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Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"The basis of all political action is coercion: even when the State does good things, it finally rests on a club, a gun or a prison, for its power to carry them through."
 —VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE

Vol. 20. No. 52

December 26th, 1959

Threepence

T.U.C.'s APARTHEID COMPROMISE

ONE of the most despicable bits of doublethink to come even from the Trades Union Congress for a long time is likely to provide the outcome of the attempt to introduce an industrial boycott of South African goods in this country to back up the consumers' boycott already being supported by many individuals and some organisations.

The matter—the proposal to the TUC that all British trades unionists should boycott S. African goods in transit to this country—is to be debated by the international committee of the TUC this week, but already trade union leaders have shown themselves to be, well, lukewarm, to say the least.

According to the *News Chronicle's* industrial correspondent, the dockers fear they would have to bear the main brunt of any industrial boycott of South African goods.

For this reason Mr. Frank Cousins and the other Transport Union leaders are likely to oppose such a boycott if it is called for as a protest against apartheid.

An industrial boycott would mean that seamen would refuse to man ships carrying South African goods and dockers would have to declare South African produce black and refuse to unload it.

The international committee is likely to oppose industrial action to enforce a boycott but to favour advising trade unionists not to buy South African goods in the shops.

Earlier this month the international conference of free trade unions decided at Brussels to support a massive consumers' boycott and to consider "the practicability of reinforcing it by an industrial boycott."

Despite their hatred of the apartheid policy many TUC leaders have private doubts about the wisdom of the whole move. They were lukewarm in their attitude at Brussels and pointed out the practical difficulties in taking effective action.

—The recent threat of retaliation by

the South African Government, which might lead to the loss of a valuable market for British exports, will add to their concern.

The slimy attitude of the TU leaders, then, would amount to this: that they will do nothing that will lose any of their members a day's pay in the cause of combatting the Apartheid which they "detest". Instead, good trades unionists will work to get South African goods to the shops and then boycott them, after they have made money out of the transport of these products of slave labour. Could hypocrisy be more blatant? Could narrow self-interest be more damaging? Could internationalism be more corrupt?

Let us hope that the rank and file trade unionists will once again teach their leaders a lesson in the principles they are all supposed to uphold.



WE DON'T WANT YOUR CHRISTMAS PUDDING!

People & Ideas takes a

LAST LOOK ROUND AT THE 50's

TO look at history in terms of decades is usually misleading, and the epithets we apply to them are often partial. The gay nineties, the roaring twenties, the pink thirties, are not very complete or accurate adjectives for those days; only the hungry forties sums up the truth, whether in this century or the last. What are we going to say about the fifties?

Although there has been less actual warfare for a very long time, and although the word peace has been on everybody's lips, you could hardly call them the peaceful fifties. The last ten years began with the Korean War, and continued with warfare in Malaya, Indo-China and Algeria, Kenya and Cyprus, palace revolts in the Middle East, the Sinai and Suez invasions and the Chinese invasion of Tibet, the Hungarian revolution, and the usual punitive expeditions and police actions.

The most considerable movements against war and war preparation in this country have come right at the end of the decade, in the Aldermaston marches—a constitutional exercise for the troubled many, and the acts of obstruction at missile bases—symbolic acts of the determined few. To the imprisoned members of the Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War, who will see the end of the year and the end of the decade in jail goes the honour of introducing to this country the techniques of civil disobedience which may develop to greater effect in the sixties.

The fifties which began in the period of post-war "austerity", and the fag-end of the Labour government, with rationing still in force, and Lord Woolton crusading for "More Red Meat", end with the third Conservative electoral victory in succession and the Prime Minister's observation that we've never had it so good. There years have seen the rehabilitation of the prestige of big business, and they end with a burst of mergers and take-overs. At the beginning of the period the emphasis in industry was on re-tooling for the competition in export markets. Today the interest of a firm is in its potentiality as the subject of financial speculation. From

"Britain Can Make It" to "Make Me An Offer" sums up the ten years. Present industrial prosperity is confined mainly to consumer goods, and of course, to the armaments programme which absorbs up to a tenth of the national product. The British share of the world market has steadily declined since 1950 and production has been stagnant since 1955. In the trade union world the prospects for a movement agitating for workers' control are slighter than they were ten years ago. "People's Capitalism" on the American model offers more attractions.

LOOKING for the keynote of the fifties, a number of observers noted the 'swing to the right', the 'decline of ideologies', the neo-conservatism and increasing conformism of the intelligentsia, the pre-occupation with trivialities—all the tedious social make-believe about 'U' and 'non-U', the cult of 'gracious living' and the fashionable concern over the subtler aspects of wine and dining. A few years ago Mr. Rayner Heppenstall described this "new-Elizabethan age in its Edwardian décor" as "the commercial traveller's paradise with its rather sexy royalist mystique".

Then just as we were getting used to the idea, with an occasional outburst by the angry old men, along came an angry young man in the form of the heroes of the novels of Messrs. Wain and Amis, who blew a raspberry through the *House and Garden* dining rooms. Perhaps he was going to be the man of the decade: the welfare state baby with a provincial accent seeing through all the social humbug and staging a one-man battle with the 'establishment'. But he turned out to be another sensitive chap underneath his brash exterior and either got a job on commercial television with a cynical leer, or else, like the hero of Mr. Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*, nagging his missus because he couldn't find a cause to fight for. For a mercifully brief period he gave place to the Outsider, who quickly died of anemia.

Then in 1956 the real world broke through. Instead of the inward-

looking contemplation of social niceties, and instead of identifying itself with the archetypes of current literature, the generation of the fifties found itself faced with Suez and Hungary. Mr. John Bevan wrote in the *Twentieth Century*:

"The two crises have moved all of us deeply, even the apolitical young who had refused to get excited about two welfare parties with a common and static foreign policy. At the universities, I am told, it has been like the thirties all over again—but with Abyssinia and Spain happening in the same week . . . some of the moral problems of 1935 and 1936 have been forced upon a generation which may have been able to evade them until these past few weeks."

