

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

RESIST WAR!

NEXT Monday evening at Central Hall, Westminster, the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament has its first public meeting. If the distinguished platform succeed in arousing widespread and active indignation, as well as indignation at the tragic, potentially suicidal, folly of the armaments race they will have achieved something positive. But if, at the same time they believe that the government (any government) will "follow" the wishes of public opinion, then we believe any good work they may have done will soon be undone. At the Campaign's recent Press conference attended by three members of the Executive, this reliance on action at the top was unfortunately only too evident.

Two members of the executive also stressed the need for the people to be given "much more information about the threat which armaments represent—especially nuclear weapons". One would have thought enough information had already been given, including the practical effects of such—by 1957 standards—weapons as the A-bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki not so very long ago, to convince even the Dullest mind that nuclear war meant universal death, and prolonged nuclear tests a serious threat to future generations. Indeed, those members of the public who think of these problems are already convinced. They just go on living with the hope that nuclear warfare will never take place.

What the people need much more information about are the causes of war or war situations, yet on this aspect of the arms race, it would seem that the Campaign has nothing to say. It may be true that the armaments race creates "tensions" between nations (politically speaking, that is) but that is only a by-product, and not the reason for armaments which are but one of the means resorted to for dealing with the permanent "tensions" that divide the nations of the world. Wars, and thus, armaments, are means to particular ends; they are but the instruments which to-day, however, have become so effective, so universally deadly, that their use would defeat the ends to which they were put!

Whilst sharing Alex Comfort's view that the world is governed by a bunch of psychopaths, we nevertheless

see no evidence to support the view that in pursuit of their quest for power they would resort to means which would utterly, and inevitably destroy their ends. Even Hitler, a psychopath if ever there was one, when military defeat was imminent did not resort to germ warfare, though he possessed the means, but instead committed suicide. (Whether the decision was his or was dictated to him by the military leaders or the industrialists does not in fact affect the argument for on the one hand it confirms it, on the other it would indicate that Hitler did not have the absolute power over the German people attributed to him).

The H-bomb then, has made war, as an instrument of the power struggle, a boomerang, and created a situation in which the weakest power is virtually as strong as those possessing the latest nuclear devices.

In a revealing article in the Sunday *New York Times* (February 1) Walter Millis indicates the impasse into which politicians have been led by their own H-bomb mentality.

Only recently has the Pentagon come to a serious realization of the extent to which, by staking everything on the threat of instant thermonuclear retaliation, it has paralyzed any use of military force as an instrument for the regulation and control of contemporary international relations.

WE think members of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament would do well to do as we have, and read the foregoing more than once. For in that one sentence are summed up the dangers of war in our society. It has probably already been decided by those in power to ban H-bomb warfare even before public opinion has been organised to actively oppose it and in spite of the fact that research into the making of bigger and better weapons, and more effective means of delivering them, continues and is even intensified. War as Mr. Millis points out is an instrument for the control and regulation of international relations, and, as we showed in these columns last week, the war industry is a vital safety valve when the capitalist machine threatens to blow up! In a word capitalism and power politics cannot survive without a cold war economy and force to turn to in periods of crisis. It is not enough, then, for public opinion to be opposed to war—even less if it is opposed only to nuclear war—in order to stop war. The following, in order of importance, are the only positive steps which can lead to the abolition of war:

- (1) reorganisation of production and distribution on a world scale and based on human needs and not profits.

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And Now Submarines

DECISIONS have been taken in Washington to instal one squadron each of the land-based ballistic missiles Thor and Jupiter in England by next December. They have a range of 1,500 miles and will be fully operational.

Even supposing that by any chance some kind of opposition develops in Britain against being turned into "an unsinkable missile base" (the phrase glibly used by Selwyn Lloyd about Cyprus), the Americans will not, in any case, be needing land bases for very much longer.

For the latest development in the long line of horror weapons the great powers are producing is the long-range submarine, armed with ballistic missiles known as 'Polaris'.

