

The more the drive towards life is thwarted, the stronger is the drive towards destruction; the more life is realized, the less is the strength of destructiveness. Destructiveness is the outcome of un-lived life.

ERICH FROMM

Help us out
of the Red
by Dec 31

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY - 4d.

Q: Who runs the Railways? A: The Workers (BUT WHO CONTROLS THE WORKERS?)

THE Public Relations and Publicity Department of the Southern Region of British Railways issued last week a magnificently produced booklet entitled "Want to Run a Railway?", which they presented with their compliments to the 300,000 commuters who pour in and out of their London termini every day, year in year out. As the title might suggest, it is an attempt to silence the many uninformed grumblers about the "inefficiency" of railway services, by presenting them with some of the problems that have to be contended with in maintaining the service such as it is, as well as showing that the service, such as it is, is a magnificent achievement of planning and co-operation at all levels.

In the first few pages, the city-gent who is all the time declaring 'I could run this lot a *!?!** sight better than they do' is presented with an impressive picture of what he would have "to run" and of some of the problems that arise in the course of "running 7,000 services a day. And at this point the *coup de grace* is delivered right on the city-gent's bowler with a series of questions and answers in bold type which no one is expected to miss:

WHO IS THIS MAN, ANYWAY?

Who is the genius who has made thousands of spot decisions in the day, referring to work in thousands of places?

WHO IS SUPERMAN? WHERE IS HE?

NOWHERE.
AND IN 600 PLACES.

'HE' DOESN'T EXIST.
NOBODY 'RUNS' THE SOUTHERN,
MINUTE BY MINUTE.

So no superman runs the railways; not even "supermen". We are instead told that

The job of getting you to work is done in the only way possible—by a team of thousands of responsible men and women.

They are taking decisions NOW, as your train speeds along they are taking individual decisions, making individual adjustments that will ensure you get there. Every signalman is continuously making decisions, selecting intelligently from a number of choices. Every station-master, train examiner, driver and guard is for ever facing problems and *making up his mind* about them. A railway doesn't go by clockwork, but by the intelligence of its staff.

And the staff "work on good will and good sense, not under High Command orders. Nothing is less like an army than a railway . . . the one old-fashioned thing about most railwaymen and women is their pride in their job".

We are then asked "HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF CONTROL?"

Control is the train supervision office for a particular division of the Southern Region. Control for the South-Eastern Division is Orpington. Others are at Redhill, Woking, Southampton and Exeter.

And we are given examples of the kinds of problems that are dealt with by one of these Controls, Orpington, on a "typical morning" while we were thinking of breakfast. The function of Control is to deal with some of the problems resulting from breakdowns and signalling or power failures, as well as from natural causes—fog, floods, etc., involving the re-routing, or re-timing of certain services. Following the impressive list of decisions that had to be taken on one typical morning at Orpington we are assured, at the end of it, that

"IT WAS NO 'RAILWAY FIELD MARSHAL' MAKING THESE IMPORTANT DECISIONS, BUT MAINLY THE WEEKLY WAGE PACKET MAN".

Some of these causes of delay—and the steps taken to ensure maximum safety for passengers at all times—are persuasively presented. And then to round off the picture we are presented to three gentlemen, and their phone numbers. Why?

The Southern, as we have hinted, is run by people. Although running trains is very much a team job, there are three men on the Southern who between them are primarily responsible for providing your train services.

They are the three line managers, each of whom is in charge of roughly a third of the Southern Region.

Each has a close personal interest in everything concerning the way his division is run. Each has a small group of officers each of whom similarly closely watches a particular section of the business.

What are these three line Managers? Figureheads or Supermen? Members of "a team" or Bosses? The booklet tells us very little about *how* they go about their jobs of "providing your train services" but this passage lends itself to interpretation:

We are telling you who they are because if you really have a problem about train services—a complaint if you like, or a need for information which you can't get anywhere else—go to the top. (Our italics).

So, there we have it: "running

trains is very much a team job" but control of railway services is in the hands of three men and their "small group of officers", who in turn take their instructions from Dr. Beeching, who in turn takes his orders from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who in his turn takes orders from some top Civil Servants at the Treasury whose decisions are "in-

fluenced" by all kinds of financial pressure-groups which in a capitalist society have the power to make or break governments simply by reason of their stranglehold on the economic life of the nation. It is said that the barometer of American "prosperity" is General Motors. Are we not, in this country in very much the same position?

Straight from the horse's mouth

"WANT to Run a Railway?" not only answers the irritable city gent who when he arrives ten minutes late at his office desk is convinced that he could run the railways better on his own—actually all he could do would be to order the railway staff to run *his* train to time at the expense of all the other 8.15's (an excellent point made by the brochure when it points out that there is not one 8.15 to London, but 40!)—but confirms, quite unintentionally we presume, the anarchists' answer to the perennial question "Who will run the railways in an anarchist society", which is simply "the railwaymen, of course".

Under capitalism, production or the provision of services, involve two organisations which are basically incompatible and socially irreconcilable. On the one hand you have the producers of commodities and services, on the other the financiers and the owners of the means of production. The former comprise all who directly contribute to

production, from the so-called "unskilled" labourer to the most skilled technician; the latter, not only individual capitalists and corporations but also the State.

To our minds the strength of the anarchists' argument for social and economic equality does not mean individual uniformity (which the upholders of capitalist free-enterprise denounce in one breath and then seek to establish* by mass-advertising and other pressures!) is that mankind could not survive without production, whereas *homo sapiens*, not to mention the less wise members of the animal kingdom, has survived millions of years without the need for financiers, landlords and accountants! Only a moment's consideration of this pathetic, but today all-powerful, trilogy, should convince any thinking-worker that the world today is organised to protect the interests of a minority at the expense of the majority.

It is not a question of simply dispossessing the millionaires in order to achieve justice. As old man Ford once pointed out if one were to distribute his personal wealth, the amount by which his workers would benefit would hardly affect their material situation. (Even if Holland's 11 million people were to share out the late-lamented old Queen's personal fortune, estimated

*while still retaining class distinction. "Keeping up with the Jones" means what it says. The "Jones" don't have to keep up with the "Ogilvies" nor even with the "Armstrong-Jones". Even so the purpose of the mass-persuaders is to condition [the "Armstrong-Jones" and] the "Jones" to want what people in their respective "classes" should want, and have!

