

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"For though we are not of the school which believes that governments can confer happiness, the signs are plain that they have sovereign potency in the prevalence of misery."

—WALT WHITMAN.

Christie Trial Revelations Strengthen Demand for Abolition of DEATH PENALTY

THE trial of John Christie has served to bring into the limelight once again two aspects of legal procedure in this country which are completely obsolete—the death penalty and the question of insanity and guilt. It is to be hoped that the publicity which this most notorious and sensational case has achieved will at last prompt the government to take action to reform the present position of the law regarding insanity and responsibility, and to abolish the death penalty.

Several cases in recent years have made the M'Naghten Rules (which govern the law's attitude to insanity) familiar to every newspaper reader. These rules were framed in 1843, and in the Christie trial the judge, the prosecution, and the defence were all at pains to support them, despite the fact that enlightened opinion has been demanding their revision for years. The following "comment" in the *Observer* (28/6/53) indicates the attitude of the moderates:

"Under the M'Naghten Rules—shaped more than a century ago, when medical knowledge was relatively primitive—a man is legally insane only when he either does not know what he is doing or does not know that what he is doing is wrong. Since then it has been medically established that a man may both know

what he is doing and that what he is doing is wrong, and may yet be prevented from restraining himself by a pathological condition of his mind which puts certain of his actions effectively outside his control. That our law declines to recognise this scientifically proven possibility is a matter which gravely troubles the conscience of many people."

The law however, is essentially punitive, and to retreat from the M'Naghten Rules may mean a retreat from the cut and dried attitude towards "guilt". For the law seeks merely to establish the fact of guilt, never to understand why people act,

and it is broadly true that the more one understands the less use one has for condemnation.

More important than this question however is the death penalty itself. It is the penalty beyond redress, and once a man is hanged the subsequent proof of his innocence does little good to him. Furthermore there is a tendency—nourished no doubt by the appalling nature of the possibility that an innocent man might be hanged—a tendency to believe that justice is always done and that the hanged is always guilty.

Continued on p. 3

What the East Germans Gained

IN writing last week about the East German rising, we said that perhaps the workers had not gained anything material by their courageous action. We spoke too soon. We were writing before the announcements which have now been made showing that in fact considerable concessions have been made to meet the situation.

These concessions, which go into effect immediately, include:

- 1.—The dropping of the orders to work harder.
- 2.—Workers rail fares cut by 75 per cent.
- 3.—Old age and widows' pensions increased.
- 4.—Sick leave to be treated separately from holidays—previously it was deducted.
- 5.—600 million marks—£10 million—to build houses at the expense of heavy industries.
- 6.—40 million marks—£600,000—for new cultural and health buildings.
- 7.—An improved supply of workers' clothes, and
- 8.—The power cuts to end with heavy industry using less electricity.

What Was It Like Before?

One very interesting picture which is conjured up by this list of "improvements" that the new policy of the East German government offers the workers, is that of the kind of society that was being established there before the workers struck back.

It was a "People's Democracy", in which days lost from work through illness were stopped from holidays; in which the workers suffered power cuts in their homes so that the State's heavy industries should not go without; in which fares were too high and old age and widows' pensions too low; in which clothing was short and working hours too long.

For the Stalinists however, none of this was the reason for the rising. It was a planned putsch organised by agents from West Berlin—who apparently were so successful that they went completely undetected by the People's Police while they stirred up discontent (turning workers who really loved their government)

Life Imprisonment for 16 year-old Schoolboy

NEW YORK, JUNE 22.

CARLTON MASON, a mentally retarded schoolboy, aged 16, was sentenced at New City, New York State, to-day to a term of imprisonment ranging from sixty years to life for the murder of Esther Nagy, aged 6, in June. He pleaded guilty. A second charge of murdering another small girl was dismissed.—British United Press.

so that the rising broke out on the tremendous scale it did, clearly taking the government by surprise, before the existence of the agents had been discovered.

We wonder then, why the East German government has announced that it is going to reduce the numbers of the People's Police? If their security forces were so ignorant of the plotting and conspiracy that these agents were up to, surely the remedy is to have more police, more efficient police, not less.

A Blow For Peace

The *Daily Worker* (20/6/53) tells us that if the putsch had been successful (in what, incidentally?) Germany would have experienced a new war. "Prompt action by Soviet troops, by the State authorities and our peace-loving people has saved the peace of Germany" declared Otto Nuschke, deputy Premier of East Germany.

In fact, of course, it was not the valiant Red Army who struck a blow for peace in crushing the rebellion with their tanks, it was the workers who rose against their government and—as the concessions listed above show—have compelled their government to switch resources from heavy industry (i.e. armaments) to home consumption.

If workers in all countries would take an example from the people of East Germany, and compel their governments to devote less of their resources to armaments and more to satisfying all our peaceful needs; if the people everywhere expressed such hostility to their rulers that they made it clear they were not to be relied upon in case of war, peace would be very much closer than it is.

Is Everything Under Control in Malaya?

MR. OLIVER LYTTTELTON, Colonial Secretary, stated in the House of Commons last week that the Government hoped in the near future to reduce by one battalion the United Kingdom forces in Malaya. He added that as more local forces became fully trained and equipped, further reduction of these forces might become possible. The Government would remain responsible for the defence of Malaya against external aggression, and it was their firm intention to discharge that responsibility to the full extent of their resources.

Mr. E. Shinwell (Lab. Basington): In view of the frequent pronouncements by General Templer of an optimistic character indicating that there has been a substantial improvement, do you content yourself with the removal of one battalion out of

Does the Labour Party Want Power?

FEW students of politics would deny that Clement Attlee was very astute in his choice of times to hand over to the Tories—before the textile crisis made hay of Labour's "full employment" boast.

As rumours of a coming depression gather strength, now, it can be seen that the Labour Party is even less anxious to be put back in power, and are getting quite friendly with the Tory administration. Not that there is ever any real animosity between them—the fights are usually more in the nature of shadow-boxing than the real thing.

Not Enough Coal—Too Much Wheat

Consider the following remarks from "Crossbencher" in the *Sunday Express* (28/6/53):

Opposition leaders eat out with the Tories every few days.

Mr. Attlee has had at least six official lunches or dinners with the Tories during the month of June, including two dinners at No. 10 Downing Street. He also went to the Naval Review in the same vessel as the Prime Minister.

The other Socialist leaders run him close as diners-out with the Tories. Mr. Gaitskill has eaten with the Tories at six public functions in June. Even Mr. Bevan seems to be approaching more nearly to the dress-suit period.

The acerbities of debate seem to be softening too. There is much more mild than bitter in the invective.

Of course there is a lesson for the Tories in the kindly conduct of the Socialists. The Opposition do not intend to oblige the Tories with grounds for an election.

That is why the Socialist Whips let

the Finance Bill go through without an all-night sitting—for the first time (apart from the autumn Budget of 1947) since the war ended.

