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## SOME SLINGS AND ARROWS

S.E.Parker

In "Way Out", July-August 1966, Herbert C. Roseman says that "European individualists.....largely de-emphasize economics" and that they "do not realize the extent to which we are all victims of economic circumstances". He also questions if "the abstractions of Stirner mean much to the Ghetto negro."

His statement that individualist anarchists this side of the Atlantic "de-emphasize economics" is true. I, for one, do not concern myself with economic panaceas because any economic system presupposes the agreement of, or acceptance by, most people of one particular way of going on. This is especially so with ideal future systems - i.e. communism, mutualism, 'pure' capitalism, etc. I do not think that individualism is compatible with any given social 'system', even Mr. Roseman's own scheme for free credit. An individualist anarchist is someone who goes his own way, which may well be contrary to the ways of others. Any 'system' would therefore be shattered by the general practice of individualism. I agree with Mr. Roseman in his wish for "de-emphasizing economics" as he says in his tribute to

the inviolability of ownership as it is to instruct them in the sacredness of Baal, Buddha, Vishnu or any other way-shower. And people who have been thoroughly and correctly trained simply will not become thieves.... Given a community in which trespass will not occur because of prior conditioning and training, such a community will require little or no policing on any retributive basis." (My emphasis)

This is the language of a moral authoritarian. The author has a conception of life he wants to "condition" and "train" other individuals into accepting. He would replace the vertical authority of the State with the horizontal authority of Society. It is small wonder that he later praises the marriage relationship as a force for "self-discipline" and "character development", and expresses his concern for a "more moral and responsible world". "O Lais, O Ninon, how well you did to scorn this pale virtue! One free 'grisette' against a thousand virgins grown grey in virtue!" (Stirner).

And here lies the difference between individualist anarchism and what Victor Basch called "l'individualisme du droit".

## TOTAL FREEDOM

Jim Duke

The concept of freedom receives new meaning when seen in the context of the concrete human situation - neither as God's inexplicable gift to his image nor as the self-delusion of a cluster of conditioned reflexes. The net of circumstances that constitute in the broadest sense my physical situation, the world into which I am flung (or rather which, when I come to any kind of awareness, I have already been flung) is nevertheless a world only through my projection of what I mean to make of it. And some resolution to make of it one thing or another, to make of myself one person or another, is inescapable for me. Facts are not neutral things, for me they are always my facts which I must transcend in some direction if only in the direction of flight of madness or of self-destruction. There are steel and stones and mortar, but there is my city which I must love or hate or be indifferent to, live in or leave or come back to. There are papers and typewriters and mailboxes, but there is my job, which I must get done by a deadline or leave undone, with the sense (perhaps in either case) that my existence is too much for me. Circumstances become circumstances only for the consciousness that tries to make of them something other than mere circumstances. So self and the world are continuously born together in the self's free transcendence of its situation to form itself-in-relation-to-its-world - a transcendence always in process yet always not yet accomplished. Thus it is no contradiction for men to be determined and free, for freedom would be meaningless were there not these particulars to face or flee from, to use or to discard - particulars which make me what I am, yet which I by my transcendence of them in this direction and not in that make into the world they are. So it is that I am the man which I make myself, that there is no essence of humanity but only actions of men - responsible acts yet acts which are not yet what they aim to be.

This implies not only that I may become what I may do but that I am what I have done, not what (out of well-meaning incapacity) I meant but failed to do, but what within the close yet flexible bonds of my personal situation I have contrived to accomplish. Of such accomplishment and failure to accomplish I and I alone must bear the credit, the shame, the triumph and the regret. It is meaningless to say with the materialists that my environment has made me what I am, for it is I who have by the values I have read into it made it an environment. If malnutrition and bad housing make me a rebel so have malnutrition and bad housing made poets, financial wizards, ineffectual nonentities and what not. But if, contrary to the environmentalist claim, I not my situation am responsible for what I am such responsibility is not to be weakened by the conversion of myself into a secret inner will conveniently apart from my concrete external observable acts.

There are for me no mute inglorious Miltons - if they are mute they are not Miltons. There is no good saying I am what but for my situation I might have done, for if my situation is not myself neither am I anything apart from it. What I wish I might have been if things had been different is an expression of my failure, not of my possible accomplishment.

