

WHY?

A Bulletin of
Free Inquiry

Vol. III, No. 2 June-July, 1944

THE CESSPOOL OF LAW

"So it must be quite clearly pointed out in beginning that the country is being rapidly plunged not into anarchy at all, but into the cesspool of law and enactment. Cesspool is the exact word to be used, for in a cesspool no freedom of movement is possible, it being filled with stagnancy and filth." Anarchism and Democracy by John Wakeman.

Title I, Sec. 2 (a) It shall be unlawful for any person—

(1) to knowingly or willfully advocate, abet, advise or teach the duty, necessity, desirability or propriety of overthrowing or destroying any government in the United States by force or violence, or by assassination of any officer of any such government.

(2) with the intent to cause the overthrow or destruction of any government in the United States, to print, publish, edit, issue, circulate, sell, distribute or publicly display any written or printed matter advocating, advising or teaching the duty, necessity, desirability or propriety of overthrowing or destroying any government in the United States by force.

Title 1, Sec. 3. It shall be unlawful for any person to attempt to commit, or to conspire to commit, any of the acts prohibited by the provisions of this title.

Title 1, Sec. 5 (a). Any person who violates any of the provisions of this title shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined not more than \$10,000 or imprisoned for not more than ten years, or both.

(Alien Registration Act of 1940. Reprinted from the United States Statutes at Large — Vol. 54, Pt. I.)

The march toward total regimentation receives added impetus by the passage of the above law. For under its terms the United States government does not need to wait for an overt act, but can penalize an individual for holding and publicising an **opinion** which might someday lead to an overt act. While the government quietly continues to enact more and more laws, rules and regulations which encroach on the right of the people, the demagogues and the politicians rave and rant with their slogans of "freedom" and the "era of the common man."

The implications of this law lay the legal foundation for serious reprisals against any individual

who dares to disagree with the almighty State. Yet it has received little publicity and is not even placed on the statutes as an independent measure. It is but one part of the Alien Registration Act. Even more serious is the fact that the government has already been able to obtain a conviction under the provisions of this act. The case (Minnesota Case) has been before the federal courts for over three years and it has aroused but slight interest, and that only in the more "liberal" press. It is a rather sad commentary but nonetheless true, that millions are fighting for democracy in strange lands, while democracy is being strangled at home. We think it valuable to review the issues in the Minnesota Case.

The Dunne boys were the children of Irish immigrants. Like many boys in their position, they soon had to get out into the world and work. The boys drifted into the I.W.W. in its hectic days. They became Marxists and soon began to move in that segment of the labor movement imbued with the marxian ideas. The boys were adept organizers and in a short while became powerful forces in the labor movement in and about Minneapolis. The boys, with the exception of one, Bill, are followers of Trotsky and members of the Socialist Labor Party. But it was as union organizers that they excelled. They controlled the Truck Drivers Union, Local 544, and by using the truck drivers to assist other workers in time of strike and strife, they were able to extend their control into other unions, such as the builders unions etc. About the fall of 1941 they seceded from the A.F. of L. and proceeded to join the C.I.O. This was a blow to Dan Tobin, chief of the Teamsters union. Infuriated he sent the following telegram to President Roosevelt: "The withdrawal from the International Union by the Truck-Drivers Union Local 544, is indeed a regrettable and dangerous condition ...

The officers of this local union . . . were requested to disassociate themselves from the radical Trotsky organization. We feel that while our country is in a dangerous position, those disturbers who believe in the policies of foreign, radical government must be in some way prevented from pursuing this dangerous course."

A short while later Attorney-General Biddle instituted proceedings against the Dunne boys and twenty-one other members of the Socialist Labor Party and Local 544. The charge was sedition. They were charged with advocating the overthrow of the government by violence and force and with believing in revolution. The charges were based on the Alien Registration Act of 1940, the sections quoted above. In December of 1941, eighteen of the men were found guilty and sentenced to jail for terms of various length. The convictions were upheld in the Appellate Courts. Recently the case was carried to the Supreme Court in Washington. The behavior of the court in this case was cowardly and hypocritical. By using one of its many legal tricks the Supreme Court refused to pass on the constitutionality of the law. Thus, the convictions upheld by the Appellate court stand, and the opinion of this court forms the precedent for future cases. In reality the action of the Supreme Court makes both the convictions and the law "legal."

We hold no special brief for these men either as labor leaders or as Trotskyites. But it is our sincere conviction that the arrest and jailing of these men for their opinions rather than for their actions is a serious blow to the basic rights of human beings.

Firstly, because there is evidence that the federal courts were used as a political tool in a factional struggle between the Local 544 and Dan Tobin. Secondly, because the conviction of these men is based on a law that destroys the right of personal opinion and expression and strengthens governmental control over the people.

The case establishes a dangerous precedent which threatens every libertarian thinker. It is preparing the ground for reactionary measures against anyone who fights for real freedom and equality. Out of this law may come the legal basis for mass arrests, deportations and persecutions as in the "red scare" of 1917.

And yet the schools, the press and the radio still go into long spiels of ecstasy over the glorious American traditions of civil liberty. But today's version of democracy has wandered miles away from the liberal traditions of its founders, who,

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THE GREAT

Recently the "Saturday Evening Post" published a series of articles by Forrest Davis, (mouth-piece of the White House) entitled "What Really Happened at Teheran." According to Mr. Davis, the President "anticipated a great power age," and mapped out a scheme at Teheran which he called a "great design." The salient features of this design are the policing of the world after the peace and the maintenance of world order in the future; this to be accomplished by the military forces of the great powers with incidental help from smaller powers.

