

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"No heroic act takes place without disobedience."

—JEAN COCTEAU.

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Threepence

ROCKETS round your Corner

"It would obviously not be in the public interest to disclose the number of missiles, or the number of sites or their precise location."

—DUNCAN SANDYS, in the House of Commons 24/2/58.

THE Government has signed an agreement establishing American rocket bases in this country. It is intensely anxious about public reaction.

By keeping details secret, it hopes to frustrate Parliamentary and public opposition with a *fait accompli*, and threaten local objectors with the Official Secrets Act.

Whoever has authorised these bases, the electorate has not. They have little military importance, for the Americans apparently have no serviceable weapons to fire from them.

Their object is to ease the acceptance of missile bases in Europe by example, to keep up the temperature of the Cold War, and to further the "mouth and missile" policy of Mr. Dulles.

I suggest that anyone who sees signs of base-building in his area should make it known—to a selected M.P. if he is nervous of prosecution, from the rooftops if not.

Every district and constituency in the affected area—a ten-mile wide strip, say, along the whole English and Scottish East Coast, should have its *No Bases Here* committee, keeping its eyes open, the issue alive, and confronting base-builders with an uninterrupted wall of trouble in advance.

The likeliest sites are in existing American and R.A.F. premises, but others—the Bradwell atomic power station site, for example—may be affected. The whole coast of Lincolnshire, and some sites around Cromer, need particular scrutiny.

We can stop this little game—official anxiety is a measure of that. In doing so, we can protect our homes more certainly than by any treaties, weapons or fake air raid precautions, because we can hearten all Europe to resist fools in office, and the people to take the issue of peace and war into their own hands. I hope we shall do so.

ALEX COMFORT.

How Competitive Can You Get?

WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 4.

The United States Government to-day announced a consent decree under which the United Fruit Company has agreed to create a new competitor in the banana industry; the Government has accordingly dropped its anti-trust suit against the company. The terms of the judgment are subject to the consent of the company's shareholders.—British United Press.

The Pot Calling the Kettle Black

CAPETOWN, FEBRUARY 3.

Only seven members voted against the second reading of a bill in the South African Assembly to-day extending the death penalty to cases of robbery and housebreaking with violence.

The Opposition United Party supported the Government. The seven who opposed the second reading were three African representatives, two Labour members, and two Independents.

Mr. Charles Swart, the Minister of Justice, denied that the bill was a "reversion to barbarism". Britain had abolished the death penalty and reinstated it in certain cases, he said. It could be applied in Kenya and Cyprus merely for possessing firearms.—Reuter.

The Cohen Report on Prices, Productivity and Incomes

Salvaging Capitalism at Your Expense

THREE wise men—a lawyer, an economist and an accountant—were appointed by the government last August with the following terms of reference:

"Having regard to the desirability of full employment and increasing standards of life based on expanding production and reasonable stability of prices, to keep under review changes in prices, productivity and the level of incomes (including wages, salaries and profits) and to report thereon from time to time".

The First Report of the *Council on Prices, Productivity and Incomes* was published last week*. Not only is it the kind of unreadable document one would expect from such a team, but, for the same reasons, it is also unimaginative, reactionary and inhuman. Far from "having regard to the desirability of full employment and increasing standards of life . . ." these gentlemen base their recommendations on the need for "damping down the intensity of total demand" and to this end measures must be taken to reduce earnings of labour—apart from resisting demands for increases in wage rates which are not more than offset by increases in overall productivity. Clearly the Council proposes, if necessary, a reduction in production

*By H.M. Stationery Office, 2s.

to achieve the stability of the economy.

In the first place [in damping down the intensity of total demand] it must be expected to lead to some reduction in the hours of overtime worked and in the Special Inducements offered by employers to attract labour; and hence to cause a check or reversal of that tendency of the rate of rise in average earnings to outstrip the rate of rise in standard wage rates which we have seen has been in evidence during most of the post-war period. Secondly, it may lead to the retirement from the labour market of a number of married women. Thirdly, it must be expected to lead to some rise in the percentage of persons registered as unemployed—

Signs of these three developments, say the three wise men, have been visible since 1955 but the third, unemployment, "has still only gone a short way", from 1.2 per cent. in January, 1956 to 1.8 in January, 1958. That is not enough. And we are asked not to be "surprised or shocked" if it proves necessary that it should go somewhat further!

"In our opinion it is impossible that a free and flexible economic system can work efficiently without a perceptible (though emphatically not a catastrophic) margin of unemployment of this kind."

In attacking the Report, the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Gaitskell, described it "a political tract

not a scientific report", adding, however:

"The only satisfactory feature of the report is the clear indication that the Tory policy of free-for-all only works if it is combined with unemployment."

It seems to us that Mr. Gaitskell wants to eat his cake and have it. Of course the Cohen Council is scientific when it declares that a "free and flexible economy" (that is capitalist economy) requires unemployment as the incentive to efficiency (productivity and not production) just as Mr. Gaitskell is equally scientific when he and his Labour colleagues declare that full employment in a capitalist economy is possible only by controls. But this means not only control on capital and industry but on labour as well. Whereas the Cohen Council would keep labour mobile by financial measures, Gaitskell and his buddies would achieve the same ends by legislation and direction orders. In other words, full-employment at a price. We need hardly say that for us this is Hobson's Choice, even if Gaitskell's bait is "full-employment"!

THE Cohen Council in its "introductory" assures readers of its endeavours "to contain our discussion within the framework of [our]

terms of reference. Yet so obsessed is it with the question of "productivity"† that it seems to overlook the fact that in its terms of reference productivity is cited as the means to the "desirable" ends of "full employment and increasing standards of living" and not the ends to which these should be sacrificed! Unlike Mr. Gaitskell and the Trade Union leaders who denounce the Report because it is a threat to their only

†The Council's definition of productivity is interesting: It is [the] figures for the increase in production-per-man which are usually meant when the word "productivity" is used. But it should be noted that capital as well as labour is used to the process of production; and the stock of capital has risen, too; indeed, it has certainly been rising faster than the labour force. This is a point to bear in mind when the rise in total profit income is compared with the rise in incomes from employment, and when the division of the fruits of any increase in production is considered.

One feels the heavy hand of the accountant, for whom capital is something more real than labour. For him, without capital, there would be no production, no improvement of plant and equipment. The poor man has lost sight of the fact that even the machinery of automation which replaces manpower has been made by human beings. And Capital has, so far as we know, never been known to produce by its own efforts even its identity card—the pound note or the dollar bill!

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INFLATION, SLUMP, OR WAR?