Freedom is revealed not in heaven-written sanctions, not even in the smug humility of "respect for the law" - in which the law I give myself appears, despite its self-imposition, to follow universally from the nature of reason itself and so to be comfortingly self-explanatory and self-justified. Freedom reveals itself rather (when we screw up our courage and see it without pretence) in the dizzying collapse of external sanctions and universal laws, in the appalling consciousness that I and I alone, crudely and stupidly, without cosmic meaning or rational ground, have made a world out of nothing; have absurdly and without reason brought order out of chaos. And with that awareness myworld itself totters on the brink of the nothingness from which it comes. And such is total freedom.

December 1966

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WINDFALL BOY

Tracy Thompson

He is the puffball, windfall boy,  
 With cheeks of applebutter-o,  
 And you will see him riding low  
 Over the hills, cows pastured so  
 And in the clover rolling too  
 When work is through, but not until  
 And swimming in the old mud hole  
 Where he will all his girlies spill  
 And tease and fondle, farmland's own  
 And they are pink and healthy  
 Too, and he will climb a tree  
 To pick the blossoms, all his wealth  
 And he, like you, so feeling-free  
 On country afternoons, like you  
 Once young is he, so you-again  
 In sun or mist or rain or dew  
 And only vaguely feeling pain  
 Although it's there, always,  
 Or here, on mountaintops,  
 And you will live again those days  
 You never really knew, perhaps.

## ENZO MARTUCCI

Stephen Marletta...

"Anarchy is not a religion, a morality, or a social system, but a need of life. It teaches life to the free and is only realized by breaking all theological, ethical, and juridical restraints - including those so-called anarchists would impose."

"I live for today and leave others to analyse tomorrow."

o o o

As Enzo Martucci received only a brief mention in MINUS ONE No. 15, I trust the following fragmentary account of his life and work will be of interest to readers.

Martucci was referred to as one of the few remaining torch-bearers of individualist anarchist ideas. He is that - and more besides. Many have progressed and come to accept individualism via Tucker, Mackay and Armand to Stirner. Martucci got off to a better start it would seem. At an early age, through reading Plato's "Dialogues", he was impressed and influenced by the Greek sophists (Protagoras, Archilochus, Callicles) and later by Nietzsche, de Sade, Byron and Renzo Novatore (poet, individualist anarchist, his closest friend, killed by Carabinieri in 1922 - see MINUS One, No. 11). As the Greek sophists and Nietzsche had a great affinity with the philosophy of Stirner, you will understand what I mean.

At the age of 16, Martucci plunged into anarchist activities, much to the displeasure of his bourgeois parents, and was soon crossing swords with Malatesta in the columns of "Umanita Nova" in 1920. "Malatesta", he says "was a good man, a sincere revolutionist, but not an anarchist. He believed in the natural goodness of man and that with a change in social and economic conditions man would co-operate for the benefit of all." Martucci wrote at the time: "Man (in nature) is neither 'l'homo homini lupus' nor 'l'homo homini angus' but a mixture of both. The so-called good and the so-called bad...are not only determined by social causes, but also by biological and psychological causes. Malatesta believes in a future harmonious society. I have never done so."

Martucci accepted Stirner's teaching with its "rejection of all political and moral ties and its attacks on all general concepts such as 'right, virtue, duty, etc.' The individual himself in the only reality. These concepts being mere 'ghosts', he rises above them by mastering himself. All relations entered into by him are freely chosen and exist only for his ego." Holding such ideas the clash was inevitable.

Like many rebels Martucci was born into a bourgeois family. His father's mother was the daughter of a count, who was the friend and

architect to Ferdinand, the second of the Bourbons and king of the two Sicilies. Martucci was abandoned by his family at the age of 17 because of their strong objection to his ever-increasing anarchist activities. These subsequently brought him a terrible history of imprisonment which I will mention briefly.

He was imprisoned in a cell "four paces by four with a high window that permitted me only a glimpse of the sky. This I endured for six months." Taken ill, he was transferred to the prison infirmary after a plea from his mother who feared for his health.