The Tories should take warning. They must force an election soon.

There are two good reasons why delay may cost them office.

- (1) A shortage of coal;
- (2) A surplus of wheat.

Coal stocks are down by more than a million tons compared with last year. Output per manshift is down too.

If the winter proves cold, there will be empty hearths in the homes of Britain, and power plants may be forced to shut down also.

In such conditions the Tories would find the electorate even chillier than their grates.

The wheat surplus is tremendous. In America alone there are 600 million bushels unsold from the last harvest.

And a wheat surplus often heralds a depression. When farmers are short of money factories go short of orders.

So the paradox of a coal shortage and a wheat surplus spells trouble for the Tories. An election in the autumn—and an increased majority—is the only safe course for them.

Election Considerations

The above lets a few cats out of bags in all directions. What a crazy economy, where an abundance of a staple food means depression!

And what a racket politics obviously is, where politicians will choose to come to the country for increased support when they know perfectly well that economic storms are on the way that will render it impossible for them to fulfil their promises.

GOOD JAPS BAD RUSKIES

THE *New York Times* said to-day that several hundred books, by more than forty authors, had been removed from United States libraries abroad on the orders of the State Department.

In one place, Tokio, many books and periodicals were acknowledged to have been "burned or scrapped for pulping." Reports that books had also been burned at Sydney and Singapore could not be confirmed, the paper said. In general, "undesirable" volumes were stored or hidden awaiting instructions from Washington.

No single specific instructions covered all the withdrawals, the *New York Times* said. The nearest to a common factor appeared to be the authors' refusal to tell Federal investigators about their Communist affiliation.

The paper's correspondent in Tokio said books considered undesirable in Japan included obsolete histories that presented the Soviet Union in a favourable light, and books containing material possibly objectionable to the Japanese,

including works on the Pacific war and others critical of Japan's pre-war and war-time Government.

To complete this picture of political opportunism, one has to recall that during the last War publishers refused to print books unfavourable to the Soviet Union, so that such works as Trotsky's *Stalin* was held up by its publishers until the war had ended and the great allies were allies no longer. And unbelievable but true, is the fact that the late George Orwell's best selling *Animal Farm* was turned down by four publishers. Tom Hopkinson in a pamphlet recently published by the British Council, with the title *George Orwell*, recalls this example of political expediency:

"The month war with Germany ended, *Animal Farm* was published . . . It had been written between November 1943 and February 1944 . . . Four publishers refused it on the ground that at that time (1944) it was not possible to print a book attacking a military ally. As events turned out, however, the book's appearance could not have been better timed, and it was quickly a best-seller: in America its success was far greater than in Britain".

It is not surprising then, with such a conception of freedom of the Press, that since Japan has become an ally and Russia the enemy that a certain reshuffling of books in American libraries should take place. After all it is only an act of common politeness to an ally to remove all those horrible books, with those gorilla like Japs staring at you from the dust-jacket. Since they have ceased to be Japs they have also ceased to look like gorillas. It's only logical, isn't it?

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TORY-UNION DEAL ON ROAD TRANSPORT

WHEN Conservative plans for returning road transport to private enterprise were being drawn up, the expectant owners-to-be tried also to have the 20 m.p.h. speed limit on heavy vehicles raised to 30.

But in the House of Commons the other day Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Minister for Transport, announced that he had "reluctantly" decided to leave the figure at 20.

Reports are that trade union leaders have persuaded the Minister that if he wants transport workers to keep quiet, in view of their opposition to the change-over, he had better not tamper with existing working conditions—at least, not yet. Raising the speed-limit, say the unions, will give drivers an "excuse" to strike, and as everybody knows, the unions are very concerned that workers are not given any "excuses" for direct action.

No Speed-Up

Of course, the 20 m.p.h. limit is ignored by drivers anyway. Modern goods vehicles are built to do 35 m.p.h. and are fitted with powerful brakes adequate to deal with their great weight. The point is, however, that if the official limit were raised, the employers would cut journey-time allowances accordingly, and pressure would begin to speed-up the drivers at their work.

This they are determined to resist, for although most of them do more than 20 most of the time, this gives them more time for rest periods and to get their journeys done in good time without undue strain.

The raising of the speed limit would bring danger to the roads more because the bosses' speed-up would impose extra strain on the drivers than because the vehicles themselves would be unsafe. But if the workers were organised to resist pressure from the bosses, the only effect of raising the limit would be to release them from the petty persecution of the police.

However, the transport workers, unfortunately, are not organised to resist pressure from the bosses—they are mainly members of the Transport & General Workers' Union—Deakin's Own. "Nuff said!"

NEW YORK ON JUNE 19, 1953

AMERICAN LETTER

IT'S a sticky summer evening. The heat envelops you like loose-fitting coveralls. It's the kind of evening on which you feel sorry for your sweat, your richness, yourself. It's like a lot of summer evenings, past and future. You resign yourself to the broil and blister of the New York dog days to come. It's like a lot of summer evenings, past and future. It's like all the discomfort a tenacious gummy sultriness can lay up for you.

But it's unlike a lot of summer evenings too, past and future. This is a special evening. You know there won't ever be another quite like it. You are glad—if you can feel any gladness—as you walk, and walk. You're afraid to think and you're afraid not to think. And so you walk. You walk within the endless woolly shroud. You don't care where your footsteps take you. You just walk.

And while you walk you wonder. You wonder about passion. You wonder about pressure. You find yourself wondering about people. You wonder about the news dealer, quietly seated before his magazine-spangled kiosk, puffing away at his pipe and silently, dolefully watching the lazy drifts of humanity float by. You wonder about the two policemen—two out of many on this special evening—carelessly lounging against the drug-store front, their arms in casual akimbo and their cartridge belts sagging under the weight of a conspicuous gun-and-holster and the cartridges, a rosary of prim pointed brass-beads. You wonder about the three sailors, spruce and jaunty in their summer whites, ogling the girls and cutting up judiciously. You wonder about the bubbly group of high-school girls, corsaged and bandbox-fresh for the senior prom. You wonder about the drab mechanical attendants in the garish pokerino establishment, annoyed in their servility and servile in their annoyance as they dole out change and worthless premium coupons to the players. You wonder about the faceless souls cluttering the Times Square bar, their heads tilted in telltale spectator pose as they follow the baseball action on the inevitable television screen. You wonder about the shabby lady offering orchids, three for a dollar, and you wonder about the gallant buying a wilted gardenia for 25 cents. You wonder about the legless suppliant trundling up Broadway and smiling honestly at you whether or not you drop a coin into his cup. You wonder about these—these beings, hot after entertainment and cold after a livelihood. You wonder about the *Lime-light* music slithering forth through the heat from a dozen record shops. You wonder about these—these beings. And you wonder about yourself.