Continued on page 4

RADAR RED AND LOVE-ONE-ANOTHER

(From a Correspondent)

OUR comrade, known as "Radar" Ron by the "natives" (his Papuan friends call him this because of the hearing-aid he wears) was employed as the master-painter by Moresby's biggest building contractor, European of course. This boss, who is a big industrial fish in a small but lucrative—and how—commercial pool, prided himself on his good "employer-employee relationships". These were maintained merely because his European tradesmen were able to book plenty of overtime on top of reasonable wages and leave most of the work to the coloured workers who were on an average of seven shillings, no overtime paid. It was taken for granted that the "boongs" as the Papuans are not kindly called in spite of what the press may say to the contrary, were content with this. Nobody had even thought to ask them, anyway.

To bolster these "good relationships" the benevolent boss tacked a notice up in the European's mess to the effect that Papua Day would for the first time be a paid holiday for all employees. Our comrade told all his "painter boys" (Papuans

employed by Europeans are known, patronisingly, to the day they die, as "boys") the good news, and they went all out to enjoy their first paid holiday. They were quite justly a little put-out then to find next payday that they had been docked for their "holiday". They asked their friend, Radar, what was the guts of this. He suggested, as they already suspected, that they had been "done".

The next working-day only four of the painter-force of twenty-eight showed up for work. It was the boss's turn to be "put-out". "This is unheard of," he raved, "natives going on strike." He wouldn't believe that they had done it of their own volition—"too 'backward', too happy"—he said. So there had to be a scapegoat. Our comrade, who already had the subversive name of "boong-lover", was it. He was the agitator, the red, the anarchist that had provoked these innocent children into committing such a terrible act.

Nevertheless, the twenty-four stayed out. The boss capitulated. They would be paid for the holiday. "Not enough," they told him. Their terms were that all the Papuan

workers (some hundred odd) be paid for the holiday, and that they all receive a shilling a day rise in wages. After some days the boss gave in. The local Chamber of Commerce had their predictable moan in the Press, warning of the financial doom the Territory could expect if the natives were allowed to "get away" with this.

The poor old boss consoled himself with a new £3,000 motor car, and a mean act of spite. He put 14 of the militant "painter-boys" off claiming that there was no work for them. Because they were good tradesmen they were almost immediately engaged in better jobs. The remaining ten, together with their mate, Radar Ron, quit. The eleven of them have formed a workers' co-operative and registered it as the Loa Painting Co-operative Society. Loa in the local language means walk-about, and in a close dialect means Love-one-and-other.

I believe this is the first time in the Territory of Papua and New Guinea that a European and Papuan have entered upon an equal, active partnership. "Radar" is now living with his coloured friends and comrades.

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I HAVE followed the controversy on 'productivity' with interest, but some concern, due to the fact that the whole argument seems to have been conducted more from the point of view of the consumer, rather than the producer. Unless, of course, we count Francis Ellingham's ideal of a producer, a very romanticised 'Peasant Philosopher'.

I felt that this kind of argument may signify certain tendencies in some anarchist thinking, which may act against the effective spreading of our ideas.

There seems to have been a tendency to discuss the application of production technology simply from the point of view of increasing leisure, and the production of goods for consumption, without much concern for the nature of work. This very concern seemed to me one of the most valuable elements in traditional anarchist thinking.

Living in a libertarian society is not, surely, a 'leisure time activity'.

To reconsider the development of the argument:—The original editorial argued that 'productivity' in the present society should be resisted by the workers, since 'it is not a means to a social end' and brings them neither leisure nor liberty from wage slavery, and that it has meaning if it results in increased leisure, and better living standards, for all. This is reasonable, but it must also be compatible with a libertarian organisation of production. Also, this 'more leisure' seems perhaps a little inadequate, the first hint of 'work' apart from life?

More seriously, the above reason for resistance is surely not the sole reason, nor does it appear to me to get to the root cause of the workers' actual resistance, in many cases, which is not, I think, merely that they 'cannot see that change will do them any good'. The editorial writer supports this attitude, but characterises it as 'negative' and suggests turning attention to the 'alternative' of the struggle for workers' control.

To MOVE to Jacquetta Benjamin's letter (Nov. 3rd). She appears to me to succeed in her aim of refuting Francis Ellingham, but says 'Machines are only advanced tools, after all'. This may be alright in this context, but the 'only' disturbs me.

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THE PRODUCTIVITY CONTROVERSY

Can we find -and answer- the Worker's Discontent?

ceed in her aim of refuting Francis Ellingham, but says 'Machines are only advanced tools, after all'. This may be alright in this context, but the 'only' disturbs me.

What the views quoted seem to me to miss, in the first instance, is the significance of current production technology for the worker. Machines are not 'only tools', they are also often means for disciplining the workers, reducing reliance on the "human element" which "is always fallible", etc., and reducing the worker with a skill previously socially respected, which made him 'a turner', 'a cabinet-maker', to simply a pair of hands. Nor is the worker always happy about 'more leisure'—I would refer the reader to the views quoted in the last chapter of Raya Dunayevskaya's *Marxism and Freedom*, which is valuable on this whole subject. These, and similar effects of the general techniques of raising productivity, I feel, are often at the roots of workers' resistance.

To characterise the resultant specific resistance to an immediate specific threat as 'negative' vis-a-vis the 'positive' struggle for workers' control seems to hint

a little at the line of "Ignorant workers hitting out at the machines, instead of attacking the real enemy." Certainly, workers' control is the necessary framework within which alone the workers' criticism can finally be worked out—but this struggle is not an alternative to the specific criticism they are making.

AGAIN, BRIAN LESLIE (Dec. 1st) says: "All too many people . . . are reacting against labour-saving devices in industry instead of against the system (in which) their application acts to the disadvantage of the workers they displace." If this is directed simply against people not directly involved, who are objecting to the use of technology in general, I would agree, otherwise, it strengthens this feeling of the "ignorant workers" line. Also it is interesting that one of the workers quoted in *Marxism and Freedom* rejects the promise of more leisure, expressed in almost the same terms as those in which Brian, in this letter, welcomes it.

On the other hand, Francis Ellingham argues against the impulse to raise production, not against the means used, or, more to the point, the general strategy which the expression 'increased productivity' signifies in a capitalist (state, or private) setting, and which determines these means and their functioning with respect to the workers.

The introduction of the topic of 'centralisation' is a side issue. Enough to say that the 'centralise—decentralise' controversy produces a paradox for the management theorist as well as the anarchist. Also that the solution adopted in practice by the anarcho-syndicalists has a remarkably contemporary ring.