With this belated discovery of the real climate of the fifties and the

recognition that our own little bit of the sky doesn't cover the whole world, came a realisation of impotence. What could they do about Suez except write letters to the *Guardian*? What could they do about Hungary except support the Red Cross? And could anything else be expected? The intelligentsia were unable to prevent the incredible folly of the Suez adventure because, after careful cultivation of uncommittedness and detachment they were in no position to become the mouthpiece or the conscience of the nation, while the people who actually were in a position to frustrate the government's policy, the servicemen engaged in it and the

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Manifesto

SPAIN'S POLITICAL PRISONERS

Through the efforts of a few anarchists in this country the following manifesto has been signed by over 60 people in protest against General Franco's treatment of political prisoners in Spain. The list of names was released to the press in the hope that it would coincide with General Eisenhower's visit to the Dictator in Madrid on Monday, 21st December. But at the time of writing signatures are still coming in which we have added to the list.

It is still our view that only the Force of a social revolution will once again change the Face of Spain and remove Franco from power, but we are gratified that the following have associated themselves with the struggle against tyranny and hope that the protest will have some effect.

who have deplored the fact that thousands of their compatriots who could otherwise join them in their efforts to secure a better life for the Spanish people and for Spanish youth are still in jail or exile;

We insist that the Government of General Franco be obliged to honour the pledges which it gave on joining UNESCO; to abandon, according to the charter of this organisation, every measure contrary to the freedom of

thought and expression; to make prison conditions more humane; and to release from prison every person now detained on political charges."

Signed:—

A. J. Ayer; Isaiah Berlin; Beveridge; Phyllis Bottomo; Alan Bullock; Lewis Casson; L. Evelyn Cheesman; Richard Church; L. John Collins; Alex Comfort; C. Day Lewis; Ronald Duncan; H. J. Eysenck; W. Russell Flint; Max Gluckman; William Golding; Barbara Hepworth; Trevor Huddleston; R. S. Hutton; Augustus John; Pamela Hansford Johnson; Ben Levy; Compton Mackenzie; Wolf Mankowitz; W. R. Matthews; Nathaniel Micklin; Henry Moore; Eric Partridge; Arthur N. Prior; Ethel Mannin; John Piper; William Plomer; Herbert Read; Henry Reed; Russell; Sacheverell Sitwell; C. P. Snow; Stephen Spender; Graham Sutherland; Sybil Thorndyke; Philip Toynbee; John Wisdom; Herbert G. Wood; Hugh MacDiarmid; Eden Philpotts; D. W. Brogan; Ben Nicholson; Bishop Leslie, Sheffield; Laurie Lee; James Hanley; Olivia Manning; Norman Nicholson; Vernon Watkins; Ivy Compton-Burnett; Graham Greene; Richard M. Titmuss; Stevie Smith; J. Bronowski; Max Beloff; Charles Madge; John Wain; Kingsley Amis; F. L. Lucas; Norman Nicholson; Vernon Watkins; Josephina de Vasconellos; Austin Clarke; John Freeman; Leslie D. Weatherhead; H. Bondi; Rebecca West; J. B. Priestley; Kathleen Lonsdale; Angus Wilson; Arthur Koestler.

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MAJORITY RULE OR FREEDOM?

VOTING and majority rule have always been objects of special concern to Anarchist thinkers due to their bearing on individual and collective freedom. One facet of the problem, that of the utility of voting in elections organized by statist political parties, has often been discussed in FREEDOM. However, in this article we propose to examine majority rule more closely, going to the very roots of the concept.

The most penetrating analysis of majority rule which this writer has ever encountered is that of the Spanish Anarchist writer, Ricardo Mella, in a pamphlet first published in Spain in 1899 and reprinted in 1946 by the Spanish Anarchist movement in exile. In this work, entitled *La ley del número* (The Law of the Number), Mella begins by examining the meaning of majority rule. He observes that if this principle is followed logically and consistently, it gives the majority the right to legislate on every phase of life through its elected representatives, an absurdity which is nevertheless accepted as dogma in our own "democratic" society. Due to space limitations we will not discuss the machinery of elections and "representative" government, a subject in itself, and will instead limit ourselves to a strict consideration of the principle of majority rule. However, one of the most provocative of Mella's arguments on this point should be summarized due to its bearing on the validity of the very theory of majority rule. Mella points out that in most elections, even the most heated, about 40 per cent. of the population abstains from voting. There are also a certain number of obstacles which keep another considerable segment from voting, such as age, criminal record, poll tax, literacy tests and, in some countries, sex. Besides this, two or more candidates are usually competing for the vote. So, when we consider the total population and subtract those who would not vote, those who could not vote and those who voted for another candidate, we find that the winning candidate could not

possibly have been elected by a majority of the population. And this is not even considered rigged elections, political machines, etc.

Mella comments on the absurdity of the majority legislating on every phase of our life, even imposing its dictates on the sciences, and concludes:

"Undoubtedly majority rule is not the rule of reason. It is not even the rule of the probability of reason. Social progress occurs by exactly the reverse process, by the impulse of minorities, or more exactly still, by the work of individuals in open opposition to the mass. All of our progress has been achieved by individuals repeatedly denying the beliefs of mankind. It is true that the latter, finally accepting the ideas of the individual, always completes the work he began, but the first impulse has never come from the majority."

Majority rule therefore means the stifling of individual initiative and the eventual stagnation of society. In other words, the tyranny of the mass has the same results as the tyranny of a minority, and both are to be opposed with equal vigour. Mella opposes to this tyranny by the majority, the Anarchist position of full freedom for all:

"We are convinced that a radical antagonism exists between individual freedom and the rule of the majority. Therefore we reject all constituted authority, whether it is derived from force or from numbers. For the individual and the group to be able to coexist without destroying each other, it is necessary to abolish any form of imposition of either one upon the other. . . . The good of one person is as much to be respected as the good of all, which means that only by uniting the interests of all can real freedom be achieved."

This brings us to the fundamental question of whether society has a right to impose its dictates on its component parts. Mella denies this, pointing out that society is nothing more than the sum of its parts, and not a separate, superior entity which is larger than the sum of its parts. This concept of society, says Mella, is merely a figment of our imagination:

"What we are really talking about when we deal with majority rule is a political mysticism which must be dis-

carded. It is the political mysticism of social law, in whose name a thousand parties and a thousand sects have been formed with the vain pretension of regenerating the world from the heights of power and by the same means which were rejected in principle. . . . Laws, together with the law of majority rule, represent the eternal adolescence of the people, the sacrifice of the individual, the nullification of thought and the death of those things we love most. Against this deadly doctrine Anarchism proclaims complete personal independence and freedom of action for all human beings in a world of real equality, solidarity and justice."