The President recognizes that "right of conquest is a valid method under international law". The great powers, Russia, U.S.A., and England and possibly China, would constitute a four-power alliance, each having exclusive power in its respective "area of interest". The plan calls for the continuance of military power, a large standing army, a seven ocean navy and all the accoutrements of power. Eighty percent of the human race (twenty percent of said race are already completely dominated by their rulers) would be absolutely enslaved and policed by the projected four-power alliance. In short, world affairs would be in the hands of a super-state, an international fascism, disguised as a "Council" or League of Nations projected by the great powers.

These individuals, Churchill, Stalin and Roosevelt sit in solemn conclave in Teheran and then decide the fate of mankind. This fact alone, irrespective of any decisions made by them, is proof positive that fascism has come of age. By what right and with whose consent do they take upon themselves so to act? Did Stalin consult Russia's teeming millions or did Churchill or Roosevelt consult their respective countrymen? Is this the voice of the people? The answer is, no! The colonial peoples, the people of the smaller nations have not been consulted. What is the source of this power if not the absolute, authoritarian state which, possessing armed power and controlling social life, is erecting the foundations of a new streamlined tyranny.

The liberal world, the social-democrats and other alleged progressives are deploring the course of events. Dorothy Thompson declares that the President is heading us towards the greatest disillusionment of all times—on the road to imperialism. Edgar Ansel Mowrer declared that the "Great

DESIGN

Design" is nationalistic, imperialist, and immoral. The New Leader, organ of right-wing social-democracy, writes in a similar strain. Without casting aspersions on the good intentions of the above-mentioned gentry, we must say that they have no constructive alternatives to offer.

As authoritarian socialists and followers of Marx, they saw nothing wrong in such seemingly progressive measures as N.R.A., W.P.A., Social Security, National Labor Relations Act, No Strike Pledge, etc. They even fell all over each other in the rush for jobs in the new bureaucracy. They used all their influence to make statism palatable to the unsuspecting people whose confidence they possessed. They rendered invaluable aid to fascism by creating the new type of government controlled labor union. What applies to our domestic "Saviors" applies with equal force to the British Labor and Progressive movements. Aware of the dangers implicit in world dictatorship, they have no solution save a form of world rule in which they would have the power. They do not object to dictatorship as long as they are in the saddle.

The peoples of Europe, enslaved and suffering under the fascist heel for four years, the soldiers of all nations who are bleeding and dying to "preserve freedom", the millions who have been called upon to wage war for a better world, expected that this war, like the others, would be the last. They expected a "Brave New World based on the Four Freedoms". They find that they are faced with the same problems, multiplied and intensified. Already, the sinister game of power politics is under way, is leading them on the road to death. New wars for the new generations are germinating out of the blood spilled in this one. The intentions of the master class are well known. Mr. Churchill does not propose to "preside over the dissolution of the British Empire." Mr. Stalin is taking steps to extend the power of Russia throughout eastern Europe and China. The U.S.A. does not intend to relinquish hegemony over the western hemisphere and such outlying bases as are necessary to extend aerial power. The masses find themselves under the domination of a new form of tyranny and are looking for a way out. The utter fallacy of the concept of centralized power in the hands of an omnipotent state is gradually becoming evident to all those who do any thinking.

The war will be over and the peace will be lost.

None but the most uninformed pessimists will, in the light of the history of man's struggle for freedom, say that all is lost, that men will not revolt again. The disinherited and disillusioned masses have not yet spoken. The plans of the ruling powers cannot materialize if the soldiers and civilians refuse to tolerate the erection of this international, monstrous, super-state. Already, the people in the "liberated" areas are protesting against the high handed actions of their so-called liberators. The ruling class knows full well that they will have to deal with this discontent. Even now, they have deployed their military police force for just this possibility. This explains why the allied military governments are looking for and setting up puppet regimes, headed by a multitude of Darlans, Girauds, De Gaulles, Badoglio, King Peters and various governments in exile; all for one purpose: to crush revolution in the bud in Asia as well as in Continental Europe.

The disappointment of the returning soldiers must find expression. To them we offer no panaceas, no utopias. The road ahead is not a pleasant one, but, nevertheless, must be taken. It is the road of struggle against those institutions which have in all historic periods created and fostered war and exploitation, the state, the church, and private property. The time for compromise is past. The extremist state must be met by an equally determined and extremist anti-state revolutionary movement. The task of the revolutions of the twentieth century is nothing less than the overthrow of the state, of all forms of inequality, the establishment of a society based on the fullest freedom of action and revolutionary organization. All tendencies in this direction must be encouraged and supported. The war will not end until this ideal is realized.

CHARLES STORM

THE CESSPOOL OF LAW (Con't. from page 2) though men of government, did not hesitate to say "when any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the people to alter or abolish it." The Supreme Court, supposed guardian of liberty and civil liberty, actively participates in the destruction of all civil liberties. Representative Democracy is fine on paper and in the text books, but when it is transplanted into everyday life, it too succumbs to the malicious influence of economic and political power. Today it has become but an empty rhetorical form whose main purpose seems to be the perpetuation of the powers, privileges and interests of the ruling class.