YOU can't win. If you're a worker, you can't win. Either you are taking advantage of a shortage of labour and are not working hard enough, or you find you have worked too damned hard and they no longer need you.

Either you can't buy the goods you want because you haven't got the money, or you've got the money only to find the prices have gone up, the hire purchase terms hardened and you are being bullied to save anyway.

When there are plenty of goods in the shops at prices you thought you could afford it usually means somebody is going to be put out of work—and that, directly or indirectly, affects you. The only time you can feel really secure in your job is when three or four million of your fellow workers are in the Forces and the State is screaming for more armaments to blow other workers to bits. No Security

Unfortunately those other workers are working like mad, making the most of their unaccustomed prosperity, producing armaments to blow you to bits. So you're not all that secure even then.

Between the last two major wars, there were no inflation problems. On the contrary, deflation was the problem. The workers faced mass unemployment and low wages even when in work. They had to tighten their belts to hold their ragged trousers against their empty bellies because they just couldn't afford enough food to fill them.

But the war had changed all that. Miners who had been singing in the London gutters were hustled back to South Wales and Lanarkshire to be chained to a job producing coal to make the guns. Skilled engineers who had been eating their hearts out on the dole queues suddenly found themselves the aristocrats of labour.

The Signs Appeared

War brought a prosperity to the workers which carried right through the first five years of 'peace'—with all its attendant 'problems' of demobilisation and rehabilitation. But by 1950 the signs of a 'recession' (that post-war phenomenon) appeared as unemployment in America swelled to four million and 'pockets' of unemployment—notably in Lancashire—appeared in Britain.

But—praise the Lord—war came to the rescue again. War and cold war. The Grand Alliance which had won the war against Fascism began to look something less than grand as the victors began snapping and snarling among themselves over the bones of Europe and the devastated East.

The cold war in Europe, the Berlin blockade, Stalin's paranoia, brought to life again the Red bogey and the fear of the Communist hordes—a very real fear as the Red Army straddled an eastern Europe liberated from the Nazis only to fall under the similar heel of the Communists.

Korea the Excuse

And in Korea the excuse came for which the Western powers had been waiting. As fighting began between the Communist dictatorship of the North and Syngman Rhee's dictatorship of the South—each to liberate the other—huge rearmament programmes were set in motion in Britain and America and pressure began to be put on Germany to re-create the Wehrmacht for the defence of democracy (and to reduce her ability to compete commercially).

Miraculously, the pockets of unemployment in Britain emptied, and in America the numbers of workless sagged to the normal mere half-million. Massive orders poured out

of the Pentagon and American industry broke record after record as production—of everything—soared. In Whitehall the annual arms bill was fixed at £1,000-£1,500 million and all was well with Britain's economy.

Until inflation began to rear its ugly head. Too much money chased too few goods. The workers didn't work hard enough. Wages spiralled dangerously, and restraint had to be urged. Prices, of course, were always one jump ahead and most workers' families were able to save only by mothers going out to work as well.

Higher Standards

Under Tory 'freedom', restraint seemed very similar to the Labour Party's 'austerity' between 1945-50, and every obstacle was put in the way of preventing the workers enjoying the fruits of their labours. But in spite of this, and by dint of refusing to allow their leaders to accept a wage freeze, the workers did push their material standards of living higher than ever before.

But for how long, and at what cost, and by what means? Once again the ominous signs of recession are beginning to appear. In America the figure for unemployment is now rapidly heading for five million—the highest since just before the Korean war—and production is being slashed by staggering percentages in some basic industries. Steel, for example, is operating at less than 60 per cent. of capacity. Car sales in January dropped by figures like 11 per cent. (General Motors), 30 per cent. (Ford) and 34 per cent. (Chrysler). There are now nearly one million cars in retailers' showrooms awaiting buyers.

In Britain, the unemployed are marching again in South Wales, and for the first time since 1939 recruit-

ment has stopped in the mines throughout the whole country. From having to fight inflation—thought to be such a danger that Chancellor of the Exchequer Thorneycroft resigned over it last month—it looks as though the damper has been put on too tightly and the danger now is slump.

Prosperity on the Brink

The means by which full employment and prosperity has been maintained in the West since the war has been through rearmament and preparation for war. This prosperity has provided the wealth—through taxation—for Britain and America to produce hydrogen bombs and missiles to carry them.

The cost, therefore, of the boom the workers have been blindly enjoying—with all its frustrations and diversions—has been to bring the world to the brink of war. Which is where it stands to-day.

Now, if there is a slump, what is to be done? The armament programmes can hardly be increased without serious damage to the internal economy—of Britain, anyway. The situation will call for sacrifices, but on a scale unacceptable in peacetime. A nice little war would solve the problem, for a time. Something like Korea again. But where? Indonesia? Middle East? It must be some country where a lot of men and materials can be used up without any damage to the major powers, and without involving them in direct conflict. Any offers?

This is the pattern of twentieth century prosperity—a lunatic economy defended by crazy political powers and accepted by apathetic workers gratefully when it drops them crumbs and grudgingly when it lands them in the soup. But accepted nonetheless.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD - I

"What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost until he find it? And when he hath found it he layeth it upon his shoulders rejoicing."

WHEN George Orwell's "1984" was first published most people were particularly struck by the final horror of the ending, that Winston Smith should finish by loving Big Brother. Here Orwell put his finger on the essential feature of modern political despotisms. The modern State, most explicit in its totalitarian form, needs to make its enemies come round from an attitude of emotional indifference or hatred to one of dependent love. In older forms of tyranny enemies of the State were simply executed or banished, but the modern idea is to seek to produce a psychological change in the recalcitrant individual even when he is afterwards to be destroyed. The elaborate ritual of interrogation and trial of political prisoners in Russia which grew up under the Bolshevik regime is in part the result of the State's need to bring its adversaries to genuine spiritual repentance for their ideological deviation, before they were shot. Perhaps we may find a parallel for this in the treatment of heretics by the Medieval Church, for not only was it important to punish heretics harshly for their wickedness but they had to be brought to loathe and denounce their spiritual sin.

The Technique of Brainwashing

Stirner maintained that no man could compel another to do anything. Though a man's body might be compelled to perform certain movements through sheer force, yet this man would not be the doer of the deed if it were against his will. His body would be like an inert tool in the hands of another.

Unwilling conscripts make bad servants of the State, and it is the purpose

of State propaganda to capture the active will of its servants. There is a fable in the Army of the recruit who was told by his Sergeant that the Army could make him do anything if necessary.

"Well, they can't make me have a baby, for instance," the recruit objected.

"If the Army wants, son, it can make you have a baby," said the Sergeant.

The recruit thought a while, then in a subdued tone he said, "Well at least they couldn't make me love the little bastard!"