THE EDITORIAL REPLY to Ellingham (Nov. 10th) does to some extent counter part of my criticism, in so far as it emphasises the editors' opposition to 'efficiency' which tends to dehumanise the workers—with the qualification that what is 'above all inhuman' is condemning people to a working lifetime 'within the confines, and in the noise, etc., of a factory—doing always more or less the same job.' Fair enough—with heavy

emphasis on "above all".

Is there, however, a full realisation of the factors previously mentioned in workers' resistance to "higher productivity", and of the depth of the problem indicated by the degree to which individuals, in present society, fail to find fields of satisfying activity, in their basic social activity (as opposed to activities to which they may devote any surplus energy left after the factory day, a different problem)?

This is the problem of integrating work and life, so that the working day is not a period divorced from a man's 'real' life, during which he sells his skill and strength, to be disposed of by others. (Nor, the other side of the coin, a poor substitute for a full life, to which he turns, for all its irritations, because of the inadequacy of life outside work in a disintegrated urban culture, itself again, the reverse side of developed capitalist-statist organisation of production and life) but, instead, a time when he comes together with other free individuals to co-operate in a socially desired task, utilising, in free association with his comrades, the machinery, and the social capital of technological knowledge, to apply a vastly multiplied effort.

Francis Ellingham, indeed, does seem partly to favour this position when he writes, "Freedom, for me, largely consists in fulfilling oneself through joyful, creative work, in voluntary co-operation with one's fellows," though 'joyful' perhaps seems to be romanticising a bit, and, unfortunately, his producer is this very idealised peasant philosopher. Why this attitude, interpreted realistically, should be thought incompatible with the use of a technology, I do not see. One might add that if you are attempting to claw a living from the soil with your bare hands, you had better develop that 'grasping mentality' he deprecates, or you won't be around very long.

In the end, it is an academic exercise to discuss whether, in a libertarian society, more advanced methods of production should be utilised, or rejected, or used in particular fields and not in others, and so on. The essence of such a society is that the workers concerned will decide what will be done in

AROUND THE GALLERIES

ONE approached the exhibition of paintings by the comedian Charlie Drake, at the New Vision Centre, 4 Seymour Place, W.2, with an air of condescending amusement, mulling the jargon word 'therapeutic' as a lead for a catchpenny title but left chastened and impressed, for there is a dignity and sincerity about Charles Drake that transcends the vulgar antics of the gutter press. The press have played up the comedian's mental difficulties as though it were part of a huge joke that we all could be privy to, and the cheap reproduction of the most banal of the paintings have added spice to this philistine giggle. Yet here is work that on its own merit can claim to hang on the walls of any commercial gallery, for Drake is a magnificent colourist who, not only creates a third dimension by his use of flat colours, but suggests a mood that makes the titles superfluous.

He has been painting for eighteen months and he is still at the stage to be over-influenced by the work of other painters, noticeably Lowry, but he heightens the emotion of the work that he echoes by flooding the canvas with colour. He still has much to learn, for he uses his brush as a huge pencil and writes rather than paints his subject matter, but in time, he must divorce himself of this pictorial calligraphy and seek to record that which is not only near the heart, but near the eye, for here is an exhibition of the work of a painter who has gained our interest with the exploration of his palette and has also awakened our excitement for his next showing.

There is at the moment no tour in America an exhibition of paintings from this country blessed by the patronage of the San Francisco Museum of Art. This fact in itself would be of slight interest if it were not that it travels under the label of 'British Art Today' and, organised by Stephan Munsing the Cultural Affairs officer of the American Embassy in London, the exhibition carries an introduction by Lawrence Alloway that demands a protest. Stefan Munsing appeared reluctant to accede to my request for an American catalogue, yet many British painters will justifiably challenge the claim that the little coterie that floats around Alloway represents the best in British art. Munsing in his foreword writes that "British art criticism suffered a severe loss when

Lawrence Alloway moved to the Guggenheim Museum in New York as curator" but Alloway, though a fluent writer, was held by many to have a negative influence on British painting, in that he used and channelled painters to suit his own purpose and casually discarded those who could no longer dance to his own particular tune. It is a measure of the feeling among painters and dealers that when, a few weeks ago, Alloway floundered onto the floor of Tooth's gallery with a bloodied nose as the innocent victim of a stupid and unprovoked brawl with the painter Roger Hilton, amusement and not sympathy was the keynote.

All this could be dismissed as the usual squalid politics of the art racket but it sets the mood for the catalogue. There are nearly one hundred galleries listed for London yet of the 128 works in the American exhibition nearly one hundred come from three sources only, for Gimpel and the Hanover operate as a single gallery at 35 Claridenstrasse, Zurich 2 while the New London and the Marlborough are so closely linked that all they need is a small boy to carry the canvases back and forth across Bond Street and the Waddington has long housed most of the pale and prissy abstractions of the sad and elderly St. Ives commuters whose work has influenced none but each other. Alloway mentions the Exhibition 'Situation', held at the RBA gallery, as though he were an uncommitted spectator, yet the fact remains that without Alloway there would have been no 'Situation' exhibition for he was the grey eminence whose name by its very presence dominated the front page of the catalogue.

Alloway has long been accepted as the torch bearer for a narrow range of American avant garde to these islands and he eager-beavered the show as our introduction to American 'Hard Edge' painting and overnight, a number of very minor painters changed their styles to ape this minor art form, yet it is interesting to note that in the San Francisco catalogue neither Mundy, nor Turnbull, his chief lieutenants, chose to include this exhibition in their brief biographies. For what were they, but a group of men and women of slight but charming gifts who have had almost next to no influence on their fellow artists but have always attempted to bathe in the reflected glory of other

painters or of fashionable transatlantic styles and for that reason one must protest the lumping of Paolozzi and Turnbull with an artist of the stature of Francis Bacon. Again, one would never know from this catalogue that Peter Blake is recognised as almost the only young artist to have pioneered and to have remained faithful to pop art not as a gimmick but as an act of dedication and his "Self portrait", painted when most of his contemporaries were dribbling action paintings, is one of the few canvases of this style that will last out the life-time of these players. Ignoring the padding of established artists such as More, Hepworth, Butler and Sutherland, etc., means that we are left with a group as unrepresentative of British art as any other parochial coterie picked at random.