A. D. ADAMS

THE TYRANTS' WAR

The progress of the democratic governments in their struggle against the Axis powers has followed a consistent and, by now, very clear pattern.

This pattern is based on two main lines: the ideological and the tactical.

The ideological line was easy to plan and easier to execute. Its purpose was to raise the fondest hopes of the people at home and abroad so that the total destruction of the Axis tyranny would pave the way to a new world order based on freedom, justice and the well-being for all men. It goes without saying that this was not hard to attain. Enslaved mankind is always open to the hope of a better world to live in. Fascism and Nazism, and Japanese militarism which was quick to jump on the bandwagon, are so hateful that the common people both at home and abroad, especially those who had fallen under their yoke, did not need much coaxing to rise and fight. Demagogues, rhetoricians, sincere democrats, liberals and anti-fascists had a real field-day. Ideals, hopes, promises, whether sincerely or cunningly expressed, found their way to the press, on the radio waves, from pulpit and forum, on an unprecedented basis of mass production. All that had been said on behalf of the virtues of democracy, from the eighteenth century down to our days, was brought to life again and given a new meaning. The hopes of mankind were inflamed anew, and, with hope came the will to fight and work and undergo any hardship in order to triumph over the dark forces of tyranny.

It was not so easy to convince the ruling classes of the world. Even in the democratic countries, the vested interests of capitalism had sympathized with fascism and laid great hopes upon it as the savior of their riches, their monopolies, their "divine" right to exploit and rule mankind.

But once the new anti-fascist orientation of their policies had been resolved upon by the high priests of British imperialism and American plutocracy, they could be, and were persuaded to follow camp by more solid arguments, i.e.: the concession of a firmer hold upon the machinery of state, bribes in the form of enormous profits, and, above all, the assurance that the privileges of capitalism would be safeguarded everywhere in the post-war world.

The tactical line was more involved.

Ideological preaching, to so many millions of people who had so many reasons to hate and fight fascism in all its forms, set in motion two forces of enormous proportions, which will certainly destroy both the Axis and fascism.

On one side, the so-called democratic governments were enabled to prepare for and wage on a world scale a war such as no man has ever seen before. The burdens of hard labor, restrictions, military service, human losses were accepted by the people almost without domestic opposition.

On the other side the resounding promises of those preachings gave new impetus to the general rebellion of the people conquered by the Axis. Nothing like it has ever been seen. From one end to the other of oppressed Europe, millions of men and women defied the might of nazidom at the time of its greatest military triumph, never giving it a moment of respite and finally undermining its power. The Italian people, by refusing to fight for Fascism, caused the first breach in the so called "steel axis". In Yugoslavia the nazis never succeeded to established their control. In France the popular revolt has been a forward uninterrupted march of fighting guerrillas, maquis, franc-tireurs and saboteurs. No less than eight million rebels are said to be in arms at this moment greatly impairing Hitler's hold on his "fortress Europe."

What will happen when, in the near future, since the western invasion has already started, these two forces, the military force of the United Nations and the revolutionary force of the popular underground meet, has undoubtedly been foremost among the problems considered by the democratic governments.

For, although they are fighting against the same military organization, it has from the beginning been evident that these two forces are pursuing different aims.

In fighting the Hitler war machine the peoples of occupied Europe are in fact fighting a social revolution. Not only because fascism and nazism were organized as a stern movement aiming at the violent suppression of revolution, but because in all fields of endeavor they identify themselves with the privileged classes waging a civil war against the common people. While fighting against the military police and political system of fascism, the European underground is fighting against all the

vested interests and old ruling castes who support it. And as fascism succumbs to the concomitant blows of internal revolt and external war, these interests and castes should, according to the popular wish and hopes, perish with it.

The governments of the United Nations, instead, are waging a purely military war. Their aim is to destroy Hitler's military machine, but not in any way to impair the old capitalistic social order, which they are sworn to uphold, defend and protect in every part of the world.

Their problem was, therefore, to take all possible advantage of the popular rebellion without leaving it a chance of success in its revolutionary aims.

This the Allied governments have done so far with success following a political plan which they justify in the name of expediency.

The plan was inaugurated in North Africa, was then put to work in Italy, and is now faithfully executed in France.

Here are its main features: while formally insisting on "unconditional surrender" by the fascists, the Allies are always open to overtures and dealings with them and to recognize them as the lawful rulers of the vanquished countries over which they rule. Admiral Darlan, a slimy Vichy puppet of the Nazis, was accepted as the ruler in North Africa. The fascist King and his Badoglio were accepted as the legitimate rulers of "surrendered" Italy. In Bayeux, on the Norman beach-head in France, the pro' nazi Vichy police were used by the Allied commander of the place, "to disarm the French Underground, upon whom, — as Edgar Ansel Mowrer reported in the 'Post,' June 17 — in the rest of still unliberated France, we are counting for active assistance". This means that the Allies fight against the nazis and fascists who are on the other side of the fighting line, but work side by side with them as soon as they find themselves on this side of that line.

As an expedient for saving the lives of our soldiers, this policy cannot be successful. It tends to discourage the underground, it cultivates the danger of the fifth column behind the United Nations lines, it foments suspicion and doubt about the good faith of the Allies — all of which will contribute to the prolongation of the struggle and the further destruction of human lives.

