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# WORK & WAR

(CONTINUED FROM OUR PREVIOUS ISSUE)

THE EAST - WEST CONFLICT, WITH ITS PERMANENT THREAT OF WORLD DESTRUCTION, IS CERTAINLY NOT A CONFLICT CONCERNED WITH PRINCIPLES OR IDEOLOGY. EACH BLOC IS BENT ON THE FURTHERANCE OF ITS OWN SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC INTERESTS. THEIR LECTURES ON THE VIRTUES OF 'SOCIALISM' OR 'WESTERN VALUES' ARE JUST SUMMIT GIMMICKS.

Russia and the USA, who epitomize this struggle, represent the world's most developed economies. Just as monopoly once replaced 'free' capitalism, State-controlled economy has today replaced monopoly. Each succeeding decade has seen an increase in the concentration of capital. Two powerfully organized forces now dominate world economy. In the West, the so-called 'free' nations are not only utterly dependent, but also almost entirely subordinate to the American economy. In the East, Russia's domination of her allies is absolute. The 'great' powers collide because each seeks to ensure the requirements of its economy. Each finds it necessary to 'organize' and 'control' its particular sphere of influence. Each also seeks to achieve the ultimate objective: the establishment of world hegemony.

Each would prefer to achieve this end without the costly resort to nuclear war. Even the cynics who rule the two blocs recoil from such a method. Their conscious aim is to change the established balance of power, to win a new ally here, to neutralize an antagonist there, to strengthen their own bloc. The West pulls out hand-losing sheiks and presents them as democrats. The East discovers progressives in the persons of Nasser and Sukarno. Stalemate threatens to be the only outcome.

For many, this seems a 'solution', an answer to a total impasse. They hope that a finely balanced equilibrium will ensure that it is impossible for either of the two blocs openly to challenge the other. This apparent stability however

could itself lead to nuclear conflagration. Impatience, frustration and the apparent inability to solve the struggle peacefully could inspire the 'extremist' wings in both camps to seek a show-down. Neither the Western imperialists nor their Eastern contenders are complete masters of their own systems. The need for 'defence', the requirements of impressing both one's opponents and one's friends and of converting 'neutrals' to commitment means that an enormous military apparatus is necessary. In the complex technological society of today this has meant the creation of an 'elite' corps of military and scientific 'specialists'. The statesmen and politicians are becoming increasingly dependent on these people. These products of the increasing division of labour in exploiting society have developed an independence and power of their own.

Others seek a solution by taking sides. Social-democrats of all shades have thoroughly committed themselves to 'the defence of democracy'. In the harsh terms of contemporary reality this means accepting the possibility of 'preventive' war. And who can visualise this being waged without nuclear warheads?

The Stalinists and their fellow-travellers view Western H-bombs as weapons of mass genocide. Soviet H-bombs are meanwhile hailed as 'achievements of socialist science'. The 'conditional' and 'critical' defenders of Russia also advocate Soviet bombs. They must inevitably also accept the Kremlin's inviolable right to use them.

Both these attitudes discount the working class as an independent social force. Summits, military alliances and rocket-brandishing are seen as more 'practical' solutions to the

problem of war than the mobilisation and struggle of ordinary working people.

Fortunately the world does not consist of two hermetically sealed and internally homogeneous camps, each containing millions of people servilely following their own leaders. In each camp fundamental class divisions separate the ruling groups from the great mass of 'their' own people.

Armed with suitable quotations one could argue indefinitely whether Russia is or is not a class society. It would be a harder task to convince the average Russian or East European worker that he is master of his own society. In both East and West a small elite takes all the decisions: economic, political and social. Each strives to consolidate its rule and each of necessity strives to increase the division between ruler and ruled.

Vorkuta 1953, East Berlin 1953, Poznan and Hungary 1956, are all undeniable proof that massive working class opposition constantly confronts Russia's rulers. The colonial revolution, the struggles in Japan, the general strike in Belgium, ten million American negroes and a far from quiescent West European working class are constant reminders to Western imperialism of the fundamental conflict within its own ranks.

This basic and permanent conflict provides the alternative to nuclear annihilation and the only hope for humanity. What faces the working class is either total destruction or its own revolutionary self-assertion (i.e. socialism). Revolutionaries

# FRANCE: THE FARCE CONTINUES

On January 2, 1956 the French elections brought to power a 'socialist' government. Thousands of men and women saw no issue to what France's rulers were trying to do in Algeria, and elected those whose platform was peace. After the elections it suddenly proved necessary 'to restore order so as to make peace possible'. The majority in Parliament (Communist Party, Socialist Party, and a few 'left' bourgeois democrats) granted the government the full powers it demanded. In the spring of 1956, as a consequence of these powers, more and more young men were called up and drafted to Algeria, to 'pacify' the country.

A hitch developed. Workers, students and peasants understood they were being fooled. Huge demonstrations tried to prevent military trains from leaving the stations. Stones were thrown, stations occupied, and hundreds sat down on the railway lines. Riot police were kept busy. But the demonstrators were called 'fascist provocateurs' by the CP and the CGT. The great, united demonstrations were divided into small, 'dignified' marches. People were urged to sign petitions to be sent to the President of the Republic!!! Many demonstrators became demoralized. Trains were speeding down to Marseilles again. The 'pacification' continued.

From time to time, a young Communist would decide not to fight the Algerian people. He would write a polite letter to the President of the Republic asking not to be sent 'over there' but offering to serve in Ger-

many or elsewhere. He would be gaoled. The Party would then ask people to sign petitions... for his release. And so on.

