

## The Black Rose of Anarchism: Marie Louise Berneri

Matthew S. Adams

Marie Louise Berneri was evidently the kind of person who inspired verse. In the *Gedenkschrift* published in the year of her tragically early death, 1949, Louis Adeane attempted to capture the grief felt by those that she had left behind:

Into the silence of the sun  
Risen in dust the rose is gone,  
The blood that burned along the briar  
Branches invisible on the air  
[...]

A child walks in her grace  
The light glows on his face,  
Where the great rose has burned away  
Within the terrible silence of the day.<sup>1</sup>

These feelings were shared by Adeane's friend George Woodcock, the future historian of anarchism, who identified in Berneri a 'mental affinity' that blossomed into a firm friendship as he entered Britain's burgeoning anarchist movement in the 1940s.<sup>2</sup> He too looked to poetry to explain what Berneri had meant to him, but only long after the shock of her death had faded. Indeed, Woodcock, whose intellectual apprenticeship was as a poet frustrated by the limited publishing outlets in 1930s London, later identified Berneri's death as the cause of the twenty-five-year-loss of his poetic voice. 'My sudden inability to write lyric or elegiac poetry coincided with her death', he reflected later, 'and I was convinced that the emotional shock was the cause of this block'.<sup>3</sup>

With the muse returned, he too reached for the floral metaphors of the romantics to memorialise Berneri, and reflect on his reluctant creative silence:

This is the black  
rose of memory.  
It has taken  
a long time  
to spring from  
the briar of  
silence.

...

What could I say,  
heart clogged with grief,  
the muse departed?  
Despair is  
inarticulate.  
[...]  
and I became  
a silent poet.

Regaining his voice, he offered 'the black/rose of memory' to the long-departed Berneri, noting that 'Its colour/will never offend/an anarchist shade,/and in its dark heart/you live in your/brightness and beauty'.<sup>4</sup>

Appreciations such as these indicate the emotional shock of Berneri's untimely death and the force of her personality, but her comrades also mourned the loss of a figure who had played a vital role in revitalising British anarchism. The volume in which Adeane's verse appeared, *Marie Louise Berneri 1918-1949: A Tribute*, while defined by the sadness of its purpose, ruminated on these manifold contributions as well as her extraordinary life. Where one of the schisms in this movement was often a tension between the intellectual and practical – captured in the mutual antagonism between the 'bourgeois', 'careerist', 'misinformed [...] Professor' Woodcock on the one hand, and Albert Meltzer, 'a pompous young man of undefined education' on the other – Berneri managed to transcend such divisions, combining commitment to anarchist activism with an intellectual curiosity and adventurousness.<sup>5</sup> She threw herself, one refugee observed, into aiding those who had fled Spain for Britain as the revolutionary experiment foundered on the rocks of fascist reaction; raised funds for a colony of orphaned children on the north-eastern tip of the Spanish coast, and, a 'good and spontaneous speaker', often publicly preached the virtues of anarchism.<sup>6</sup> At the same time, she was a committed propagandist for anarchist ideas: writing critical articles exploring the rapidly changing geopolitics of the 1930s and '40s, and thereby offering a distinctive anarchist response to current affairs as rival ideologies crowded the world stage. In effect, the practical and intellectual aspects of her contribution to the anarchist cause met in this output. Through her involvement with Freedom Press, she helped organise funding and undertook editorial work for the newspaper *Spain and the World*, its heir *Revolt!*, and, in turn, became the driving-force behind its successor *War Commentary*. Berneri's brief life was thus defined by a devotion to anarchist politics in all its manifestations. This was a commitment that both ran deep and started early.

### **'I should face up to everything, but really I don't have the courage': Anarchist Lives**

Anarchists are not typically much exercised about matters of pedigree. After all, two of its greatest theorists – Mikhail Bakunin and Peter Kropotkin – were members of the Russian nobility, who found their political consciences stimulated by recognising the stark contrast between their wealth, privilege, and the struggles that marked the lives of those surrounding them. If anarchists *were*, however, interested in family lineages as indicators of ideological fidelity, then Berneri's was exemplary, even if it too seemed seeded with tragedy in ways that appeared to foreshadow her own future. The daughter of Italian anarchists Camillo and Giovanna Berneri, Maria Luisa, as she was known until adopting the French version of her name in exile, was born in March 1918 near Florence. Her father Camillo, born in Lodi in 1897, travelled a well-trodden path for anarchists in initially being politicised by mainstream socialism before becoming disenchanted by its tactical inclinations. Associating with the youth-group *Federazione giovanile socialista Italiana* (FGSI) upon arriving in Reggio Emilia, he encountered a party that bore the imprint of the struggles between syndicalism and Marxism that had characterised the Italian labour movement in the opening decades of the twentieth century.<sup>7</sup> Under the tutelage of the *Partito Socialista Italiano* (PSI), the FGSI was directed away from the militancy of syndicalism towards reformism, with its members instructed to 'dress neatly, avoiding such sartorial outrages as long and high pointed collars, behave seriously, and devote their spare time to study and evangelization of the socialist Word.'<sup>8</sup> The division between the reformists of the PSI and the predominantly maximalist FGSI – the two factions essentially separated over the issue of whether socialism would arrive via a revolution, through parliamentary and legislative activity, or mass intransigence – demonstrates that this was an uneasy, and temporary, settlement.

A confluence of factors would cause Camillo's break with the FGSI, however, chief among them being the PSI's equivocal position on the First World war, and meeting his future companion, already an anarchist, Giovanna Caleffi. Camillo's anti-militarism did not save him, however, from being conscripted in 1917. While accounts of his years in the army are fragmentary, his health, never robust, appeared to suffer, as he complained of being 'debole e malaticcio' and had frequent periods in field hospitals.<sup>9</sup> Camillo's post-war activity was marked, inevitably, by the rise of fascism in Italy, but the immediate aftermath of the war found him serving a prison sentence for anarchist propagandising, as the Italian state, rocked by the high unemployment and the dislocation following hasty demobilisation, struggled to maintain control.<sup>10</sup> This tumult was a fertile bed for fascism to grow in, but it was a propitious time for anarchism too, and the soon freed Berneri quickly threw himself into efforts to strengthen the anarchist movement as an effective opposition to the forces of reaction. Setting a pattern that was later followed by Marie Louise this combined intellectual and practical activity. He was actively involved in the *Unione Anarchica Italiana*, for example, and worked with Errico Malatesta, recently returned from exile, in establishing the newspaper *Umanità Nova*.