But no one will doubt its success as a means to combat the popular revolution of Fascism's victims. It insures the continuity of governmental

authority in the conquered lands to the extent of continuing fascist authority itself. It confirms the vested interests and classes in the enjoyment of their privileges and riches, no matter how secured — even if and in such cases as they were obtained by domestic or foreign pillage. Finally, it confines the enemies of fascism to the background, imposing upon them a second or a third edition of the fascist regime under Allied auspices.

The struggle to prevent the emergence of the de Gaulle antifascist movement in French North Africa is still going on. In Italy the anti-fascists were forced to swear allegiance to the fascist king in order to take part in the administration. Everywhere the paramount anxiety of the Allied rulers seems to be to retard as long as possible, and allow as niggardly as possible, the passage from the fascist system and personnel of government to a non-fascist regime.

It appears that the United Nations rulers fear the peoples of Europe much more than their fascist and nazi hangmen; fear the realization of their hopes of freedom and justice, for which they have fought valiantly and bled profusely, infinitely more than the savage slavery of nazi-fascism itself.

Thus, even before the first landings of Allied troops on French soil had started it appeared obvious that the ideological line had been completely repudiated by the tactical procedure of the "great democracies". A repudiation so complete and cynical that Churchill himself has long since proclaimed the utter decay of the ideological aspect of the war against the Axis.

Of course, no one believes that all the fascist and nazi sympathizers who more than ever prevail in the political, economic and military councils of the United Nations will succeed in saving fascism as a system of government, or any part of it. The peoples' revolution is on the march and it would take another war against the whole of Europe to stop it. Even if the Churchills, the Stalins and the Hulls of the "great democracies" were ready to wage it, it's more than doubtful that their respective nations would be willing to follow them.

But these delaying, insidious, utterly cynical tactics uncover the reactionary aims of their class policies, and the fathomless stupidity of those radicals who so forgot themselves as to place any sincere hope on them.

MAX SARTIN

A New Prison

A SHORT STORY

The bombing had stopped. It could mean only one thing... freedom would soon be theirs. Hadn't the fascist toadies—G., the pompous chief, J., the mousy guard, even Dr. V., the prison physician—hadn't they all fled almost as soon as the planes came over? Through the bars, on the stark stretches of field surrounded by their barbed wire horizon, they had watched the swooping shadows of the Allied bombers. The Nazis had taken over after the others had fled, manning the machine guns upward this time, but the bombing kept up... thunderously loud... though not loud enough to drown out the cheers of the prisoners. A whole wing of the prison had been battered to a smoking ruin. About twenty had been trapped, but their joyous yells didn't die down one whit. Not even the curses and threats of the German commandant who waddled about, followed by his cowed orderlies, could stop them. They cheered every bomb and rattled the bars until they were hoarse and tired. Now it was growing dark. The bombing had stopped. Soon they'd be free. Yes, without a doubt, free...

"Free!" The word tasted good in his mouth. Nicolò rolled it on his dry lips again. His eyes lighted up, glistening as the moonbeams slanted into the cell. It would have been unbelievable a month ago, miraculous the year before; now, however, it was stubbornly true. It must be true, for in his enthusiasm, he had forgotten all about his ever-present hunger. The numbing pit in his belly now gave him the feeling of an ascetic... a Saint about to have a chat with God. This was funny coming from him. Him—a revolutionist, an anarchist! As if there weren't enough Saints now to snatch the pennies of the poor for the Pope's coffers. Nicolò laughed gleefully, almost hysterically, rousing L. from his corner.

"Gone crazy, you anarchist ox!" L. spat. The bright moonlight made him screw his eyes.

"Listen, L., do you hear?"

"Hear what!" blurted the other. "I don't hear one damned thing!"

"That's what I mean. The bombing has stopped. There are no more planes, but the German guns were silent first."

"It's a wonder we still have our own guts," said L.

"But don't you see, L.? It means the Germans have left. They've fled like G., Dr. V. and the others."

"Your brains have begun to rot," said L. He tweaked his nose with his fingers. "I can smell the stink already."

"You'd know what's up, too, if you stopped wasting time with insults," Nicolò smiled. His face wasn't used to smiling and it looked strange. "Well, you just listen and watch!" Nicolò strode to the cell-door and peered out. "Hello out there!" he yelled. "Hey, Fritz! Where are you? Open up! Let us free!" His screeches echoed against the walls and down the corridors, followed by the rattling din of the door as he kicked hard with his tattered shoes. His toes stung with pain. It was mixed with joy, though, for the pain pierced through the remaining apathy of all those prison years. He was in front of L., now, grinning down at him.

A curse was ready on L's lips, but he was silent. The prison was quiet. It was as though many men were listening.

Suddenly, then, L. jumped up and shoved Nicolò aside as he rushed to the door. "Open up!" he shouted. "Bitches of the devil, open up!"

Nicolò's heart twitched as he panted heavily, watching and listening. Others took up the frantic cry. "Open up! Let us free! Open up!" They rattled the bars and kicked at the doors. "Open up! Open up! Let us free! Open up!" Nicolò's mind was throbbing with a thousand images. He saw his wife, eyes sparkling, her arms stretched out... his daughter, now tall and beautiful... and the sky, blue and free without a barbed wire horizon...

* * *

The cells remained locked that night. In his corner, Nicolò lay awake listening and wondering what was going on. Almost a whole day had passed since he had last eaten. Even the taste of his saliva would have felt good, but his mouth was too parched. He wouldn't give it a thought, though, if only he could tell what was happening outside in the dark. L. had gone to sleep hoarse and tired but still able to curse the uselessness of his cries. Nicolò listened to L.'s healthy snoring until it seemed to become part of the silence, too. It was a ponderous silence that only made sharper the occasional sounds he heard of motors stopping, strange voices and marching footsteps. If only he could tell what was going on...