Then came the great scandal. Soldiers came back from 'over there' with terrible news. A great shudder of shame ran down the spines of the do-gooders. People had been tortured in Algeria, tortured by French soldiers!.. This obviously required more petitions.

Then a fascist insurrection breaks out in Algiers: the Fourth Republic succumbed. It is no great distance from Colombey-les-deux-Eglises to Paris. De Gaulle, the Saviour, left His 'exile' and returned, bringing with Him His Fifth Republic. On September 28, 1958, 80 percent of the French electors accepted His Constitution. They gave Him regal powers. He knew. He would solve the problem. 'You know, he really agrees with the 'Left'. He will put an end to colonialism. Remember what he said in 1946?'. The Right proclaimed: 'Of course de Gaulle stands for 'Algerie Francaise', but he can't say so yet. He will support us'. No real opposition existed. The CP hoped de Gaulle would leave NATO...

He spent two years doing nothing, just talking: more and more words, more and more closely scrutinised and analysed. 'What exactly does He mean?'. All the political 'leaders' rushed to their dictionaries and grammar books... Ordinary people became increasingly apathetic or disgusted. A small minority understood that some form of action was needed. They resorted to desertion. In some cases they directly helped the

FLN. There was a big row. The CP did not hesitate. The Trotskyists had a faction fight but as usual lined up behind the Stalinists. This was 'petty bourgeois behaviour'. Lenin had never written a single word in favour of desertion. 'A militant must follow his class... to the tomb, if necessary. The formulae are sacrosanct.

The spontaneous struggle, however, contained a warning: the Youth was more and more fed up. Something was going to happen. An autonomous struggle might develop. Something had to be done. On October 27, 1960, the National Union of Students (UNEF) organized a great demonstration. Some steam was let off. The boiler would not explode for a while.

No real solidarity with the Algerians has ever been shown. The 'leaders' all speak of the interests of France. They protest that its 'elite' (the students) are obliged to waste their youth in Algeria. But what of the Youth itself? more and more are beginning to understand the profound meaning of the Algerian Revolution.

On January 8, 1961, more than 50 percent of the electors again 'supported' de Gaulle (only 70 percent voted, and 25 percent of these said NO). But more and more workers, peasants and students are beginning to awaken. They will not let de Gaulle hesitate much longer. He may try to create a 'Third Force' in Algeria, but won't succeed. The Algerian Revolution is total. The war will continue until total independence is won. In France a number of militants are trying to build the necessary organizations to unite the minorities determined to act. Together, workers and students will fight for the Independence of Algeria and the total success of the Algerian Revolution.

Michel PRADIER.

SONG : THE BLACK SHEEP

Tune: The black pig

Now my 'brother', name of Tony,  
(Through my sister's matrimony)  
Has gone and got himself a job  
Because my sister needs the money

Chorus

Oh! he starts it about nine...  
Forty five. He looks so fine  
As his boss stands there to greet him  
With the Press drawn up in line

Chorus

Now his mates they all adore him  
(Though they all get there before him)  
And they think he's quite a sweetie  
So the foreman clocks in for him

Chorus

There's a man there, Tony says,  
Who makes sure the business pays  
By performing with a stop watch  
Tony likes the way he plays

Chorus

Though the stop-watch man is nosey,  
Watching people work, he knows he  
Mustn't try it on with Tony  
Or he'll go and tell his Rosy

CHORUS

Did you ever saw  
Did you ever saw  
Did you ever saw  
Such a funny thing before.

Lizzie

## 'LIFT UP THINE EYES!'

The following article, written in 1930 by American author Sherwood Anderson lays bare the essential nature of exploiting society - the utter subordination of human beings to an alien will in the process of production.

Political 'sophisticates' will no doubt argue the superior merits of 'planned production' and 'state control' as opposed to the 'anarchy' of competitive capitalism. For such people Socialism has been drained of all human content and hence of all meaning. They are obsessed with the legal forms of property, as if these were the fundamental reality and not the social relations between men at the point of production.

What Anderson describes here are the relations of production prevailing in a class divided society. He bases his story on an American plant; but who can doubt that similar relations exist in the nationalised British coal mines or in the tractor factories of Stalingrad. Anderson's article points implicitly to the primary and most urgent task confronting the socialist revolution: the domination of the producer over the labour process, and the end to the degrading division between rulers and ruled.

It is a big assembly plant in a city of the Northwest. They assemble there the Bogel car. It is a car that sells in large numbers and at a low price. The parts are made in one great central plant and shipped to the places where they are to be assembled. There is little or no manufacturing done in the assembling plant itself. The parts come in. These great companies have learned to use the railroad cars for storage.

At the central plant everything is done to schedule. As soon as the parts are made they go into railroad cars. They are on their way to the assembling plants scattered all over the United States and they arrive on schedule.

The assembly plant assembles cars for a certain territory. A careful survey has been made. The territory can afford to buy so-and-so many cars per day.

'But suppose the people don't want the cars?'

'What has that to do with it?'

People, American people, no longer buy cars. They do not buy newspapers, books, foods, pictures, clothes. Things are sold to people now. If a territory can take so-and-so many Bogel cars, find men who can make them

take the cars. That is the way things are done now.

In the assembly plant everyone works 'on the belt'. This is a big steel conveyor, a kind of moving sidewalk, waist-high. It is a great river running down through the plant. Various tributary streams come into the main stream, the main belt. They bring tyres, they bring headlights, horns, bumpers for cars. They flow into the main stream. The main stream has its source at the freight cars where the parts are unloaded, and it flows to the other end of the factory and into other freight cars. The finished automobiles go into the freight cars at the delivery end of the belt. The assembly plant is a place of peculiar tension. You feel it when you go in. It never lets up. Men here work always on tension. There is no let-up to the tension. If you can't stand it, get out.