Fighting fascism would ultimately cost Camillo his life, but in the immediate it cost him his comfort, as it displaced him and his young family. Completing the studies interrupted by military service, upon graduation he began teaching in secondary schools, before fleeing to France in 1926 to escape the police intimidation that accompanied Mussolini's efforts to suppress opposition and consolidate his power. Camillo then followed a path that a host of nineteenth century political dissidents had wearily trudged along before, moving between countries (Netherlands, Belgium, Luxemburg, France, Germany) and their prisons in search of respite and refuge, as his two daughters remained in Paris. While his intellectual curiosity remained considerable, writing to Luigi Fabri that he regretted 'squander[ing] so much time on stupid things: psychology, zoology, telepathy etc' and that he had in hand a 'large book of material on Finalism', much of his energy was devoted to confronting the fascism incubating in Europe.<sup>11</sup> In *El Delirio Racista* (The Racist Delirium), published in early 1935 in Argentina, for instance, he attacked fascism as a 'triumph of the irrational', and lamented the 'great eclipse of German intellect and culture' that 'Hitlerism' represented, its faddish racial theories underpinned by intellectually barren pseudoscience. For all the boorish stupidity of Nazi racial science, Camillo closed by noting the importance of challenging such ideas, not only because of the clear human cost that these notions were exacting as 'Hitlerite sterilization' projects gathered pace, but because the re-emergence of such theories seemed to rub against the grain of history. 'It was looking as if radical prejudice had become a thing of the past among the educated classes', Camillo complained, 'instead, it lingers'. As he pointed to the growth of fascism in Lithuania, the emergence of the 'blatantly racist and anti-semitic Celtic League' in France, and the endurance of anti-miscegenation laws in the United States, it was clear that action would soon be required if this trend was to be reversed.<sup>12</sup>

The opportunity to do just this arose, fatefully, in 1936. With 'la rivoluzione' breaking out in Spain, Berneri packed his bags for the heart of the storm, Barcelona, and by August had helped establish an Italian column to fight for the revolution, resisting official overtures for him to assume a more comfortable position in the government. He was soon at the Aragon front, participating in the Battle of Monte Pelado, where his outnumbered comrades repulsed successive waves of attack by the nationalist forces. With his health precarious, however, he soon found his skills as a writer were deemed more valuable. Put to use propagandising for the future of the Republic, he oversaw the operations of the newspaper *Guerra di Classe*, which railed against Western indifference to the Spanish experiment, Soviet duplicity, and the barbarities of fascism.<sup>13</sup> As the Soviet Union sought to increase its control over events in Spain, Berneri's outspoken criticism of the Communist's efforts to harness the revolutionary momentum, and his warning that once fascism was bested it

would be necessary to continue the fight to ensure that anarchism's achievements were not lost in a 'new Kronstadt', brought him unwanted attention. On 5<sup>th</sup> May 1937, a group of Barcelona city police and members of the Communist *Partit Socialista Unificat de Catalunya* (PSUC) arrested Camillo, accused of counterrevolutionary activity. His body, riddled with machine-gun bullets, was found by the Red Cross the following day.<sup>14</sup>

Although Philip Larkin overstated the extent to which the foibles of parents are visited upon their children, he was perhaps on to something when he added that 'Man hands on misery to man/It deepens like a coastal shelf'.<sup>15</sup> He was wrong because Marie Louise Berneri was clearly, if anything, the inheritor of her father's gifts, rather than the product of his failures. The combination of acquisitive intellect and a flinty determination to fight the forces of racism and irrationality that clouded the late-1920s and 1930s guided Camillo's life, and would similarly shape his daughter's. And yet, when their story is trapped in black ink on crisp white paper, retold as history, where, it so often seems, 'everything unexpected in its own time is chronicled on the page as inevitable', there does seem to be a melancholy shadow over their story.<sup>16</sup> Separated from her father for so long by either imprisonment or revolution, Marie Louise Berneri grew up in Paris, obtaining a baccalaureate and beginning her studies at the Sorbonne before becoming immersed in anarchist activities herself.<sup>17</sup> If Camillo had set an example of courage and devotion for the young Marie Louise, it was one matched by her mother Giovanna. Remaining in France with her children, Giovanna continued her anti-fascist agitation, action that would lead, with the outbreak of war, to her internment in France. Handed over to the Italian authorities and awaiting an uncertain fate, she would ultimately remain in prison until after Italy's liberation.<sup>18</sup>

Marie Louise, weighed down with feelings of guilt, seized the opportunity for escape when it arose. Leaving France for England in 1937, after two visits to Spain to see for herself the site of the revolution for which her father gave his life, she had, through her marriage to Vernon Richards, the partial protection offered by a British passport as fascism became an international threat. Writing to Richards in the aftermath of her father's death she confessed to divided feelings about her flight. 'At bottom I believe I don't want to escape because I should feel even more the pain', she wrote, confessing that she thought this 'not a very courageous stand'. 'I should face up to everything', she continued, 'but really I haven't the courage'.<sup>19</sup> If her determination faltered in these days it soon returned. Arriving in England, she devoted her energies to helping organise British anarchists and, as the inevitability of war increased, offering an anarchist perspective on the ever-changing international politics that defined the era.

As a refugee from Italian fascism who lost one parent to the dying experiment in Spain while the other faced a precarious future in one of Mussolini's prisons, Marie Louise was far from being a detached onlooker. Her commitment to anarchism, cultivated by her parents' beliefs and example, and nourished by the lively political discussion that filled her childhood home in Paris as it became a hub of anti-fascist organisation, necessarily had a practical edge when she encountered a British anarchist movement that had entered a barren period since its Victorian heyday. If she became the 'emotional and intellectual centre of the group' around Freedom Press, she also offered an organisational acumen and energy that was vitally important as anarchism in Britain re-emerged as a practical force in the afterglow of the Spanish Revolution.<sup>20</sup> Woodcock's reminiscence that one of his first encounters with Berneri was as she was minding the anarchist bookshop in Red Lion Street in Holborn – an area that had long been a home for radicals from William Morris to the dissenting South Place Ethical Society – is another reminder that the practical contribution she made to anarchism in these years was not just in helping Spanish refugees or ascending a soapbox.<sup>21</sup> From Paris she had already participated in the discussions, not to mention the fundraising, that saw the

newspaper *Spain and the World* rise from the ashes of *Freedom*. She similarly took a leading role in its successors, as name changes mirrored the shifting imperatives of the anarchist movement in an age of crisis: *Revolt!*, *War Commentary* and then, finally, a return to *Freedom*. Writing elsewhere, Woodcock expressed this sentiment more baldly: 'It was [...] Berneri [...] who was responsible for maintaining the movement in England during the 1940s'.<sup>22</sup>