But you never stop walking. You walk because you've got to keep moving. No goal, no destination. You just walk. It's a mechanical thing, a stupor. You walk.

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bold and proud above the steaming street, glares the time through a hundred little bulbs. It's 7:20 now, and 8:00 is zero hour. You wheel to put the Paramount clock behind you. You walk north. It's your first reasoned act since you started to walk many hours before. It doesn't help. The stark numerals atop the Mutual Life Insurance Building slip into view. 7:23. And even as you stare hostilely, the numbers blot out. There is momentary greyness, as though time itself was suffering hesitant hiatus. Then—7:24. You turn away. Maybe if you don't look, it will go away. A child's game, but you can't help it. And you keep your left hand, the one with the black big-dialed watch, plunged deep into your pocket. Maybe—maybe if you don't look at it—

You continue to walk and you continue to wonder. You wonder about the trial judge, the jury, the prosecutor, the defence attorney, the sons, the relatives, the people. You wonder about anybody. You wonder about everybody. There are only two people in the whole sweltering world you *don't* worry about. In a sense they're the lucky ones. They're the only ones who need never have any doubts.

But most of all you wonder about the Supreme Court. For 177 years the Supreme Court is a tortoise. In the last 36 hours it is a hare. You remember that the first time the Supreme Court votes 8 to 1 against review. The second time it votes 7 to 2 against. The third time it votes 5 to 4 against. You're no lawyer. You can't spout legalisms. All you can do is wonder. Why the unprecedented drumhead haste to draw the curtain, now, of all times? You wonder about the much-touted civilian safeguards against summary justice. The good work of 2 years' slow and tortured progress through the courts undone in 36 hours' pell-mell frenzy. You wonder, and you walk. You've got to keep moving.

Room for Two on Top

THE particular mental drives which make men want to climb the highest mountains must undoubtedly present psychologists with much material for entertaining study.

What follows when the mountains have been climbed, however, would seem to fall more into the field of the sociologist, and the bickerings which have followed the conquest of Everest are hardly in keeping with the magnitude of the feat itself.

Of the party led by Colonel Hunt this year, two men, as everybody knows, reached the very summit of the world's highest mountain just four days before the Coronation. The news was held back until the Coronation Eve—presumably to add a further sense of achievement to the proceedings. (Perhaps some of those thousands who slept out in Oxford Street for the previous two nights, huddled under sodden newspapers, rather saw themselves as snow-bound above Katmandu?)

The two men out of the team who actually set foot on the summit were Edmund Hillary, a New Zealander and the Sherpa Tensing, an Asiatic. The feat was of course claimed as a tremendous British achievement, although every team of every nationality (last year a Swiss team got nearer than anybody previously had to the summit) had hired the services of Sherpas as guides, and in all probability no team would ever have been able to succeed without the assistance of these tough little brown-skinned mountain folk.

Tensing and Hillary were roped together, and the last hundred feet of that snow-capped peak could only have been mastered by their joint effort. And yet as soon as their triumph was announced, nationalistic elements began to try and cash in on what they had done. Tensing was inveigled, in some way, to sign a statement that it was he who actually first set foot on the topmost peak of Everest. Then Hillary announced that he got there first and Tensing signed another statement to that effect.

Then began a squabble about Tensing's nationality. He came from Nepal, but now lives in India and both countries claimed him. Then Hillary was awarded a knighthood and Tensing a George Medal—and his own people felt it an insult that he should have been given the minor award. Colonel Hunt was also honoured with a knighthood al-

7:35.

You walk. You've got to walk, to keep moving. Despite the heat you break out in a clammy sweat. But why, you strain to take yourself to task. A couple of days before, 129 American soldiers are killed in the greatest aviation disaster in history. Worker riots in East Berlin and throughout Soviet Germany bring death to untallied scores. Korea still grinds out its casualties.

You don't weigh one life against another. Then why the clammy sweat? You wonder. You speculate. Because the Supreme Court, painfully solemn and sombre in its usual deliberative cadence, for once moves with an unseemly precipitance? Because casualties are implicit in the pursuit of aviation, riot, war, but this is calculated, premeditated, respectable, sanctioned? You wonder and you walk. You walk and you wonder.

7:39.

You wonder about the actors, from trial judge to the president. You think you should feel bitter, but the bitterness doesn't come. You wonder about that too. You don't feel sorry for them, of course, but you can't help thinking that they too are jailed by circumstance and status. Discretion is no more theirs to exercise in this matter than it is yours. You realize that passion—pressures have an existence, an appetite, a will, a dynamism independent of the participants. You wonder, and the clamminess increases. The press howls for blood. The radio licks anticipating chaps. They all are crowing. Vengeance will be theirs. The unbearable pressure of the passions, and impartial flight of time, are their allies. You remember the outcries—the rage, the confusion and the frustration—when one Supreme Court justice dared stay execution because he dared doubt the validity of the indictment. Mad Cerberus, fangs bared, slaving and blooded; and the jackals-

in-packs would not be denied. Whoever gets in the way will be mincemeated. You wonder about the obscure little man in Los Angeles whose unsummoned interest propounded the challenge to which the Supreme Court justice subscribed. You recall that the obscure little man is a sort of maverick, a "free-speecheer" and pamphleteer flung out of the Communist Party for flaunting its disciplines. You recall, crowning irony, that he was thrown off the Los Angeles Committee To Secure Justice in the Rosenberg Case because he would not submit to the Committee's rules and regulations. You wonder about a "cause" whose *raison d'etre* is a mere adjunct of shifts and shuffles for political advantage. You wonder about this strange, this ironic twist. But time doesn't wonder. Nor does it walk. It knows and it races.

7:46.

But all your wonderings seem to revolve about the one overwhelming "wonder": you wonder about capital punishment itself. You wonder about a trial judge whose judicial prerogative ranges from dismissal of the charge itself to imposition of the death penalty. You wonder how it is (1) that he decided upon the latter, and (2) that he is entrusted with such a "privilege" in the first place. You wonder about the dogged preservation of the barbarism. And now, as you wonder, for the first time you feel resentment, a bitterness, and it is focussing upon the trial judge, the "good" Jew in the drama. His was the original "position" whence there is no retreat. You remember how shocked, how unbelieving you were when the death sentence was first announced. And now, 2 years later, the unbelievable is slowly being translated into the believable—the believable and the inescapable. It has become a Purim festival in reverse. In America you don't kill Jews in the streets to propitiate an ancient crime. Here you do it in the courts. In America you don't make total sacrifice

to Moloch and have done with it. Here you make piecemeal sacrifice. Here you gash by day and let it heal by night, and the next day you gash again—the same place and the same depth. You wonder and you feel ashamed. It's being done in your name—"on your behalf", and you can't walk that away.

7:53.