The first such submarine is now being built by the Americans and eight others are planned. According to Philip Deane in the *Observer* (9/2/58), reporting a press conference in Washington:

"It was also revealed that there will be 16 Polaris ballistic missiles mounted on each nuclear-powered submarine built to launch them. The 16 missiles, each with a range of 1,500 miles, will represent an explosive power of 48 million tons of TNT or three million tons per missile."

One of the most fantastic aspects of this foul weapon is its ability to be fired from a submarine lying on the ocean bed, or through a crevice in the Polar icecap.

This opens up such possibilities for new style warfare, and can bring war to the doorstep (indeed, to the

"They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety."

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

interior) of so many countries so far thought safely remote from the centres of any future war, that the *Observer* rightly prophesies a revolution in world strategy.

At the Washington press conference:

"Polaris submarines, a Navy missile expert said would 'possess almost complete invulnerability to counter-measures of all kinds.'

"Asked whether the Russians had anti-submarine measures as effective as those claimed by the United States, he answered: 'We must assume they do. Given enough time they might find this submarine, but the submarine is going to be unloaded of its missiles by then . . . A submarine travelling slowly is very difficult to find.'

"There was no answer when a reporter suggested that Russian submarines would therefore have the same advantages."

"There is no answer". Polaris appears to defeat any of the anti-missile defence systems so far envisaged since its base will be mobile, unpredictable, and impervious to any known form of detection except by another submarine and there is no reason to suppose that Russia is not equally well advanced in this devilish work, since she is known to have concentrated on submarine development for many years.

The great powers seem to be ready, willing and able to go to any lengths in their preparation for the destruction of the peoples of the world.

And what do the peoples of the world have to say? From them, too, there is no answer.

Wernher von Braun the Romantic Scientist

Through Hitler's Hell to the Gates of Heaven

ONE day in 1930, an eighteen-year-old German boy read an article in a magazine devoted to astronomy which described an imaginary trip to the moon.

He was filled with a romantic urge to dedicate his life to the task of making possible interplanetary travel. And that is what he did. His dedication, and the knowledge that grew out of it, have had some gruesome consequences, but now it may not be many years before the boyish ambitions of Wernher von Braun are realised. Thanks to this

dedicated scientist, the great nations of the world stand on the threshold . . . and so on, and so on, and so on.

The fact of the matter is that Wernher von Braun is a fanatic who has been prepared all his life to sell his brains to whomsoever will finance his work on the development of space rockets, and he has never counted the cost in terms of human misery. Instead he has calculated that the suffering that may be incidental to his technical achievements is as nothing compared with the benefits that will eventually accrue to the whole human race from the ability to leave the earth's gravitational field and land on the moon (a dead planet) or Mars, where he imagines earthmen will have to live underground in pressurised homes, eating synthetic food while 'Mars and Earth work out their scientific problems through mutual aid'.

Which Problems?

I may be mentally earthbound, not to say positively pedestrian, but I just cannot see which of the world's problems that seem to me to be important are going to be more easily solved with the help of men from Mars than among earthlings—if those earthlings really want to solve them. But then our romantic scientist is interested in scientific problems, the solving of which is the only justification necessary for the attempt—rather like those eight bell-ringers at Loughborough last Sunday who set out to ring 'the extent of eight'—40,320 changes on eight bells—in the same spirit as mountaineers want to climb Everest: 'because it's there'.

But not to be concerned with the consequences of one's actions is usually recognised to be a symptom of mental derangement. Stalin, for example, now generally admitted to having been more than somewhat nuts, was quite happy to liquidate a couple of million Kulaks if it ensured the success of his industrial five-year plan, or to decimate the Red Army if it strengthened his grip upon his nation.

We should make ourselves very unpopular in some circles if we compared Wernher von Braun with Stalin, for the worthy German has now enabled the free world to catch up with the slave empire moulded by Stalin in the little matter of sending satellites bleeping round the earth. He is therefore a most respected, honoured and valued possession of the West.