Here, then, is the essence of Mella's thesis and of all Anarchist thought:

"We proclaim the theory of freedom in all its purity. We believe that individuals and groups, placed in a condition of equality, are capable of agreeing, seeking each other out, uniting or separating in complete freedom. We desire the association of men as the result of individual initiative and spontaneity, not by the imposition of any organ, be it political, economic or religious. The federation of free producers will be the inevitable result of personal autonomy. This type of organization, free of all imposed legislative uniformity, will necessarily contain the greatest variety of forms, means and ends. This multiplicity of groups, aims and methods will correspond harmoniously to the vast variety of needs which exists in society due to the heterogeneity of life and the vast development of industry and science. The groups which make up society will be able to separate, form again, divided or regroup as many times as may be necessary. If one group is not in agreement with other groups, it will be free to go its way and no one will be able to stop it. If an individual disagrees with his associates, he will be able to freely associate himself with others with whom he is in agreement. Only on this condition will social life be able to develop harmoniously and peacefully; only thus can order be attained, as the immediate and necessary result of complete personal freedom."

Utopian? No, extremely practical, because only thus can individual and collective freedom be achieved, and without freedom, society is doomed to slavery

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IN biology, "man the wise"; in anthropology, man the hunter, the shepherd, the farmer, the tool-maker; in history, man the city-builder, the fratricide. But always, man the pattern maker. What is all man's endeavour but an attempt—once hunger and cold have been conquered—to find or impose a pattern upon himself and his environment? What are science and philosophy but the search for form in the physical and metaphysical worlds? What are art and literature but the creation of form in the personal worlds of vision and experience? Since the Greeks, western man has been afraid of chaos, infinity, uncertainty, formlessness. Vast systems of ideas and beliefs have been constructed to keep the world in order. When religion began to fail in this job, science took over. Bacon, Newton, Darwin, Marx, Einstein, Freud (three Englishmen and three Jews)—these have been the prophets of new sects, new orthodoxies. Even the formless mass of human history has been hacked into shape by Spengler and Toynbee.

We don't like things to be unexplained or random. If light bends or a name is forgotten or a régime falls, someone will explain why, will show that it had to happen like that. Everything falls into place, the cycle is completed, the pattern is revealed. Even in little things we impose form and symmetry. We have rows of identical houses, all straight lines, right angles, regular curves; packets and tins are perfect cuboids or cylinders; chairs look like boxes; the world of objects is parcelled up into neat packets, rows, piles. And when there is irregularity in the design, the same design is repeated a million times to make the irregularity regular: telephones, cars, clothes, bicycles, soldiers, sewing-machines, books, typewriters, bath taps.

In the same way we like regular numbers, especially of years. Anything that happened five, ten, twenty, twenty-one, or twenty-five years ago is obsessively brought to our bored attention by radio, television and newspapers. The B.B.C. and several publishers seem to live on centenaries and half-centenaries. This year we are celebrating Handel and Purcell, Samuel Johnson, Robinson Crusoe, the Battle of Solferino and

heaven knows what else—not because they are great or important, but because they were born or died or came away or fought 100 or 2500 or 250 years ago. Last year it was Cromwell and Thomas Cook, next year it will be Restoration and—oh, who cares!

At least a year is a natural whole, even if a century isn't (just consider how often and how misleadingly we use terms like Eighteenth Century and Nineteenth Century as adjectives). But to move into the sphere of complete irrationality, what about the excitement at Roger Bannister's feat? Not so much because at that time he could run faster than anyone else (in itself a rather odd distinction), but because he was the first person to run a certain arbitrary distance in a certain arbitrary time. Here the number man is combined with another mania of a similar kind. Water, land or air speed, Everest and the Poles; running, jumping, swimming, every sphere of physical activity has its "record", its first time. And sometimes the second time is even madder than the first. Consider the various forms of extreme lunacy exhibited during the Hillary/Fuchs Antarctic exhibition. Besides that episode Scotland unnecessary and tragic death seems quite sensible.

This obsession with patterns and numbers is carried to greater lengths and absurdities today than ever before. More and more experts are spending more and more time collecting enormous lists of detailed information which can never be of the slightest use to anyone. Everything we do or say or buy is checked and collated and calibrated and checked and digested and ultimately defecated in the form of statistics. We can't even have an election now without invoking the percentage swing and the cube root. Why not observe the flight of eagles or examine the entrails of sheep while we are about it?

And now, not content with taming our own world, we have begun to reach out into space—throwing balls of matter round the earth, at the moon, round the moon. What next? Will man eventually force the universe into one gigantic servile pattern? Or will his towers of Babel crash around his ears in a cloud of radioactive dust? N.W.

(from the LONDON LETTER)

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BOOK REVIEW

SAINT OR HUMBUG?

THE LIFE OF JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY, by F. A. Lea. Methuen, 30s.

OF Celtic proletarian stock, cruelly forced classical education, mystical outlook and naively sensual appetite, John Middleton Murry, man of letters and most criticised of critics, consciously and continually chewed the cud of experience, and then either spewed it back or let it pass through his system without savouring or digesting it as a healthy organism should.

Owing an excellent formal education to a pinching and scraping self-educated father ambitious for his son to a fanatical degree, Murry, born 6th August, 1889, was brought up in so stern an atmosphere of filial obligation that he early feared the Lord and some nightmarish Power.

In this chilly and intimidating world the boy Murry turned for warmth and security to his mother, aunt and grandmother. The need for feminine companionship, comfort, understanding and encouragement, allied with a religious conception of achieving unity with God through an ideal unity with Woman, eventually coagulated into a positive *raison d'être* so obsessive that without a female attachment the man Murry was lost.

From the plethora of carefully-documented material this earnestly self-conscious author set down, privately or in print, Frank A. Lea has made expert selection to present, with commendable frankness, Murry the moralist whose criticism, politics, theology and farming were all expressions of the need he felt to determine (as he put it) "what is good for man".

The essential recital of Murry's sexual experience, naive, tender, timid or tempestuous, might raise a smile but for the pathetic fallacy overshadowing these paradoxically empiric sexual relations, within and without marriage, which probably hurt most of Murry's unsuspecting partners as badly as his tortured self.