Alloway has never been over-interested in the painting as an end but always the artist and the act, and for that reason has always been ready to eliminate the human image from his edited painters canvases, and so we say that until the American public have seen the work of Redpath, Lowery, Minton, Burra, Taylor, Wirth-Miller (Lefevre gallery) Simcock, Tindle (Piccadilly Gallery), Reynolds, Kneale (Redfern Gallery), Graves (Zwemmer Gallery), Souza (Gallery One), the young Cornish (St. Ives), painters at the Rawinsky gallery or the important and vital work centred around the Beaux Arts Gallery, noticeably in the work of Jack Smith, this American exhibition is not only completely valueless as a measure of contemporary British painting, but capable of totally misleading the American student. The names that I have mentioned are but a few of the men and women now painting, with the exception of one suicide, whose work has added a new dimension to our understanding of the painter's vision. They have taken the ancient subject matter of the artist and reintroduced it to us and in doing so each one of these artists have left their mark upon a landscape, a body or an interior that is as recognisable as a Constable or a Whistler. Lawrence Alloway occupies a delicate position within the art world for there are many pushing his claim for a future major position within the Tate Gallery so, that while it is the prerogative of any one to mount an exhibition using who or what he pleases to fill the wall space; when speaking for a nation before an alien audience one should speak with the common voice and not on behalf of the selected, the favoured or the malleable few.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

particular circumstances, though we may be certain that it would be impossible to return to a peasant economy, indeed that a fairly advanced general level of technology would be necessary. We have a world to feed.

Such a controversy, then, seems to have importance more as an indication of how anarchists are thinking, and what relation this thought has to the present situation, which we desire to change.

It is on this view that I find cause for concern. Unless the anarchist can get at the source of workers' discontent and show that his specific resentments in the immediate situation fit in with the general anarchist critique of society, and also that the anarchist's vision, however inaccurate, of a better society is compatible with the satisfaction of his frustrated needs, I fear anarchist thought may move in an enclosed vacuum, unable to make contact with the people who must bring about any deep social change.

JOHN D. McEWAN.

2 PAMPHLETS

"CREATIVE CONFLICT IN POLITICS", by Gene Sharp. Housmans, 1s.

IN "Creative Conflict In Politics" Gene Sharp is concerned to find an effective substitute for violence in social and international conflicts. Violence, he contends, is now ruled out by "the developments in military power and weapons", but conflict is inevitable in modern society and the need for struggle on matters of principle remains. How, he asks, can such conflicts be conducted "without producing disaster by the methods used?" If conflict is inevitable what technique is possible which is "effective and capable of coping with power, while dealing with the situation creatively?"

Gene Sharp, being a well-known exponent of non-violent resistance, naturally finds his answer in "the phenomenon of non-violent action." To illustrate his thesis he provides brief and potted histories of non-violent action in India, Russia, Norway and America, with a mention of others such as Dolci in Sicily and the Danish resistance to the Nazis. These examples will be familiar—perhaps all too familiar—to many readers of this paper (examples, continually reiterated, tend to become wearisome and, like the teetotal lecturer, one longs "for a red nose at a temperance meeting").

This pamphlet cannot be said to make any point that has not been made before, and its tone often gives one the impression of an academician interested in technique for technique's sake. While it is a change for a pacifist to admit that conflict can be creative, it is a measure of how much the author is still a victim of the orthodox pacifist naivety regarding the democratic myth that he can write of "the apparent trend towards authoritarianism and totalitarianism in many countries." Where, in this world, is there a régime whose dominant principle is not that of authority?

S.E.P.

"THE Bomb Direct Action and the State" (S.W.F., 34, Cumberland Road, London, E.17) is a useful though not entirely satisfactory pamphlet. It is useful because it outlines an argument for syndicalism in modern terms, to some extent, and because the issues involved have a pressing topicality.

Yet one's lack of complete satisfaction cannot be denied, though I appreciate the difficulties of the syndicalist in bringing his theory up to date. It is here, really, where the trouble lies, for the analysis lacks depth and penetration. Its rather too narrow political approach, which cries for some humour or passion, has little permanent value and the clichés do rather roll over the pages.

To take instances: We find: "Parallel to the cowardice of the social-democrats is the chameleon nature of the Stalinists, whether open card-holders in the Communist Party, fellow travellers or those who, ashamed to admit their Stalinism, pay lip-service to Trotskyism in the Socialist Labour League." This is ephemeral stuff which could well be a product of the Right—there is a lack of understanding. The SLL is not simply Stalinism afraid to admit it, not all CPers are Stalinists, not all (or even most) social-democrats are cowards. Again: "The State, formerly merely the executive committee of the ruling class, has now become central to class rule." What does this mean? What is the difference between the executive committee of the ruling class and a body central to class rule? To me, they would seem the same.

J.W.

JUDGMENT ON OUR SOCIETY?

DEE WELLS, a *Daily Herald* feature writer who looks as human as the causes she defends, for once cannot see the wood for trees when she underestimates the decision of the Tristans in exile to return to their island, and dismisses, as escapism, the reactions of those who consider their decision significant.

One hesitates to criticise because the reactions of this very human person are occasioned not by the Tristan da Cunjians but by the escapist in our midst who seek the "island" where they can enjoy all the advantages, technological, scientific, medical, social and cultural without all the problems and disadvantages which in a capitalist society accompany them. And especially because we think she has hit the nail on the head when she writes:

Civilisation is a mixed blessing. We may be stupid enough to blow ourselves up before we've cured yaws and illiteracy.

But opting out, wanting to retreat to Tristan da Cunha or Tahiti, has never solved anything. It's alright for the islanders. For them, it's home.

We criticise her because by not offering a third alternative she appears to suggest that just as the decision of the islanders is "all right for the islanders" so the kind of life legislated for us is "all right" for us. We also criticise her when she appears to dismiss the islanders' decision to return with "it's alright for the islanders. For them it's home", as if this, were not, in itself, significant. In November, for instance, 10,000 Britishers abandoned these islands to settle in Australia. Better material prospects? Possibly.

JUDGMENT ON A JUDGE?

WE are sure that Miss Barbara Fell, who received a two years' sentence of imprisonment for naively attempting to "humanise" the political game, has never heard of anarchism and would, if she had, be surprised to include an anarchist among the few who publicly protested at the savage sentence imposed on her last week at the Old Bailey.

Only the *Daily Herald* and the *Observer* of the five daily papers and the five Sunday papers we can afford, commented editorially on the trial, and both criticised the sentence passed by the septuagenarian, bachelor, judge, which was the maximum, though as the *Observer* points out, he "resisted the temptation to follow the example of the Lord Chief Justice who, in recent spy cases, has totted up the maximum sentence for several counts in the indictment so as to exceed the statutory limit."