This is just the challenge which the Army and the State in general is taking up. They are determined to make the conscript, civil and military, love whatever metaphorical baby is forced upon him. A forerunner of future psychological methods of warfare has been tried out in the recent Chinese-American war in Korea. There both sides attempted to brainwash the p.o.w.'s in order to recruit them to fight against the army from which they had been captured. This is a far cry from the older methods of treating p.o.w.'s either as captives protected by an internationally agreed code, or shooting them out of hand.

Can brainwashing really be effective or is it just another bugaboo invented by psychologists to enhance their power and prestige? Certainly there is as much charlatanism produced by psychologists as by any other category of professional workers, and brainwashing has had its share of mystifying buildup. It is however a perfectly practical technique and there is nothing particularly mysterious about it. The layman can understand it quite well in terms of his own experience. If you get at the bases of a man's attitudes and beliefs you can alter the way he feels about things and the opinions he holds. P.o.w.'s are particularly vulnerable because once having succumbed to the blackmail and nationalist baloney which got them into the armed forces in the first place, they are thereafter easily disoriented.

The bases of a man's attitudes and beliefs lie in the "head, heart and guts", to use the formulation of the ancient Greeks. No better formulation than this tripartite system has yet been made to describe and understand the dynamics of human behaviour. The "head" represents a man's cognitive or intellectual powers; the "heart" the conative or striving aspect of his nature, and the "guts" his emotional nature. To study human behaviour in this tripartite system is an arbitrary but convenient way of coming to grips with complex phenomena.

The Head

A man's beliefs rest firstly on his cognitive ability. He seeks facts, and in terms of the information available to him he forms his opinions about the world around him and builds up his beliefs and attitudes. If he is given a lot of new information he may modify his beliefs and attitudes.

To take the instance of the p.o.w., while in his own country he is given a lot of biased information about the enemy people, and partly as a result of this biased information he comes to believe certain things about them and to build up an attitude of hostility against them. When a prisoner, if he is treated intelligently by his captors he will see for himself that the enemy people are not the fiends which home propaganda made them out to be, and the cognitive basis of his belief will be affected. If too, he is provided with more "facts" in a form which he can accept—a range of information biased from the enemy point of view—he cannot help restructuring his beliefs and attitudes to some extent.

It is well known, however, that giving a man new information is seldom enough to change his mind. A man's beliefs can remain obstinately unshaken even in the teeth of overwhelming contrary evidence if his cognitive abilities alone are assailed. It is only when the heart and guts are assailed too that the head will take notice of new information.

The Heart

The conversion of a body of men like a p.o.w. group to a new ideology has its special problems. The individual who is veering towards a new outlook will be restrained by group pressure. But this group pressure can be used to bring about changes, so that when conversion takes place it involves the whole group with few exceptions. Conversion of the whole group gives each individual the illusion that no real change has taken place in him, for after all he still thinks with the crowd. The individual needs to

have his beliefs and attitudes reinforced both by his fellows and by figures of authority whom he respects. It is therefore the purpose of the brainwashers to make their victims truly respect them: they must study just what pose to adopt to win genuine respect and appear as morally superior to their dupes. If prisoners can despise their captors even though they fear them, then no brainwashing can occur. A p.o.w. group treated with straightforward harshness will hold fast to their allegiance to their national flag, but if there is no such direct harshness and life in the prison camp is just an aimless bore, then the prisoners begin to get demoralized and fall prey to the "educative" efforts of their captors.

The average soldier goes to war for ostensible reasons which are entirely superficial and in which he only half believes. When defeated and captured, and called upon to justify himself morally, he finds how threadbare is the cause for which he thought he was fighting. Here is no daily newspaper, no radio, no boosters of morale to tell him that he is a hero doing what every right-thinking lad must do. Here is only a dreary prison camp peopled with fellows as bored and bewildered as himself. The only stable and self-confident force in his environment is the calm authority of his captors who (if they know their job) claim to know all the answers and offer to lead him out of the morass of his demoralization. They offer him a new, dynamic system of illusions to take the place of the old one which has cracked up.

Naturally, individuals react differently to this treatment. Some p.o.w.'s believe so confidently in their own country's ideology that they are exceptionally recalcitrant. Such individuals can be discreetly segregated from their fellows when they begin to show the stuff they are made of. But the great majority are not so mentally tough and will give way when they see the others giving way. A leaven of a few stool pigeons may help to sway the mass in the desired direction. Such stool pigeons, who may be moved by no other motive than a mercenary wish to curry favour with their captors, will be found in any body of men.

The Guts

The rôle of fear and hatred should not be under-rated. Men are coerced into the armed forces mainly through fear. They fear social disapproval and physical coercion if they resist conscription. Once in the forces, they fear a discipline which rests ultimately on the crudest brutality, so that this weighs against their fear of mutilation and death in battle. Also they fear the breaking through of their own cowardice to full consciousness, and this fear keeps them on a tight rein. Once in the prison camp they are safe from battle and under no sort of discipline which requires self-restraint. They can go to pieces and no one will care. Fenced in and treated like domestic animals, all they have to fear is that their captors may decide quietly to butcher them if they prove useless, that is, if they do not succumb to the brain-

washing process. Such a threat is of course never made by the brainwashers, but every soldier has the fear of it when he falls into the hands of the men he tried to kill. He has plenty of time on his hands in the prison camp to become the prey to every sort of anxiety.

The soldier has plenty to be angry about. He finds himself compelled to risk his life alternately with long stretches of boredom, all for purposes which he really does not understand and at the command of superiors who do not consider his opinions on any matter at all. His resentment is expressed in perpetual, half-hearted grumbling which nobody minds. His anger is supposed to be directed against the enemy whom he is supposed to hate and kill. The enemy is generally too impersonal a force to be genuinely hated; the hatred is there but it is against something vague which has done him down—a hate object which involves the military command at his own base as well as the enemy. It is the job of the brainwashers to redirect and canalize that free-floating anger and to define a figure for the rehabilitated personalities of the p.o.w.'s to hate. The most useful target for the hatred of the soldier is the force which got him in the mess he is in—his own government, which may variously be defined as "Communist dictators abusing their helpless people", or "Capitalist monopolists who have a stranglehold on the forces of democracy", or "Militarist warmongers battering on a peaceful populace". This mechanism is simple because the soldier's latent resentment against his own government is entirely reasonable—for he has been had for a mug by them.

This hatred must be whipped up amongst the rehabilitated (brainwashed) p.o.w.'s so that they are actually prepared to fight against their own country in the belief that they are out to liberate it from the corrupt warmongers who control it. This is the final act in brainwashing. The soldier is a soldier once more and no longer a helpless prisoner; once more he is an active cog in a machine and nothing has changed—except that he is facing the other way.