You walk faster. You are getting desperate in your naïveté that if you move more quickly time will move more slowly. So you walk faster, faster, faster. You are trotting. You force yourself to slow down. But not for long. Acceleration, like everything else, seems to have a will and a dynamism of its own.

The question of innocence or guilt has long since receded into academic oblivion, to be resurrected only by gossip-mongers and legalistic historians and sleuths. Innocence or guilt—that was one question, the original question. How many months, how many years have elapsed since that was the paramount issue, you wonder. But you choose not to count because you are chary of thinking about time, its flight and its anguish. Let sleeping dogs lie, you think grimly. But who is there to call off the hound now? The System has rendered its verdict; only its inexorable fulfilment remains. The rationalizers, the sophists, the safely barricaded qualmists still preach of clemency if the defendants sing. You wonder how they—even they—can double-tongue so transparent a jesuitism. Is not the spring so cocked that even if the victims did will cooperation they could not elude personal and familial exigencies inexorably inching them to their doom. You wonder. You wonder hard.

7:58.

You wonder about catharsis. You wonder about the sombre men in raven black who pass judgment on the gladiators. *Pollice verso*. So be it, and tough luck, what? Better luck next time. Prisoners, you are muttering to yourself.

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COMMENTS

Passengers Through Polynesia

THE most curious band of travellers in the political world are at the present moment passing through Polynesia. I am not speaking geographically. The people to whom I refer are those *en route* from Moscow to New York, but they are travelling the hard way and at the moment are wearily dragging their bags through a spot half-way on the worst route. They are the people who were once the bright Communist intellectuals or Party militants of yesterday, but we feel they cannot change their opinions and admit they were wrong. Instead they must indulge in an orgy of confession, and betray as many of their former associates as possible, in the hope of convincing people of their honesty of purpose.

There will be the author of erudite works on Marxism, now busily writing "I Carried the Banner Yesterday", and the cynical Party boss, who now cannot understand why the people he has reviled for years are dubious about accepting him. And the vast numbers who imagine they will escape from their past, if war breaks out, by the vociferation with which they attack Communism. This, of course, makes everybody suspect them the more, since the extreme of putting all the ills in the world down to Communism is not far in the public mind from putting all the good in the world to the same source. Above all there will be those who have not really changed at all in their totalitarian outlook, but accept the Roman God as part of the price of the ticket to New York. Little change in outlook is needed, since the Catholic Church only attempts to be a Communist Party of the Heavens, and if the destination is geographically New York as well as politically, there seems to be no better label on the luggage.

One feels sorry for these poor devils working their passage back from Moscow and losing their direction, but we can only ask them for a little restraint in their orgies of confession and hysteria.

They were wrong yesterday, and their repeated beatings on the breast do not help to convince us that they may be right to-day.

tatives of the bourgeoisie who still dare to criticise Royalty. The scorn poured on the "unco guid" of the Protestant (particularly Scottish) clergy who have reprimanded the Duke of Edinburgh for a "little too much concentration on the Pope and polo" stems from this amnesia regarding the political function of the Monarchy.

When the Stuarts were thrown out, the country might well have become a Republic once more, and its support for the House of Orange, and later for the House of Hanover, was plainly due to opposition to Catholic domination. Protestant Royalism was to replace Catholic Royalism. The German House came in as defenders of the Protestant faith, and until George V. refused to take that particular Oath, each monarch was required upon Coronation to swear that he did not hold Roman Catholic beliefs and (so that there might be no mistake) proclaim particular peculiarly Papist dogmas as superstitions. It was, of course, no longer politically expedient for George V. to take such an Oath (consider French Canada, Malta, and Ireland then in the Empire). To add to this the Royal visiting of the Pope (like the mutual exchange of ambassadors to his mythical kingdom), coupled with the loophole now provided in the Coronation ceremony (and the fact that Anglo-Catholicism has successfully defied the law expressly designed to prevent Catholic infiltration into Protestant churches) is something that naturally proves uneasy to the champions of Protestantism. Especially when with "the Pope" goes "polo"—the mingling not merely with English but Continental aristocracy, and the closer association with Catholic Royalism in Europe that has always been dreaded by the Protestant feeling that enthroned Hanover and its successors.

However, while the only motivation that gave English royalty its fresh lease of life has gone, the film-star publicity currently given to the Royal couple causes the crowds to rush to the Palace to see their weddings and christenings and Coronations. What do they rush there for? "Is this Moorfields to muster in? Or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to Court, the women so besiege us?" Shakespeare observed the phenomenon of this curious, gaping crowd that rushes to such events. If they are inclined to mistake it for loyalty, they had better consult Uncle Windsor. There is nothing so fickle as noisy Royalism.

INTERNATIONALIST.

though he did not personally reach the top.

And so nationalistic and patriotic elements have bedevilled what was clearly a close and harmonious personal relationship until the pair achieved what they set out together to do. It is good to be able to say that as far as one can see, the persons least concerned by this undignified bickering are Hillary and Tensing themselves. One can feel sure that for them their common achievement is what is important, and the published photographs of them arm-in-arm and grinning widely at each other after they got back to Katmandu spoke more eloquently of human comradeship and mutual aid than did the yappings of patriotic bigots.

Pope, Polo and the Prince

OUR local "Communists", in their recognition that Stalinism and Royalism are not necessarily opposed to each other, supported Coronation festivities, certainly by laying off any republican sentiments, and positively by actually organising children's parties, etc., in the general flamboyance of monarchist demonstrations during the past weeks.

Here and there in the Labour Party a slight concession is made to the republican sentiments of the rank-and-filers, by an occasional suggestion that one might spend a little less, or be not quite so noisily monarchistic, and perhaps not have altogether so many pictures of the Royal couple. The Conservative Party regards the whole affair as its Party bazaar, while an occasional liberal voice protests at the Coronation ceremony being monopolised by the Church of England and the aristocracy.

The mass royalist hysteria at the religious and aristocratic propaganda attending this purely political function is of pathological interest. The reason for the festooning of the slums, while the well-to-do districts are unadorned, is obvious. There can be few people who cannot realise the political significance of monarchy (there is an instinctive republicanism amongst British workers when it comes to foreign affairs) but steady Press propaganda has worn down such resistance. Otherwise one could hardly understand the abuse heaped on the heads of the few represen-

DEATH PENALTY

Continued from p. 1

The behaviour of the law during the Christie trial was that of a very uneasy conscience indeed, since again judge, prosecution and defence were almost shrill in their anxiety to affirm that Evans did kill his child even if Christie killed Evans' wife, and so no miscarriage of justice occurred. Few however will not have felt that they "protested too much".