When he was freed he returned to Caserta where he was wounded in a fight with fascists. Summoned to appear at the Court of Assisi he escaped to France and remained there until 1923 when the Italian government proclaimed a political amnesty. He went home, but for him, as he was soon to discover, there was no release. The Fascist government sentenced him to eight year penal confinement ( five of these he spent on the island of Lampedusa ), five years of jail and three years suspended release.

He returned to Naples in 1942 and started a clandestine group of anti-fascists called "The Cavaliers of Liberty". An assault was planned on the offices of the Federation of Fascist Parties, but because of betrayal it did not materialize. Martucci found himself in prison once more. He was liberated in 1943.

As was the case with Malatesta and Merlino, Martucci also polemicized with his lifelong friend and collaborator, E. Armand "whom I have always esteemed for his serenity and intelligence." The issues were many - particularly the one pertaining to "contract", Armand maintaining that one should not break a promise. This view is easy to understand to anyone familiar with Armand's early christian-puritan-Tolstoyan influences which he seems never to have completely rid himself. As Martucci puts it: "Armand firmly claimed that the individual could not break his pact and leave an association without the consent of his associates, in which case he would be their slave, their property, the very opposite to what Stirner said."

I am with Martucci here. Our interests may be identical, but they may also differ.

The possessor of an active and formidable pen, Martucci's output has been extensive. His major works are: "Piu Oltre" a philosophical essay, 1947; "La Bandiera Dell'Anticristo" (The Banner of the Anti-Christ) a philosophical essay, 1950; and "La Setta Rossa" a criticism of Marxism, 1953. He wrote for Armand's reviews "l'en dehors" and "L'Unique". When "L'Unique" ceased publication he contributed occasionally to a review called "Previsioni" published in Catania.

In May 1965 he began to publish his own paper and up to September 1966 had published thirteen issues in all, a total of



over 12,000 copies which he distributed gratuitously throughout Italy and the world. This is no mean feat, and, considering present day printing costs and his not being a rich man, has meant considerable hardship. Each issue has a title of its own, in thick one and a half inch letters, pertaining to the main subject matter. How colourful and challenging some titles are! E.G. "Turbine" (Hurricane), "L'Anto di Satana" (Satan's Cavern), "Lo Scorpione", "No Al Gregge" (No To The Herd), "La Sferza" (The Scourge) and "Prometeo". Out of a device to evade the Italian printing laws a novel and magnificent idea is born!

Martucci has written; "The Germans have a saying 'many enemies, much honour'. If the judgement is true, then I am rich in honours. Because for forty six years everyone has been against me: fascists, Holy Church, socialists, anarchist communists. Persecuted and imprisoned under fascism, the persecution continues under democracy, only more insidious and hypocritical in form" (La Sferza, page one) Sometimes called "la bestia nera" (the black beast) it is easy to understand such unpopularity. If we know how dirty a word "Stirner" has become, Stirner and Martucci together must cause quite a stir.

Martucci is certainly fearless and has been so for forty six years. He relates how "one day I met and was surrounded by a gang of fascist toughs. They tried to force me to say 'Down with anarchy and long live Mussolini!' Instead I cried 'Long live anarchy and down with Mussolini!' I was taken to hospital with a broken head. In telling this incident to a lawyer acquaintance of mine, he told me how he was approached one day by a fascist thug who threw shit at him. He did not strike back. Instead he walked quickly home to clean himself. The lawyer, to save his skin, knew how to adapt himself to the world of today. But I don't know how to adapt myself. As for my skin, I don't give a damn." ("La Pelle", page four of "Lo Scorpione").

A few years ago Martucci's companion for twenty two years, Renata Latini ("so sensitive and intelligent") died, leaving a great gap in his life. The details moved me, and the events leading up to her death I found very disturbing (The lack of care on the part of a hospital staff -Ed.)

I am more conscious now than I was at the beginning of my inadequacies in dealing with the life and work of Martucci. Not all will be in agreement with everything he writes. But none can deny his courage, fearlessness, intelligence, wide knowledge, learning and, if one may use the term, his cultural personality.

His writings, never obscure, are brilliantly clear and interesting and, when the occasion arises and demands, he is not afraid to voice his anger in a torrent of words. He is a master at marshalling his arguments. His aim is true and his thrust is clean cut.