For one who was sustained by a mystic faith, Murry was extraordinarily sensitive to the impact of events. One can but pity the sublime innocence of one

who so consistently practised a rationalisation of motive and behaviour that only two months after Katherine Mansfield, his first wife, died, he was contemplating a "destined" marriage with Vere Sullivan. In the short time between the death of D. H. Lawrence, on 2nd March, 1931, and that of Murry's second wife, Violet Le Maistre (leaving two young children) 28 days later, Murry records that, with Lawrence's widow, Frieda, he had known for the first time in his life what fulfilment in love really meant and also found himself "according to the law, rather too glad" at seeing winsome Betty (Elizabeth Cockbayne)—which young lady became Murry's third wife less than eight weeks after he buried his second.

The triumph of hope over experience in this dedicated search continued when, during a lecture tour in America, Murry rose from the hell of life with his temperamental Betty to the heaven of "a new, divinely simple love" in the arms of one "Nehale", a wife separated from her husband. This episode inspired ecstatic entries in Murry's journal moving his quoting biographer to comment: "and so on, page after after page. The date was April 1".

Soon after he welcomed "Nehale" to England, an agonised and disillusioned Murry's journal entries become a farrago of spiritual dialectics. He paid "Nehale's" passage back to America, became reconciled with Betty, exclaimed "Joy, joy, joy" and was intent on begetting a boy. Lo and behold Betty conceived and brought forth a man child, and Murry called his name David, after D. H. Lawrence—while life with Betty became hell again and Murry's reading aloud a Psalm each day failed to keep Betty's devil at bay.

On 14th October, 1936, during a lull in his domestic war, Murry had joined the Peace Pledge Union. It was on a P.P.U. platform that he met Mary Gamble who, on Betty's death on 6th February, 1954, became, four weeks later, Murry's fourth and only entirely satisfactory wife—and who meantime was his tenderly

devoted partner in every respect.

In the course of his career as a writer and editor, it was Murry's habit to throw himself into—and out of—various fiery furnaces in which he had detected a pure gleam, and in which he burned brightly for a time. The P.P.U. consumed his energies for longer than might have been expected considering his need constantly to embrace fresh experiences.

In the 1914 war, unfit for military service and having no more conviction to oppose that war than he had to endorse it, he got taken on as a translator at the War Office, became Chief Censor by 1918, and accepted an O.B.E. in 1920. Although, being first and foremost concerned with the creation of a new social order, Murry had stated to Max Plowman that he was "only incidentally a pacifist", when the 1939 war came he stood fast when the literary world repudiated him and his income dwindled fast.

His undertaking the editorship of *Peace News* at such an unpropitious time of day as July, 1940, if not altogether from disinterested motives, might well be described as John Middleton Murry's finest hour. His persuasive and sustaining writing apart, he was invaluable to *Peace News* for his War Office-acquired knowledge of how to wield a subtle pen in fencing off the Damoclean sword charging editors with spreading "alarm and despondency".

Murry's political commentary was the most popular feature with *Peace News* readers throughout that war. But there came a day, in April, 1946, when but for their pacifist principles and the feeling that he would stick in their throats, P.P.U. members would have eaten Murry alive for his abuse of their trust in his conduct of the paper.

Immediately following his ceasing to be editor of, although continuing to contribute to, *Peace News*, in October, 1946, Murry made rapid headway in the formulating of his continuous war-time thinking into his new proclamation upon "what is good for man". Delayed in the publisher's post-war queue until February, 1948, *The Free Society* was *volte-face* repudiation of all that *Peace*

News stood for, and advocated preventive atomic armageddon.

Besides his bitter-sweet memories of her, Murry inherited from Katherine Mansfield some £500 income each year from her books, to which was added in due course the £200 annuity of his second wife, Violet Le Maistre. He was in occasional receipt of literary fund grants, and his considerable personal earnings were adequate to meet the expense of maintaining his several households and his four children. But, haunted by his childhood poverty, Murry had an extraordinary concern for cash not always relevant to his circumstances. He matched this with a kindly oversight he contributed to a self-sacrificing economy of living by others.

F. A. Lea rightly esteems Murry's *Community Farm* as the gayest of his books: but this tracing of Murry's successful adventure in farming (reviewed in FREEDOM 20th September, 1952), avoided the delineation of some remarkably hard lines Murry's farm labourers suffered as they followed him from one promised land to another and arrived no nearer the desired community.

Murry died 13th March, 1957, leaving £31,555, including bequests to his secretary and some farm workers. His will authorised the sale of Katherine Mansfield's letters for £1,000. Thus, to use his favourite expression, Murry had come full circle.

Aware that we may enter at any point of Murry's works and peep in at the regardlessly open windows of Murry's life at will and find a tit-bit, F. A. Lea has risked ridicule or misunderstanding of Murry in a laudable attempt to let us see the man for ourselves in this remarkably fine, well-indexed and illustrated biography.

But despite its aid and some twenty years of my earnest study of Murry's works, occasional personal correspondence and meeting with him (grateful for his personal kindness and regretful when I considered his integrity faded farcically) and for all my effort to follow Murry in his search for himself, I am unable to understand what much of his fuss was about.

To ignore John Middleton Murry would be to scorn experience. To condemn him would be presumptuous. To emulate him would be disastrous.

SAM WALSH.

A Last Look Round at the 50's

Continued from p. 1

transport workers concerned with the shipment of war materials, couldn't care less about the uses to which their lives and labour were put. The tone of the nineteen-fifties had been set for them, and it was one of indifference and apathy.

One of the legacies of the Suez-Hungary period was the movement whose organs have just amalgamated to form the *New Left Review*, but, as our correspondent, writing of its inauguration last week asked: How new is the New Left,

★

ABROAD, the fifties have seen a few changes. America has been mercifully bereaved of Joe McCarthy and John Foster Dulles, and a resurrected Ike is going the rounds. In Russia the great event of the fifties has not been Sputnik, Lunik, or the other side of the moon, but the death of Stalin. Undoubtedly life in the Soviet Union is happier today than it has been for generations. Every visitor reports on the change in the atmosphere. What is not yet clear is how long the change in the weather will last. Would it survive the slightest public manifestation of opposition to the régime? France slumbers under the eye of its Governess. Salazar and Franco remain. In China, the hundred flowers were ruthlessly cut down as soon as they appeared. A Polish joke about Mao Tse-Tung's government remarks "Thank God we have Russia in between as a buffer state". Ghana, achieving independence during the decade, moves steadily towards dictatorship.