The Evans case also raises the question of the value (to the law) of confession. Evans confessed, yet later he withdrew his confessions and protested his innocence to the last, insisting that Christie had killed both of them. Now Christie has confirmed Evans regarding the killing of Evans' wife. Suppose that Christie admits now to killing the child also, will that admission be made public? Mr. George Rogers, M.P. for North Kensington, has asked the Home Secretary for permission to visit Christie in the condemned cell and ask him about Evans. If this is granted, there may be a good chance that any such admissions will be made public. If not, it may well be that the officialdom of the legal and prison world may well wish to guard such an uncomfortable admission from public view.

The Howard League for Penal Reform has urged the Home Secretary to institute an enquiry into the Evans case at the earliest possible moment and "since it is imperative that public confidence in justice be maintained" urged that the enquiry should be in public. This latter is an important point because if it is conducted by judges, police and prison officials, these will have an interest in the outcome of such an enquiry and should not therefore conduct their business in secret. Indeed, such a court of enquiry should contain members who are independent of the various legal branches involved.

It is difficult not to be repelled by the fact that public opinion and the newspapers require a horrible affair like the Rillington Place murders before they are stirred to criticise the death penalty. The *People*, the Sunday paper of the Labour Party, for example, declares "Make no mistake about it: if further enquiry does sustain the view that Evans did not commit murder, there will be an unanswerable case for abolishing capital punishment. . . . It is a thousand times better that a hundred Christies should suffer penal servitude instead of execution rather than that a single Evans should be deprived of his life."

Did the *People* never envisage the possibility that justice might miscarry before John Christie posed the question to them? And the same goes for those who are now shaken for the first time. Will they be lulled into comfortable security if any enquiry supports the idea that Evans was after all guilty regarding his child?

FREEDOM has urged for many years that the death penalty is a hideous anachronism and ought to be abolished on ethical grounds however many practical advantages can be advanced in favour of retaining it. A member of Parliament has pointed out that of the 14 countries in the Council of Europe, only five (France, Greece, Eire, Turkey, and Britain) now retain the death penalty. Ethics demand its abolition. But since ethics are little regarded in the practical world, the Bentley case, the Rosenbergs, and now the Evans case may make public opinion and the government act. We shall be grateful of the reform when it comes but we shall rightly despise authorities who only do the right thing when under pressure they are forced to do it.

POLICE REPRESSION IN S. AFRICA

ARMED police to-day raided an Indian conference at Sophiatown, western Johannesburg, and removed from the platform Mr. Y. M. Cachalia, joint secretary of the South African Indian Congress. He was charged with attending a meeting in contravention of a ban imposed by Mr. Swart, Minister of Justice, under the Suppression of Communism Act.

"The meeting had been called in protest at a proposal to remove non-Europeans from western areas of Johannesburg. Three other Indians—Mr. A. M. Kathrada, chairman of the Indian Youth Congress, Mr. T. Ramaswamy Naidoo, vice-president of the Transvaal Indian Congress, and Mr. B. Saloojee, a member of the Indian Youth Congress—were arrested before the start of the conference, on a charge of obstructing the police." (Reuter).

It is interesting to see that this meeting, convened for no purpose connected with communism, was yet suppressed under the Anti-Communist laws. This only bears out what anarchists have always contended—that such legislation is useful for any kind of reactionary repression.

More insight into the proposal to remove non-whites from western Johannesburg is given in the following report from the *Observer* (28/6/53):

"Patrick Duncan, son of a former Governor-General of South Africa, who joined the non-white defiance campaign last year, has relinquished his appeal against conviction for incitement as a protest against the removal of 90,000 Africans from the western areas of Johannesburg.

He will serve his sentence of 100 days as soon as he has recovered from two operations on his leg.

"Mr. Duncan, with six other Europeans, defied permit Regulations at Germiston location, near Johannesburg, last December. He was tried and convicted under new Regulations and with the six others he appealed to test the law's validity.

"In a statement released to-day he said: 'Acting under the spirit of the Group Areas Act, the Minister of Native Affairs now schemes to evict 90,000 Africans who have homes in the western areas of Johannesburg for no reason other than their race, and to leave them in the open veldt to build themselves new homes.

"At the same time neither he nor any other authority has taken effective steps to house 50,000 others who have long been waiting homes in Johannesburg. . . . This cruel scheme is without parallel in history. A farmer would not treat his animals so.

"As a born Johannesburger I intend to renew my earlier protest against such cruelty by giving up my appeal and serving my sentence of 100 days as soon as I am out of hospital and have recovered from two operations. Our appeal is important and others will proceed with it."

NEW YORK LETTER

Continued from p. 2

they're all prisoners of passion and position, and terrified. Is it their own unpardonable imprisonment that makes them vindictive, vengeful, fussy for the kill? You don't know. All you can do is wonder. You feel numb. The young girl in the bakery, starched and studiously white; the father, the mother, the little girl in party-pink; the dour doorman flunkying in front of the ritzy St. Moritz, the anachronistic hackmen with their haubous lining Central Park, patiently waiting for romantic fares; the television producer, toly-poly with self-importance; the sinuous quee restless for admittance to the television studio and the fabulous giveaway programme; light anonymous girlish laughter and a casual pigeon casually hopping across the avenue—you wonder about these beings. You wonder because they are as relevant as they are irrelevant.

Swiftly, as though you yourself are in flight, you scurry into the park. You rage with helplessness, you are helpless with rage. And now you admit what you dared not admit before. You can't escape—not this evening, not ever.

8:00 It is still a sticky summer evening. It is like nothing past or future.

By a simple throw of a switch a public passion is being reduced to a private grief.

By this offering justice is being done—at last.

Your pace slows. Your shoulders sag with the new, the heavy burden. . . .

SEYMOUR GREENBERG.

"The removal of Africans from the western areas, known as the 'black spots', has already been strongly opposed by members of the Church and non-White leaders. The scheme is now being forced through, but residents have announced they will refuse to move.

"A mass meeting organised by the African National Congress is being held in the Western areas on Sunday morning. It will be addressed by Roman Catholic Father Trevor Huddleston. Nearly 1,000 delegates are expected to attend."

Opposition to Central African Federation Continues

Meanwhile in the Rhodesias and Nyasaland the opposition to Central African Federation continues. On June 26th two Africans were sentenced to 6 months hard labour and three to 3 months for taking part in a demonstration, mostly of women, against the Colour Bar.

Meanwhile the refusal of the Chiefs to act as agents for the government continues.

"At a conference in Lilongwe, attended, says a Supreme Council Official, by 11 chiefs or representatives out of a total of 13 in the district, it has been decided to form a fund for the maintenance of chiefs whose monthly stipend is withdrawn by the Government.

"The Government is likely to take this action in respect of two chiefs in the Zomba district who have left their tribal areas after giving instructions to stop the payment of taxes as a protest against the federation of Nyasaland with the Rhodesias. The fund is reported to be £200 so far.