Beneri's journalism was central to this achievement. Characterised by an unbending opposition to the war, and a commitment to unmasking the duplicity and ethical relativism that she identified in all the belligerents, Berneri's analysis of the unfolding Gehenna drew on anarchism's moralist critique of the state and capital in fundamental ways. She wrote, for example, of how the arrival of African American troops in Britain in early 1942 revealed both the role of the state in maintaining racial division, and how this experience might be a fillip for civil rights struggles in the United States. Noting the irony that many Britons 'probably do not know that the colour bar exists in the British colonies', she nevertheless observed that 'in the majority of cases', ordinary people were resistant to such discrimination, 'the colour bar [being] [...] more frequent in smart restaurants in the West End than in working class districts'.<sup>23</sup> What was egregious, she continued, was that in the face of this 'sympathy and friendship' the military authorities were encouraging, under pressure from the American government, the institution of a colour bar in Britain. The anarchist lesson to learn from all of this was that the innate qualities of mutual support and solidarity must inform scepticism of government mandates, and translate into concerted opposition to the state. As African American troops landed in Britain on their way to restore 'freedom and democracy' on the continent, it was important to recognise the contradiction at the heart of the struggle: that their sacrifice was made to return liberties they had never possessed in their homeland. To meet these new arrivals with 'true principles of fraternity' rather than the prejudice and discrimination they had left, could be a revolutionary act, Berneri concluded, ensuring that the exigencies of the fight against tyranny in Europe would not inaugurate despotism in Britain. Perhaps it might also stiffen resistance to racism in the United States.<sup>24</sup>

Running through this critique was a warning that, though the liberal democracies presented themselves as the guardians of a freedom imperilled by grey-clad soldiers filing through Europe's ancient capitals, the inherent moral superiority of the Allied powers should not be taken at face value. Fascism was, as Berneri knew personally, an existential threat, but she had little time for British or American democracy. The Congressional elections of 1942 were a case in point. The US may well have wasted vast sums of money in maintaining the patina of democratic governance, in contrast, that is, to Britain, where elections were suspended for the duration of the war, but she saw the conduct of these elections as evidence of the bankruptcy of the parliamentary fetish underpinning the war effort. The prevailing 'unpopularity of Congress' that Berneri gleaned from an, admittedly modest, engagement with the American press, was an expression, she felt, of a growing recognition that Congress is primarily 'concerned with protecting its own interests or those of the various capitalist groups it represents'. She noted that, in a 'highly industrialised country', the fact that the '432 Representatives in Congress' (what happened to the other three is unclear) emerged overwhelmingly from the ranks of business, journalism, finance and, above all, the law, made the absence of industrial workers stark.<sup>25</sup> Coupled with the spectacularly low voter turnout, this illustrated for Berneri a weakening of confidence in the institutions of western democratic government. Equally, however, it also pointed to the fact that to presume that bourgeois democracy would deliver meaningful protection and freedom to those vulnerable to the whims of the market, was misguided.

Neither, of course, was the Soviet Union any better. Like her father before her, as much as Berneri devoted her energies to challenging fascism, she was also committed to unmasking the threat and the barbarism of the Soviet Union. This project became all the more important when the Western democracies suddenly found themselves in an unlikely marriage of convenience with Stalin. As Berneri noted sardonically in *War Commentary* in 1942, this about-face must have been dizzying for journalists and politicians so recently outraged by Moscow's show trials and the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact. Just a 'few months ago Hitler forced Russia to come into the war on our side', Berneri commented, '[and] the Republic of Soviets immediately lost its totalitarian character and became one of the great defenders of democracy'.<sup>26</sup> Trying to persuade citizens in the liberal democracies of Uncle Joe's new credentials as a friend, rather than a scourge, of liberty produced, she observed, some farcical genuflections:

Stalin is successively the protagonist of parachutists, a technician, the Pope's friend, the brother of colonial people, Buddha with multiple arms, or the Trinity; the father of the people, Jesus Christ and spiritual power. He has not yet been portrayed as the Holy Virgin but that will come in time.<sup>27</sup>

Simply reflecting on the possible shape of post-war Europe was enough to demonstrate the icy logic of self-interest that was truly motivating Stalin's actions. The US knew that Stalin was 'not concerned with spreading the revolution to Europe', but Berneri, writing in 1942, observed that he may 'very well, like Hitler, want to expand his territories and military power'. Even if fascism was crushed by this unholy alliance of communists and capitalists, future instability looked inevitable, with much resting on which country emerged from the inferno in the strongest economic and military position. That, Berneri concluded, would really test the strength of the Allies' newfound 'friendship', and expose the prime importance that a desire for dominance played in guiding these states' actions, rather than any, more benign, moral principles. This was something that even 'Mr. Molotov who, since the war started, has signed a pact both with Hitler and Churchill, might well testify'.<sup>28</sup>

Exposing the amoral pragmatism of the Allies' realpolitik was one concern of Berneri's, but she was equally committed to lancing the hypocrisy of the Big Three's overwrought identification with the language and cause of human freedom. Just as she lampooned the US for deploying African American troops to fight for liberties they were denied at home, and saw little superiority in the parliamentary system, she was equally sensitive to the paradox that the horror hearing 'stories of Nazi atrocities in occupied Europe' did not necessarily translate into a warm welcome for the refugees fleeing them.<sup>29</sup> How quickly 'democratic governments will allow hospitality and comfortable homes to the Queen Geraldines, Jug-Slav princelings and Dutch princesses', she wryly observed, but how much more slowly they acted when boatloads of refugees bobbed anxiously in ships moored on their coastlines awaiting asylum. This was all too reminiscent of the betrayal that followed the Spanish Civil War, she wrote, when those fleeing Republicans not lucky enough to reach London and possibly Berneri's help, 'were treated like animals and many were handed over to Franco'. Such a lack of empathy revealed the clay feet supporting the Allies' claims of their moral superiority, something also seen in the belligerents' treatment of their enemies' civilian populations. After all, Berneri reminded readers of *War Commentary* in 1943, those suffering most in the saturation bombing of Naples or Hamburg by the Allies were not those ensconced in the 'sumptuous villas of rich Fascists' but those 'who have led lives of misery and toil just like the workers of Clydeside or Coventry'.<sup>30</sup>