Nicolò was thinking of this when some of the footsteps began to get louder. It seemed as if someone was coming. The sounds were about ten yards

away. They didn't come any closer. Now the footsteps were evenly paced, moving across until a shadow flickered through the cell. Nicolo eyed it a second, and by the time it passed he was at the window of the cell, steeped in moonlight, looking out at the first of the liberators.

A boy, but tall and strong-shouldered, was pacing down the blocks of cells, his bayoneted rifle gleaming behind him. His evenly paced steps took him quickly to the end of the row where he executed a turn and started back. Nicolo could see he was young and very tired, too, as if he had been marching all day. Now as he came near Nicolo started to call in hoarse voice. "Soldier! American!"

The soldier looked up, his gaze first taking in the moonlit field and then closely, the block of cells.

"American!" Nicolo waved frantically. The soldier turned in his direction. "American!" he called again. The soldier had seen him. He was coming, his footsteps still evenly paced.

Nicolo strained himself against the window bars. "Welcome, American! We knew you were coming. We were waiting for you. Can you open up now?" The boy was shaking his head as if he didn't understand. "American!" Nicolo repeated. "Can you open up now?" Still he shook his head. That was it... he didn't understand the language. Nicolo pointed to his own mouth to show the soldier he knew.

Immediately, the other's eyes lighted up. He smiled knowingly, then fumbled in a pocket for something. Before Nicolo knew what was happening, the soldier had reached up and popped a cigarette in his mouth. He was lighting it with a steady hand. That was what they all wanted. It was enough to make them as happy as a kid with an ice cream cone. Just an American cigarette...

* * *

They were filing down the corridor to the office of the new prison head, a Colonel H., according to the soldiers. Walking beside Nicolo was L., puffing on the cigarette he had given him. L. had two other smokes in his pocket, which he had wheedled from the Americans when they came at dawn with a pan of soap and water. They were supposed to clean themselves, but Nicolo drank his share and washed in L.'s after trading him the cigarette.

Impatience and curiosity were still gnawing at Nicolo's mind. The only information they had gotten from the American was that they would have something to eat after seeing Colon H. Word had been passed along the line of prisoners that Dr.

V. was back. He had been seen chatting amiably with some American officers. It seemed unbelievable. Though Dr. V. was not exactly a fascist, he had worked with them and fawned on their favor. Nicolo had never hidden his loathing for the man. What could it mean?

The American up front motioned them to stop. They were there. A soldier entered the office. Meanwhile, they milled around the corridor, but each was too curious and impatient to talk to his neighbor. All eyes were on the office door. L., though, was asking one of the Americans for a cigarette. He had snuffed the cigarette he was smoking and put it into his pocket with the others.

An officer came out, followed by the soldier who had gone in. The officer looked them over, then spoke with a well-bred accent: "Men, this will take some time. You may sit against the wall while waiting and you may smoke if you want to. But, remember, there must be quiet. The first man Colonel H. will see is A. Who is A.?"

A. came forward. He was a frightened little man. Few knew that he had once been a senator. That was a long time ago in the days when there was more than one legal party. Now A. was trembling. The years in prison had dazed his mind more than the others until he knew just fear. A soldier had to take him by the arm and guide him into the office. The door closed after them and the officer who had spoken. But someone had caught a fleeting glimpse of the inside. Dr. V. was there.

Their waiting minutes crawled by. They sat slumped against the walls on both sides of the corridor, speaking little, but watching the door intently. A. had come out, his expression not as terror-stricken as before. In fact, he had looked relieved. A soldier was at his arm and had guided him down the corridor. Someone said A. was going home, but it was whispered, too, they were taking him to an asylum.

The officer, who had spoken before, came out, called another name, and the door closed again. So the time crept on alphabetically, methodically. Each of the prisoners spent almost the same time in the office; some a little less, some more, but the same on the whole. Nicolo measured the minutes, wondered and watched each face coming out of the door... some smiling, some grim, others sad and some with no look of emotion at all. Those who smiled were invariably led away down the corridor by the Americans. The others stood some distance away, waiting in double-file, tight lipped. Several brusque looking soldiers saw to it that they kept in line.

The rumour went around that these prisoners

had been classified as criminals. It seemed that was why the colonel was seeing the prisoners. He was fitting them into two categories: criminal prisoners and the political ones. But this wasn't always true, Nicolo noticed. C. was with the criminals, for example, and E., too. Everyone knew they had been framed by the fascists and sent to the prison because they were radicals. And now they were classified as "criminals." What could it mean?

Bored by the waiting, L. had started to light one of his precious cigarettes when the officer came out again. "J.!" he called. "Nicolo J.!"

Colonel H. looked up from the sheaf of papers on his desk as Nicolo entered. His eyes seemed tired, but as they studied the new prisoner they became sharper. "J.?" the colonel asked, speaking the language like a professor, and Nicolo felt that was what he must have been in civilian life. "Your name is J.?"

Nicolo eyed the room from side to side. Dr. V. sat at the arm of the colonel, scowling through his thick glasses. At the other side stood the officer who had called him. Then he spoke: "Yes, I'm J."

The colonel gazed at his papers. "What do you know of the bombing of Police Headquarters at Rome, August 10, 1926?"