There is no doubt that the shock the "progressive" public which reads the *Observer* and the *Herald* and (we hope, most anarchists), felt, at the savageness of the sentence, was motivated by the feeling that this was a case not of justice-being-done, but of a combination of petty spite, a moralistic condemnation of promiscuous relations with a political enemy at that (almost as bad as going to bed with a "nigger"). Anarchists obviously do not approve any sentence imposed by the Courts because they neither recognise the impartiality or infallibility of judge and jury nor the justice and equity of the law (even assuming that they accepted that anti-social actions could be prevented by the threat of punishment).

Barbara Fell was, politically

For cultural reasons? Hardly. More immediate security? Hardly. It is obvious that for those 10,000, Australia was a less crowded "island" with a future, materially speaking. What we think significant of the Tristan da Cunjians' decision is that having undoubtedly enjoyed superior material conditions and tasted the temptations and tit-bits of civilisation, having been warned that what awaits them, are materially more difficult conditions, they opt, all but five, to go back as soon as possible.

Dee Wells is talking common sense when she argues against "going back" to the simple, pre-scientific life, but *only* in the sense that this means discarding the benefits of science. If she implies that we must be the *slaves* of science ("We may be stupid enough to blow ourselves up before we've cured yaws and illiteracy") then we opt for the "simple life", on the principle that only by intelligence will we cure "yaws and illiteracy" as well as *know how to live together?*

What we think she is wanting to say, is that we who live in a society of main sewers, mass production, mass-communications and scientific research cannot solve our problems by running away from them. (In any case it is only the privileged who can afford an island to themselves!) But neither can we solve them by remaining, and relying on a cross on a ballot paper. Is this what Dee Wells suggests? And if not, does she, like us, believe in revolution. It would be interesting to have, in print, *her* alternative to the way of life which the Tristans have so overwhelmingly rejected.

speaking, no rebel; so much so that even the bechaleor-septuagenarian judge who sentenced her had to recognise that she had a "previously unblemished career". The Solicitor-General, who appeared for the Crown with the senior Treasury counsel, made it clear that the offences of which she was accused were laid under a section of the Official Secrets Act which made them "misdemeanours", and were "lesser offences than those laid under Section One which included the allegation of a person acting in a manner prejudicial to the safety of the State. In this case, that element was not present". He also went out of his way to say that he accepted that the accused, while acting in an irresponsible way, never intended acting in a manner prejudicial to the safety or the interest of the State.

With such a lead for leniency from the prosecution, why did the judge impose the maximum sentence on eight counts, even if he tempered his viciousness by making them concurrent?

The same judge on the same day imposed a three-year sentence on a West Indian doctor, on charges of abortion, in spite of witnesses, including a former Prime Minister of the West Indies and a patient who presented nearly 2,000 signatures on his behalf.

Last week the *Guardian* in an editorial on "The Sentence of the Court" pointed out that nearly two years ago

"the Streatfield Committee on the Business of the Court Criminal made important proposals designed to ensure that those who have to pronounce sentence should have before them such information about the background and character of the accused as may be helpful to them".

IT WAS DENIED by President Kennedy that Mr. Dean Acheson's address at West Point Military Academy in which he said "Britain's attempt to play a separate power role—that is, a role based on a special relationship with the United States, a role based on being the head of a Commonwealth, which has no political structure or unity or strength and enjoys a fragile and precarious economic relationship—this role is about played out. Great Britain, attempting to work alone, and to be a broker between the United States and Russia, has seemed to conduct a policy as weak as its military power" was official policy. Mr. Macmillan pointed out that Mr. Acheson had made the same mistake as Philip of Spain, Louis XIV, Napoleon, the Kaiser and Hitler. It seemed possible that the American Skybolt missile which was to be supplied by America as a delivery vehicle for Britain's nuclear deterrent may be cancelled. Next week's NATO conference may see a 'tougher' American line on independent deterrents. . . .

IT WAS DENIED that there was an atom bomb in the stores at Scunthorpe U.S. Air Force base four years ago which Master-Sergeant Leander Cunningham threatened to fire into with his revolver and detonate it in a fit of insanity. It was said that the master-sergeant was one of six senior nuclear weapons technicians at Scunthorpe. The Wing-Commander at the base is now a one-star general in the Pentagon. Mr. Macmillan said there was no atomic bomb on the premises, the man had only threatened to kill himself. Mr. Michael Foot said that this contradicted information given by US authorities. An advanced model Polaris missile failed in its sixth successive test flight at Cape Canaveral. It had an intended range of 2,875 miles compared with the 1,725 miles of earlier models. A rundown of RAF Thor Missile Units was announced by the Air Ministry. A Pennsylvania physicist and his family sailed from New York for New Zealand. The physicist said he would earn half as much in Wellington as he did in US but the fall-out was one-tenth of the amount "Iodine 13 fall-out in milk and strontium 90 worry me more than they do some physicists". Britain exploded a nuclear device in the Nevada desert. Trade Unions representing the Atomic Energy Authority's 40,000 workers at Capenhurst, Windscale and Aldermaston expressed fear to Lord Hailsham that the Government's defence policy will lead to redundancy. 12,000 workers at

Surely, it is quite clear from the two cases that were heard by Mr. Justice Gorman, that he is impervious to such considerations. We hope we will not be accused of being reformists when we suggest that just as it is legally possible to object to particular individuals on a jury so should it be possible to challenge and object to particular judges trying a case. Free speech being a luxury only the rich can afford, we will limit ourselves to pointing out that after their death many judges have been described less respectfully than when they occupied their exalted posts.

It is surely time that a psychoanalyst had the courage to produce case histories not of minor delinquents but of those *who sit in judgment* on them. Why not expose the "hanging judges", the "sadist judges", the "anti-sex judges", the "racial-judges", the "homosexual judges"? Surely a trained psychoanalyst would have no difficulty; in every summing-up a judge reveals his sub-conscious and his prejudices. Psychoanalysts should as a public service, point to the particular prejudices of particular judges, not when they have ceased to be in a position to do harm, *but when they still occupy their exalted seats.*

ORDER YOUR TICKETS FOR THE ANARCHIST BALL NOW - AND BRING ALL YOUR FRIENDS



French atomic research centres went on strike for 24 hours in support of demands for a 10 per cent salary increase. Hammersmith Civil Defence Authorities arranged emergency feeding and bedding for 30 'mock flooding emergency casualties' youth club members from Northamptonshire. They went to Lionel Bart's musical, *Blitz*. . . .