"A typical Nyasaland situation has arisen at Cholo, where European tea planters find themselves taking part in a non-co-operation campaign. As agents

for the local chief they normally collect a poll tax as deduction from monthly pay packets. The chief in his turn hands over three-quarters to the State. But for the past month labourers have demanded full pay, and since the chief has no objection the planters can have none either. The matter, as everywhere, is one for the District Commissioner to settle." (Observer, 28/6/53).

The Churches also, like the Churches in England, have also deplored the governmental haste in forcing through this unpopular measure.

"The Christian Council of Northern Rhodesia, which represents all the Churches except the Roman Catholic and Dutch Reformed, issued a resolution to-day, after a meeting at Kitwe, recognizing the primary right of every Christian to hold his own views on the issue

of federation, in the light of his own conscience, but expressing 'deep concern that the Government has found it necessary to proceed with federation while African opinion remains so strongly opposed to it.'

"The resolution continues: 'The council respectfully requests such a declaration of rights for all men within the territory as shall remove all doubts as to their future wellbeing within the State. The Christian Council hopes Africans will be given an increasing share in the educational, industrial, and political life of the State.'" (Times).

Meanwhile the European settlers are demanding that all criticism of Federation be silenced. They favour it: the Africans to a man are bitterly opposed to it. Africans outnumber the Europeans in the territories affected by 400 to 1.

The Strange Case of Mackenzie King

" . . . I asked my mother what all sorts of people used to do in the world. And she explained that the tailors made clothes, the bakers baked bread and the shoemakers made shoes. And when I asked what the kings did, mother said they governed. 'Do you know, mother,' I said, 'if I were a king I'd go a whole day without reigning, just to see what happened to the world.' 'My dear child,' she said, 'Many a king does that, and the world goes on the same as ever.'" —HEINE.

DURING the war we heard a good deal about the growing insanity of Hitler but similar symptoms on the part of our own leaders were (to say the least) very little publicised. It was, of course, apparent that Hitler cracked under the strain of power, and his frenzied moods, which included the desperate appeals to soothsayers and fortune-tellers, were plainly caused by the manic depressive-ness and exultation which, in different circumstances, would have resulted in his certification.

The *Sunday Dispatch* (alone among British newspapers) has broken a long silence in the case of Mr. MacKenzie King, war-time Premier of Canada and one of the top-ranking leaders of the Allies, and brings to light strange happenings at present taking place in Canada.

The home he left as a solemn museum to his own greatness is invaded by tourists, who have found out the truth about MacKenzie King's "spiritualism" despite the frantic attempts of his executors to burn the incriminating evidence, to suppress all mention of his private beliefs, and to hide the truth from coming generations. The Liberal Government, so long entrenched in power, is anxious to persuade the public first that it is not true that Mr. MacKenzie King was a follower of the occult, and second that even if he was it was only personal and did not affect his conduct of Government business.

Any dispassionate observer of the truth can, however, tell from the *Sunday Dispatch* which amasses an exceptional amount of evidence from mediums and others, that not only was MacKenzie King a devout believer in psychic phen-

omena, who sought advice on personal matters from "the other side", but he also based his governmental decisions and wartime policy upon the "guidance" he received from mediums, ghosts and ouija boards.

It becomes apparent that for nearly a generation Canada has been ruled in name by MacKenzie King and in practice by "supernatural forces" from which he obtained his advice. Unfortunately for Canada, too, he does not seem to have fallen in with dishonest or fraudulent mediums, who could at least have given the benefit of their worldly knowledge, but he was guided by poor benighted honest souls who passed on the dubious benefit of their trances.

Small, indeed, is the wisdom that governs the world, and who would have thought that the maple leaf was interchangeable with the ouija board? It little avails the Liberal Government to issue contradictory denials, when Mr. King's successor, Mr. Louis St. Laurent, is guided by the equally fantastic delusions of Roman Catholic priests—but one can say for the latter that at least they have practice and experience in the sordid art of worldly government. While Mr. King was Prime Minister it is quite clear that under his occult advisers Canada was not governed by its Prime Minister at all, for what difference that makes.

The charge against Anarchism is that it is impossible to live without government. Apparently the mere fact of having a government is enough to satisfy the Governmentalist. It does not matter to him whether (apparently) the head of the government is completely crazy or not—so long as he is there all will go well, but the moment people have no government they all go crazy themselves!

The continued lack of a Prime Minister in France, and the amazing disclosures about the late Prime Minister of Canada, may not be thought complete proof of the ability to live without government, but certainly these instances prove the ability to live without a Prime Minister, and we venture to think they underline the absurdity of the belief in governments being something with which man cannot possibly dispense because of the superiority of leaders to the common herd.

INTERNATIONALIST.

A Curious Dispute in N. Rhodesia

NDOLA (N. RHODESIA), JUNE 12.

THE Northern Rhodesian African Mineworkers' Union intends to increase subscription rates for its members from sixpence to 2s. 6d. a month. The mining companies at present deduct the sixpence from their African employees' pay-sheets and credit it to the union. The companies have, however, declined to deduct the increased amount, and the union has notified the Government that a dispute exists on this point and have asked for a conciliator to be appointed.

The new subscription rate would give the union—which has an estimated membership of 25,000—a monthly income of about £3,000, which is roughly equal to that of the European Mineworkers' Union with its monthly subscription levy of ten shillings.

A spokesman for the mining companies said yesterday that the companies had agreed some years ago to deduct sixpence a month to help foster the growth of the union and because it was felt that this sum represented the same proportion of an African miner's wage as did the ten shillings levied by the European union of a European miner's wage.

This dispute reveals, in the first place, that the European worker earns twenty times as much as an African worker, but it also reveals that the desire to encourage the growth of African unions is tempered by the determination that they should not become too strong, and certainly not on an equal economic footing with the numerically weaker European Workers' Union.

Does it not make one think that there is something a little "phony" in all this talk about emancipating the African worker, etc., when even the decision to pay 2s. 6d. a month instead of 6d. into his Union funds is vetoed by the Companies. It's not even as if they were asking the Companies to pay! Or is it also perhaps that the Companies are afraid that they will then be asked to increase the African's wages by 2s. 6d. per month?

So far as the African's Union is concerned, one wonders why they leave it to the Companies to deduct their Union dues in any case. Is it, like "Pay as you Earn" a certain way of getting the sixpences even from those who would otherwise not belong to the Union?

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THE SOCIALISTS & FARMING

PETER KROPOTKIN, in *Fields, Factories and Workshops*, contended half a century ago that the world trend towards economic regionalism, towards the development of industry in the former colonial and semi-colonial countries would in the long run force the people of Britain to face up to the growing of their own food on British soil. He declared that this was scientifically possible, and his contentions have since been borne out by the findings of a number of agricultural scientists. He also claimed that a return to full farming, far from involving any real sacrifices, would in fact be socially beneficial, provided it took place as part of a general reintegration of town and country life and on the basis of free and equal co-operation of the workers in the new rural society.