A parallel lesson that such 'Hamburgizing' offered was the base destructiveness of the state. Pulverised German and Italian cities put into perspective the cliché that anarchism was a nihilistic, violent, creed, with the smattering of assassinations to its name paling into insignificance compared

to the bloodshed unleashed by the war. What this also put into perspective, Berneri suggested, was the disproportionality of the state's efforts to harass anarchist activists and suppress anarchism as a movement, a reflex that tended to accompany states' preparations for war.<sup>31</sup> This was something to which her personal history – defined by the itinerance and instability that so often accompanied anarchist activism – testified, but if she needed further evidence of the state's desire to curtail dissent Berneri would soon have it. Unsurprisingly, *War Commentary*, with its radical anti-war message, had been the subject of official interest for some time. At the end of 1944, this translated into active repression when the Freedom Press office and the houses of its editors were raided by Special Branch officers. In February 1945, Berneri, Vernon Richards, and their co-editor John Hewetson were arrested under Defence Regulation 39a, charged with distributing three seditious issues of *War Commentary*. They were joined in the dock at the Old Bailey by another editor Philip Sansom, who was already in custody, charged with 'being in possession of an army waterproof coat and for failing to notify a change of address'.<sup>32</sup>

The trial of the Freedom Press group was significant for a number of reasons.<sup>33</sup> For one, it gave George Woodcock a fleeting part in an episode reminiscent of a Graham Greene 'entertainment'. Called to a clandestine meeting at Camden Town tube station by Berneri in December 1944, she informed him of the raid earlier that day on the Freedom Press offices. The police had been especially interested in a typewriter on which an anti-militarist manifesto had been written. Intended for distribution in military camps once the war had ended, the missive advocated mass disobedience at the conclusion of peace and the forming of soldiers' Soviets akin to Russia in 1917, hoping to capitalise on the dislocations of demobilisation to spurn a revolutionary situation. Concerned that the piece was unnecessarily provocative in the context of wartime restrictions, Woodcock nevertheless complied in preparing the stencils for the publication. At their twilight meeting, Berneri advised Woodcock to flee London, taking the incriminating typewriter with him, not only with the object of saving himself from prison, but also because his incarceration alongside Berneri, Richards, Hewetson, and Sansom, would leave no one at the helm to continue opposing the state's conduct in the columns of *War Commentary*. As the London fog rolled in, Woodcock hopped from bus to bus, and passed through pubs whose rear exits led onto quiet backstreets to evade any trailing members of the secret service. Collecting the typewriter and a case of incriminating papers, he hurriedly departed for Euston Station, the capital now encased in a thick fog. Boarding a night train to Carnarvon, he met friends at a quiet mountainside hotel, and stashing the typewriter and papers in a farmhouse, steeled himself to direct the newspaper's anti-war activities alone.<sup>34</sup>

Of more practical significance than this moment of excitement for Woodcock, was the outcry that greeted the prosecution of the *War Commentary* editors. The decision to press charges, even though by 1945 it was clear that the war was reaching its sanguinary conclusion, made the editors something of a *cause célèbre* for dissidents viewing the state's actions as a heavy-handed, and clumsy, attempt to silence opposition. Joined by Herbert Read, who had also stashed a cache of incriminating Freedom Press literature in the attic of his Buckinghamshire home, Woodcock sought publicity for the case that would highlight the prosecution as an attack on civil liberties. With Read and Woodcock possessing the varied literary connections that accompanied their diverse activities in the arts, they sought, and received, support from a host of prominent intellectuals who, while not anarchists, were sympathetic to the cause of the Freedom editors. T.S. Eliot, George Orwell, and Dylan Thomas all appended their names to letters of protest, and the outpouring of support led to the creation of the Freedom Defence Committee. Initially intended to coordinate efforts to aid the *War Commentary* editors, the organisation subsequently became a more general civil liberties pressure group that briefly attracted a similarly distinguished catalogue of supporters from politics, academia, and the arts. Here, Aneurin Bevan and Fenner Brockway rubbed shoulders with Bertrand

Russell, Henry Moore, and Benjamin Britten, before the surge of enthusiasm that created the Defence Committee began to fade.<sup>35</sup>

Such initiatives failed in their immediate attempt to spare Richards, Hewetson, and Sansom from prison. Berneri was luckier, although she did not see it that way. Spared from gaol on the technicality that under English law a wife could not be prosecuted for conspiring with her husband, much to her disgust, she was set free. Returning to her work with *War Commentary*, she continued to offer an anarchist response to current events, as the dying embers of world war offered pyromantic visions of the international order that would emerge from its ashes. Years before, as the United States hesitated on the margins of involvement, Berneri had observed that behind Roosevelt's professions of loyalty to the imperilled European democracies, lingered the convenient fact that the war could potentially be a real boon for American power. As she wrote in December 1939, the US had 'a great deal to gain by a war which will weaken their three great rivals: Germany, Britain and France', as it would find its access to Asian markets, currently so often foreclosed by the presence of bowler-hated financiers, German engineers, and French diplomats, suddenly opened.<sup>36</sup> With the war's close, Berneri thought she started to see this realignment in progress. Decrying the Marshall Plan as an effort to 'render Western Europe politically and economically subservient to the United States', she was equally trenchant in her rebuttal of Soviet efforts to expand their power. 'The control by Russia of countries generally described as being behind the 'iron curtain'', she wrote, was 'even more ruthless than military occupation'. And while indigenous communist parties were responsible for carrying out the 'dirty work' of repression, Berneri noted that their model was one imported directly from Moscow. All of this informed a perilous balance of power that presaged an uncertain future for the peace and stability that so much blood had been shed pursuing. As Clement Attlee's newly minted Labour Government pointed to an apparent 'third way' between Washington and Moscow, Berneri agreed that there was, indeed, a third way, but it did not rest in a parliament. 'It lies only in opposition to any kind of State', she wrote, 'for, where the state continues, the restriction of freedom at home and imperialist ventures abroad are inevitable'.<sup>37</sup>

### **'The living dreams of poets': *Tour Guide through Utopia***

Beneri's journalism offered anarchists a compass for navigating the uncertain terrain and pathways of wartime politics. Resolutely anti-war, she advanced a scathing critique of all the belligerents, challenging the hubris underpinning the Allies' sense of moral superiority, while also denouncing Soviet and fascist totalitarianism. Her words rested on unshakable anarchist values, including opposition to the state, capitalism, and the imperialism both of these nourished, but also on anarchism's ethical core: a commitment to principles in a world where totalitarians and democrats forged alliances in the name of defending freedom.

While her supporters tended to see these qualities as a great contribution to the anarchist cause, such iron resolution could, however, meet with a more qualified assessment. Bucking the trend towards hagiography in the aftermath of her death, the American intellectual and erstwhile Trotskyist Dwight Macdonald wrote to Woodcock admitting that he found much of the coverage of Berneri unsatisfying.