185 NOMINATION PAPER enquiries were received for the Rotherham by-election; 85 are known to be servicemen who will qualify for discharge upon nomination, in order that the military will not dominate parliamentary democracy. In the Colne Valley, 38 enquiries have been received. An M.P. points out that with the multiplicity of nominations even a successful candidate may lose his deposit. The cast of *The Army Game*, believed to be a popular ITV programme, made a visit to Rotherham, not for nomination, as had been expected, but to make a filmed sequence and to get publicity. The prospective Liberal candidate said, "All we need now is Yogi Bear and Huckleberry Hound". It is not known whether their nominations have been received. The Army discharged on compassionate grounds a National Serviceman who hitch-hiked 34,000 miles in 18 months to see his wife every day. The War Minister denied that a model would be posing (either in a bikini or otherwise) in a recruiting poster for the Women's Royal Army Corps. An ex-soldier with the Green Howards in the Western Desert in 1942 is going to return to Germany an Order of St. John of Jerusalem which he took from a captured General under the mistaken impression it was an Iron Cross. A survey carried out by a sociologist at Liverpool University into the problem of wastage in the Territorial Army found that the more intelligent members of units were the poor attenders. Poor attenders changed jobs more frequently than good attenders. This did not mean they were dismissed, but frequently that they were more ambitious. Poor attenders had a greater proportion of skilled workers than good attenders. They became engaged to be married more than good attenders. None of the poor attenders when they joined had the faintest idea of what the Territorial Army was about. Good attenders were not much better. . . .

THE WIFE OF the owner of 'Lassie' obtained a divorce but her husband retained the custody of the dog star of a television series. There is to be a drive to capture 8,000 wild horses near Brisbane, Australia, which are worth £A100,000 as pet food. They will be captured by light aeroplanes and jeeps. Owing to the increase of imported cats the Cats' Protection League wants to spend £2,000 on a Quarantine Centre. At Scunthorpe a £300,000 home for dogs was opened. The donor of the money said: "I have never felt I have put it to a better use than I have today." A churchgoer complained that she had never in 40 years' Church attendance heard a single sermon on the subject of kindness to animals nor had she ever known of a collection being made in church for an animal welfare cause; an *Evening Standard* reader wrote Abby that she had the 'dearest little puppy' that died. "Is there room enough in heaven for dogs?" Abby replied, "Dear Dog-Lover. I am sure that God in his goodness, has made room for all his creatures." A flea circus at Hull was offering to buy fleas at £1 a dozen. A prominent television personality absented himself from a programme on the occasion of the death of his 11-year-old dachshund. The Pines Express from Bournemouth to Manchester has been re-routed and a dog which received a parcel of bones and scraps daily is to go without. His owner, a Roman Catholic priest, gave the dog a black bow for the last day. A car safety harness was designed for the use of a dog at East Grinstead. Two dogs, belonging to a novelist and her husband were fitted with goggles for car-riding. A dog in Palm Springs, California has been legally made the owner of a super-market for

£35,700 as a move in a long divorce battle. The owner of the dog is the dog's legal guardian. A reader of the *Daily Mail* wrote to the columnist: "You can damn any other breed [of dog] you like, but as you are a Briton—I suppose you are a Briton?—it is like selling secrets to the Russians to run down our great national emblem, the bulldog". . . .

KRUSHCHEV TOOK TITO with him on a duck-shooting expedition. The Duke of Edinburgh shot down 140 wild ducks at Signor Necchi's Portulupo estate. "It was," he said, "Magnificent, really great. I should feel tired after firing 300 shots continuously but I would do it all over again if it was not getting dark." Later he 'bagged' 480 pheasants. Meanwhile, the Queen, back home, spent more than five frosty hours at the International Gundog League's retriever championship on the Sandringham estate. Her hound was eliminated in the second round. His handler said, "He got both his birds cleanly and quickly in the first round but in the second round he failed to retrieve one." A supporter of the Whaddon Chase Hunt was discovered to have a chained fox in a shed but it was denied by the MFH that there was any plan to release it before hounds. "We would certainly never have anything to do with such a plan. It would be barbaric—and in any case, it is strictly forbidden." The Duke of Beaufort told 'Atticus' of the *Sunday Times*, "Hunting is the only thing which draws the country together, apart from war. Everybody takes part, even the children are held up to see the hunt." The Duke, "Atticus" writes, says that if he were a fox he'd rather be hunted than die by any other method. . . .

THE "DAILY HERALD" (founded by George Lansbury) carries an advertisement of the Birmingham Small Arms company: "Make it a Meteor Christmas. Give a BSA Meteor .177 or .22 air rifle this Christmas—let the whole family learn the fundamentals of expert gun handling, quickly, safely and enjoy unlimited sport throughout the year." A Santa Claus was discharged from his employment with a store for giving away extra packages to deserving children. Children, angered by the presence of two Santa Clauses in a procession, threw snowballs at them. For your shopping list: a Chinese junk from Hong Kong as imported by Nieman Marcus, £4,000; (from Tiffanys) a solid silver frying pan £185; a mink-covered address book (for mink-covered addresses?) £14; Toys—electronic rifles, electronic pistols, remote-controlled dinosaurs, etcetra. Lyons have informed their customers what they intend doing with the Christmas pudding. They will not be available at supermarkets and grocers since it was uneconomic to produce puddings for general distribution when the demand lasted only six weeks. . . .

REFUGEES FROM Tristan da Cunha voted by 148 to 5 to go back to their dormant volcano and congealed lava.

JON QUIXOTE.

A Life of Integrity

"FRANCOISE: IN LOVE WITH LOVE", by Francoise Delisle (Delisle, 30s.)

LESLIE CARROLL, in a recent radio interview, expressed the opinion, "That the English, rarely understand the various facets of French life, especially that of the family".

In *Francoise*, the first volume of an autobiography, such life is portrayed vividly, frankly and with naked truthfulness. Here is recorded the childhood, youth and young womanhood—much of the latter period spent in Edwardian England—of one who is singularly free from greedy ambition, social-climbing and class consciousness. Preserving her integrity as an Anarchist, without compromise. Later, she became the companion and lover of the late Havelock Ellis.

One observes the nascent tendencies in early life—as a child, responsive to tenderness, imaginative, compassionate—yet vulnerable. Here is recorded fearlessly and with courage, the personal quest and experience of a sensitive person to give meaning and purpose to life.

It is beautifully written—often moving. A book never forgotten. Ask a reader—years later, and it will be remembered. Such is its quality. S.L.R.

LONDON FEDERATION OF ANARCHISTS
CENTRAL MEETINGS

meetings to be held at
The Two Brewers,
40 Monmouth Street, WC2
(Leicester Square Tube)
Sundays at 7.30 p.m.