Dr. V. turned to the colonel. "A dangerous one!" he snapped.

So that was it, Nicolo thought. He was being fitted into one of the categories, and the fascist prison records marked him as a "criminal." That was why E. and C. looked so grim when they came out. They were considered dangerous. But why? They had never had anything to do with fascism; like the anarchists and most revolutionaries, they had always fought it.

"Well?" The colonel was staring at him as if he was some adolescent pupil.

"What do you mean?" Nicolo asked.

The colonel leaned back in his chair and thrummed on his desk. "According to these records, you were sent here convicted of taking part in the bombing of Police Headquarters at Rome, August 10, 1926. Three were killed, including the head chief. Is this true?"

"They were fascists."

"They may have been. I just want to know whether it's true as we have reason to believe."

Nicolo looked at Dr. V. "That one worked with the fascists," he said.

"Can't you answer questions?"

But Nicolo's mind was busy with other questions... What did it all mean? Why were they drilling him? Why not Dr. V.?

The colonel nodded to the other officer. "Lieutenant, he seems to have lost his tongue. We haven't time for him. Take him back."

So, he was to be taken back to the cell along with C. and E., while Dr. V. sat there in the confidence of the Americans! What stupidity was the cause for this? He broke loose when the lieutenant tried to take him by the arm. He faced the colonel and panted heavily as he spoke: "I have nothing to hide. Yes, I took part in the bombing. They were fascists... like those that one worked with! I've never admitted it before. They wanted to know who the others were but they couldn't find out from me. Why shouldn't I tell you I was in it? They are your enemies, too. We killed them because they were fascist lice!"

The colonel leaned back and ran his fingers through his hair. "Calm down, J. No tempers, please. This is an everyday procedure that we continually meet up with. As for Dr. V. here, he's been very helpful in getting these records to us." He bent forward, his elbows on the desk, cracking his fingers. "I know all about you, J. You're an anarchist. You don't believe in government of any kind. You see, I know all about it." The lieutenant tried to take Nicolo by the arm again, but the colonel waved him aside. "In fact, I used to dabble with advanced ideas myself when I was younger. In a philosophical way, you understand. But you seem to have taken it all a bit more seriously, I should say. As you just explained, you took the law into your own hands and bombed a public building."

"They were fascists," Nicolo repeated. "Aren't you bombing them now?"

"It's different, J. Don't you see that? This is war. It's always with us and always will be, but it's run according to international law. War is different."

"The fascists are the same."

The colonel leaned back in his chair again. "That may be." He came forward. It was as if he was trying to explain things to himself. "Look, J., let me clear it up. Understand, I'm taking too much time here with you. But you're an intelligent man and appear to be a rather decent sort, after all." He dipped into a pocket and brought up a cigarette case. He popped one in his mouth and took a light from the lieutenant. "An American cigarette, J.?" Nicolo shook his head, but Dr. V. took one.

The colonel continued. "As I said, this is war. Our first job is to lick the enemy. Mind you, it's a tough job, takes most of our energy, and we've

(Continued on page 11)

TOWARDS ANARCHY

— From —
WAR COMMENTARY

I.

Thoughtful people no longer associate anarchism with cosmic chaos, individual lawlessness and contempt for social conventions. That such ideas still prevail with the general public is mainly due to political influences in popular education, which are continued in adult life through the national Press. The widespread ignorance of revolutionary history is thus understandable, but to-day the course of the war is exposing the moral bankruptcy of national statecraft and the venality of the Press, with the result that increasing numbers of people, in despair of party politics, are inclining sympathetically towards libertarian ideology.

This growing interest in anarchist ideas is very encouraging, because for years in this country anarchism has been a voice crying in the wilderness, unheeded by the masses whose cause it champions, and regarded by the socialist and trade union movements alike as utopian idealism. There is a danger, however, that this welcome tendency may be to some extent restricted in its movement if confusion exists regarding the social interpretation of anarchist philosophy. An attempt at clarification might therefore be justified, and to this end let us first clear our minds of what anarchism is not.

It is not utopian idealism. Certainly, if the concept of society without government be considered an ideal, then anarchism is idealistic; but anarchists do not assert a non-governmental society to be, necessarily, a perfect one. Perfection is a matter of the realisation of complete unity, and it may, or may not be attainable on the human plane. In any case it is a postulate of finality, and anarchists are concerned with living things, with social movement. Government is based on force, and since anarchists believe coercion and violence to be inimical to social interests, they oppose the State as the institutional expression of the intimidation underlying all authority. Now the State is generally supposed to be a necessary evil in a complex and highly organised community, where the anti-social tendencies of individuals must be restrained in the larger interests of the whole community. But anarchists hold this supposition to be inadmissible, claiming that anti-social action springs from political power, and increases in ratio to the force displayed. Their view is that political institutions are themselves dependent upon the creation of anti-social activity, and would decay and die if the

superstitious reverence for authority could be overcome.

Anarchism is not a code of ethics. The value of ethics is not denied, but anarchists do not seek to enforce the acceptance of any code. Rules of conduct in a free society are formulated by custom and become traditional by habit. They come into being and disappear according to usage value, and should be regulated by common sense and mutual interest. To attempt the imposition of a system of ethics, or a code of morality, upon people against their inclinations is harmful to social well-being, for it encourages a ritualistic superstition which destroys any meaning or value the code may intend. It is not possible to compel people to good behaviour. Refinement in manners leading to correct social conduct becomes accepted practice when experience teaches its practical wisdom.