Those tendencies in other countries with a particular interest for us do not seem to be advancing. The Bhooan movement in India, one of the most hopeful trends of the fifties appears to have reached a stalemate, with the discouragement of many of its workers, and the impending return to politics of some of its well-known adherents, because of the 'crisis' in Indian-Chinese relations. The Civil Disobedience campaign in South Africa, another feature of the decade, struggles with little success against racialism. The gap between the rich and the poor nations continues to widen. The 'underdeveloped' countries seek desperately to emulate the developed ones, and these copy the over-developed ones. They all want to be more like America. And the most trenchant and telling critics of American society and institutions continue to be Americans. The decade has seen David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd* with its emphasis on the struggle for personal autonomy, William H. Whyte's *Organisation Man* with its message: "Fight the organisation", J. K. Galbraith's *Affluent Society*, with its call for the divorce of income from production, and C. Wright Mills' *Causes of World War Three* with its castigation of the American power élite. No such forceful and trenchant social criticism has come from the British or European equivalents of these writers.

★

THE anarchist movement throughout the world can hardly be said to have increased its influence during the decade. In several countries it has been weakened by internal divisions. Yet the relevance of anarchist ideas was never so great. Anarchism suffers, as all minority movements suffer, from the fact that its numerical weakness inhibits its

Seasonal Topics—1

Sitting in Comfort

THE modern spartan may ask whether comfort is conducive to progress? And it may be contended that the healthy life as lived at Walden is preferable to the luxuries of an oriental harem. The majority of us, being moderate epicureans, think that the pleasure of relaxing in a comfortable armchair after lunch is justification enough.

What is comfort? Can it be measured? The answer to these questions is of interest not only to armchair philosophers, but also to those who supply commodities for the satisfaction of human needs.

Comfort cannot be measured, but degree of discomfort can be measured. If you sit on a hard bench for a few hours you will feel a need to change your position frequently to bring back full circulation to your legs, and to relieve excessive pressure on parts of the anatomy. The wriggles and movements can be recorded by microswitches concealed in the seat and the frequency of such movements is taken as a measure of the degree of discomfort of the seat. Individual differences are averaged out by taking a large number of subjects. Chairs and beds can thus be arranged in order of their comfort as assessed by the average man. The conception of comfort is thus statistical and has three aspects, physical, anatomical and psychological. The physical and anatomical aspects can be treated as human engineering. Given the average male physique, length of leg, width of beam, etc., then certain chair dimensions will be essential, to avoid cramping or distortion. On this point Bengt Akerblom's work on "Standing and Sitting Posture" should be consulted.

The cushioning may be hair, flock, springs, rubber foam or one of the newer plastic foams. These latter will be cheap and are ideal for upholstery purposes as they are self-ventilating and resilient.

It is convenient to distinguish three phases of sitting comfort. Ingress comfort is a subjective assessment during the first penetration of the cushion. Initial Comfort is what the sitter feels during

the first few seconds of sitting. Continued Comfort is what is experienced during sitting for several minutes up to an hour or more.

Initial Sit-feel of a Cushion

Unrestricted movement is enjoyable, hence an initially soft feel in a seat is desirable: this indeed has been shown by sales experience to be one of the most important characteristics desired by the majority of purchasers. Smoothness of ingress, i.e. without violent accelerations, is part of ingress comfort.

Continued Comfort

A uniform distribution of pressure is an important factor in comfort. It should be noted that this could be largely achieved by a cavity in a rigid material which exactly fitted the human body, but this is not a practical solution because each person would need his own specially-made cavity and even so would not be able to move in it without considerable discomfort. Hence, the advantage of a material which shapes itself to the penetrating body.

A second factor of importance in a cushion, whether in a moving seat as in a vehicle or in a static seat as in furniture, is a feeling of stability, especially horizontally.

The Load-Penetration Curve

The relationship between the load applied to a cushion and the degree to which this load penetrates can best be shown and discussed by means of a stress-strain graph. The feelings experienced by the sitter as he or she penetrates into the cushion, or is supported by the cushion, are closely related to the shape, slope, and position of the curve on this graph.

It should be borne in mind that the load-penetration curve should be considered in two main parts, viz. the loading curve and the unloading curve. For a steel spring, of course, these two curves are the same but for many other cushioning materials they are different and

enclose an area called a "hysteresis loop", the size of which is proportional to the amount of energy absorbed by the cushion during the loading-unloading cycle. Thus a cushion with a large hysteresis loop will absorb a large amount of energy and, e.g. in a moving vehicle, will not transmit it to the sitter.

Sitting Comfort can thus be correlated to certain properties of the load-penetration curve, of which the slopes at various points are of major importance, especially the slope at the equilibrium point. Mention should also be made of the load carrying capacity of the cushion which should be such as to support a normal load at a normal penetration (i.e. without bottoming). The energy absorption should be adequate for the damping of oscillations. A deeper cushion of the same material will appear softer because of the greater penetration of a load. The importance of the above to packaging materials and anti-vibration mountings illustrates the inter-connections of theoretical and practical subjects.

The industrial revolution has brought both blessings and evils. On the credit side must be placed the possibilities of standardisation which increases the number of cushions and seats produced and reduces their cost. The need of advertis-

ing and artificial differences in design for sales appeal purposes work against this. On the debit side is the production for profit instead of for use which has led to good design and service to the community often being given second and third place. But what hope is there of workers' control when the workers are so apathetic, divided and unenlightened? Surely our first duty is the education of our workmates in their responsibilities, and the possibilities of syndicalism. This will never happen through the "I am only here for money" mentality, although one can sympathise with even this when it is seen as the result of monotonous tasks.

The development of plastic foam cushioning has brought smaller firms into the field. Polyurethanes can be foamed "in the back yard" as it were. Such cushioning can be moulded to most shapes or hand built by the craftsman into furniture which can be both well-designed and comfortable. As plastics materials are becoming universal, it becomes general in cushioning. Great opportunities exist for creative designers to "get in". May their efforts bring beauty as well as comfort to the peoples of the world.

ERIC G. HUGHES.

Perennial Topic

West Side Story

DURING the Notting Hill disturbances speeches were made advocating the restriction of immigration from the West Indies as a contribution towards lessening racial tension. Such is the strangeness of bedfellows that this was the policy of Oswald Mosleys' Union Movement, masked as it was by appeals to improve conditions in the West Indies so that the migrants could go back.

A similar situation has now sprung up in New York where speeches are

made advocating restriction of entry to Puerto Ricans, who are American citizens in the same way that West Indians are British, and who leave their native land for the same reason—poverty.

It is the West Side of New York which is the problem area, once it was the East Side. In London once it was the East End which was the centre of conflict.

