibilities—the monorail, for example, is one—and to experiment with them should appeal to the idealist in all of us, because the ultimate aim is one of social betterment, not one of social fragmentation like the provision of more facilities for individual motor-cars. Organized transport, like organized anything else (from athletic competition to orchestral music), is that much further along the road to civilization.

Another point is that it is not a valid objection that it becomes more and more difficult for public transport to pay its way, and that, for example, rising busmen's wages make it impossible to maintain a good service. Public transport

is so important a service that it should not have to balance its budget internally. Even if it were run at a considerable loss, this would be far outweighed by the saving in time and energy a good, smooth-running transport service would create. There are plenty of other public services that society as a whole has to provide for its members because they are considered necessary, even though they do not pay: the sewage system, for example, or the Health Service—to say nothing of the Royal Navy. It is a matter of balancing the cost of a good public transport system against the cost of all the wasted time that our present over-use of private transport creates. We do not complain that the sewage system makes no profits and that therefore each individual ought to be dealing with his own sewage.

Pride in Public Transport?

At the moment our public transport services suffer from defeatism—from the feeling that they are on the way out; that the railways, for example, are an old-fashioned service which can only be somehow patched up. But if the sense of pride in the service that used to exist could be revived, and if the public enthusiasm for its transport services, like the enthusiasm that existed when railways were first invented, could be recreated, what a difference would immediately be shown in our towns and cities! Their street-pattern, on which their architectural character depends and which is nowadays condemned as out of date, would be found to be perfectly adequate; there would be no need to disrupt our towns by road-widening schemes and blast them open with new highways. The parking problem, with all its frustrations, would disappear. We would no longer need to view our town architecture across a foreground of shiny vehicles.

The privately owned car will always have its place, but the gregarious human being could surely—at least it is worth trying—be persuaded to make travel to work and about his cities (which are, after all, an expression of his gregariousness) a co-operative effort, and take pleasure in doing so. This would be far more worth while than expensive and unnecessary multi-storey and underground car-parks, which spread the very disease they are designed to cure, because—and this applies to road systems as well as parking facilities—the more space you provide, the more motor-cars arrive on the scene to take advantage of it, so that from the point of view of congestion you are back where you started.

In addition, there is the anti-social nature of the private motor-car habit: I do not mean the habit of family trips in the car at weekends. I mean driving about on daily business with one person in one car. We only become social individuals when we step out of our cars, and I suspect that if the glamour and satisfaction derived from operating a car were transferred to something else, many people would find it more of a gain than they imagine. It is hardly a step forward in civilized living when nearly every member of society spends more and more of his life shut up by himself in a metal box.

J. M. RICHARDS,

Home Service (Listener, May 11, 1961)

TOO YOUNG FOR BORSTAL BUT NOT FOR PRISON

Michael Kevin Coffey (15), of Arnett Street, Hulme, was sentenced to three years, imprisonment at Manchester Crown Court yesterday. Judge E. Steel told him:

"You are not yet 16, so you cannot go for Borstal training. Never in my life have I sent at 15-year-old to prison, but I feel there is no other way to deal with you."

Coffey, who was said to have absconded four times this year from an approved school, was put on probation by Judge Steel last month after he had been found guilty of housebreaking and larceny, with 22 similar offences taken into consideration. He was charged yesterday for a breach of probation after stealing a motor-cycle valued at £50.

(*Guardian* 1/7/61).

Letters

DEAR COMRADES,

I don't know who the Stalinist, Trot or other Castrati is who wrote the unsigned article on Cuba. Before I reply let me say that I have read Sartre and Mill on the subject, though why Anarchists should be expected to accept these as an authority I really can't imagine. More to the point, I have read Dave Dellinger, Sidney Lens, William Worthy, Mario Gonzalez and other Libertarians, who whitewash this dictatorship; as well as Roy Finch and the emigre Cuban anarchists who don't.

Let me ask your correspondent and any other pseudo-Anarchist Castrati: first, do they deny that the Libertarian Anarcho-Syndicalists have, for the most part, had to take to the hills or leave Cuba? Do they deny that the remainder, the "Solidaridad Gastronomica" group have, in peril of their lives, toned down their Anarchism, and asked the International Anarchist Movement to tone down their criticism of Castro, so

that he will not take reprisals on them personally.

John Dewey said, "if you want to judge a society go see who lies in its prisons", and Debs said, "if any man lies in prison I am in chains", neither of these was Anarchist; but I suggest your correspondent might learn the first principles of Anarchism from them; or does he perhaps deny that Castro's goals are fuller than those of Batista.

Both Makhno and the Spanish Anarchists have surely demonstrated in their time that a voluntary militia can grow as authoritarian as any other army. Must we learn that lesson again? or hasn't your correspondent examined the organisation of Castro's forces; has he not read Castro's own propagandists on the subject; heard Castro's speeches, punctuated every so often by periodic hysterical applause from his militiamen after the fashion of Gabriel D'Annunzio and Hitler?

But the real test is the apologia for Castro in the current *New Left Review*; if anyone can read this without feeling disgusted, then that person not merely is not an Anarchist, is never likely to be and can never have been; but that person totally lacks all that element of human compassion that is the basis of Anarchism. Humanism and the earlier brands of Socialism.

Yours fraternally,

London. LAURENS OTTER.