Anarchism is not a political system. Politics is statecraft, the science of wielding power; the government of man over man. Anarchism works for the overthrow of political power and the abandonment of hierarchical control over the affairs of men.

Anarchism is not a speculative alternative to the capitalist economic system. To-day the tremendous potential of industrial technique renders the present acquisitive system moribund and inoperative. The times demand a method of economic organisation which can satisfy the needs of the world population and at the same time provide an opportunity for vocational expression. Anarchists maintain that such a need can be met only on the basis of free-co-operatives, or syndicates, organised for the common good. They advocate Syndicalism as a practical method of meeting the needs of an industrial society, but make no dogmatic assertions regarding its theoretical perfection; nor do they declare it is absolutely invulnerable to the corrupting influences of personal power-seeking. It is obvious, however, that by its decentralisation of control, and by its organisation of the network of industrial unions from the source, of economic production, Syndicalism will avoid the tendencies towards monopolies which centralisation involves. Naturally, the standard of economic prosperity Syndicalism would provide depends upon the degree to which it is animated by libertarian principles, and to the closeness with which it adheres to anarchist practices. There is no real difficulty about economic organisation, though many people

regard it as an insoluble problem. Even the present production and distribution facilities are capable of ensuring an adequate supply of manufactures. It is the contradictions and restrictions contained in the profit motive and in private ownership which to-day produce the hideous absurdity of poverty in the midst of plenty.

Anarchism is not a crack-brained scheme for the attainment of an abstract liberty. Liberty is not an unintelligible absolute, impossible of definition, but freedom from that which is felt to be an impediment to development. The aspiration for liberty always expresses the desire to be free from something, and freedom can be enjoyed only by the removal of a restriction which is recognised as an impediment. When, within this world of relativity, freedom is lauded as an absolute, having a value in itself as an abstract principle, it becomes as meaningless as Lord Halifax's Christianity, or the Churchill-Roosevelt Joint Declaration.

So we see that anarchism is not a social theory emanating from systemised brainwork, nor a doctrinal postulate of a formal social order, but rather a desire for free association manifesting itself throughout history in struggle against static authority. Thus anarchism is first and foremost a movement of revolt against governmental control; its purpose destructive of that overlordship. It cannot be called an ideal of society, but rather a tendency within social grouping, springing not from intellectual speculation, but from human nature itself. It expresses the fundamental law of life—to move, to grow, to develop.

ANARCHISM AND MAN

The nature of anarchism is then the nature of Man. The concept of anarchism is man living—free, mature and responsible. Nothing can endure in life which is contrary to nature, and no way of living can satisfy which is not an expression of natural evolution. Although it has been said that man is the measure of all things, a being separate and apart from nature, it is more true to say that he is but part of nature and subject therefore to the processes motivating all life. Anarchism seeks to understand this universe and man's identification with it, in order that social relationships might develop naturally and harmoniously. Anarchism indicates that the development of society in conformity with natural law means its integration with nature's unity, fulfillment within its

members, purpose and joy in social activity; but that defiance, or ignorance of natural law leads to futility, frustration and despair. Now being part of nature, man is conditioned by its function, but he is able to transcend mere reproduction by evaluating, or sublimating its processes. Nature is productive of life, but man is creative of values. Herein is the key to the nature of man and the purpose of anarchism. New values spring from the attachment of significance to phenomena; they are the products of intuitional perception, or we might say, the expression of a spiritual interpretation of related forms, and they cannot be restricted by traditional limitations. Thus for society to manifest increasing significance it must deepen its meaning by the constant erection of higher values in human relatedness, and this it cannot do unless within society man is free to express his creative nature.

To-day this creative impulse is impeded by authority seeking to defend the past, even to the contradictory point of self-destruction. Anarchism endeavours to remove the circumstances which frustrate creative activity, which bind men to unnatural and unprofitable pursuits. Recognising that men are everywhere enslaved to ideas and occupations foreign to their natures, anarchism seeks the root cause of such conditions and discovers it to be the principle and practice of authority, whose deadening control retards social progress and thwarts the desire for cultural expression. Anarchism, therefore, preaches revolt against authority, and calls upon mankind everywhere to break free; to repudiate governmental control and to substitute free co-operation.

AUTHORITY AND LIBERTY

All social issues narrow down to this conflict between authority and liberty. Let us be clear therefore that we understand the irreconcilable antagonism which exists between them. Authority we repeat means the government of man over man; the rule of force, the law of the jungle. There is no other kind of authority. No government, whether it be the domination of one man over another, or of the State over the people, which has not the power to enforce submission to its rule, can exercise authority.

(To be continued)

—FREDRICK LOHR

ANARCHIST CHRONICLE

Emma Goldman

July 19

June 27th was the 75th anniversary of the birth of Emma Goldman. This tireless revolutionist is much in our thoughts these days, for we remember her intrepid stand against the last war. Indeed we miss her sorely. We miss the courageous voice that always made itself heard on the people's side against suppression and exploitation.

On May 19th 1939, just a year before she died, Emma was interviewed by Douglas Macfarlane of the Windsor (Ont.) Star. We quote from that paper:

"I am opposed, and always have been, to imperialist wars. I went to prison in 1917 because I was . . . I shall always oppose war. War today is merely a scramble for power and loot, with the people paying the price, more so now than in 1914-18."