In "Prometeo" (September 1966) he says that without some economic support he doubts if there will be many more issues of his "numeri unici".

Prometheus, the rebel who defied Zeus, suits Martucci well. For he has rebelled against the conditions that would dwarf him and hinder the growth of his individuality. I cannot think of Martucci's pen retiring while there is life in him, and hope that Hercules will come in the shape of economic support in order that he may continue. In his own words: "I publish my paper for the personal satisfaction it gives me. And because I like to express my ideas and lash at the sheep and the shepherds."

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### THE MORALITY OF A FREE MAN

Domenico Pastorello

I side with E. Armand in the possibility of having a code of morality in a society of free men. Naturally, not for the three billions of existing men, but in a civilized society of "minus one".

My code begins with a very simple article: be yourself and not a puppet.

The great majority of men, even if they call themselves anarchists, show a smiling face to everyone in the street. They are, in fact, only revolutionaries on the inside: ready to destroy the shops of the capitalists, to kill the detested intellectuals, to attack state administration, to reduce all to the common level of a million people.

It is immoral to be a subversive and yet appear a pacific gentleman.

You find thousands in the anti-capitalist army, but the greatest part help the business of the capitalists in their daily work. And here in France, or in Italy, they bring their economic contribution to sport and gambling every Sunday. They are against misery, but every year there is a new baby in the family. Or they find ways of printing against birth control as has been done for years in "L'Adunate dei refrattari" of New York. Drink, tobacco, a well-furnished table - and tears and laments for the starving in India and Africa.

Be yourself and do not do as in Sicily where there are communist catholics and Chinese Red Guards with the Holy Virgin in the house.

It is moral to give freedom to luxury, but not to use lies and violence against the beloved. It is moral to write openly against one or the other, but not to use the most low cowardice or a knife in the back as happened to me in Turin.

to

Yes, society of freethinkers can accept a morality/protect the dignity of a human creature and to condemn the hypocrisy of so many who dishonour reason and responsibility and use

(Continued on page 14)

## REFLECTIONS OF A LIBERTARIAN

Herbert C. Roseman

Since my days at New York University several years ago my life in a very real sense has centred on the quest for a libertarian philosophy of life. "What is a libertarian?" "Who is a libertarian?" "Is there one kind of libertarian?" "Or are there many kinds?" My search has lead me to and through Georgism, objectivism, Austrian economics, historical revisionism. It was not until I made the acquaintance of the largely unpublished writings of Laurance Labadie that my thinking was almost completely revolutionized. Laurance Labadie, the last of the American individualist anarchists, a breed as extinct as the dodo. What are the lessons I have learned from Mr. Labadie? I have learned that mere verbalizations will not do. I have learned that the individual cannot get anywhere unless he changes his way of thinking and cuts loose from the mental garbage that beclouds our minds. I have learned of the false base underpinning what passes for radicalism and libertarianism, both of the Right and of the Left.

In recent days Mr. Labadie has been condemned as being strictly passe by a Wobbly syndicalist, has been called a "cretin" by a disciple of von Mises and Austrian economics who professes to be a Stirnerite, and has also been called a money crank by several others. To boot, a Ghandian has called Mr. Labadie doctrinaire. This writer is quite sure Mr. Labadie will survive all these attacks having been at it for some forty years. Laurance Labadie has put to rout communist anarchists, Georgists, coercive capitalists, socialists, humanists and other manipulators of humankind. Mr. Labadie knows that only freedom works and he blasts to scorn these Pied Pipers of ignorance leading and being led to their doom.

The brands of libertarianism being peddled today by Left and Right rest on a denial of freedom. When all is said and done coercive capitalism and the various flavours of communism and socialism are brothers under the skin. The current effort to link the New Left and capitalist coercive economics although superficially commendable is an illusion. This is what Labadie has taught me. Professions of libertarianism are a dime a dozen. The real article is rare. Labadie is the genuine article!

I firmly believe that only by a synthesis of the ideas of Josiah Warren, Lysander Spooner, Benjamin Tucker, Laurance Labadie and other individualist anarchists can ~~man~~ hope to extricate himself from our hell. Theological exhortations will not do. The "defence of our system" will no longer do. We must leave behind all systems and follow freedom wherever it may lead us. Away with the herd-mind of socialism, communism and communist anarchism! Away with the blood-sucking of the apologists for unearned "interest, rent and profit"! LET US BE MEN!