She seemed to have been much more of an anti-intellectual [...] party organizer than I myself like or admire. I got the impression she believed in sacrificing one's more 'difficult' and 'esoteric' ideas (that is, one's real ideas, as against party slogans and moral tags) in order to 'educate' and 'be understood by' the common people. I have long believed this to be a bad idea [...] and especially foolish because I don't believe the masses are thus educated, or even moved [...] I must say I thought M.L.'s pamphlet on



Russian workers [*Workers in Stalin's Russia* (Freedom Press, 1944)] a bad job – tritely written, a badly organized mass of undigested facts. This confirms my above suspicions. Am I wholly wrong?<sup>38</sup>

Such attacks on the deleterious effects of ‘middlebrow’ popularising would become Macdonald’s bailiwick, but Woodcock no doubt dissented from this assessment. Berneri had, after all, been a contributor to his erratically-published journal *Now*, whose early subtitle ‘A Journal of Good Writing’ made clear his aesthetic expectations as editor. Here Berneri rubbed shoulders with some of the twentieth century’s most significant writers, including Orwell, Henry Miller, and E.E. Cummings, but also unorthodox anarchist thinkers such as Read, Paul Goodman, and D.S. Savage. While mainly limited to occasional pieces – a review of Gerald Brenan’s *The Spanish Labyrinth* which she praised for recognising the ‘moral’ force of anarchism in Spanish revolutionary politics, and a fresh translation of her father’s article ‘Nietzsche as Anti-Nietzsche’ – Berneri also contributed a lengthier article on ‘Sexuality and Freedom’.<sup>39</sup> Drawing on the psychoanalyst Wilhelm Reich, whose heretical work stressed the importance of the liberation of sexuality as an antidote to the neuroses that fed totalitarian politics, she finished her article with a helpful glossary of some of Reich’s coinages: ‘orgastic impotence’, ‘stasis anxiety’ and ‘vegetotherapy’. While enthusiasm for an eccentric thinker like Reich may today be seen as an embarrassment, Berneri’s warm but critical appraisal of his work highlights an intellectual inquisitiveness and a willingness to engage with various strands of contemporary radical thought. And, indeed, rather than orgone energy or cloudbusting machines, Berneri’s reading of Reich’s work stressed its contribution to the cause of human freedom. That, in a world so recently violated by the ‘public sadism [...] at Buchenwald and Belsen’, a solution rested in something far more substantial than ameliorative ‘family allowances, maternity benefits or old age pensions’. Rather than divide biological, psychological, and sociological issues, Berneri continued, the only answer was to approach ‘human nature...[as] a whole’ in a manner that only anarchism truly achieved. Reich’s exploration of sexuality, she concluded, was thus a crucial component of a ‘complete freedom from the authority of the family, the Church and the State’.<sup>40</sup>

That Macdonald’s words might have done an injustice to Berneri is further suggested by a book that he confessed he was ‘looking forward to’.<sup>41</sup> Finished before her death, *Journey through Utopia* was published posthumously with editorial input from Woodcock, Colin Ward, and John Hewetson. In perhaps unexpected ways for a book that ruminated on the history of attempts to imagine ‘ideal states’, the text bore the imprint of the perilous years in which it was written.<sup>42</sup> As Ruth Levitas, one of the most distinguished modern commentators on the politics of utopianism, notes, the barbarities of the war, and the uncertainty it sowed, were efficient in undermining confidence in the future, a feeling that can be seen in Berneri’s book:

An untroubled assumption of progress had been severely shaken. Fascism, the Holocaust and the militarily unnecessary bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki left a legacy of anxiety and pessimism. The US action, taken to limit the potential Soviet sphere of influence in Asia, precipitated the cold war between the super-powers.<sup>43</sup>

Beneri’s role as a witness to the tragedies of the twentieth century – examined in her journalism and experienced personally in the price that both fascism *and* communism had extracted from her family – meant that this context was felt especially keenly. But in looking to the history of utopia, her intervention was also intended to contribute to the project of creating a worthwhile future beyond this nadir.

*Journey through Utopia* was by no means the only piece of scholarship in these years grappling with grand political questions as chaos reigned. An obvious point of comparison is Karl Popper’s two-

volume opus *The Open Society and Its Enemies* (1945), which, although written in a Christchurch, New Zealand that was rather more sedate than Berneri's London, was also crucially shaped by its wartime context. His preface to the 1950 edition of his book reflected on the clarifying effect of the war on his thoughts:

Although much of what is contained in this book took shape at an earlier date, the final decision to write it was made in March 1938, on the day I received the news of the invasion of Austria. The writing extended into 1943 [...] Neither the war nor any other contemporary event was explicitly mentioned in the book; but it was an attempt to understand those events and their background.<sup>44</sup>

An implicit thesis of both Popper's and Berneri's books was that looking at the history of political thought would illuminate this 'background', revealing the dogmatism that was the inflexible core of much utopian thinking, and the ways in which this intransigent politics paved the way for the crimes of the mid-century. Both were also united in the belief that only a deep historical perspective would provide this clarifying light. Popper placed much at Plato's door, charging him with developing a politics defined by a commitment to 'social engineering' – a belief that 'man is the master of his own destiny' and can be reshaped by well-designed social institutions – and an 'historicism' – a conviction that such an 'ideal state' had a literal existence in the 'Golden Age' of a distant past, and achieving it again could rescue humanity from the stormy uncertainty of modern life.<sup>45</sup> This was a pernicious mixture, and one Popper saw inaugurating a tradition in Western political thought. Turning to Hegel, he impugned him as a 'direct follower' of Plato before attacking his historicism as an effort to entrench the power of the Prussian state, hidden behind a language of 'bombastic and mystifying cant', that prefigured the 'philosophy of modern totalitarianism'. Moving on to Marx, Popper commented that his curse was to have followers. While he saw something of value in Marx's efforts to understand contemporary society and its workings, the 'prophetic element' in his philosophy, assimilated as he digested Hegelianism, was all that remained for his modern epigones.<sup>46</sup> Its determinism bridled the critical thinking it supposedly offered, he concluded, and, most abhorrently threatened to 'paralyse the struggle for the open society'.<sup>47</sup>

Where Popper turned the fight against the forces of illiberalism that defined the context of his writing into a defence of political liberalism, Berneri's book drew on the same crisis to defend a more radical project. Indeed, where Popper looked to 'democratic piecemeal interventionism' as a sobering alternative to the chiasm of revolutionary philosophers drunk on their own theories of history, Berneri opened her account by rejecting just such timidity.<sup>48</sup> If the war highlighted for Popper the toxicity of grand schemes and total solutions, for Berneri the scale of the crisis precisely demanded breaking out from the banality of what had become political life:

Our age is an age of compromises, of half-measures, of the lesser evil [...] "Practical men" rule our lives. We no longer seek radical solutions to the evils of society, but reforms; we no longer try to abolish war, but to avoid it for a period of a few years.<sup>49</sup>

Looking at the history of utopian thinking would be, Berneri hoped, a humbling experience, one that demonstrated the 'poverty of vision' characteristic of modern politics, and point to the possibility of doing things differently.<sup>50</sup> What would surprise readers, she predicted, was that such audacity was a distinctive feature of utopianism long before the emergence of modern socialism in the nineteenth century. In fact, she identified the century of Proudhon and Bakunin as an era characterised by the 'degeneration' of utopian thought, when the boldness of Zeno's internationalism, Plato's gender equality, or Campanella's insistence on the four-hour day, were replaced by utopias of timidity, where private property and money were sacrosanct, where the eight hour day was a gift, and where

women were 'placed under the tutelage of their husbands'. Such concessions to 'realism', she noted, in words that also bore the imprint of her wartime context, should make us doubt the self-congratulatory celebrations of all the 'social progress' achieved since the nineteenth century.<sup>51</sup> If death camps and smoking cities were not enough, a longer historical perspective would therefore guard against hubris, or, indeed, any temptation to consider the work of improving the lives of the many complete.

Beneri may have held a more magnanimous view than Popper of the promise of utopian thinking, but she was not ignorant of the striking lack of freedom that was so often characteristic of the utopias sketched by the capricious minds of dreaming philosophers. Plato was a case in point, for while she may have praised his efforts to liberate women from the responsibilities of childcare, she ultimately lambasted his *Republic* as an affront to human freedom. It was puzzling, she observed, that his utopia in particular had captivated so many minds, especially when those minds were fundamentally threatened by Plato's authoritarianism:

It has been praised by poets who would have been banned from it, by revolutionaries who fought for the abolition of serfdom and seemed [...] unaware that Plato's regime was based on slavery; it has been extolled by democrats in spite of the fact that one can hardly conceive a more despotic rule [...] it has been praised as an example of a communist society, when it is clear that the community of goods only applies to the ruling class.<sup>52</sup>

Plato's words would then have held little comfort for those born into a world with 'experience of totalitarian states', but they also, for Beneri, highlighted a broader theme in the politics of utopianism.<sup>53</sup> Her general thesis was that there were two principal utopian currents: on the one hand, there were utopias that pursued happiness through the 'sinking of man's individuality into the group, and the greatness of the State'; and on the other, those seeking material comfort and seeing happiness as the product of the 'free expression of man's personality', something that could not be sacrificed to an 'arbitrary moral code or to the interests of the State'.<sup>54</sup> It was clear where Plato fitted.

Mounting the ideal states under her scalpel upon this frame, Beneri proceeded to dissect a host of literary utopias from Plato to Huxley. Aside from describing the idiosyncratic social arrangements that characterised many of these fancies, Beneri was also anxious to comment on the broader intellectual and political context that informed their creation. For a figure such as Gerrard Winstanley, this focus reflected the fact that these utopian schemes were not always simply acts of imagination, but pointed to political projects their proponents thought eminently practicable. Just as Beneri's anarchism informed her adoption of the interpretative axis that divided utopias between those that protected and those that threatened individual liberty, her politics was significant in analysing these contextual factors too. Sprouting from a period of political and economic dislocation, she saw Winstanley, for all his 'Biblical quotations and biblical language', as a social and intellectual rebel.<sup>55</sup> Indeed, Beneri portrayed him as an anticipator of the familiar anarchist argument that meaningful social change cannot come from above, an interpretation she buttressed with allusions to Godwin, Proudhon, and Kropotkin. Born as Charles I's scaffold was being removed from the front of Banqueting House and the Council of State assumed his powers, Winstanley's Diggers took it upon themselves to occupy and cultivate public lands in the interests of the commonweal, but soon found themselves the subject of oppression. The collapse of their experiment on St George's Hill under the weight of official pressure confirmed, in Beneri's reading, Winstanley's belief that a society could not be 'transformed through the work of one man', and that 'revolution from the top would be useless if man's mental and moral outlook remained the same'. Despite these insights, however,

even Winstanley could not liberate himself from the 'authoritarian spirit' Berneri saw as a persistent theme in utopian speculation. In this instance, she found that he was too wedded to a 'barbarian' conception of justice and that, accordingly, his utopia also failed the test.<sup>56</sup> Yet, the Diggers' example did reveal the possibility of difference. And, more valuably, it held a lesson acknowledged by anarchists that she hoped would gain ground more generally: that meaningful change could not come from above and was only secured by direct action.

Anarchism therefore offered Berneri something of a litmus test by which to measure the success of the individual utopias she examined, but it also guided her approach to the very concept of utopianism itself. The position she reached was not uncontroversial. Given the abuses of freedom perpetrated in most of the utopias discussed in *Journey through Utopia*, many anarchists would see this baggage as enough to discredit utopianism as tool of liberation.<sup>57</sup> Moreover, others would see expending effort developing a preconceived plan of what a future society might look like – insisting, like Étienne Cabet, that we must first write a list of all known foods, or planning, like Edward Bellamy, the pneumatic tubes used to deliver goods from warehouses to consumers – as a monumental waste of time when confronted with the practical challenges of organising resistance to rapidly changing political circumstances. On a deeper, theoretical, level, this very lack of flexibility is also an anathema for anarchists. If anarchism attaches especial value to transience, plasticity, and openness, such that the organisational units of protest and, perhaps, future social life can never ossify into the tyrannical institutions of state society, to sit down and plan how these social arrangements would look seems like a contradiction in terms. 'We cannot organise you', wrote Kropotkin, responding to an imaginary interlocutor who demanded to know how an anarchist society would be structured, 'it will depend upon *you* what sort of organisation you will choose'.<sup>58</sup>

This resistance to 'blueprint' utopias was a core theme of nineteenth-century anarchism, and one that was resurrected by mid-twentieth-century anti-utopian liberals such as Popper. Just as Popper and Berneri were shaped by contextual circumstances – war and totalitarianism – in spying a malignant trend in much utopian thinking, anarchists in the nineteenth century were similarly reacting to an inglorious history. As industrialisation, and the social dislocations that accompanied it, recast the world in radical ways – summoned, Marx and Engels memorably wrote, by a sorcerer no longer able to control the forces 'he had called up by his spells' – the impulse to escape, to start a new, rationally-planned life away from the anarchy of capitalist social relations was common in dissenting circles.<sup>59</sup> Packing their trunks and picking up their shovels, many of these bold pioneers ventured into the wilderness or the sparsely populated plains in pursuit of a brave new world. Invariably, however, for a range of reasons, these efforts failed. For some, as anarchist critics predicted, the tyranny of small-scale living was too much, and barrack-like organisation offered little improvement on the slums and tenement houses they had escaped. Others failed because of the personality clashes that followed on the heels of being marooned in isolation with a small group; some because self-sufficiency was much more burdensome than anticipated and many pioneers lacked the necessary skills; and sometimes because utopian experiments were vulnerable to changing political fortunes, and because they rarely had the resources to tide them over during lean periods or to recover from unforeseen calamities.<sup>60</sup>