With simple-minded people, that is the majority, the whole process is less elaborate than might be imagined. Their personalities are little changed; all that happens is that they are fitted out with a brand new set of superficial beliefs which serve to justify their actions. It may be a source of wonder to the folks at home when they hear that honest Bill Bloggs has become a traitor to his country; but Bill Bloggs is still the same sort of fellow that he always was. The same may be said of the simple-minded people who are suddenly converted from Communism to Catholicism or vice versa. The new set of beliefs and genuflexions makes little difference to their personalities.

With people of a more complex character a greater mental breakdown and change in the total personality is needed to effect a radical change in opinions and attitudes, but who can say if anyone is so complex that he cannot be remodelled by appropriate techniques. G.

(To be concluded)

BOOK REVIEW

Adequate Diversion

I FORGET the name of the critic who classified literary parodies into those that can be understood only by readers who know the original, and those like *Cold Comfort Farm* where the originals can be deduced from the parodies themselves. The same may well be true of social satires. Many of the satires in *Punch*, for instance, have ceased to be funny a few years after they have been written; and *Rally Round the Flag Boys!*, for instance, is very funny even for one who knew nothing of the society it satirises until he read it.

In the township of Putnam's Landing, Connecticut, live three classes of people: first the Yankees, descendants of the original settlers and still the wielders of power, second the Italians, who are mechanics and artisans and policemen and shopkeepers, and third the "commuters", people who travel every day to New York, where they earn immense salaries which they fail to live on, largely because of the energy and snobbery of their wives. The commuters are also called (by the other two groups) lambs, patsies and pigeons.

The first two thirds of the book, and

*By Max Shulman, Heinemann, 15s.

the most enjoyable part, consists of a series of more or less disconnected descriptions of life in the town and the life of various inhabitants elsewhere. We learn that the town is governed by a monthly town meeting at which every adult inhabitant may speak and vote, where the go-ahead spendthrift commuters demand more roads, more street lamps, more everything, the Yankees preserve the status quo and the town's finances, and the Italians vote with the Yankees but enjoy the meetings better: "Town meeting is lika opera: one fella sings a aria, and another fella sings a knife in his back." We learn that commuter marriages depend for their continuity on the bars in the New York trains.

We watch modest Yankee maidens writing letters to Elvis Presley about James Dean, and wealthy puritan youths from wealthy puritan families dressing as juvenile delinquents and discussing their fictitious crimes and sex experiences, while their pure, worthy, pious, stern New England fathers help the commuters to get rid of their money. There are hilarious conversations between a television executive and a literary agent, and between a young Italian army lieutenant,

Pleasure & Leisure Change of Scene in the Parlour

ARTHUR KOESTLER tells a story about the girl whose boy-friend gave her a reproduction of a little Picasso drawing. She hung it on the landing, more or less out of sight. Then one day somebody discovered that it wasn't a print at all, but the original drawing. So she put it up in a place of honour, over the fireplace in the living room, and all her visitors admired it. What had changed about it? Nothing at all, except her attitude to it. Was it snobbery, was her attitude altered by her realisation of its market value, was it a feeling of uniqueness? Whatever it was, it is an almost universal attitude. Most of us would like to have originals instead of prints on our walls, and the reason why we don't is largely a matter of expense.

A suggestion which J. B. Priestley makes in one of his *Thoughts in the Wilderness* essays is a system of picture exchange. "This might encourage a number of people, who have neither much money nor much wall space, to buy pictures, knowing that they could exchange them from time to time, merely by paying a fee for the service of the agency. The fee would vary roughly according to the current value of the picture concerned. Thus, you bring in your picture, which is placed in Group D, and on paying the fee for this particular group, you could take away any picture you fancied in that category. The scheme would be run at a loss at first, for the overheads would be considerable and the fees slow to arrive, but once it was going properly it would not only more than pay for itself but would sooner or later, I believe, greatly increase the number of patrons."

Priestley believes that this scheme would be more attractive than that of pictures on loan, with a monthly renting fee, because "we seem to be possessive in our relation to the visual arts". On the other hand, the Artists International Association (15 Lisle Street, W.C.2.) runs a successful picture renting scheme. "We have found," says the chairman, "in our four years' experience of renting pictures, that the demand is great and increasing. Our scheme does not conflict with the possessive instinct—on the contrary, we are enabling many young potential patrons to start building up a collection. A large proportion of our pictures taken out on hire are eventually bought by the hirer."

Another similar arrangement is run by Holborn Borough Council through its public library service. Open to all the 20,000 members of the libraries, the scheme provides facilities for original modern paintings to be hired for 10s. a quarter. And if the hirer decides he would like to keep the picture borrowed, the hiring fee can be treated as instalments towards its purchase.

As well as fostering an interest in contemporary art, this scheme helps local artists to get their work seen, and perhaps bought. The artists submit their pictures to a selection committee which decides whether to "hang" them and make them available for hire. To the library the artist pays a half-a-crown fee to cover administrative costs, and he receives the 10s. a quarter for each picture hired. The library takes a 15 per cent. commission if the picture is eventually sold.

who does not want a posting to Alaska, and a friendly, sympathetic, understanding, affable officer in charge of postings, who posts him to Alaska.

Eventually the United States Army decides to install a Nike base in Putnam's Landing (the Nike is an anti-aircraft guided missile) and several plots develop. The main one, about the young Italian who gets himself posted home as Public Relations Officer, sees a fight between soldiers and juvenile imitation delinquents turn into a general brawl, and ends up in Alaska after all, is well told and as funny, in patches, as the first half of the book. The others are not so good. One of them, about a commuter marriage which nearly breaks up but is saved, is quite indecently banal.

It would be most unfair, both to the book and to the potential buyer, to suggest that this is a great book with something important to say about New England townships or anything else. But it is a good bright book to kill time with.

D.R.

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Salvaging Capitalism

Continued from p. 1

remaining *raison d'être* as wage negotiators, we consider it an honest, revealing document which exposes Capitalism and the financial system, on which it is based, in its true colours. The dishonest people are the Labour Party who, through its spokesman Mr. Gaitskell, maintain that the "problem of how to combine full employment, economic expansion and stable prices . . . can only be solved by agreement between the two sides of industry and the Government" for they imply that Capitalism can be made to work both in the interests of the workers and the employers while at the same time posing as Socialists!