REVIEWS.....

FilmsA.J.

## FAHRENHEIT 451

Ray Bradbury's "Fahrenheit 451" is a book that has had a great influence on me. Like "The Machine Stops", "Brave New World", "1984" and "One", it attacks a dangerous current trend by showing its possible outcome in the future, which is an excellent literary device for making people sit up and take notice. Bradbury's target is the television mania of the mid-fifties and if he had set his novel at the time of writing he would have merely aroused people's hostility for, being telly-addicts themselves, they would have accused him of overstating his case. By placing the setting in the future and making a good story out of it, with characters people can easily sympathise or identify with, this snag is avoided. People do not mind being shaken up if the setting is other than the present. They may disagree that current trends will lead to such an outcome, but at least they realise that such outcomes are bad, and should events start to lead obviously in that direction, they may try to halt them.

Francois Truffaut's film of the book is now on and is well worth seeing. We follow the fortunes of Montag, the fireman, whose job it is to burn books (because they might give rise to thoughts which disturb "social harmony"), through his meeting with the girl, to his heresy when he becomes a reader himself and is forced to flee. The photography is almost etherally beautiful, and the acting competent (Oscar Werner and Julie Christie in the main roles), although due to the nature of the society shown the characters have to be played somewhat woodenly and there is no scope for great performances.

It is a pity that more attention was not paid to minor details. Would a "station" on a monorail be a mere weed-covered bank of earth? Some cars are futuristic, others ordinary 1960's models. Odd, too, that so many of the books we see burnt are in editions on sale at the time the film was made. The flying policemen are clearly supported by pantomime wires, while there is no indication how the resistance groups, who memorize books and live in communities, solve their economic problems. The group we see live in abandoned railway coaches in a bleak wood with not a vegetable patch in sight.

One scene I don't remember in the book is when a long-haired youth has his locks forcibly clipped by the firemen. As well as being against things which impair "social harmony", the society is against expressions of non-conformity, however minor.

There is no indication that this is done in the interests of a capitalist class - there are no hoardings, company advertisements shown. Nor is there any indication that it is controlled

by a power-crazy state. Everything is shown as being organised and happening on a purely local scale with the mass of the population perfectly content. Like Welwyn Garden City taken over by egalitarian puritans with a modern technology. Parish pump tyranny is the worst because it is right on your doorstep. Centralised states and world states are less oppressive, for, being further away, it is usually easier for the non-conformist to escape their notice.

Pamphlet

Egoist

ANARCHISM AND MODERN SOCIETY

(Author: Jeff Robinson. Publisher: S.E.Parker. See advertisement)

For many years anarchism has been associated by the press and historians with a species of anti-political state socialism based on the messianic role of the "people" or the "workers". They have been supported in this view by many so-called anarchists who are actually collectivists who dislike centralization. Despite the modifications forced by reality upon the most intransigent populists, the illusion still persists as illusions usually do.

The first part of Jeff Robinson's pamphlet is devoted to a criticism of this illusion. Why, he asks, do the "masses" remain unresponsive to the "anarchist" message? Could it be that it only appeals to a minority? And if so, would it not be better to adjust one's sights accordingly?

One important element of the populist myth is the idea that during historical revolutions the "people" rise as a whole and topple their masters. They are supposed to be instinctively on the side of "freedom". Jeff Robinson points out that this is not the case. During the Spanish Civil War of 1936-39, for example, the workers of Navarre sided with Franco and in Barcelona in May 1937 "most people simply shut their doors and waited for the fighting to stop." It would be very interesting one day if some sceptical historian, assuming that figures exist, could calculate the actual proportion of the "people" who take part in revolutionary upheavals.

One drawback of Jeff Robinson's critique, however, is his indiscriminate acceptance of certain theories as "anarchist", whether they are so or not. Whatever the historical usage of the term may be, there are good etymological and philosophical grounds for disputing this claim made by certain "narchists". I certainly reject out of hand the monstrosity known as "Catholic anarchism".