There was a time when conservatives and socialists alike, dazzled by the will-o'-the-wisp of a prosperity based on exporting industries, more or less ignored these contentions. The decline of Britain as an economic imperialism has forced both parties to give at least some attention to the certainty that never again will a thriving export trade finance the importation of cheap foodstuffs to anything like the extent that happened during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. All the political parties are converted to the idea of growing more food at home, but they are still unwilling to go the whole hog because they are—Tories and Socialists alike—reluctant to keep hold of what profits can still be wrung out of foreign trade.

Typical of the attempts at a compromise solution is a pamphlet called *The Price of Plenty* (one shilling) published by the British Socialist Agricultural Society. This is a most unhappy tissue of half-measure. Firstly, the fact that all the food Britain needs could be grown at home is admitted, "theoretically" at least. But the authors of the pamphlet contend that this would "mean lowering our living standards through the need to divert to agriculture a large part of the capital and labour at present employed in industry." In a society where any amount of labour and capital can lightly be diverted to the purposes of war, this objection seems, to say the least, frivolous. A fraction of the labour at present being employed in rearmament, a relatively slight proportion of the raw materials being used in preparing weapons and explosives, would go a vast amount towards bringing back into cultivation or pasture the derelict millions of acres in the Highlands to which the pamphlet rightly draws

attention or towards speeding the turnover towards intensive cultivation in existing farmlands.

The authors of the pamphlet also admit that a resurrection of British agriculture will involve a considerable return from the town to the country, and for this reason they envisage the placing of light industries in rural settings and a great increase in rural housing. But again they are unwilling to reach the logical conclusion that a progressive decentralisation of the large cities, a bringing of urban populations into direct contact with rural life is the best and, indeed, the only way to break down the social and psychological barriers and antagonisms which have arisen between town and country in the century since the industrialists began to replace the

landowners as the politically dominant class in England.

Thirdly, these socialist agriculturalists admit that some kind of increase in the interest of farmworkers in the cultivation of the land is essential, and they suggest various forms of profit-sharing and similar schemes—always provided that control shall rest with the actual farmers! But again they are unwilling to go to the logical conclusion that the only form of "partnership" which will bring out the full and willing co-operation of all workers on the land is some form of co-operative farming in which everybody who works will have equal rights and equal responsibilities.

Indeed, one of the two main flaws behind the policy outlined in this pamphlet is the fact that its authors

do not realise that something more powerful than a series of financial adjustments is needed to revive farming in Britain and make it one of the pillars of a balanced regional economy. The major part of their suggestions are built around an elaboration of ideas of substitution, capitalisation, rent revision, etc., which have been peddled by people of many kinds for the last fifteen years. They do not realise that they are facing a problem which will involve a complete social revolution in the life of the country and, by implication, in the life of the city. The changes which will be necessary can only come from a powerful social incentive, an incentive involved in the transfer of agricultural control from a minority of owners to the whole corpus of the workers involved without distinction. And such a change involves a revolution in social outlook which is beyond

the horizon of the authors of *The Price of Plenty*.

For it is a revolution which can only come from below, from a change in the outlook of the farming population itself, whereas in the last resort these socialists, true to type, look always to the State. It is the State which will provide the money for their schemes, it is the State which will operate, through the County Agricultural Committees, in the general regulation of farming. Even such an unrevolutionary piece of democratic procedure as the election of members of the County Agricultural Committees is regarded with disapproval. Like officials in totalitarian parties, they must be appointed from above. Such an attitude betrays a curious blindness in men who are, presumably, themselves country-dwellers, to the attitude of the rural population to Whitehall and its deeds. Neither farmers nor farm workers will ever take readily to being controlled by a hierarchy of government officials and government appointed committeemen.

Perhaps at this moment there seems little more chance of country people agreeing among themselves to live on a co-operative basis. Yet it is only, in fact, by an organic re-birth of rural life on the basis of equal co-operation that the present deficiencies of British agriculture are ever likely to be overcome.

GEORGE WOODCOCK.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Pacifism and Anarchism

S. E. Parker gives an academic and unrealistic discussion of pacifism and anarchism. In personal relations and as a method of defence violence is used by those who are weak, angry and frustrated. As the Southern soldier Pickett said he wins who is there "fustest with the mostest". The invader always has the drop on you. Except in an ambush or the nuisance value of guerilla fighting the state and the capitalist has the biggest and most powerful weapons. Berkman has written, and he told me in Atlanta prison in 1917, that workers should use their strongest weapon which is solidarity and not their weakest, which is violence. There is no doubt that an individual could kill a tyrant now and then but in pitched battles the big shots are safely away enjoying themselves and it is only one worker killing another.

It is silly for anarchists to talk about mass revolt when they can only get the smallest handful to even read their papers let alone refuse to go to war, to pay taxes, or take any revolutionary action. And the masses will continue to be fooled for the means of fooling them is stepped up now with Television and Three Dimensional Movies.

Everyone who uses violence justifies it for that especial instance. There are many instances of the quiet method of moral ju-jitsu being successful while violence fails. A priest to whom I was speaking used the argument that a person was by natural right bound to defend himself. I asked him if he had a gun. Of course he hadn't. I have used this spiritual method of goodwill (and good humour) before individual vigilantes and crowds bent on my destruction. The Associated Press told in 1936 of two men who held up a small restaurant one night in Bloomington, Ill. A man and his daughter ran the restaurant; the girl asked the robbers why they took the money. They replied that they were hungry. She asked them to sit down

and eat; "And you will call the cops," they said. She replied that they were sitting between her and the telephone, and she proceeded to feed them. They whispered together and handed her back the money. The rights of the restaurant keepers were invaded and if they had screamed and called the police or wielded a carving knife it is likely they would have been killed by the robbers. In this case "your money and your life". More recently a follower of Father Divine ran a filling station in Philadelphia. Robbers came after him with guns and his only answer was, "Peace brother! Peace brother!" The robbers ran away frightened.

Furthermore, at the same time as we overcome the violence of the invader by goodwill we are building up that morale which is necessary for our ideal anarchist society.

Phoenix, Arizona. AMMON HENNACY.
June 17.

The Environment of Freedom

IN his article "The environment of freedom" Holley Cantine suggests that the "naturalists" are at fault in regarding man as chiefly animal whose appetites take precedence over all else. Whilst it seems to me that any society which satisfies the material and psycho-physiological needs of man must, (by definition) be a free society, Holley Cantine thinks that it must do more than this; he assumes that a truly free society must be one which also cultivates an outlook that values freedom for itself as a specifically human need.