THE "problems" facing this and every country of the world today are, as we monotonously point out almost every other week, *financial* and have no real bearing on questions of production and distribution *per se*. But for the intrusion of finance the social problem can be simply stated as follows:

- (1) The world cannot consume more than it can produce.
- (2) There are 2,000 million plus human beings in the world who need food, clothing and shelter as minimum requirements to maintain life. Is world production and transport sufficient to satisfy these needs? If not, how can production and services be increased to meet these basic needs?

Point (1) may seem too obvious to deserve stating, yet it needs to be *emphasised* in a world in which the words "overproduction" and "hunger" are uttered in the same breath; and for a better understanding of the term used by governments to explain "crises", that "we are living beyond our means".

Point (2) is a simple statement of what you and the writer of these lines, multiplied by one thousand million, expect—need—simply because, through no particular wish of our own—we find ourselves members of the human race! Who would confess to being so inhuman as to refuse us these basic needs of life? Yet in practise it is what is denied to a half of mankind!

The Cohen Report in placing the emphasis on productivity and not production, in seeking to salvage the system even at the price of human misery stands condemned not as the stooge of the Tory Party, which is Gaitskell's moan, or as "a challenge" to the Trades Unions as Messrs. Willis, Birch, Cousens and the rest, maintain, but simply as the enemy of mankind!

Of the "economic" crisis of last September the Council makes these revealing comments:

We can feel no doubt that at the time they were taken the September decisions were fully justified and urgently required. While their more immediate object was to staunch and reverse the outflow of gold and dollar reserves due to the loss of confidence by foreigners in the stability of the pound, that loss of confidence was due not to any immediate weakness in Britain's actual overseas trading position, but rather to the belief that she had lost control over the internal value of her money. Nor was that belief confined to foreigners: we now know that in the first half of 1957 there had been a marked acceleration of the rush by British residents to place their savings in the dollar countries; and in the summer there were times when even the British Government found increasing difficulty in marketing its longer-term securities.

PEOPLE AND IDEAS

Provincial Intellectual's Problem

ONE of last year's best-selling novels was *Room at the Top* by John Braine. It was about a ruthless young man from a Northern town and his climb up the ladder, commercially, socially, amorously and topographically. Mr. Braine, though lumped together with the other young writers as an AYM by the gossip columns, has made no declarations or manifestos about his social attitudes, and this reticence perhaps gives added interest to two articles of his about people like himself; *Portrait of a Provincial Intellectual* in the last Autumn Books number of the *New Statesman*, and *The Month: Personal Notes* in the February issue of the *Twentieth Century*.

The subject of the first article lived "high above the valley with a view over the moors" on the outskirts of a Yorkshire city, where "bit by bit with every promotion, they'd built up a civilised home". The changes that he and his wife had made in its interior decoration are described in loving detail. There were no pictures as the rooms were so small, but

"they'd made an exception for the bull-fight poster over the fireplace—very handy for sorting out one's guests. If they were distressed by it, you knew immediately that you'd have nothing in common: he'd never met an intellectual who disapproved of bull-fighting."

Even his breakfast-table reading was decided in the same self-conscious way: "let's face it, he thought, the *Telegraph* has gradually acquired *cachet*; people suspect you of taking the *Guardian* or *The Times* for effect, but they know you take the *Telegraph* because you like it, and if you like it you're obviously a superior person."

Before they got married they used to scorn their home town "where no one ever talked about anything except wool or cricket or babies, where they pretended to be fond of music but never progressed beyond the *Messiah*". Nearly all their friends seemed to have moved south, but in the end he never took the job he was offered in the London office, "they had stayed because of the house, which they were just beginning to lick into shape; and at that time they were heavily and happily committed to the Little Theatre and the Arts Group." Now however, there was no Arts Group:

"It had split up into a Writers' Circle, a Gramophone Society, and a Painters' Group; their total membership was only half that of the old Arts Group, and in none of them was there the same spirit. The Writers' Circle discussed markets

and rates of pay, the Gramophone Society was stuck in the groove of the old reliable . . . There was, of course a Jazz Club in the city; but he was too old now to sit in smoky cellars among a crowd of adolescent girls trying to look like Jayne Mansfield . . . But at the gramophone recitals twelve years ago, it was nothing extraordinary to follow Palestrina with *Wolverine Blues*."

To-day the Painters' Group thought they were daring if they had a few Gauguin prints around the house, and it was the same story with the Little Theatre.

"When it was founded, they'd ask themselves, before choosing a play or film: Is it new, is it exciting, will it at the very least shock people? They hadn't asked themselves whether it would make a profit; perhaps because they hadn't, the full house was a commonplace. Now, almost without his noticing it, the programmes had become virtually indistinguishable from any ordinary dramatic society's. When they wanted to be really daring they put on a West End flop."

IN the old-days they had even packed the Little Theatre for poetry recitals . . . "where had all that interest evaporated to? It was just the same with novels; he seldom read fiction these days. What had he read lately?" Since the decline of the Little Theatre

he'd seen the decadent French plays and the crude American plays and the angry English plays in London and Paris and Edinburgh; the theatre would become the holiday chateau-bottled, not the everyday *vin ordinaire*. For years too, he'd ceased to take any real interest in architecture; it was, like the theatre, a holiday activity, its symbol the collection of views of Bath or Venice or Rome. Once his own city had had real character, when the trams swayed along the cobbled streets and all the buildings had been of local stone. Now every day there was another stretch of tarmac, another block of offices . . . and he couldn't bear to look at it any longer. As far as he was concerned, the city only existed as a straight line between office and home."

He felt lonely, isolated, a minority of one. And yet, a librarian friend had estimated from an examination of the day's issues that at least 10 per cent. of the city's population were people like himself. And another puzzling thing, when he wanted to read *The Uses of Literacy* he had to buy a copy because there were thirty people who had reserved it at the library. Who were they? "He'd like to know them, they'd be his

kind of people, but he'd never met them . . . Ten per cent. of a population of 200,000 is 20,000; where are the other 19,999, the friends with whom I should be arguing to some purpose, even, if that's not too naive, the comrades who should be helping me to rebuild this city?"

It is always possible of course that these other 19,999 would not have the O.K. views about bull-fighting and the *Daily Telegraph*. But however this may be, all we know of the end of these reflections of a Provincial Intellectual, is that as he walked away from the city towards the moors, he reflected that the next time that the London job was offered he wouldn't say No.