It is the belt. The belt is boss. It moves always forward. Now the chassis goes on the belt. A hoist lifts it up and places it just so. There is a man at each corner. The chassis is deposited on the belt and it begins to move. Not too rapid. There are things to be done.

How nicely everything is calculated. Scientific men have done this. They have watched men work. They have stood looking, watch in hand. There is care taken about everything. Look up. Lift up thine eyes. Hoists are bringing engines, bodies, wheels, fenders. These come out of side streams flowing into the main stream. They move at a pace very nicely calculated. They will arrive at the main stream at just a certain place at just a certain time.

In this shop there is no question of wages to be wrangled about. These men work but eight hours a day and are well paid. They are, almost without exception, young, strong men. It is, however, possible that eight hours a day in this place may be much longer than twelve or even sixteen hours in the old carelessly run plants.

They can get better pay here than at any other shop in town. Although I am a man wanting a good many minor comforts in life, I could live well enough on the wages made by the workers in this place. Sixty cents an hour to begin and then, after a probationary period of sixty days, if I can stand the pace, seventy cents or more.

To stand the pace is the real test. Special skill is not required. It is all perfectly timed, perfectly calculated. If you are a body upholsterer, so many tacks driven per second. Not too many. If a man hurries too much too many tacks drop on the floor. If a man gets too hurried he is not efficient. Let an expert take a month, two months to find out just how many tacks the average good man can drive per second.

There must be a certain standard maintained in the finished product. Remember that. It must pass inspection after inspection.

Do not crowd too hard. Crowd all you can. Keep crowding.

There are fifteen, twenty, thirty, perhaps fifty such assembly plants, all over the country, each serving its own section. Wires pass

back and forth daily. The central office - from which all the parts come at Jointville - is the nerve center. Wires come in and go out to Jointville. In so-and-so many hours Williamsburg, with so-and-so many men, produced so-and-so many cars.

Now Burkesville is ahead. It stays ahead. What is up at Burkesville? An expert flies there.

The man at Burkesville was a major in the army. He is the manager there. He is a cold, rather severe, rather formal man. He has found out something. He is a real Bogel man, an ideal Bogel man. There is no foolishness about him. He watches the belt. He does not say to himself, 'I am the boss here'. He knows the belt is boss.

He says there is a lot of foolishness talked about the belt. The experts are too expert, he says. He has found out that the belt can be made to move just a little faster than the experts say. He has tried it. He knows. Go and look for yourself. There are the men out there on the belt, swarming along the belt, each in his place. They are alright, aren't they? Can you see anything wrong?

Just a trifle more speed in each man. Shove the pace up just a little, not much. With the same number of men, in the same number of hours, six more cars a day.

That's the way a major gets to be a colonel, a colonel a general. Watch that fellow at Burkesville, the man with the military stride, the cold steady voice. He'll go far.

\* \* \*

Everything is nicely, perfectly calculated in all the Bogel assembling plants. There are white marks on the floor everywhere. Everything is immaculately clean. No-one smokes; no-one chews tobacco; no-one spits. There are white bands on the cement floor along which the men walk. As they work, sweepers follow them. Tacks dropped on the floor are at once swept up. You can tell by the sweepings in a plant where there is too much waste, too much carelessness. Sweep everything carefully and frequently. Weigh the sweepings. Have an expert examine the sweepings. Report to Jointville.

Jointville says: 'Too many upholsterers' tacks wasted in the plant at Port Smith. Belleville produced one hundred and eleven cars a day, with seven hundred and forty-nine men, wasting only nine hundred and six tacks.'

It is a good thing to go through the plant occasionally, pick out some man, working apparently just as the others are, fire him.

If he asks why, just say to him, 'You know'.

He'll know why alright. He'll imagine why.

The thing is to build up Jointville. This country needs a religion. You have got to build up the sense of a mysterious central thing, a thing working outside your knowledge.

Let the notion grow and grow that there is something superhuman at the core of all this.

Lift up thine eyes, lift up thine eyes.

The central office reaches down into your secret thoughts. It knows, it knows.

Jointville knows.

\* \* \*

Do not ask questions of Jointville. Keep up the pace.

Get the cars out.

Get the cars out.

Get the cars out.

The pace can be accelerated a little this year. The men have all got tuned into the old pace now.

Step it up a little, just a little.

\* \* \*

They have got a special policeman in the Bogel assembling plants. They have got a special doctor there. A man hurt his finger a little. It bleeds a little, a mere scratch. The doctor reaches down for him. The finger is fixed. Jointville wants no blood poisonings, no infections.

The doctor puts men who want jobs through a physical examination, as in the army. Try his nerve reactions. We want only the best men here, the youngest, the fastest.

Why not ?

We pay the best wages, don't we ?

The policeman in the plant has a special job. That's queer. It is like this: Now and then the big boss passes through. He selects a man off the belt.

'You're fired.'

'Why ?'

'You know.'

Now and then a man goes off his nut. He goes fantoed. He howls and shouts. He grabs up a hammer. A stream of crazy profanity comes from his lips.

There is Jointville. That is the central thing. That controls the belt. The belt controls me.

It moves. It moves. It moves.

I've tried to keep up. I tell you I've been keeping up.

Jointville is God. Jointville controls the belt. The belt is God. God has rejected me.

'You're fired.'