Histories like these, so often repeating as tragedy and then farce, fostered a resistance to utopianism in many anarchists, and strengthened the critique that aside from being pointless, such experiments might kill the very freedom they craved. Berneri was well aware of objections such as these, however, and followed Kropotkin in defending the utility of utopianism while acknowledging the potentially baleful effects of unchecked reverie. As Kropotkin wrote in 1911, it was necessary for there to 'be books which will enable the mass of the people to form for themselves a more or less

exact idea of what it is that they desire', while also acknowledging that a 'book is not a gospel [...] it is a suggestion, a proposal – nothing more'.<sup>61</sup> This was a position Berneri followed. With 'the test' of a utopia's worth measured by its degree of centralisation or individual liberty, she unapologetically tied utopianism to a language of progress seemingly discredited by the events surrounding her:

When the utopia points to an ideal life without becoming a plan, that is, a lifeless machine applied to living matter, it truly becomes the realisation of progress.<sup>62</sup>

Perhaps in this way, she hoped, recovering the history of utopianism but also understanding both the limitations of the utopian method and the inadequacies of many of the ideal worlds that plagued the utopian record, might begin a progressive journey arrested by the forces of war and reaction. 'Utopias have often been [...] dead structures conceived by economists, politicians and moralists', Berneri wrote, concluding her book, 'but they have also been the living dreams of poets.'<sup>63</sup> And her hope for the future, as the firing ceased and lives were rebuilt amidst the rubble of the world's cities, rested in poetic dreams such as these.

### **'Patching up a rotten world': Endings**

The tragedy of biography of any form is that it ends with the ultimate end; the narrative, from the outset, hurtling ineluctably to an inevitable silence. The tragedy of the biographer is the inescapable failure to capture fully the life of the individual at hand: the futility of confronting the misting forces of time armed only with fragments of yellowing paper, fading ink, and the memories of others. In Berneri's case, for a life cut short just as it was revealing hidden depths as a writer and critic equipped with curiosity and historical imagination, the tragedy is compounded by the sense of paths foreclosed, of, as Woodcock would have had it, budding black roses nipped on the vine. Immanuel Kant, in a similar vein, once pondered the difference between the life planned, and that lived:

Every human being makes his own plan of destiny in the world [...] a long list of pleasures or projects make up the pictures of the magic lantern, which he paints for himself and which he allows to play continuously in his imaginations. Death, which ends this play of shadows, shows itself only in the great distance [...] While we are dreaming, our true destiny leads us on an entirely different way. The part we really get seldom looks like the one we expected.<sup>64</sup>

Beneri's end was as tragic as her life. She died on 13<sup>th</sup> April 1949, at the age of 31, of an infection following the stillbirth of her child.

Writing to Woodcock after her death, Herbert Read reflected on the scattering of her ashes in Ken Wood in Hampstead:

You have probably by now had details of Marie Louise's death from others – and in my case I don't know exactly what happened – I have heard technical terms from Alex [Comfort] but can't remember them. It was some kind of blood syncope, probably a consequence of the still-birth a few weeks earlier [...] The scattering of the ashes [...] was a rather painful ceremony; it showed that there is some wisdom in traditional ritual, which enables such experiences to take significant shape. [...] What the movement will do without Marie Louise I don't know. [...] No one else has her particular and fanatical devotion to the cause – it was in her blood as well as her brain. And she, as few others, could bring (sic) [bridge] the gap between workers and intellectuals.<sup>65</sup>

As Read recognised, bridging the gap between workers and intellectuals was a project that Berneri was better placed to achieve than those that followed her. *Journey through Utopia* was composed,

like her journalism, for this purpose: focused, clearly-argued, and direct, but also subtly sophisticated, challenging, and morally demanding. These were the qualities of her politics, and the values that defined her short life, as she grappled with the personal and political calamities confronting the world in the dark years of the mid-twentieth century. Her protest against this fate was a refusal to patch 'up a rotten world', and, instead, 'striving to build a new one' defined by the fellowship and freedom that had been so noticeably absent.<sup>66</sup> 'Despair is/inarticulate', wrote Woodcock, as he confronted the pain of losing his friend many years after her death.<sup>67</sup> Berneri, despite the despair of her age, had a knack for finding the words.

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<sup>1</sup> Louis Adeane, 'In Memory of M.L.B.' in *Marie Louise Berneri, 1918-1949: A Tribute* (London: Marie Louise Berneri Memorial Committee, 1949), 3.

<sup>2</sup> George Woodcock, *Letter to the Past: An Autobiography* (Toronto: Fitzhenry & Whiteside, 1982), 244.

<sup>3</sup> George Woodcock, *Beyond the Blue Mountains: An Autobiography* (Toronto: Fitzhenry & Whiteside, 1987), 270.

<sup>4</sup> George Woodcock, 'Black Rose (For M.L.B.)' in *Collected Poems* (Victoria, BC: Sono Nis Press, 1983), 144-145 (144, 145).

<sup>5</sup> Albert Meltzer, *I Couldn't Paint Golden Angels* (Edinburgh: AK Press, 1996), 40, 95; Woodcock, *Letter to the Past*, 245.

<sup>6</sup> Manuel Salgado, 'From a Spanish Refugee' in *Marie Louise Berneri*, 33-35; Freedom Press Group, 'Her Contribution to Freedom Press' in *Marie Louise Berneri*, 19-33 (22); George Woodcock, 'Marie-Louise Berneri: A Recollection', *Open Road* 6 (Spring, 1978), 14+19 (14).

<sup>7</sup> Carlo De Maria, *Camillo Berneri: Tra anarchismo e liberalism* (Milano: FrancoAngeli, 2004), 15.

<sup>8</sup> Earlene Craver, 'The Third Generation: The Young Socialists in Italy, 1907-1915', *Canadian Journal of History*, 31:2 (Summer, 1996), 199-226 (200).

<sup>9</sup> Camillo Berneri in De Maria. *Camillo Berneri*, 21.

<sup>10</sup> De Maria, *Camillo Berneri*, 23-24.