- DEC 16 Max Patrick:
The Far East Situation
- DEC 23 An Anarchist Anthology
- DEC 30 Sid Parker:
Anarchism and Egoism
- JAN 6 Onagh Lahr:
Is Non-Violence Against
Human Nature?
- JAN 13 Tony Smythe:
Revolutionary Pacifism
- JAN 20 Jack Robinson:
Were the Luddites Ideologically Correct?
- JAN 27 Donald Room:
The General Strike for Peace

OFF-CENTRE DISCUSSION MEETINGS

- 1st Thursday of each month at 8 p.m. at Jack and Mary Stevenson's, 6 Stainton Road, Enfield, Middx.
- 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m. at Colin Ward's, 33 Ellerby Street, Fulham, S.W.6.
- 3rd Tuesday at Brian and Doris Lelie's, 242 Amesbury Avenue, S.W.2 (Streatham Hill, Nr. Station).
- Third Wednesday of the month, at 8 p.m. at Albert Portch's, 11 Courcy Road (off Wood Green High Road), N.8.
- Last Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m. Tom Barnes', Albion Cottage, Fortis Green, N.2. (3rd door past Tudor Hotel).
- 3rd Friday of each month at 8 p.m. at Donald & Irene Room's, 148a Fellows Road, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. Please note that the meetings at Fellows Road, N.W.3 are now on the third Friday, not the third Wednesday as hitherto.
- Last Thursday of each month at 8 p.m. at George Hayes', 174 McLeod Road, Abbey Wood, S.E.2.
- Notting Hill Anarchist Group (Discussion Group)
- Last Friday of the month, at Brian and Margaret Hart's, 57 Ladbroke Road, (near Notting Hill Station), W.11.

OXFORD ANARCHIST DISCUSSION GROUP
(gown, town and district)

Meets Wednesdays, 5.30
4c Park-End Street.

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Accept each other . .

DEAR SIR,
As a recent subscriber to your paper, I was surprised by your comments on Comrade Parker's remarks entitled "Duty, Divorce and the Bishop". Many of Comrade Parker's views demand more serious consideration than the unconstructive and apparently personal snipes you saw fit to make.

Most of us would agree with him that the divorce laws in England are in numerous respects farcical. The Californian 'answer' needs little explanation. The pressure brought to bear on any kind of non-conformity in America is far greater than here. To have an affair among broad-minded circles in this country between two people who are mutually attracted, even superficially, is regarded as their own business. In America the same persons are forced by public opinion into one marriage, a second, a third perhaps—i.e., a form of 'legal' promiscuity. I don't agree with Comrade Parker on sex in marriage. Continuous experiment among different partners tends to be a soulless and disruptive business, (especially if it affects their children), unless one is aspiring to a Brave New World Society.

Comrade Parker's feelings about the church and family system are by no means as foolish as you imply. Surely they both come into the category of Authority from above which every anarchist has the responsibility to question? Leaving aside your suicide suggestion as mere flippancy, the simple fact that one is brought up as a child by loving parents should not blind you to the fact that parents are subject to misconceptions, prejudices and a body of outworn beliefs indoctrinated into them by the society in which they grew up. Their principles, together with their love, are fed in to the mind of the child before it reaches reasoning age. One can continue later to love one's parents without necessarily agreeing with them, provided parents are prepared to accept their adult children realistically, not just expecting them to be a mirror of them-

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

selves. There is always a conflict of ideas between one generation and another. This is quite natural. Doubtless we would all be happy if our parents shared our ideas and also subscribed to FREEDOM. In the meantime, we should accept the individuality of each other.

This is where any influential body like the Church fails, and where anarchists hope to succeed. Any new religious movement starts with the genuine fervour of an oppressed minority. As it gathers strength, the fervour is progressively diluted. The movement consolidates, eventually assuming a position of power which it defends against fresh ideas. It has to become narrow, conservative and reactionary. The Church, in the abstract, finishes by being more important than the individual. Though it can still give comfort to a few, its position is essentially false. It is a hierarchy like any other, with the inherent faults of any organisation dependent on a capitalist society and therefore having to bolster a status quo without which it could not exist.

How Comrade Parker would adapt himself to the ideal Anarchist society may be a matter for speculation, but I am more hopeful for him than for yourselves if you really consider that the Health service, library books and public amenities are sufficient justification for continuing the system as it now stands.

Yours sincerely,
London, Dec. 5 BRYAN SENIOR.

No such animal . . .

DEAR INDIVIDUALISTS,
This "autonomous individual" sounds like something you buy in a supermarket — de-gutted — de-vitalised — boiled — stewed — frozen — all hermetically sealed and vacuum-packed.

Anyway, there ain't no such animal.
Yours,
London, S.W.11, 4 Dec. PAT PARKER.

Demonstration for the Spaniards

DEAR COMRADES,
What a wonderful demonstration for the Spanish Comrades at the Spanish Embassy on the 1st December, 1962.

About 20 or 30 comrades turned up. We started to parade outside the Em-

Who runs the Railways?

at £350 millions, it wouldn't radically affect their material existence, though the people in Holland's former colonial territories might think otherwise).

What is not realised, by the workers themselves, apparently, is that in order to maintain the millionaires and the millionaire-class working executives of Industry and Business, regiments of highly-paid assistant-executives must be created to relieve the executives of pettifogging details so that they can "concentrate on the overall problems". The assistant executives in their turn need assistants to relieve them of the trials of pettifogging and to justify their more-than-comfortable salaries . . . and so on down to the miserable school-leaver who joined the railway service or what have you, only to find that he or she was a glorified tea boy/girl waiting his/her turn in the hierarchical queue. And sustaining them are the divisions, the armies of producers who actually produce the goods and the services, who could, in fact produce all they produce without this officer corps whose function is to control production not in the interests of the consumer but for that of a parasitic class which lives by the labour of others.

bassy when a policeman came up to say we were to go the other side of the road. We carried on, so he got the wind up and went off to phone the Station.

So up turned 6 more policemen with 3 officers and 2 detectives. One of the officers came over to me and asked who was the leader. I said, "I don't think there is one."

What was the organisation? I said, "I did not know other than what I was doing."

I said, "Individual persons are protesting." He then asked for my name and address, so I said, "It was not necessary."

So off he went.
Long live anarchism.

Yours fraternally,
Essex, Dec. 2. S. J. LLEWELLYN.