Sometimes a man, fired like that, goes nutty. He gets dangerous. A strong policeman on hand knocks him down, takes him out.

\* \* \*

You walk within certain definite white lines.

It is calculated that a man, rubbing down automobile bodies with pumice, makes thirty thousand and twenty-one arm strokes per day. The difference between thirty thousand and twenty-one, and twenty-eight thousand and four will tell a vital story of profits or loss at Jointville.

Do you think things are settled at Jointville, or at the assembling plants of the Bogel car scattered all over America? Do you think men know how fast the belt can be made to move, what the ultimate, the final pace will be, can be?

Certainly not.

There are experts studying the nerves of men, the movements of men. They are watching, watching. Calculations are always going on. The thing is to produce goods and more goods at less cost. Keep the standard up. Increase the pace a little.

Stop waste. Calculate everything.

\* \* \*

A man walking to and from his work between white lines saves steps. There is a tremendous science of lost motion, not perfectly calculated yet.

More goods at less cost.

Increase the pace.

Keep up the standards.

It is so you advance civilisation.

\* \* \* \* \*

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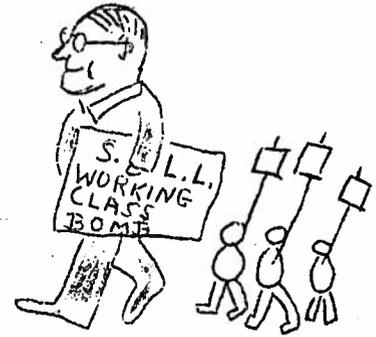
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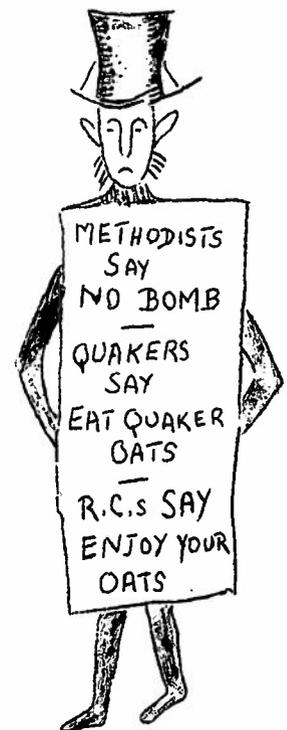
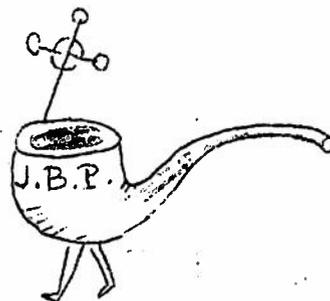
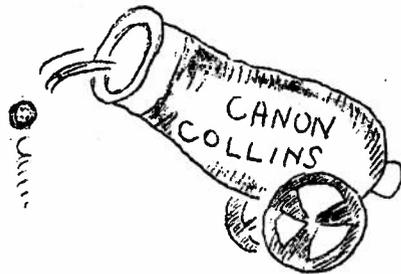
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AGITATOR aims to bring to its readers reports of real struggles, preferably in the words of the participants themselves. For this reason we are pleased to print this article on the Direct Action Committee by Laurens Otter.

Laurens has been an active member of CND and of DAC since their foundation. He has been in all their major demonstrations, lawful and otherwise. Last year he served a six month sentence in Brixton, Eastchurch and Stafford gaols for refusing to give the Southend magistrates' Court an undertaking not to join in any more demonstrations at rocket bases or nuclear sites. He had previously served sentences in Bedford gaol (for his part in the Harrington demonstration) and in Norwich gaol (for his part in Pickenham II).

We do not share comrade Otter's pacifist views but feel his record gives him an undisputed right to review the activities of the Direct Action Committee.



# STICK - IN - THE - MUD

A CRITIQUE OF DIRECT ACTION COMMITTEE

by L. OTTER

## ALDERMASTON FORECOURT, 1958.

If one excludes the token squat on the War Office steps, some years back, the first act of Civil Disobedience in Britain, against the Bomb, took place in the Aldermaston forecourt in the summer of 1958. At that time neither we nor the police had much practical idea of what we were doing. In many ways this action was the best guide to our mistakes.

We had been picketing the base for nine weeks, leafleting the workers who walked to work, came on local buses, cycled or drove in. We couldn't get at the base's own buses. We had also leafleted and canvassed the Establishment's housing settlements in the neighbourhood and spoken in various villages. A fairly general response had been: We can't understand all this. Tell you what, why don't you go and talk to the Director, he'll be able to answer your arguments'. We were blankly disbelieved when we said the Director wouldn't see us.

Various of us - including Will Warren and myself - made the mistake of arguing that 100 people would be necessary to obstruct the base, and that we shouldn't attempt to do so with less; we therefore agreed only to enter the forecourt, demanding to see the Director, and to stay there, if not arrested, for a week, from Monday morning to Saturday afternoon.

Dr. Soper agreed to come but did not attend the briefing meeting. On the Monday we waited at the gate - perhaps a little nervous, certainly tense, but equally elated - opposite an enormous police sergeant. Soper and a police Super both arrived four minutes late. They were unbriefed. We as usual were overbriefed. The inspector forbade us entry. Soper wanted to stop and argue and found himself arguing with Pat and April.\* The rest of us walked on unconcernedly. The police were somewhat mystified: they were used to violence or alternatively to cowed groups, but not to quiet indifference to their authority. Being overbriefed we only made for the inner gate, on the opposite side to the guard house, and stayed there, not blocking it. We hadn't expected to get so far. We ought to have entered the guard house and if unprevented walked straight through to the other side. Various high ranking police and security officers came and ordered us out of the court, talking of the full severities of the law, by which they meant ten years. After a while, when they found we wouldn't go, they magniloquently told us we could stay.