BUT John Braine himself would. In the article about himself, he describes where he lives, high up towards the moors, west of the town. "I'm far from being a local notability," he says, "but I do feel myself part of the community in a way I could never be in London, or, come to that, in some pretty little commuter's village in the Home Counties". In fact, he says, "I never leave the tiny warm circle of civilisation—the circle within which live all those who have managed to wring more out of society than the immediate necessities of life." And he describes how he felt last time he came to London and revisited the district where he had once lived as an unsuccessful freelance journalist. Dining in a tea-shop on poached egg on toast he looked around:

"Everyone seemed to be alone. That was the moment that I realised that I had reached the jungle, the stone wilderness. For the only normal way to live is in one's own home with husband or wife or father and mother. To eat alone is a contradiction in terms; you can only *refuel* yourself alone. I refuelled quickly and went out, trying not to remember the woman next to me, pale and drab in a skimpy cotton dress clinging in a disinterested sort of way to her scraggy body . . . When she was a little girl some British general, breathing heavily, would have at last worked out the meaning of attrition and would have issued the order which deposited her future husband screaming on the barbed wire or drowning in the mud, and which left her, forty years later, eating a roll and butter and drinking a glass of orangeade with dreadful slowness, alone in a London tea-shop."

Of course in the town where Mr. Braine now lives in the West Riding there are plenty of people who are at this moment in the last extreme of despair and loneliness. "But their misery isn't, as in London, so widespread as to be overbearing". It can be handled, and seen in perspective, and there is even the possibility of doing something about it.

As a writer, Mr. Braine finds he has no need of London,

"I get my daily nourishment here in the North; there's as much material here as I can comfortably digest. Dickens was

the last novelist to be able to see London as a whole; and in that nightmarish account of London at night called *Little Dorrit's Party* he proved that London was already too big to be called a place, that it was becoming a vast terrible sadness with no room for people and none, none for love."

That is why, he reflects, he and the other writers with whom his name has been linked have chosen to live in 'the provinces'. And having raised the subject, he asks himself what he is angry about. Politics?

"Frankly, I have only to hear the name of a professional politician and a huge depression instantly assails me. It's as if one's warm, newly aired underwear were suddenly changed to dripping wet flannel. Personally, I think of my life as being grim or savage or gay or tragic or rewarding, according to mood or circumstance, but never, I swear, as boring or drab or shoddy or not worth living. One political speech and it becomes just that—not a tale told by an idiot, but a report about nothing from nowhere by nobody."

No. The things that anger him are smoke, smog, open-cast mining, inefficient use of fuel (75 per cent. of coal burned is wasted), motor traffic and the way we calmly accept the annual road slaughter. And that is why he lives where he lives.

THE interesting thing about a comparison of John Braine's two articles is that while his fictional provincial intellectual sees London as a Mecca, he himself sees it as a jungle. The P.I. concludes that London will end his isolation and loneliness, Braine finds it simply "a vast terrible sadness". The P.I. sees in London the means to satisfaction of his tastes at his own level of sophistication and regrets, shamefacedly—for he would think the notion of social commitment rather *passé*—his failure to connect with friends with whom I should be arguing to some purpose . . . the comrades who should be helping me to rebuild this city". Braine himself, who presumably has no illusions, having spent seventeen years in local government, opts for the West Riding where "I do feel myself part of the community".

Years ago Lethaby wrote of the "utterable deadness which has come over English cities and villages . . . the stagnation and daily dying of the towns up and down the country". Mr. J. B. Priestley makes the complaint to-day. Isn't it time Mr. Braine and his P.I. got together with the 19,998 other people to get rid of both the cultural stagnation and the visual squalour, the intellectual isolation and the atmospheric pollution? As Priestley puts it in one of his essays,

"Let us begin by recognising, even at the risk of appearing to be too pessimistic, that nobody but ourselves will provide us with the sort of life we want. It is no use waiting for the power-mongers and the life-haters to do it. They have other plans, now maturing rapidly. We must create that life for ourselves. And if we have no longer the will, mind and heart to create, and to enjoy creation, then we are already dying, and indeed would be better dead."

C.W.

Breakdown of Bigness

ONE of the arguments against anarchism in a mass society is the contention that the economies effected in mass production and centralized distribution are lost in a decentralized society. It is also obvious that the overhead expenses of a large organization as it grows tend to offset all these economies. Ultimately one gets to a position where the smaller transactions are uneconomic owing to standard costings and security makes it necessary to have checkers to check the checkers.

It is refreshing, and evidence of the possibilities of freedom in a severely limited sphere to read the following from the *News Chronicle*:

A big British chain store is cutting its prices—by putting 20,000 girls on their honour and slashing its own red tape.

It began several months ago when the firm decided to abolish time clocks in its stores. That got rid of a million pieces of paper, plus the cost of checking them, and the rental of the time clocks. And the girls still keep good time:

Said a spokesman yesterday: "We abolished lunch bells, too."

Altogether the firm got rid of 18 million pieces of paper by abolishing more than 100 forms.

Sample One: Returnable Empties. "Cases were invoiced to us, then there were telephone calls to the producer; then we invoiced the empties back to them, and credited each other accordingly. Now we use non-returnable empties—it is much cheaper to throw them away."

Sample Two: When a sales girl wanted more stock she used to go to the stock room, check the stock book, make out an

order and hand it to a girl in the stock room. That girl made up the order, brought it down to the sales girl, and entered it in the stock book.

"Now," said the slightly amazed spokesman, "the sales girl just goes to the stock room and gets what she wants. It's so simple it just isn't true. We've been wondering how we got along all these years."

Sample Three: Masses of statistical reports were compiled every week so that buying experts could keep check on consumer interests.

"These got so massive we just couldn't digest them. We abolished them. Now the experts just go into the shops and ask."

Conspicuous Consumption

Americans are consuming their own and the world's raw materials so fast that there is danger of a world shortage developing. America, with 7 per cent. of the world's population and 8 per cent. of its land area, consumes almost half of the free world's supply of raw materials.

In the last 50 years consumption of coal has risen two-and-a-half times, copper three times, iron three-and-a-half times, natural gas 26 times, oil 30 times. And the increase goes on.

In the next 13 years America's own supplies of chrome, industrial diamonds, graphite, quartz, nickel, and tin will have been exhausted. Already much of her oil and iron comes from abroad. One metal only—vanadium—will be produced in America fast enough to keep up with demands.

Economists say the remedy would be a complete change of attitude on waste. For example, half of the commercial coal is left in the ground after mining. In Texas more than half the oil is lost through inefficient drilling.

The steel industry loses millions of tons of scrap each year because cars, girders, and machinery are left to rot.

—Tom Stacey in the *Daily Express*.

SAKIET

There was a crooked man
With a crooked explanation.
He told a crooked truth
To a crooked congregation.
He gave some crooked facts
To his crooked brothers,
Then they all joined together
And put the blame on others.

M.G.W.