DEAR COMRADES,

Apropos of F.B.'s letter on individualism, Comrade Armand makes the following comment in a letter to me:

"I read the letter signed F.B. in *FREEDOM* for June 10, and entitled 'Anarchism—Individual or Communist?'. If the individualists who share our attitude have no blueprint for a future society it is because they believe that the achievement of such a society must depend upon the mentality of those who create it. They refuse to mortgage the future. Their task, then, is by means of education to raise individuals who no longer need the state, centralised administration or bosses in order to establish and maintain mutual harmony between themselves. The society in which individualists would be happy to live would

ONE LIFE & A BUMPER HARVEST

HERE in Australia we have been almost cursed—by the efforts of Nature and the scientists of the C.S.I.R.O.—with a record harvest of 270 million bushels of wheat.

After allowing for our own needs the business clique faced the nightmare task (for them) of disposing of 200 million bushels.

There were even grave doubts in Govt. circles that enough storage space could be found for this stupendous crop.

Had it not been for the disastrous weather conditions on the mainland of China we would have been left with a wheat surplus of 100 million bushels this year despite the fact that an area as large as the entire wheat-growing area of Gt. Britain and Eire, 3 million acres, has been removed from cultivation since the end of the war.

With 700 million hungry people in S.E. Asia there is nothing our economists, farming experts, Govt. advisers fear as much as a bumper harvest!!

Despite their efforts the good Earth offers up her contribution to feed the hungry.

Against this background we have the case of Mrs. Reithmuller, a railway worker's wife of Toowoomba near Brisbane who was gaoled for 7 days for stealing groceries worth £1 6s. 8½d. from

a local self-service store. A mother of 3 young children aged 12, 8, 3, Mrs. Reithmuller told the magistrate that she had had to spend a lot of money on doctors and chemists bills recently. (Mrs. Reithmuller herself suffered from asthma). The magistrate told the court that the shopkeepers in Toowoomba had been complaining about the increase in shoplifting. He had warned a week earlier that he would gaoil anyone convicted of this offence. "The shopkeepers were screaming for action", he stated. (With 100,000 men looking for work, and short time work in industry there almost certainly has been an increase in pilfering in food stores.—F.W.)

Mrs. Reithmuller was taken to Brisbane Gaol on the Monday afternoon in a police car and placed in the women's section. Soon after her arrival she was seen by the prison doctor and taken to the Brisbane General Hospital for treatment. She was returned to the prison late on Monday and on Tuesday was again seen by the doctor. At 6 a.m. on Wednesday morning someone went to rouse Mrs. Reithmuller who was sleeping in a large dormitory. She groaned, sat up in bed and fell back. A doctor was called but the railway worker's wife, mother of 3, was dead. She had no previous convictions.

The magistrate said in a statement that had he known that the accused had suffered from asthma he would have "taken it into consideration when punishing her". She had only told him that she spent a lot of money on doctors and chemists' bills. He again warned that he would gaoil anyone committing the same offence.

On the day of the funeral attended by 200 people including a representative of the Police Dept., when the dead woman's husband was near collapse and had to be almost carried from the church, the magistrate spoke again. "Is the public aware that Mrs. Reithmuller had £50 in her possession when arrested?"

This seems to be the only defence offered by our Dept. of Justice in

Queensland. The Minister of Justice was asked to comment on the fact that the woman was sent to gaol for a first offence when the usual penalty in Queensland was a £5 fine said "That question does exercise my mind, but I'm not going to comment on it now. As far as this case is concerned the Magistrate at Toowoomba was acting as a court of competent jurisdiction".

At the funeral a wreath was laid on behalf of the Minister of Justice. Neighbours are now caring for the 3 children. One of them told the reporters "We just can't believe it. It's a nightmare for us all—she was a good woman and a good friend."

And what does this £50 represent? A couple of weeks' wages for a skilled workman, 3 days' pay for a judge of the court. To the Reithmuller family: Winter outfits for the family of 5? A debt? Their life savings? We shall never know. The court did not inquire. Mrs. Reithmuller died for groceries worth £1 6s. 8½d., in a land bursting with surplus food. FRANCIS WEBB

LAG SUMMER SCHOOL

The LAG Summer School will be held at Alan Albon's (Little Marshfoot Farm, Mill Road, Hailsham, Sussex) from Saturday, August 5th to Monday August 7th under canvas. The cost will be 30p per person (children pro rata). Deposits with booking 10/- per person.

The theme for this year is "Anarchy and Respectability" and the speakers will be: Alan Albon, Colin Ward and Bob Green.

Enquiries and Bookings (plus deposit) to: Mary Stevenson, 17a Maxwell Road, S.W.6., closing date Friday, July 14th. Further details will be circulated to interested comrades.

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP CENTRAL MEETINGS

L.A.G. Central London meetings are suspended for the time being pending the booking of a new meeting-place.

Hyde Park Meetings

Every Sunday at 3.30 (if fine)
On the Grass

OFF-CENTRE DISCUSSION MEETINGS

1st Thursday of each month at 8 p.m. at Jack and Mary Stevenson's, 6 Stainton Road, Enfield, Middx.

Last Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m. at Dorothy Barasi's, 45 Twyford Avenue, Fortis Green, N.2.

1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m. at Colin Ward's, 33 Ellerby Street, Fulham, S.W.6.

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

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Easily the best to come out of this test is the Spiritualist Foundation company's ECTOPLASTIC, which washed the test specimen to a Whispy White, rendering it most soft and fairy-like to the touch and quite superior to the BLOOD-O-LAM, KINGDOM, CRUCIFIX and OXFORD brands which are, albeit, quite good buys.

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2. ANGLO, RHYTHMATIC, CONGREG
3. ECTOPLASTIC, SOPERIFIC, BLOOD-O-LAM.

The Worst Buy is INNERGLO which, the experts conclude, is hardly a religion at all. E.C.

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