---

\* Pat Arrowsmith and April Carter.

We had expected to be on rather short commons. One of the group - Jim Petter - had disapproved of entering the forecourt, but was ready to aid us in doing so. He took over the feeding arrangements. We had worked out the absolute minimum necessary, short of fasting. We had reckoned without a crowd of supporters, who came waking us in the middle of the night... to feed us.

For nine weeks, the police outside had done their best to prevent us leafletting, by refusing to allow us within yards of the establishment. We had, on Committee instructions, gone to quite ridiculous lengths to obey. Now, after rain all day Tuesday, we had four days bright sunshine. We made free of the base, hanging our clothes up to dry and sunbathing.

At the end we should logically have come straight to London and continued the squat at the Atomic Energy Authority, as the Authority was responsible for the Director not seeing us. However we were over-organized. There was no room for spontaneity. Throughout the whole period there was an almost continuous battle between the Committee and the rest over group democracy. The Direct Action Committee could never have existed without Pat Arrowsmith, but since she has rather peculiar ideas about democracy, in time she came to limit its advance. At the time the 'democrats' made quite significant gains, subsequently all lost.

PICKENHAM I. Here the initiative was very much with the demonstrators. Many had by now a certain experience. The police had not yet got round to studying us. Despite the CID Inspector planted in our ranks we took them by surprise when we swung off the drive, crossed a low barbed wire roll, walked round the base to an open point at the back, crossing a further roll.

The workers on the base had been told by the authorities that we were violent thugs and that we had come to beat them up. Despite our prior leafletting, most of them believed this. Naturally they pitched into us. It was an hour or so before they realized that we were not resisting and that our numbers included a number of elderly ladies. One younger girl was dragged by her hair several yards. Two or three comrades had lorry wheels go over their legs - in the soft mud it didn't matter. Most were trampled in the mud. Two - one an artist - were nearly blinded by the concrete slush.

After some time we were hauled out, one by one, to the guard house, and from there ejected into the drive. Our CID plant tried to look realistic but not understanding non-violent resistance he put up a token struggle instead of going limp. It was so phony that it was obvious to us who he was. Had he been sympathetic with our aims but not our methods his struggle would have been more efficient. We were not very surprised when we met him again, some time later, in Court!

Next morning, when we entered again before work started, Colin Johnson was able to get into the concrete mixer, from where he could not be removed. He only came down when both shop stewards agreed to come and talk to us at the gate. This proved quite profitable.

PICKENHAM II. For the second Pickenham the authorities at last realized we were serious. They delayed our arrival by stopping the hired coaches coming from London and brought an incredible number of cops to carry us out of the base. Looking small and carrying the banner in front I was the first to be picked up. The police had announced they were going to carry us out of the base and arrest us when we returned. I was lucky mine were a fairly good natured couple of village cops. When they found I weighed  $11\frac{1}{2}$  stone they kept on putting me down for a rest and begging me to walk 'just one yard'. Others weren't so lucky and were dragged or bumped along, though it should be remembered that it is very hard to carry anyone when they are limp. One bod being dumped in a puddle put his head up only to have it pushed down again by a reporter for a photo. Mike Scott was carried by four police with a fifth trailing behind to carry his coat-tails... no photo of him being dumped in puddles!

HARRINGTON AND AFTER. This demonstration was a farce because it appeared stage-managed. It is customary for non-violent resisters (except in dictatorships) to inform the police before breaking the law. To some this is a matter of principle, to others of expediency.

'Direct Action' has to call for recruits fairly widely. We are therefore wide open to infiltration. To date we know of two police agents, one Empire Loyalist and one other. At Harrington and possibly at Finningley, the organizers allowed themselves to be influenced by police convenience, which is quite impermissible.

There had been from the beginning a debate as to how long one should remain limp! The Committee held that one should co-operate after arrest. Others said remain limp till in the police vans. Others yet said stay limp till in Court. One, Phil Cook, held that one should not co-operate at any time, till out of prison. Logically, I agree with this position but I don't know whether it would work in practice. Does it mean, for instance, defaecating in situ? If not, why not?

After Harrington this debate was given fresh impetus by Allen Lovel's Editorial report in Peace News. At Foulness we broke new ground by remaining limp after arrest. In Stafford we did finally agree that in future at least some degree of non-cooperation in gaol was necessary. This may be why Will Warren was dropped by the Direct Action Committee.

WHAT NEXT?

The recently set up Committee of a Hundred marks not so much a new departure for the 'Direct Action' as a step forward for the radical wing of CND. It will have to make its own mistakes and cannot be expected, at first at least, to do more than provide token obstruction on a large scale. The Committee are thinking for instance of paying any fines inflicted on them.

The Direct Action Committee was necessary to get CND youth this far. It is doubtful whether an organization of this type will prove capable of mobilizing the most radical section of the anti-war movement around the Committee of a Hundred for a further advance. This requires a more spontaneous and less bureaucratic organization and outlook and people ready to advocate and use much more thoroughgoing methods of non-cooperation.

\* \* \* \* \*

STOP PRESS:

CLAUSE FOUR OOZLUM BIRD RAPIDLY APPROACHING ULTIMATE TARGET!

Political ornithologists will be familiar with the strange behaviour of this rare bird whose favourite passtime seems to be to fly around in ever diminishing circles, eventually disappearing up....