The last part of this pamphlet is concerned with his conception of individualist anarchism. I agree with him

regarding the realism of individualists, of their acceptance of themselves for what they are, rather than indulging in self-torture in pursuit of an impossible perfectionism. I am not at all satisfied, however, that conscious egoism and Zen Buddhism make good partners, nor with his confusion of rationalism with reason. While I am no rationalist, I am not impressed by many "irrationalists", particularly when they produce rubbish in the name of modern "art" and "poetry". Reasoning is not the same as robotism. Individualism I would describe as neither rationalist nor irrationalist, but a-rationalist.

Jeff Robinson's pamphlet is a useful, if sometimes elementary, discussion of the differences between individualism and anti-parliamentary socialism. For this reason it is worth reading.

Poetry

Jean-Pierre Laly

PAT PARKER

(Published by S.E.Parker, 2 Orsett Terrace, London, W.2. 1/3 p.f.)

I have not met Pat Parker, but I feel that I know her. This is the miracle of poetry, which is not only a grasp of reality, but one of the best means of human communication.

Were I to characterize her by one of the verses from her booklet I would pick out:

"This day is getting on my nerves  
I am wanting to get back to the tomb already."

All through her poems she seems to have entered into an agreement with the "forces" of the night, for 'it ain't any use switching on the light when there is nothing to see', when no communication is possible with the outside. We feel immediately that the author has no aim in common with other individuals. She is not a citizen of the world, but a citizen of her own world and, "fighting for my identity", she soon loses touch:

"I am only receiving life in minute flashes  
code messengers from another larger vivid world."

But the crowd does not intend letting its prey escape, the ominous shadow of the quarry birds masks the source of light:

"They bury me underground  
and say  
why don't you live?  
get a job?  
join in?  
why don't you communicate?"

The answer comes from the abyss:

"I am what is left from somebody's dream of a life."

Then we become eye witnesses of the author's inner and solitary dream, which is an interpretation of tangible reality and which she expresses in a magnetic, even, I would say, psychedelic way.

Psychedelics is a kaleidoscopic cosmogony of the world and the multi-dimensional view one may get often widens mental possibilities and frees the mind from its present context and environment. Dreams are a natural psychedelic defense. Poetry is a conscious means. L.S.D., marijuana and other drugs are artificial substitutes for real and voluntary freedom:

"There are four dimensions  
there are a million dimensions  
in reality  
in death"

Pat Parker's poems are an incessant struggle, but it is a struggle worth waging, for it is not only directed against the external appearance of things - "My room doesn't change colour each time I arrive" - but is internal too. We are at the cross-roads of neurosis, when the individual fights not to be levelled down and goes to the bottom of the self in order to show the self as it is:

"Why haven't you the courage to say  
how you are longing for the dark"

We witness helplessly the poet's nervous breakdown expressed in simple, striking words which bring us to the heart of a resented nausea:

"My pleasantness  
is poison  
an unbathed body  
scented lipstick  
on a dirty mouth"

Will she succumb to the weight of her suffering? Her last poem gives the answer:

"There is myself  
there is my everlasting desperate self  
there is almighty me  
omnipresent  
all-creative  
master of everything  
lord of the skies  
me"

One may regret that the writer does not develop this theme further, but this is not important since each one can use and interpret in his own way.

To those who, like me, feel that poetry helps one to live, to communicate in an unmatched way (1), I récommend these poems. They will discover in them an inner struggle along a lonely path.

(1) Poetry is often beyond words and may be found in music, painting, erotics, etc.

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The Morality of a Free Man - cont:

conformism to slide among honest persons - puppets in a theatre. The Theatre is pur world and only a few declare their egoism where all disguise it in the most transparent diversions.

Welcome to a morality of knowing the sincere and the cunning, the man and the biped, and how they can progress to becoming men. If we remain a few, so much the better. It is better to be alone than to be badly accompanied.

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LITERATURE

E. Armand: "Anarchism and Individualism" 1/3 inc. postage  
 S.E.Parker: "Individualist Anarchism - An Outline" Second edition. 4d single copies; 2/6 25 copies. Inc.postage  
 Jean-Pierre Schweitzer: "O Idios" - three essays on individualist anarchism. 1/3 inc. postage.  
 Max Stirner: "The Ego and His Own". 15/11 inc. postage.