In New York the major problem is juvenile delinquency with at least five gang killings (all the victims being under sixteen) concerning gangs of Puerto Ricans taking place in recent months. C.W. has dealt elsewhere with the question of teenage gangs but short of socializing the gang the usual suggestions have been made.

The Greenwich Villager (New York) in an article by Irwin Isenberg (Nov. 19th), states that only 32,000 new dwelling-units were built in expanding Manhattan last year. This was only a quarter of the expensive housing built by private enterprise. Projects subsidized by National and local authorities were rented at £17 a week, (which is high even by American standards). Consequently the rent of slum areas, to which the Puerto Ricans are driven are equally high with a lower housing standard and accompanying overcrowding. In this environment crime flourishes from the sheer impossibility of staying in a cooped-up apartment with a large family. The streets are the only escape. To a modified extent you can see the same pattern in Notting Hill, poor housing, high rents, overcrowding and street-corner boys.

Isenberg asks where is the new housing which it is claimed would solve the problem?

It was stated that the Puerto Ricans comprise 7% of the population and account for 22% of the city's juvenile delinquency.

Reynolds' News' correspondent (9th Dec. 1959) claims that one of the causes of this gang-warfare is the atmosphere of race hatred in which the Puerto Ricans are reared. It is obvious that newly arrived emigrants from a different culture suffer not only by having to live in sub-standard housing but are subject to all the "needling" which awaits a newly-arrived social group.

Even the originally criticized and "second generation" Americans, the Irish, the Germans, the Italians, the Jews, the Negroes, the Poles all welcome the opportunity to have a more depressed social group to criticize. Like a shunting railway train the impact is passed all down the line. The Puerto Ricans, having no one to look down upon, turn to crime.

Round the plinth of the Statue of Liberty are carved these not very

Seasonal Topics—2

There is No Sanity Clause

I AM indebted for the above remark (and for much else) to my favourite Marxists, the Marx Brothers. In this season of dismay it is a reassurance amidst all the awake Christians, heralding angels and flock-watching shepherds to know that S. Claus is a myth.

Saint Nicholas *alias* Santa Claus *alias* Christ Kingle *alias* Father Christmas *alias* Joe Soap has been around for a long time, aiding and abetting shopkeepers to commit their annual larceny.

The original story of Saint Nicholas is highly suspicious. They say (and of course, they'll say anything) that the original Saint Nicholas achieved canonization because he surreptitiously paid the dowry of two girls who, without Nick's intervention would have met with a fate worse than death. This dowry he placed in their shoes, hence the hanging up of stockings; and so the girls were sold into legalized prostitution.

Ever since then Christmas has got itself tied up with every racket imaginable from the Druids to Payola but it still goes on and nothing you or I can do can stop it.

If one stops sending cards people think one is dead or offended and pay calls. Cards are preferable. It is possible to have unilateral pacts of non-benefaction and agree not to give presents but some

intellectual strength. This may not matter when you approach it as an individual attitude to life, but in its other rôle, as a social theory, as one of the possible approaches to the solution of the problems of social life, it is a very serious thing. It is precisely this lack which people have in mind when they complain that there have been no advances in anarchist theory since the days of Kropotkin. Ideas and not armies change the face of the world, and in the sphere of what we ambitiously call the social sciences, too few of the people with ideas couple them with anarchist attitudes.

For the anarchists the problem of the nineteen-sixties is simply that of how to put anarchism back into the intellectual bloodstream, into the field of ideas which are taken seriously. C.W.

cad generally breaks it and the whole vicious circle starts again. And then 'there's always the children'. When one reaches the subject of children the sanity clause is abandoned.

Then there are parties, if A invites you, he has planted an 'ob' on you to invite him. If B asks you you must have her later. A and B can give bigger parties than you but you can't have a party with

A and B because he's a syndicalist and she's a Reichian. So you have two parties (A) and (B) to which you invite C and D respectively. C and D invite you back and the whole weary business starts again since C is a Tolstoyan and D is a Stirnerite. You can see how this finishes up? 365 parties with a total of 2,000 guests. The solution: either be a Stirnerite and 'use' all or a Tolstoyan and abstain from all. There is no sane medium.

Failing all efforts at unilateral (or multilateral) pacts of non-beneficence and the outlawing of all gifts conventional or unconventional one can take refuge in tokens representing the same value as the gift expected, this exchange of tokens will eventually be seen to be a vestigial remnant of Christmas. Of course the tokens need not be exchanged for anything they can merely be passed backward and forward from year to year or put into a bank and allowed to accumulate. Eventually after centuries the whole ritual will have dwindled into an exchange of cards merely expressing wishes for well-being or prosperity.

The horrors of conventional gifts are too well known to bear repetition but the horrors of unconventional gifts are even worse. From my favourite reading, the American advertisements, I cull the following products of the affluent society: a gold toothpick (for gold teeth of course!), a horse map of the world, a gold needle, threader and thimble for \$21 (or £7 in real money). "For your office desk, a little black box that just sits there—quiet, sinister" (I quote) "waiting for you or your visitor to throw the switch on. Then suddenly it comes to life, with a whirl of power-twitching and jumping as if a demented genie were locked inside. Slo-o-o-owly the lid rises. From beneath emerges a pale, clutching hand. The hand grabs the switch pushes it to 'off' quickly disappears back in the box. The lid slams shut. Once again, all is quiet. All

except your shaken friends, many of whom will immediately take the pledge! Be first to own it! (I can hardly wait). Send now—ideal also for the bar." (Good, let's frighten all lawyers to death!).

There are personalized golf tees, golf-ball marker (personalized of course) complete with a joke, personalized felt plate pads to put between plates when stacking, world's first self-powered flower fountain, personalized golf balls, electric pencil sharpener (there goes another stronghold of skilled craftsmanship), a personalized plaque for the car which says "THIS CAR MADE ESPECIALLY FOR JOE SOAP", harem lounging boots, personalized door-mat, electrical manicurist, a 50-year-old antique telephone from Denmark a bullfight poster with your own name on (Olé Walter Mitty!) a Christmas tree skirt, a British bobby cape (complete with badge) at \$9.95.

These intercontinental missiles of gifts will no doubt be available to us all, sooner or later. If will be seen that the cult of personalization (or putting your name on things) has gone deep into the American character. This noble assertion of the dignity of the human person (especially when allied to property) is a sign that conformity is not yet triumphant. As long as we all have different names, that is.