Yet the need for freedom is not a specifically human quality. Only a small percentage of wild animals deprived of freedom will breed—indeed it is doubtful if wild animals breed at all in captivity (see *New Biology*, No. 13)*

Perhaps awareness of the need for freedom is specifically human, but one does not make a free society by cultivating an outlook that values freedom for itself any more than one lifts oneself by pulling on one's shoe laces.

e.g. Holley Cantine thinks that creative ability and intellectual curiosity are the qualities which differentiate man most sharply from other animals and therefore in the encouragement of these qualities is found the environment of freedom. Yet if one can encourage these qualities at all (which I doubt—I suspect one may only blunt them) it will be by providing the environment which satisfies the material and psycho-physiological needs of man. The environment of freedom, Holley Cantine's cart, is in front of his horse.

The Trobriand Islanders seem to have a free environment. The Dobuans, who Cantine mentions, do not. They live in fear of starvation and have a wholly dissimilar culture—even their sexual institutions are dissimilar (see Ruth Benedict's *Patterns of Culture*).

Of course as Holley Cantine says, "It cannot be assumed that primitivity and the satisfaction of certain biological and psychological needs guarantee a stable and harmonious existence, that is resistant to authoritarianism." But then resistance to authoritarianism, I take him to mean power, has nothing to do with the environment of Freedom.

Sweden, June 20. REX.

*It think it was N.B. No. 13 but it may be 14.

Reich and the Junk Box

EDWIN PEEKE states, in his reply to previous correspondence in the issue of June 13th, that:

"The question was settled once and for all when Michelson and Morley carried out their famous experiment, which demonstrated that where the ether should have been there was nothing at all. So the 'ether' went into the junk-box along with 'God', 'the soul', 'the Absolute', and the other metaphysical rubbish that men have discarded."

May I refer readers of FREEDOM to a relevant passage in the works of Reich, who has, I believe, something more valuable to offer than Mr. Peeke's opinion:

In his *Ether God and Devil*, on page 111, Reich writes: "It is not our objective here to prove the existence of an all pervading ether; neither is it intended to prove the identity of the cosmic orgone energy and the postulated ether. All that is to be established at this point is the fact that there exists an all pervading observable and demonstrable energy; . . ." "The time in which cosmic orgone functions have been studied is very short. It comprises not more than a decade. However, all observations within this short period have led to the following conclusions: "

"There is no such thing as 'Empty Space'. There exists no 'Vacuum'. Space reveals definite physical qualities: these qualities can be observed and demonstrated; some can be reproduced experimentally and controlled. It is a well-defined energy which is responsible for the physical qualities of space. This energy has been termed "Cosmic Orgone Energy."

And after some general points:

"4. The NEGATIVE result of the

Michelson-Morley experiment, which was designed to demonstrate the ether, must be comprehended.

The premises which led to the performance of the Michelson-Morley experiment rest on wrong assumptions . . .

(a) One of the premises of the Michelson experiment was the assumption that the ether is at rest; the earth, accordingly, moves through a stationary ether. This assumption is clearly proven wrong by observation of the atmospheric orgone: . . .

"(b) Orgonomic observations make it essential to separate, within the function of 'LIGHT', the 'LUMINATION' from the 'EXCITATION' which is propagated through space with the 'SPEED OF LIGHT'. LIGHT accordingly, does not move at all but is a local effect of orgone lumination. Thus the second premise of the Michelson experiment becomes invalid, if one accepts—as one is forced to do—the clear cut orgonomic observations in nature. I refer here to the orgonomic lumination effect in high vacuum, to the phenomena of the 'dawn', to the aurora borealis, to the corona of the sun, the luminating ring of Saturn, etc. If 'light' is due to local orgone lumination and does not 'travel through space' at all, it is quite understandable that in the Michelson experiment no phase difference could be observed in the light beams which were 'sent' in the direction of the ether 'drag' and perpendicular to it."

The above quotation was published in 1949 and for fuller information on the subject W. Reich's *Cosmic Superimposition*, 1951, ought to be consulted. All Reich's work is published by The Orgone Institute Press, Rangeley, Maine, U.S.A. Nottingham, June 12. PAUL RITTER.

Unskilled Workers and the Differential

AT the annual conference of the Municipal and General Workers' Union at Blackpool last week, an attack was made on the decision of the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions to press for a wage increase of 15% all round.

The Municipal and General Workers' have about 150,000 of their members in Engineering, mainly as unskilled workers, and their complaint is that the percentage increase will tend to widen the gap between the pay of the skilled worker and that of the unskilled.

This in fact is precisely the aim of the Engineers and it was put forward at their conference earlier this year that the time had come to bring back the differentials which had tended to lessen during recent years.

The M. & G.W.U. therefore have a point when they show that if the engineers' claim goes through it will be the already higher-paid worker who will benefit most, while the lower-paid man or woman, who needs in fact a bigger raise, who will get least. A skilled man will get an increase of £1, an unskilled man 17s. 6d., and a woman 12s. 6d.

Cause of Disunity

These unions, however, in drawing attention to the sectional interests of their members, do not point to the important reason for opposing the differentials—which is that they are a constant

source of disunity and friction among the workers.

Differing wage rates creates "levels" among the workers themselves; they foster resentments and grievances and operate against the solidarity which is the most essential factor in the class struggle. While the class struggle does not take any very conscious form it may be said that the considerations are not very important, but in fact the barriers to solidarity as represented by such things as wage differentials are barriers against the emergence of the class struggle itself.

The only real solution to the grievances arising from the differentials is one which the union officials will certainly not propose. This is the abolition of the wage system altogether, through the taking over by the productive workers of the means of production. But since this would also entail the abolition of the wage bargaining institutions which give such powerful and privileged positions to union leaders, it is not surprising if they do not think along these lines.

The workers themselves, however, should begin to realise that their interests do not lie in continual squabbling about wage rates, either with the boss or among themselves, but in uniting on industrial lines in order to take over industry and establish workers' control.

MEETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP

OPEN AIR MEETINGS
Weather Permitting
HYDE PARK
Sundays at 3.30 p.m.

TOWER HILL
Tuesdays at 12.30 p.m.

INDOOR MEETINGS
At 9, Fitzroy Square, Warren Street,
London, W.1.

JULY 7—Tony Weaver on
PONDS—A HOME FOR
DELINQUENTS

The meetings will be held on TUESDAYS
at 7.30 p.m.

NORTH-EAST LONDON

DISCUSSION MEETINGS
IN EAST HAM
Alternate Wednesdays
at 7.30 p.m.

JULY 1—E. Priddy
THE FILM CRITIC v. BOX OFFICE
JULY 15—General Discussion
THE GROUP & THE INDIVIDUAL

BRADFORD
OPEN-AIR MEETINGS
Broadway Car Park.
Sundays, 8.30 p.m.

GLASGOW

OUTDOOR MEETINGS
from now until further notice
at
MAXWELL STREET.
Sundays at 7 p.m.
With John Gaffney, & others

MANCHESTER LIBERTARIAN GROUP

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FREEDOM PRESS
27 Red Lion Street
London, W.C.1 England
Tel.: Chancery 8364