We feel sure that we would hear our comrade reiterate that stand were she with us today.

A NEW PRISON (Continued from page 8)

got to have law and order in the liberated spots while we're doing it. You don't like fascists. I say, good. If we let you free, though, perhaps you'll find you don't like us either. After all, it's war, and we have to resort to some makeshift policies, things you might not like." He leaned forward, studying J. "What's to stop you from bombing us—blowing up this very office?"

Nicolo didn't answer. It was too ridiculous. This pompous windbag before him wasn't fighting for anything. He was just fighting a war. It was a sport with the score totaled in corpses. All of a sudden his head felt faint and feverish, but he grit his teeth as the colonel concluded.

"So you see, we can't take any chances."

Se saw Dr. V. whisper something to the colonel. Nicolo was hot and tingling all over.

"You look ill," the colonel said. "Come now, don't take it to heart. As you see, I'm a reasonable man, but there's nothing to be done. Things aren't so bad, though. It will be different than before. I'll see that you have some privileges. Yes, it will be like a new prison." He turned to the lieutenant. "I think this will be enough for the morn-

Spain is in the news again. The bosses of Four Freedoms, Inc., have begun to talk openly of giving Dictator Franco a junior partnership in the firm—or, at least, a job as errand boy. The recent wolfram trade deal with the "Christian" gentleman and Churchill's bare-faced "kindly words for Spain" point the way.

Spain was in the news, too, on July 19, 1936. The significance of those headlines, though, were of a far different nature. The fascist generals, led by Franco, had started their counter-revolution against the libertarian striving of the Spanish people. While the so-called "popular front" government stood paralyzed, deliberating, the workers of Catalonia showed the world the only way to really stop fascism once and for all. Organizing themselves into a people's militia, controlled by their own independent organizations, they beat back the forces of reaction and made sure of the home front by uprooting all the hidden sinister elements of capitalism. In place of the reactionary system, the workers planted in Catalonia and other parts of Spain the seeds of a new free world. But that world died and Franco conquered because of Anglo-American sabotage, Stalinist duplicity, and, most important, the lack of solidarity from workers in other countries.

Spain will be in the news again. Franco's need for Allied buttressing proves his weakness. The butcher of Barcelona and Guernica couldn't jail and kill all the workers for freedom, couldn't murder their revolutionary will for a new free world. That world will come despite our double-faced State Department and Churchill's Tory tenacity. Let the workers of the world be ready to offer their solidarity. But to be ready means throwing off the bureaucratic parasites who bleed the unions, and ripping the nets of class collaboration. The way out is difficult, but the victory of Allied totalitarianism will be much harder . . . on wages, living standards and liberty.

ing." The colonel stood up and went to the window. "You go back and rest, J. Dr. V. will look in on you later . . . Yes, it will be a new prison."

The End.

W.O.C.

Dear Comrade:

It is the 13th of February, 1944... As I looked from my window on the dreary snow covered streets, a vision came before my eyes. A vision so horrible and frightening that my mind wandered across oceans and finally came to rest over there, where I spent the best years of my youth. Where I laughed and cried, worked and shed blood. Italy! War! The same yesterday as today. Italy, where the song of the birds is no longer heard; for the wise ones migrated and those that stayed were killed. I saw nights inundated with darkness. Nothing could be heard but the distant booming of cannon and chatter of machine guns. I saw nothing but skeletons all round me. The same yesterday as today! And all this in the name of the glory and for the honor of our Christian civilization, and in the name of the Four Freedoms: Freedom of Speech and of Religion, Freedom from Want and Fear.

I recall the World War I, in which I participated. I wasn't a spectator then. Oh no! I wore a uniform then. What a fool I was! Can I ever forget how stupid we all became when in the trenches. As soon as we put on uniforms we lose all trace of individuality. We become toys in the hands of our superiors. We have to move backward or forward to assault the enemy, even if we haven't the urge to kill. What if our courage fails when we stop to think that we may be killing our very own brothers? What if we think this killing is useless and pointless? What if... then we shall be killed instead, and there will be an end to all our "ifs".

All Wars are alike, be they scientific or otherwise. The soldiers become marionettes; the commander holds the strings. We are pulled to the right, to the left.

A will of your own? In War? Are you crazy, man? You must obey. Obey! There is no escape.

I hope that this wholesale slaughter number two is really the last. The people can't remain forever ignorant. They will not always bow their heads in obedience. Lincoln freed the slaves. Did he? Aren't we still slaves to order and oppression? Aren't we still being exploited? Oh think hard. Think.

We must fight for emancipation. We must.

After the storm the sun shines. It is a natural result. And so will it be with us once we free ourselves from the chains of ignorance and superstition, prejudice and religion, law and order.

After the debacle of government liberty will triumph! Liberty—the very essence of life!

SANTO VERDI

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT Vol. 3 Nos. 1 & 2

BALANCE 3/30/44 19.82
CONTRIBUTIONS:

NEW YORK: A.N. 2.50, H.B. .50 D.R. A.G., D.K. 7.50, G.G. 1, J.V. 2.50, N.B. 1, collected by C.B. 20.25, J.C. 1, collected by B.M. 44.25	
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CANADA: B. 1	1.00

TOTAL 285.07

EXPENDITURES:

P.O. Rent	4.00
Postage	30.00
Printing	183.75
Miscellaneous	1.35
	219.10

BALANCE 65.97

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