Anyhow, 'God rest us everyone' as Tiny Tim said. I think the solution to the Christmas plague or pest is found in the catalogue of the Sunset House, Beverly Hills, California, which advertises:

"SANTA TRAP. It's unique! It's original! Let your kids set this trap for Santa before they go to bed Christmas eve . . . SURPRISE: imagine the fun Christmas morning when the youngsters come running in to find that Santa Claus *really did come!* Of course, he's got away. But look . . . there's a note on Santa's own stationery and a torn piece of his red pants locked in the trap! What the kiddies don't know is that you have closed the harmless plastic Trap and inserted the note and piece of red cloth between the jaws. Actually helps to make—Santa authentic. Complete with trap, red cloth and prepared note from Santa . . . \$1!"

What they don't know is that I've attached a personalised bomb to my trap.

A Happy New Year!

JACK SPRATT.

Continued on p. 4

Jack's All Right in Hairdressing

NOW that we are all having it so good, it is difficult to find examples of the sort of poverty and oppression that were so difficult to avoid finding before the War. And yet 'committed' sociologists have been able to uncover and uncomfortably large amount of sheer grinding poverty in Jack's England, among old and lonely people in particular. In the same way, although the dark satanic mills and the sweatshops have all but disappeared, oppression in the old-fashioned sense is not all that hard to uncover.

Take the hairdressing business, for instance. Because this is neither a true profession nor a true industry there are few of the rules and regulations and qualifications and organisations that you get among teachers and doctors or in the factories and mines. It is further complicated by the sense of vocation among hairdressers and, for the lucky ones, the chance of very considerable gains. Let me describe a ladies' salon in a very fashionable and expensive part of London, with a well-known name and high prices (23s. for a shampoo, cut and set).

There is room for over seventy clients at once and to look after them a staff of about forty, mostly girls. For this staff there are two basins, three lavatories, and eight chairs (the latter are used for clients on Saturday mornings—they don't like them!). In the tiny staff-room stuff is mixed, girls make up and everyone eats. There are more than two people to each private locker. There is room for one girl to change into overalls; another can use one of the lavatories.

These conditions are not unique. A correspondent writing to the *Hairdressers' Journal* last November said: "I have worked in many salons in the West End, but with one exception the staff-rooms were disgusting. All the broken and outdated equipment is junked into them; the bin full of hair is also added. Solutions are mixed there and nauseous-smelling substances are rendered down on the stove very often while you are snatching a cup of tea while balancing on a rickety broken chair. I even worked in one most exclusive salon where the staff toilet opened directly into the staff-room. . . . It seems to work on the principle of the smarter the salon the worse the back-room conditions."

When a girl comes straight from school to start a three years' apprenticeship (no premium, which is something), she is paid just under £2 a week, and receives 32s. after deductions for insurance and 2/6d. for overalls (for this £6 10s. 0d. a year she gets three overalls, which she washes herself). She gets a free pair of rubber gloves once a month to protect her hands against rinses, tints, bleaches, perms, etc. (not against shampoo—clients like bare hands); they usually last about a week, and then she has to buy her own. If her hands aren't bleeding by Saturday, she's lucky.

As for hours, 9.0—6.0 (i.e. 6.15), with

a late night and Saturday morning, is normal; there is also one teaching night a week (otherwise the apprentice just watches the 'stylist' whose 'junior' she is). Lunch-hours and tea-breaks are uncertain and often non-existent. I doubt if our new apprentice ever works (and I mean works) less than fifty hours a week—quite a change from the thirty hours at school. Despite all this work, apparently she isn't even taught her craft properly. In the same issue of the *Hairdressers' Journal*, 'Referee' said: "Masters are simply not teaching their apprentices the art and craft of hairdressing. . . . In many cases apprentices during their early years are treated as cheap labour."

Another unpleasant feature of this business is the bullying of juniors by stylists and—naturally—by each other. The sooner a client is disposed of, the more appointments can be made and the higher the salon's turnover and the stylist's commission will be. So the stylists are persuaded to take more and more clients, and in turn they fuss their juniors to get on with their work; the apprentice is not only cheap labour for the management, but a slave for the stylist (who may give her 10s. at the end of the week for being a good slave).

At the same time the management will deny the stylists sufficient quantities of material and equipment to reduce overheads, so the juniors have to fight for shampoo and clips and so on as if they were huskies in the Antarctic. This is not a simple case of class-oppression, of workers by bosses. It is a complex form of guild oppression—of apprentices by journeymen and of journeymen by masters, with the added dash of ambition. For the point is that each class aspires to move up a stage, each oppressed person to become an oppressor. The juniors will one day be stylists, the stylists will increase their clientèle and so their power or else become managers or owners themselves, and the managers and owners will open branches and build up chains of salons.

The thing that sweetens this jungle warfare is a surfeit of money. Goodness knows what the profits are in a posh salon, but they must be large; a good stylist expects to make over £100 a week for the salon. And a young stylist should be able to make £15 or £20 in wages in his (or her) twenties—not bad for an almost completely uneducated person.

Add to this the commission paid by the management to keep them up to the mark. Add also the tips paid personally by the client—which might be 10s. each. A stylist's gross income (much of it untaxed) is considerable; a boy in his teens can well afford to run a car!

It is the iniquitous tip system that keeps the juniors quiet too. A wage of 32s. a week may seem small, but a week's tips should be at least that amount, and twice as much before Christmas or Easter; it is not unknown to receive as much in tips on a busy Thursday or Friday as in wages for a whole week. Of course she must work hard to get so much; she must be patient with the clients and nice to the stylist; she must keep on the right side of the manager; she must make sure she isn't done down by the other juniors; she must look after herself.

The whole situation is something like that in a boarding-school or in the forces. The fag can wait until he is a prefect and then get his own back; the private soldier can become an NCO or an Officer. The bullied, underpaid, overworked apprentice will (if she behaves well) become a stylist with a large clientèle, a high income, and a docile junior. All the way up the sliding scale the premium is on being sweet to those above you and tough with those below. The clients of course come in the first category: after all it is they who, with their time on their hands, their money in their purses and their silly whims in their heads, keep the whole thing moving. They must be pampered and spoiled and milked of their quids, so that the system of profits and tips and bullying can go on.