<sup>11</sup> Camillo Berneri quoted in Frank Mitz, 'Camillo Berneri', *The Cienfuegos Press Anarchist Review* 4 (1978), 4.

<sup>12</sup> Camillo Berneri, 'Against the Racist Delirium', <https://robertgraham.wordpress.com/camillo-berneri-against-the-racist-delirium/> (Accessed 6.7.18).

<sup>13</sup> De Maria, *Camillo Berneri*, 102, 104, 110.

<sup>14</sup> Augustin Souchy, 'The Tragic Week in May' in *The May Days: Barcelona 1937* (London: Freedom Press, 1987), 23-60 (41).

<sup>15</sup> Philip Larkin, 'This Be the Verse' in Anthony Thwaite (ed.) *Collected Poems* (London: Faber and Faber, 1988), 180.

<sup>16</sup> Philip Roth, *The Plot Against America* (London: Vintage, 2004), 114.

<sup>17</sup> Nicolas Walter & Heiner Becker, 'Marie Louise Berneri 1918-1949' in *Freedom: A Hundred Years, October 1886-October 1986* (London: Freedom Press, 1986), 25.

<sup>18</sup> Ibid.

<sup>19</sup> Marie Louise Berneri to Vernon Richards: 16<sup>th</sup> August 1937 in *Marie Louise Berneri*, 18.

<sup>20</sup> Walter & Becker, 'Marie Louise Berneri', 25.

<sup>21</sup> Woodcock, *Letter to the Past*, 244.

<sup>22</sup> George Woodcock, 'New Uses for an Old Doctrine, or, the Revival of Anarchism', in *The Libertarian* (1969), ms. version *George Woodcock Papers, Queen's University*

<sup>23</sup> Marie-Louise Berneri, *Neither East Nor West: Selected Writings 1939-1948* (London: Freedom Press, 1988), 36.

<sup>24</sup> Ibid., 39.

<sup>25</sup> Ibid., 41, 42.

<sup>26</sup> Ibid., 33.

<sup>27</sup> Ibid., 65.

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- <sup>28</sup> Ibid., 70, 71.
- <sup>29</sup> Ibid., 45.
- <sup>30</sup> Ibid., 46, 84.
- <sup>31</sup> Ibid., 85. For this theme in the First World War consider Matthew S. Adams & Ruth Kinna (eds.) *Anarchism, 1914-18: Internationalism, Anti-militarism and War* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2017).
- <sup>32</sup> Colin Ward, 'Witness for the Prosecution' in *The Raven: Anarchist Quarterly* 29 8:1 (Spring, 1995), 57-60 (58).
- <sup>33</sup> For a useful discussion see: Carissa Honeywell, 'Anarchism and the British Warfare State: The Prosecution of the *War Commentary* Anarchists, 1945' in *International Review of Social History* (2015), 257-284.
- <sup>34</sup> Woodcock, *Letter to the Past*, 265.
- <sup>35</sup> Ibid, 266-7.
- <sup>36</sup> Berneri, *Neither East Nor West*, 22.
- <sup>37</sup> Ibid., 181, 157, 184.
- <sup>38</sup> Dwight Macdonald to George Woodcock: 19<sup>th</sup> July 1949, *George Woodcock Papers, Queen's University, Ontario*: 3:17.
- <sup>39</sup> M.L. Berneri, 'Reviews: The Spanish Labyrinth', *Now* 3 (N.D.), 58-62 (61); Camillo Berneri, 'Nietzsche as anti-Nietzsche', *Now* 6 (N.D.), 33-42.
- <sup>40</sup> M.L. Berneri, 'Sexuality and Freedom', *Now* 5 (N.D.), 54-60 (54, 60).
- <sup>41</sup> Macdonald to Woodcock: 19<sup>th</sup> July 1949.
- <sup>42</sup> Marie Louise Berneri. *Journey through Utopia* (London: Freedom Press, 1982), 1.
- <sup>43</sup> Ruth Levitas, *The Concept of Utopia* (Syracuse, N.Y. Syracuse University Press, 1990), PN
- <sup>44</sup> K.R. Popper, *The Open Society and its Enemies: Volume 1: The Spell of Plato* (London: Routledge, 1962), viii.
- <sup>45</sup> Ibid., 24, 22, 25.
- <sup>46</sup> K.R. Popper, *The Open Society and Its Enemies: Volume II: The High Tide of Prophecy* (London: Routledge, 1962), 28, 78, 198.
- <sup>47</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>48</sup> Ibid., 193.
- <sup>49</sup> Berneri, *Journey through Utopia*, 1.
- <sup>50</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>51</sup> Ibid., 1,2.
- <sup>52</sup> Ibid., 33.
- <sup>53</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>54</sup> Ibid., 2.
- <sup>55</sup> Ibid., 151.
- <sup>56</sup> Ibid., 151, 172, 170. For an interesting discussion of interpretations of Winstanley see: John Gurney, 'Gerrard Winstanley and the Left', *Past & Present*, 235:1 (2017), 179-206
- <sup>57</sup> For a discussion see, Ruth Kinna, 'Anarchism and the Politics of Utopia', in Laurence Davis and Ruth Kinna (ed.) *Anarchism and Utopianism* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2009), 221-240.
- <sup>58</sup> Peter Kropotkin, 'Act for Yourselves [1887]' in Nicolas Water & Heiner Becker (eds.) *Act for Yourselves: Articles from Freedom 1886-1907* (London: Freedom Press, 1998), 32-36.
- <sup>59</sup> Karl Marx & Friedrich Engels, *The Communist Manifesto* (London: Penguin, [1888] 2002), 225.
- <sup>60</sup> For more on this, consider: Matthew S. Adams, 'Rejecting the American Model: Peter Kropotkin's Radical Communalism', *History of Political Thought* 35:1, 147-173.
- <sup>61</sup> Peter Kropotkin, 'Preface [1911]' to Emile Pataud and Emile Pouget, *How We Shall Bring About the Revolution: Syndicalism and the Cooperative Commonwealth* (London: Pluto Press, 1990), xxxi-xxxvii (xxx).
- <sup>62</sup> Berneri, *Journey through Utopia*, 8.
- <sup>63</sup> Ibid., 317.
- <sup>64</sup> Immanuel Kant quoted in Manfred Kuehn, *Kant: A Biography* (Cambridge: CUP, 2009), 126.
- <sup>65</sup> Herbert Read to George Woodcock: 15<sup>th</sup> June 1949, *Herbert Read Papers, University of Victoria* in 'Copies of Letters from Herbert Read to George Woodcock', 11:74.
- <sup>66</sup> Berneri, *Neither East Nor West*, 19.
- <sup>67</sup> Woodcock, 'Black Rose', 144.