We are strongly reminded of this feathered friend when we note what is happening to the Clause Four Policy Campaign.

Early last summer a conference attracted over seventy genuine people. Since then the movement has gone from weakness to weakness. Ernie Roberts failed to turn up to one well publicised meeting. Ian Mikardo to another. The working class to both. Workers seem to doubt that nationalisation is the answer to their problems. The Chosen Few continue their circuitous route towards total entry.

- A BIRD LOVER.

COMING SHORTLY:

WHAT NEXT FOR ENGINEERS?

'AGITATOR' Pamphlet No.3.

by KEN WELLER, A.E.U.

# FILMS

## 'SATURDAY NIGHT & SUNDAY MORNING'

Friday night, down tools, money to burn, something special for tea, and young Arthur Seaton tries to get some sparkling conversation out of his dad, sitting stupefied in front of the telly. Real people here, large as life, and real talk - twice as natural: 'I believe you, thousands wouldn't'. 'It's a good life if you don't weaken'.

Arthur is no room-at-the-top boy. He has a sound feeling of hostility for 'Them: the Bastards'. If they think he's going to work all the hours god made, they can go and get stuffed (knocks off for fag). The foreman calls him a communist; the neighbours predict he'll get a good rattling some day. At work he puts a dead rat on the bench of his women mates. He beds the foreman's wife and takes a pot-shot at the fat arse of the local noseyparker.

When he tells cousin Bert that 'there's more to life than Mum and Dad got' he doesn't mean stocks and shares. Arthur knows there's a fight going on, somewhere or other. He'll deal you out a couple of bloody noses before he's finished. We leave him vaguely throwing stones at a tin hoarding and promising more (stones) yet.

The film sequences themselves are non-committal, over-delighted, perhaps, at their own reality. If we experience anything beyond a yearning of the bowels it's through no fault

of the dialogue. With so much real talk it's difficult to hear ourselves think.

Sometime or other - Monday to Friday, for instance - we may care to think seriously about the increase of the personal feeling of revolt and the decrease of the revolutionary consciousness. Before long we'll all be throwing stones at Aunt Sal-lies - and feeling better in the morning.

Norma Meacock

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## LETTER TO READERS

We apologize for the delayed appearance of Agitator No.3. Other ventures have had effects on our limited resources. The first edition (500 copies) of our Renault pamphlet sold out. One particularly encouraging feature was the sale of 53 copies at the North London AEU Shop Stewards' quarterly meeting. Then the Fords Shop Stewards Committee ordered 150 copies. Orders also came from Renaults (Acton) and from several AEU branches. Friends and readers have also rallied. We have produced a further 300 copies and can still meet requests.

Spurred on by the success of the Renault pamphlet - and because we are convinced that British socialists are genuinely interested in the struggles of other workers - we produced a 'special' on the Belgian General Strike (in conjunction with the comrades of New Generation). One of our members recently spent a few days in Belgium, mainly in Brussels and Liege. He attended the big demonstrations, witnessed the clashes with the police and discussed with countless Belgian workers and socialists. The 'special', like the Renault pamphlet, aims at truthfully portraying events. Comment has been kept to a minimum. The pamphlet will disappoint those seeking an easy solution to the problem of working class power. But those interested in understanding a mass movement in all its richness and myriad complexities may find it useful. Sales so far have been brisk and orders have come from many parts of the country.

Agitator No.2 maintained the sales achieved by our first issue. A number of bookshops again sold out all their copies. No question here of it being thrust down peoples' throats! New subs over Xmas and a steady trickle since show that a number of readers are interested enough to send for the paper. More subscribers are needed. We ask comrades, particularly those in the provinces, to take out a sub and make sure they get regular copies. There have been criticisms... and compliments. Some readers want more theory - others like it short and snappy.

In a Labour movement where the sterile incantation of dated rites masquerades as theory we will attempt a serious discussion of contemporary capitalism. Some of our later articles will be somewhat longer. We assure readers that we shall make every attempt to present our views simply and pruned to the minimum of jargon.

Again, we ask for critical comments and helpful suggestions. Without the cooperation of our readers we shall not be able to produce a lively paper. Unlike some on the Left we are not the sole repositories of revolutionary wisdom. Nor, sad to say, do we harbour the embodiment of all experience!

B. P.

## IS YOUR MANAGER REALLY NECESSARY ?

The official ideologies of West and East are in basic agreement on at least one point: their idea of the perfect factory. At the top, the management with great authority and the power to make and impose all major decisions. At the bottom, the workers, happily doing what they are told. Capitalists, Communists and Social-Democrats present us with different variations of this theme, but never question its essential features. This is what we intend to do.

First let us make it clear that we are not interested in discussing whether the similarities of Russian and Western factories 'prove' that Russia is 'really' capitalist or that England is becoming 'socialist'. It is not names and labels that count but facts and human aspirations.

We dream of a society in which the suggestion that a hierarchy of authority is needed to make people work will seem as ridiculous as making sacrifices to the gods. This is not an idle dream, but one that might be made to come true. The first step towards doing so is to puncture the myth of the miracle of modern management.

What exactly does management do? Is it really necessary to the running of the factory? We are not discussing whether managers should be ex trade union officials in preference to men who come from Eton. In the factory we envisage no one stands in authority over anyone else. Everyone participates on an equal basis in the making of all major decisions. Is this a practical proposition? Would it make much difference if it were achieved?

One of the obvious roles of management is to impose discipline. Could not grown-up people discipline themselves and one another if they believed in what they were doing? The need for the policemen-foremen standing over them, and for the policemen-supervisor standing over him, etc, etc, surely stems from the very division of the factory into 'management' and labour. This makes it inevitable that real differences of interest arise, which have to be settled by authority and force.