Is it surprising that enthusiastic school-children excited by the glamour of the job and eager to make women's hair beautiful are corrupted and become hard, avaricious stylists whose chief concern is money and power? What can be done about it? The profession can reform itself from the top, or be reformed but the authorities, or the employees can organise and do something about it themselves. The first and last alternatives are unlikely, and the second does not seem wholly desirable. In the meantime a few more bricks are added to the house that Jack built. N.W.

Letters to the Editors F. FERRER

I thank S. E. Parker for having corrected the wrong impression which my article on Ferrer conveyed, regarding the allegations made against him at his trial.

On the other point, of Ferrer's activities in Spain before his period in France, I took the information from an article by G. Berneri in *Volontà*, July-August 1959, from which I translate:

"All the activities of Francisco Ferrer in Spain had been revolutionary ones. He had taken part in insurrectionary movements, supported strikes, founded the journal *The General Strike*, collaborated in and financed anarchist and anarcho-syndicalist periodicals."

However, before coming across this factual statement I had been sceptical about the part taken by Ferrer in the anarchist movement, and I certainly do not insist that the evidence lies on the side of the statement about which S. E. Parker raises his query.

As for Ferrer's opinions, many conflicting views have been, and are being currently expressed. It is clear that they were at times close to 'philosophical' anarchism, and at other times in conflict with the usual anarchist approach. His daughter, Sol Ferrer, has spent many years in research on her father's philosophical views, and recently presented a thesis on that subject at the Sorbonne. She was able to draw on many unpublished manuscripts, and her work may be the most authoritative written. A summary of it was published in the number of *Volontà* referred to above, and I hope to translate this for publication in *FREEDOM*.

As a postscript to my article I would like to say that I feel that Ferrer should be remembered firstly for what he achieved during his life, and not merely exalted as a martyr.

It is quite without importance to "claim" him as a member of our particular movement. On the other hand, one of the controversial questions in libertarian circles today is the relationship, and mutual compatibility, of anarchism and practical achievement. It is important therefore to examine the way in which they reacted in the mind of one who realised a notable practical achievement.

Majority Rule or Freedom?

Continued from p. 2

and destruction. The question of freedom admits no half-measures, no middle-of-the-road position. Society moves inexorably toward either slavery or freedom, according to the will of its members, and we must choose between them once and for all. And if we choose freedom, we must accept the full measure of individual and collective responsibility which such a condition implies, as Mella did. In its present immature condition, society fears freedom, but it is the only alternative to slavery.

Mella, then, was not afraid to follow his logic out to its ultimate consequences. Thus he gives the concrete example of a group of individuals united for a common purpose and then asks if the majority has a right to decide to dedicate the group's common resources to a diametrically opposed aim, obliging the minority to submit to its dictates. He denies this, saying:

"Common sense tells us that when the members of a group are not in agreement as to their objectives, then the group should be dissolved. . . . Each individual will then be free to act as he sees fit,

West Side Story

Continued from p. 3

tactful (or truthful) lines:

*Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses, yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.*

Judge Samuel Leibowitz of Kings County (N.Y.) urged that migrants from all parts of the Caribbean be discouraged from coming to New York.

He has further said (according to *Reynold's News'* correspondent. "Early in this century the new immigration contained a large and increasing number of broken and mentally crippled from all races, drawn from the lowest stratum of the Mediterranean bases of the Balkans, together with hordes of wretched submerged populations of the Polish ghettos.

"Today our jails and insane asylums and almshouses are filled with this flotsam and the whole tone of American life, social, moral and political, has been lowered and vulgarised by them."

Judge Liebowitz was born in Roumania. J.R.

A NEW READER WRITES . . .

DEAR SIRS,

As a very new reader of *FREEDOM*, I am interested to discover that I have, for some years past, been in agreement with what seems to be a fundamental principle of anarchism.

This is the statement that government involves the abdication by the individual of his powers of judgment in matters of social relationships and activities. Instead of basing one's actions on a natural and spontaneous reaction to each situation as it arises, one has perforce to conform to the imposed ethic of the State authorities.

As the government is, in a time-honoured phrase, "the executive committee of the ruling class", the "social norm" or "moral temper" of a given society is always a reflection of the group interests of the said ruling class.

In classical antiquity, slavery was "normal" and anyone who impudently spoke against it received very short shrift. And there has never been any luck of priests and medicine-men to provide "reasons" to justify each successive form of exploitation as "the will of Heaven"! The State, I agree therefore, is an instrument for the domination of a particular class, and Religion, in its organised ecclesiastical form, is its staunch ally.

I look forward to a long association with *FREEDOM*, as my ally in the struggle for an improved understanding of social realities.

Yours sincerely,
Southend, Dec. 14. S. W. BROOKS.

and experience will demonstrate to every one which was the best road to arrive at the proposed end.

"To the objection which might be raised as to the instability of such associations, we reply that nothing lasting nor practical can be achieved by the subordination of the ideas and the conduct of one part of the members of a group to those of another part, and that since experience is the great arbitrator of all disputes, a variety of practices is always preferable to their limitation. On the other hand, we believe that all groups should in the beginning clearly define their aims and the means to be employed to attain them, always being careful to allow for complete personal independence. If this is done, nothing or almost nothing will have to be resolved later, and matters of little importance will be resolved by mutual agreement and without sterile arguments. Generally speaking, in regimented groups governed by majority rule, it is not the majority which decides those small questions, but a small number of the most active members. A small nucleus of individuals arranges everything, plans everything and does everything.

"The person who has belonged or belongs to a club, political group, etc., has seen or will see violent disputes produced continually over mere trifles. In spite of its pretended authority, there is never a moment of peace under the all-knowing rule of the majority. . . . This illustrates very well the arbitrariness of majority rule, since it provokes rebellion but does not tolerate it, and also because it brings about utter chaos. . . ."

Mella, then, defends organization based on mutual agreement and free cooperation and experimentation as opposed to the regimented chaos produced by majority rule and the legislation it implies. His is true organization and order, based on freedom, as opposed to the disunity and dissension produced in our present society by the imposition of one part of that society on another part. It all boils down to one simple fact: a free society must be based on freedom from its smallest unit to its largest.

Common sense tells us that is true. However, although Mella did not live to see it, experience bore out his theories. During the Spanish Revolution of 1936 the spontaneous formation of agricultural and industrial collectives on a large scale proved that man is capable of freely associating to satisfy his needs without the imposition of any outside organ or group. This historical experience and our own day-to-day experiences give us ample evidence of the practicality of Mella's ideas of integral freedom and of the need to implement them throughout society, if man is to be free.

WILLIAM ROSE.

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