On to Harvestia

DEAR EDITORS,
If we exercise our minds in terms of the good (and decentralised) community (I call it Harvestia—this town which exists in my imagination) a great many things which may seem necessary in this society may well fall away and we will cease to misunderstand each other on the question of machinery.

Urban man is dispossessed—has been for centuries—not only of his land—but of his head and mind. "God made you clerks and typists—and ordered your estate". We are a full bellied but incomplete-people—prone to spending and eating sprees to compensate for the unused bulk of our personalities and not necessarily (as the psycho-analysts would have us believe) our love lives or problems of early childhood—as this national schizophrenia called the "division of labour" imposed from above which destroys our work and to which we normal people are supposed to adjust. "Divide and Rule" has another meaning now. "Divide the personality and rule". In a few hundred years 'time—our descendants (I believe we'll have some) may well look back and say "These were the centuries when man was torn apart spiritually and was called sick, till the penny dropped and they realised that the schizophrenia was in the rotten society itself—seemingly good on the outside with a core like a rotten pear".

If man has found some knowledge now—of his needs and rights to spiritual completion (and that always means concern about the rest of creation) that is some kind of miracle. Such a person will no longer accept this society—will find ways to by-pass the old type social planners who are now an indispensable arm of the establishment—who child-guide him, psychoanalyze and marriage council him, questionnaire and leucotomise him in a mass of paper and verbosity—and seek out now ones (because I don't believe our new towns will arise by accident) who will implement all the information which has been accumulating about us—but first of all we have to know approximately what we want.

The free society to me is a mixed society with a multiple choice of work—signifying great tolerance of each other's moods and preferences.

In practical terms I believe this means a combination of high density housing (we are an island with limited land) in conjunction with industry and in the

MESSAGE FROM ROTHERHAM

WE come to the electorate with a simple programme which is guaranteed to be immediately implemented, even if we do not get elected.

Our programme is anti-militarist, anti-power structure and anti-parliamentarian. We make no promises that we do not intend to keep.

We make no secret of the fact that, like many other parliamentary candidates, we are devoted to our own personal welfare, but unlike the other candidates we do not disguise the fact by manifestos and speeches.

We are of no party save the human race, and it is in order to rejoin this party that we are taking our present stand.

We have heard that our party will be banned but in the spirit of our august predecessors Private Schweik (late Austrian army) and Youssarian, our work will go on, whether through outright desertion, malingering or simple court-martials.

I must ask the electorate not to vote for us although we appreciate the confidence that it shows in us, the initials M.P. are a stench in the nostrils of any right-thinking serviceman.

PRIVATE (temp.) JOE SOAP,
(Prospective Parliamentary Candidate).

case of every town or region agriculturally self-supporting. The community grows from its own local soil, has been joined at its very biological roots. This means that we can include working on the land in our choice of work. And work chosen is not irrevocable—it could be changed twice or three times a day—why not? I would take it as uncontroversial that such things as basic housing and kitchen units could well be produced in bulk—and is there anyone who would object to his sewers, water-pipes, electrical fittings getting rid of their endearing little idiosyncracies. Such bulk production of basic necessities can now be done on a few hours daily work from each one of us (Paul and Percival estimated this in 1947) and could free us if we wanted leisure instead of consumer goods.

I can quite imagine in a community which is as agricultural as it is industrial that someone may well keep a goat and a spinning wheel (a young goat is fun and very naughty) and I probably disagree with his (John Barnes) remark "Nor is lifting potatoes by hand more satisfying to the soul than using some ingenious machine. The amount of satisfying creative thinking one can do about potatoes is limited". I have a suspicion I have chosen a bad example in the case of potatoes but I think the fraternity of the operation might well matter (is it only the English who work in a deathly hush). I once worked in a plaster-casting firm where all the men (Italians) sang opera all day—nearly. I've never heard anything like it since. I would be very careful of double thinking of operation, maintenance of the machine, health of the people. My own instinct is to keep things simple and uncomplicated—after all the human hand and body is the best machine going and needs using. Our own society is producing too much physical illness through inactivity for us not to think very carefully about this. Isn't there some kind of lunacy in getting a machine to do the job and then going to a keep-fit class. Above all the agriculture of the region would not be a game but a reality on our doorstep and that would decide the question I should imagine. The welfare of the whole community would be involved in failure to produce the food. Remember we would be directly related to the soil and its crops and have roots in the locality. We would all have a hand in the harvest. The brothers Paul and Percival Goodman suggest in their book that the children would live on the land. So I should imagine would all the animals who can still tolerate men, squirrels, lambs, ducks and peacocks. Late summer and autumn will be meaningful again to all the people of the community, and the cycle of life be with them. Not just some notes we made in our Nature Study books and got marks for. I believe it could mean the start of some deep content lost centuries ago.

We lost sight of the miracle—that is why we must go back.

I would be very glad to hear from people who are interested in the ideas of Paul and Percival Goodman.
London, N.W.5. JOAN ROSS.

HELP! NOW!!

FINANCIAL STATEMENT AT DECEMBER 7 1962

Week 49	
EXPENSES: 49 weeks at £70	£3,430
INCOME:	
Sales & Sub Renewals:	£
Week 1—48	1,546
Week 49	11
	1,557
New Subscriptions:	
Weeks 1—48 (393)	422
Week 49 (12)	16
	438
	1,995
TOTAL	£1,435

DEFICIT FUND

Bondi, N.S.W.: R.T. £1; San Francisco: p.p. Social Nov 17 (per l'Incaricato) £25/11/-; Stockholm: O.H. 10/-; London: J.R. £1/5/-; E. Rutherford: A.S.* 7/-; Hounslow: L.* 2/6; Wellington, N.Z.: Anarchist Assn. 10/-; Poynton: P.B. 4/-; Witney: R.P. 4/-; Guernsey: P.R.S. 8/-; Greenock: S.M. 2/-; London: Mrs. C.F. 5/-; London: Readers (per C.F.) 5/-; Shoreham: M. & D.* 2/6; Rochdale: L.M. 7/6; London: J.B. 3/-; Altrincham: J.B. 10/-; Wolverhampton: J.L.* 2/-; Wolverhampton: J.K.W.* 2/-; London: D.R. 11/-; London: J.R. 15/-; London: T.B. (per B.McL.) 7/6; Surrey: F.B.* 5/-.	
TOTAL	33 19 0
Previously acknowledged	1,094 7 11

1962 TOTAL TO DATE £1,128 6 11

*Denotes Regular Contributors.
GIFT OF BOOKS: Ilford: M.D. London: D.M.