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After the Big Meetings

IN the closing speech at one of last week's big London meetings to launch the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, Mr. A. J. P. Taylor reminded his audience that "You and I bear the responsibility for these weapons. No one will save us but ourselves". Both political parties, he cried, were equally bad. No politician should be allowed to speak on a public platform without being branded as a murderer. The politicians had failed. "Turn against them," he said, to immense applause.

These are refreshing words from Mr. Taylor, whom we had always thought of as an ultimate, if recalcitrant, supporter of the Labour Party. But there are plenty who see this campaign not as a cry of outraged humanity, but simply as an asset to the Labour Party's platform. "The meeting Labour should have called" is how *Tribune* describes it, conveniently forgetting Mr. Aneurin Bevan's utterances at the last party conference. "Hydrogen bomb challenge is Labour's chance," says *Reynold's News*, while deploring A. J. P. Taylor's attitude as "just the sort of gesture likely to lose the Campaign serious support", while the *New Statesman* blandly says, "If the campaign continues to gather momentum, some notice must be taken of it, not least by the Labour Party".

In fact, of course, to tie this wave of public indignation on the tail of a political party is the best way to make it innocuous, and to prevent its supporters from growing out of that simple faith that in some mysterious way a "summit conference" will put everything right, into an assertion that they are responsible for their own destiny. At one of the four overflow meetings on that exciting Monday evening Alex Comfort declared:

"Much has been said about a summit conference. Sanity is always hardest to restore at the summit—the air there is rarified. It seems to affect the brain. We can reassert it at the base. The people must take over".

"I do not see the parties giving an answer to the hundreds of people of all persuasions who are asking what they individually can do to reassert the rule of sanity. That is the foundation of the campaign we are launching to-night; to make every individual reassume the moral responsibility for opposing insanity. The issue is one for direct action".

How much more easily this is said than done is indicated by the thousand-strong demonstration that marched from one of the meetings to Downing Street chanting "Ban the

H-bomb". One report states that:

"Police were seen beating and kicking demonstrators, although the demonstrators did not assault the police. A photographer was chased away by the police, and a man who politely protested against this was told 'Shut up! Or I'll bash your face!' Dogs on leash were used by the police to intimidate the people".

This is what occurs when a thousand people chant slogans. What happens when millions rise?

There is, as the recent *FREEDOM* editorial *Resist War*, emphasised, no easy answer. A "law-abiding people" like ourselves will not find it easy to learn the techniques and habits of resistance. And yet, if we take seriously the meaning of what was said at the meetings last week, and ignore the vain hopes and ridiculous faith in 'summit' conferences, resistance in one form or another is the only answer. *The moment you advocate that public opinion should be active as well as vocal you are denying the government its Executive powers and admitting that parliament is not the sounding-board of public opinion.*

We hope that the thousands who are being drawn into protest by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament will learn and face the implications of this.

SPANISH REFUGEE IN BRIXTON JAIL

ON February 14th, I heard from the London representative of the Spanish Trade Union CNT that a Spanish stowaway, Joaquim Perez Selles, was in Brixton Prison awaiting deportation.

He arrived in this country three months ago, was arrested three weeks ago, and was taken to a boat of the MacAndrew Line and told, I am assured, that he would be able to land in France.

On board he learned that the first port of call would be Bilbao in Spain. This would have meant that he would have been handed over to the Spanish authorities, with the certainty of a long-term imprisonment and perhaps death.

He then informed the captain that when the boat reached open sea he would throw himself overboard rather than return to Spain.

In these circumstances the captain declined to take responsibility for him and he was returned to Brixton Prison.

Selles had deserted from the Spanish Navy. He is an anti-Fascist and has repeatedly refused to serve in the Spanish Armed Forces.

He first left Spain when due for military service in 1950, stowing away on a Swedish boat to Rouen. There he was arrested by the French police and detained for 4 days, after which a Court freed him, with the right to remain in France.

He joined the crew of a Norwegian ship, but later the boat, en route to Lisbon, developed engine trouble and had to put in to Pasajes on the north coast of

Spain, where he was taken into custody by the Spanish police and sent to the Navy.

In December, 1952, he deserted from the Navy, was caught by the Civil Guard while trying to escape to France across the Pyrenees, and jailed for two years.

On the completion of his sentence he was returned to the Navy; this time he deserted in New York, was turned over to the Franco authorities by the American police and taken back to Spain.

He was sentenced to imprisonment for two years, six months, and one day. The extra day on the sentence means that no remission could be granted. At the end of this sentence he was sent to a Naval Disciplinary Battalion. After ten months—that is, last October—he escaped and stowed away on a boat to Britain.

On arrival Selles made an application for political asylum. This was not allowed, but I am now pressing very strongly, in view of this consistent and courageous record, that he should be permitted to stay in this country as a political refugee.

As many people and organisations as possible should support this demand by letters and telegrams to the Home Secretary.

FENNER BROCKWAY.

MEETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP

Every Sunday at 7.30 at
THE MALATESTA CLUB,
32 Percy Street,
Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

LECTURE - DISCUSSIONS

MARCH 2—Alan Albon on
ANARCHISM—POWER RESPONSIBILITY & SOCIAL ORGANISATION
MARCH 3—Albert Meltzer on
Subject to be announced

Questions, Discussion and Admission all free.

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February 24th, 1958.

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ITALY

A Woman of Ragusa

IN Ragusa, a town in American-liberated Sicily one morning in December 1944, the postman gloomily handed me a pink post card. "What's this?" I asked. "Read, Mrs. Marietta, and you'll see what it's about." So I read:— To Mr. Giuseppe L... In the name of His Royal Highness Umberto of Savoia, Viceroy of Italy... You shall present yourself to the Military District... You will bring with you mug, spoon, and blanket—"

It was a call for Maria Occhipinti's husband to go and fight against the Germans who were still fighting in the peninsula. Her husband had received a similar post-card in 1940, but then Maria was only 19, and knew next to nothing about war. In 1944 she knew, the whole people of Ragusa knew. So "students and workers gathered in front of churches and shouted 'We are not cannon fodder'. On the walls of decrepit houses, and along the main streets, you could read inscriptions like these: 'Weep not, mama. I will not leave you this time. We shan't depart. Down with war, and long live peace'. There were posters which said: 'We are an invaded country. We won't fight for anybody'. Hundreds of young people paraded in front of the recruiting office, of the police station, and in San Giovanni Square. At an open-air meeting a man shouted: 'Give me back my two sons, you cursed country'. Groups of mothers commented excitedly: 'If they must die, let them die here, in our homes, not treated like dogs, and lost in a distant country'."