What is often not realised is the enormous price paid to management for this 'service'. Their high salaries are the least part of it. The whole organization of the factory is designed so as to make it possible to check each man's work to see that he is keeping up to the norms. An example is the division of labour. This is often needed for technical reasons; but we know of dozens of cases where a technically wasteful division is dictated by a system that requires each workers' duties to be rigorously laid down and his output to be easily measured and counted. This artificial aspect of factory organization is paid for both in directly human terms (dullness and senselessness of work) and in inefficient production (which must reflect itself eventually in standards of living).

Other functions of management might at first sight seem more essential. These are the coordinating of the work of many departments of a large factory, the making of decisions about whether a particular job should be undertaken or which of two jobs should be given priority and so on... Here again, at least part of the need for management is created by the existence of management. The artificial division of labour makes necessary a great deal of coordination, the need for which would otherwise not arise. However some division is necessary. The socialist factory would have a coordination department. But it would be just one shop, like any other. When a new proposal is made this department would work out, with the help of electronic computers, exactly what will be involved for the whole factory. This information would then be circulated as the basis for a collective decision about whether to adopt, reject or modify the proposal. If it is accepted, everyone knows what he is in for and what will be required of him... though it is left, as far as possible, to his own group to decide how to fulfil their quota of it. Incidentally the use of electronic computing and data-handling systems together with the mathematical theory of 'operational research' effectively automates a very large part of what is called the 'sound judgment' of management. These techniques could displace Executives almost as readily as transfer machines have displaced the men who drilled holes in engine blocks.

Another function of management is the obstruction of technical progress. One of the severest condemnations of the present system of organization of industry is that there has not been a single major dispute in order to speed up the introduction of automation. Although automation would make life far more interesting for many workers, they do not demand it for the simple reason that they cannot trust management to use it, as it should be used, to take the drudgery out of work. If the workers were running their own factories, research on automation would be infinitely more active. The results of this would be applied infinitely more rapidly. This is just one example... you will find a hundred others if you look about you.

SEYMOUR PAPERT.

AGITATOR'S NEW YEAR GIFT LIST

To Harold Macmillan: a brush and pan (for attention to the Papal Bull).

To Michael Foot: the repeal of the Corn Laws before next Aldermaston

To Jim Matthews: a special chess set (with room for one more Knight)

To the Archbishop of Canterbury: another special chess set, with Queens, Bishops, Nights, Gamekeepers and pornographic Penguins.

To a politically deformed general secretary: a racket (for services to tennis during the print strike). May decline as it is reported he has one already.

To an unknown German pilot: better luck next time.

# DOCUMENT

## THIS CIVIL DEFENCE NONSENSE

(Leaflet distributed by Dartford CND)

### ITS OFFICIAL PURPOSE.

The mewing of a kitten stranded on a roof might bring the machinery of the Fire Brigade to the rescue. Yet nobody would suggest that the Fire Brigade is an organization for the rescue of kittens. The Civil Defence organization has been known to assist people in flood disaster or rail crash. But is this the purpose of Civil Defence? No. According to official literature (e.g. H.O.6014 & 6015) Civil Defence exists 'to help the survivors of a nuclear war'. It is thus based on the assumption that the Great Deterrent is by no means infallible.

### ITS DIVORCE FROM REALITY.

These official hand-outs to the public refer only to the destruction caused by the explosion of one 2-megaton H-bomb (1 megaton = 1 million tons of high explosive). The Civil Defence Training Memorandum No. 3, intended only for Civil Defence Corps members, contains a chart showing the destruction caused by one 10-megaton H-bomb. Yet the first operational H-bomb, tested in March 1954, had a power of 20 megatons - this was 1000 times more powerful than the A-bomb dropped on Hiroshima in 1945. It is a fact of nuclear physics that, although the power of an A-bomb is limited, there is no limit to how powerful an H-bomb can be made. In fact it has been reported that a project is under way in the USA to produce the 'Doomsday Bomb' which will have a 10,000 megaton power.

### ITS IMPOTENCE IN NUCLEAR ATTACK.

We are told that the Soviet Union is our potential enemy. If they were to attack this country, the purpose would be to eliminate the means of counter-attack by destroying all rocket and aircraft bases. This could be made certain by the use of only 2% of Russia's nuclear stockpile which would obliterate the British Isles. Of course, an attacker would give no warning for this would nullify his purpose - although when the radar station at Fylingsdale is ready, we shall have 4 minutes' warning in which to say good-bye to one another.

ITS REAL PURPOSE.

If Civil Defence is so useless, why have it? Surely the Government knows what it is doing? Yes, of course, it does. In seeking to win support for its policy of keeping nuclear weapons, building H-bombers, buying American rockets to carry H-bombs, allowing American rocket bases to remain here and building radar stations to give America 15 minutes' warning, the Government must persuade the people of Britain that when a nuclear war comes it won't be so bad after all. And Civil Defence is used to foster this illusion. The Government knows that the Civil Defence Corps is well worth the few million pounds of our money; they know that if they admitted there is no hope of survival in a nuclear war, and disbanded Civil Defence, the movement against nuclear arms would immediately double in strength.

EXPOSE THIS FRAUD.

The Civil Defence deception must be exposed. Press for the disbanding of this costly facade! Fight for a sane policy which offers a chance of survival: UNCONDITIONAL NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT BY BRITAIN.