Maria had then joined the Communists; but, contrary to the popular feeling, the Party's orders were to go and fight to free Italy from Fascism. On January 4th, 1945, she hears that the military and the police are in town loading on lorries all the youths they could find. Maria rushes to the spot, and other women join her, together they beg the policemen to release the youths. The police refuse, and she throws herself on the ground in

front of a lorry's wheels. There was talk among the soldiers of running her over, and she might have been crushed to death, had not some of the women cried out the fact that she was five months pregnant. The policemen forcibly pulled her up, but she struggled, and could not be removed. In a few minutes the street was blocked by an excited, menacing crowd. The youths were released, the soldiers fired and killed a Communist, then some of them were disarmed, the others and the police withdrew.

In the afternoon of that same day an officer threw a hand-grenade at a verger who had remarked that everybody was fed up to his back teeth with war. His head was blown off his shoulders. This second murder was the spark which started the insurrection. Weapons appeared from the most unexpected places, and soon all the workers' district was in the hands of the rebels. On the 6th they attacked the nearest military block at Beddio, and occupied it, with Maria sparing no energy in assisting the wounded.

Soon, however, the Army sent strong reinforcements to relieve the soldiers besieged by the rebels in several buildings. They could be delayed by a few badly improvised barricades, but could not be stopped. A week of terror followed. Soldiers and policemen wreaked their vengeance, and Maria Occhipinti was one of the many persons arrested. All the daily papers of the so-called "Free Italy" joined to deprecate the anti-militarist rebellion, and the *Unita*, organ of the Communist Party, described it as an action of "the big land-owners of Sicily against the people and the country".

These are the events which made Maria Occhipinti a household name throughout Sicily, but others of different, though not lesser, interest, are to be found in her autobiography, published by Luciano Landi of Florence. Carlo Levi, the author of "Christ stopped at Eboli", describes it in an introductory note as an important historical and social, and at the same time personal, document. The world into which Maria was born "is a shut-in world, all oppression and limitations, primitive religiosity, servitude and tyranny. There woman is doubly slave. Hardly any one stands a chance to become a full person. It is hedged in by impassable frontiers, guarded by prejudice, resignations and rancour". She leaves it for good when, at the end of two years' imprisonment, she finds her husband comfortably settled with another woman. Then she travels from one Italian town to another, doing domestic work to earn a living for herself and her baby. "I was in Switzerland, too," she writes, "and there, confronted with an adult civilization, with a more modern conception of love, of freedom and respect for the individual, I went back in my thoughts to the men of my land, and I saw how small they were, like infants just beginning to talk... I saw those,

who had appeared to me for many years like terrible monsters, so ridiculous and primitive that I felt I wanted to stroke and love them. I pitied them so."

Love and pity moved Maria to many generous deeds. The reader from "an adult civilization", however, dislikes the way she stresses the unselfishness of her motives. She has no doubts about her natural goodness, about the purity of her intentions; she sees herself fully in the figure she cuts. She visibly enjoys playing the part of heroine and saint, of leader and emancipator. She appears right in everything she does, and I dare say she is; but when she rationalizes her emotions and impulses, it is all too clear that the primitiveness of her people is still with her. She uncritically takes a few half-baked ideas and vague generalizations for sacrosanct truths. So the reader from "an adult civilization" sees with a shudder the fanatic's hoof under her martyr's robes. Then soberly and sadly he asks himself: Can a rebel be anything but a fanatic? The rebel is not enlightened, but how could he be expected to be? He fights for the first glimmer of light that brought hope down to him in his dungeon. He knows of no other light. If you try to take some other lights down to him, he will suspect you of wanting him to stay down in his dungeon. He must first get out. Then you can talk to him of all the light you want.

Maria is now out of her dungeon. But her powers of sympathy, there repeatedly

Extraordinary People

What extraordinary people politicians are! Mr. Thorneycroft and his two junior ministers resign on the ground that the government is failing to deal with inflation. They then say that they will go on supporting the government. If a doctor resigned from a hospital post on the ground that the treatment being given the patients was calculated to kill rather than cure them, and then added that, nonetheless, he proposed to continue to send his own patients there, he would be considered criminal or mad. Then, again, take Mr. Sandys and national service. It did not require great perspicacity to realise, when his White Paper came out, that there was no possibility of raising by voluntary recruitment the forces which were specified in it as minimal. Sandys must have known this. Yet when I tried to get it out of him in the course of a television interview, he continued to insist, in his slow, laborious way, that sufficient volunteers would be forthcoming. Of course, they have not been forthcoming, and will not be, despite the projected rise in pay and allowances. Everybody knows why. Service life and discipline just do not happen to appeal

tested, are still with her. She has not forgotten the thieves, prostitutes and murderers with whom she was shut up in the women's prison of Palermo. She knows that many are still shut up in there and similar establishments, some with their babies, in the most appalling sanitary conditions; ill-treated and half-starved. And she wants the world to know. She wants those in the sun to be aware of their brothers in the darkness. Yes, thieves, prostitutes and murderers. She wants us to know them truly, to know and understand them. They are not what we think. "A criminal is a weak creature who lives in fear more than any other. Because of that he adores his mother, and clings to her desperately. He knows his life is dangerous, that his companion may leave him or give him away at any moment, and that he will be left alone on his dreary path. His mother is more than God. I have seen many young men at visiting time at the Ucciardone burst into tears as soon as they saw her enter. They called for her in the silence of their cells with all their hearts. There the criminal loses all sense of shame and bleats like a lamb. He is no longer the brute who shook with horror the readers of the Sunday press. He needed a weapon in order to feel strong. The weapon made him strong. Against a government or a boss, the Sicilian man does not fight with his intelligence because he lacks education, and cannot state his reasons in words. He can only express them with a knife or a pistol. He expresses thereby his ignorance and weakness."

O, for a glimmer of light to those in the dungeon!

GIOVANNI BALDELLI.

to any but a tiny minority of the contemporary young. In the end, Sandys, or a successor, will have to climb down, and either revise the White Paper or accept some variant of selective service. It was obvious from the beginning, yet not, apparently, to him. Why not? And if it was obvious, what was the point of the deception? What advantage did it bring to him, the government, or anybody else? I shall never understand.

—Malcolm Muggeridge in the *New Statesman*.

Broad Base

The fundamental strength of Egypt's economy is its broad base of individual poverty.

—The Times Middle East Correspondent.

Tory at Bay

Hunting was the price the stag had to pay for a painless death, said Mr. James Lindsay, Conservative M.P. for North Devon, at a meeting in Dulverton, Somerset, last night.

The Observer 14/2/58.

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT! WEEK 8

Deficit on Freedom £160
Contributions received £107
DEFICIT £53

February 14 to February 20

Coventry: J.J. 11/-; London: A.F. £1/10/6;
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