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'AGITATOR' is pleased to publish this leaflet, now being distributed in Kent by the Dartford CND. This initiative is an interesting departure in CND tactics and orientation. We welcome the attempt to seek new ground on which to challenge established thought and organization.

Copies of the leaflet may be obtained from Mrs. P. Shephard, 12 Cobham Terrace, Bean Road, Greenhithe Kent. (24 s. per thousand plus postage).

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D E F I N I T I O N S

POLITICIAN: someone who can see both sides of a question the better to get around it.

MANAGER: someone who can take three hours off for lunch without seriously interfering with production.

TROT: arrested progression. Stopped midway between a walk and a canter.  
Motto: let sleeping dogmas lie.

WORK AND WAR (continued from p. 2)

should assist in developing this understanding among working people. This is a tremendous task but not an impossible one. It requires a complete break from many old theories which are today in absolute contradiction with the new reality. These theories unfortunately serve as a substitute for thought in many sections of the Left.

In Britain a modest beginning has been made. But CND only attracts a minority - sizeable though it is - of the population. It is a step forward. It shows that tens of thousands of people are prepared to participate in anti-war activity. More important it is a movement that has grown up outside of the traditional organizations. CND is opposed to taking sides with either East or West and will not subordinate its aims to Gaitskell's (or anyone else's) parliamentary ambitions. The demonstration last Easter in Trafalgar Square gathered one hundred thousand people. It was the biggest since the days of the Chartists. It showed that apathy, that ready excuse of every professional politician, is in reality directed towards him and all he stands for.

Let none close their eyes to the timidity and deep-rooted conservatism of CND's leaders. But let none close their eyes either to the absolutely progressive character of the emergence of an independent anti-war movement, a movement sections of which now advocate non-payment of taxes and other forms of civil disobedience. Limited as such measures may be, they have tremendous implications. They openly challenge the 'legal' government, undermine confidence in

both it and its institutions and encourage massive extra-parliamentary activity. The growth of CND has exposed the theory that opposition to war can only grow through economic struggles. It is however only through economic and political struggles of the working class that war can be prevented and the ruling class effectively challenged. People are not idiots. They can learn without some wise guy 'taking them through the experience'. They recognize the danger of nuclear war. They are beginning to seek a means of doing something about it.

Socialists must in our opinion take an active part in CND. They must however participate as socialists and try and turn the movement towards the working class. This must not be viewed as a process of know-all CNDers descending into the dark depths of working class life to cast their light. CND should emphasize that the movement has no interests and aims other than those of working people. After all, its success will only be possible if workers themselves decide that it is a movement through which they can organize themselves to oppose war.

Socialists in CND must be the staunchest defenders of the movement's independence and the strongest advocates of internationalism. They should encourage the convening of regular international conferences and demonstrations and the formation of sections in every country.

Socialists must finally be conscious of the deep suspicion with which ordinary people view all organizations. They must ensure that the CND movement remain a genuine anti-war movement opposed to all nuclear weapons. Let those, like some of our social-democrats, who are against Britain having the Bomb but

see nothing wrong in the Americans having it, form an organization dedicated to advocating such views. Let those, like the Stalinists and Trotskyists, who are against all bombs but Russian ones, do likewise. They are really out of place in the CND and will certainly gain the movement no credit in working class eyes.

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## REAL PROGRESS AT LAST

'Agitator' recommends to its readers the Rank-and-File apprentices' paper 'Progress'. Here are a few samples from recent issues:

On the function of Foremen (Issue No.2): "A workman who knows his job does not need a foreman. A workman who does not know his job needs the help and advice of his mates.... Generally speaking, foremen are non-producers. This should not give them an 'inferiority complex'. So are Politicians, Financiers and the Bosses.

If a foreman of mediocre ability is about to promote some-one from the bench to the chargehand desk and he spots a worker of outstanding ability (who would make a far better foreman than himself) does he promote that worker? Hardly! To do so would be to prepare his own downfall. So he usually promotes somebody who will not be a serious rival. And so it goes on right up to the top. Therefore an inability to do the job is the final qualification. "

On an interview with an A.E.U. District Secretary (Issue No.4): "My gaze then settled upon his solar plexus, which was just below my eye level. I must admit I would dearly have liked to prod it.... He continued to rave about the past attacks made in 'Progress' upon Union officials and took great pains to explain his rate of pay and hours, etc. Indeed he seemed to have such a good case that it was difficult for me to resist advising him to join a clerical union or something of the sort."

Fruity scenes in Rochdale (Issue No.5): "The apprentice Alan Parker (sacked for devouring an apple at work) gave an account of the matter to 'Progress', who sent a delegate to ask Wareng (the superintendent) for his side of the story. Wareng confirmed what Parker had already told us. He concluded his statement with a charming outburst of obscene language in which he poetically expressed the phrase 'Piss Off' (go away)."

'PROGRESS' (Copies 3d post free) is obtainable from,  
Brian Bamford, 39 Alder Road, Rochdale, Lancs.



## PRESS CUTTINGS :

"Mr. Sydney Silverman (Lab. Nelson & Colne) drew Mr. Butler's attention in Commons to motions, supported by 80 MPs, challenging his decisions in two recent capital murder cases and asked if he was prepared to provide time to discuss them. Mr. Butler: 'I am fully aware of position, the gravity of decisions taken and seriousness of issue but I do find great difficulty in

finding time.' "

- EVENING NEWS, 8-12-60.

"Mr. Butler announced in the Commons this afternoon that it was hoped to adjourn for the Christmas recess on Wednesday, December 21, until Tuesday, January 24th."

- EVENING NEWS, 8-12-60.

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