The Army Took Interest

Young von Braun's reading of that story in 1930 led him to join a group of similarly inspired youngsters who had formed an organisation called the *Verein für Raumschiffahrt* (Spaceship Travel Club), who were building crude liquid-fuel rockets on an abandoned 300-acre ammunition dump on the outskirts of Berlin. They called it their *Raketenschiffplatz* or Rocket Flight Place and in spite of being extremely hard up for funds, they managed to make progress in rocket development.

So much so that in 1932 the German Army began to take an interest in their experiments. The Treaty of Versailles had placed all sorts of restrictions upon German rearmament but, not having been thought of during the 1914-18 war, rockets were not specifically banned. The German High Command, therefore, was breaking no treaties by encouraging these new weapons.

This just goes to show how the brilliant statesmen who framed the Versailles Treaty were indirectly responsible for the military development of the rockets which later were to smash down on London and Antwerp. Had the German militarists not had to look for loopholes in the Treaty, the crazy kids on the Berlin dump might have grown up and turned to something useful, ignored by the German Government.

As it was, however, when Hitler came to power in 1933, Wernher von Braun and his buddies were being backed by the German Army. And when, in 1935, von Braun decided on Peenemünde on the Baltic for a research and testing station for his rockets, Hitler provided him with 20 million marks and priorities in material and labour.

Joined Nazi Party

By 1937 von Braun was able to take over the completed station as technical director. He was a civilian, attached to the German Army's Ordnance Department, and to show his loyalty to the Third Reich, he became a member of the Nazi Party in 1940.

By 1944 our potential spaceman had been awarded the Knight's Cross by the *Führer* for his production of the *Vergeltungswaffe Zwei*, or Revenge Weapon Two, or V-2.

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FRENCH TEACHERS REFUSE

PARIS, FEBRUARY 8.

French teachers are in revolt against a Government order to give their pupils a special lesson on the benefits brought by France to Algeria.

A Ministerial circular, which was reaching schoolmasters all over the country this week, ordered them to tell their classes of the social, economic and human achievements of France in "our, North African departments."

The circular was the result of a resolution voted by the French Senate asking for this special lesson "so that there should be an unequivocal demonstration of the civilising work which France has accomplished in all fields in North Africa."

Senator Jean Bertaud, the *rapporteur*, defended the motion on the grounds that children should be made to understand that without French intervention North Africa would be suffering "under an uncontrolled feudal regime."

The Senator urged that the Government "should use to the full that magnificent instrument, the school!" He pointed

ed out that the parents, too, could be reached by way of their children.

He cited as insufferable evidence he had of children saying: "The Arabs are quite right to make war on us, since we took their country away from them. That is what we were told at school."

The main union of elementary school-teachers has already sent a delegation to tell the Minister of Education they have no intention of complying with his circular.

More serious, perhaps, is the reaction of the Union of Secondary School-teachers, grouping 75 per cent. of the staffs, which has not only rejected the prescribed lesson but has told members that in the coming week they will give a lesson on the rights of man, with a special reference to the recent findings of the "Commission of Safeguard."

It will be recalled that this 12-man body turned up grave evidence of torture and arbitrary killing in Algeria, including two incidents of mass suffocation of prisoners left overnight in wine-cellars.

Observer 8/2/58.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CALEB WILLIAMS

IN 1794, the year after the appearance of William Godwin's *Political Justice*, the great classical exposition of anarchism, a novel by the same author was published under the title *Things As They Are; or, the Adventures of Caleb Williams*. Although it is over half a century since this book (which appeared to Shelley "as a wind that tears up the deepest waters of the mind"), was last reprinted, it has, as a part of the revival of interest in Godwin in the post-war years, attracted a great deal of attention among critics, and has given rise to very many interpretations. Professor Jack Isaacs says it "grows in stature with the passing of time", and defines it as a "psychological thriller with a political motive". To Mr. H. N. Brailsford it is "the one great work of fiction in our language which owes its existence to the fruitful union of the revolutionary and the romantic movements", while to Mr. Walter Allen (one of the authors of the adaptation of the book to be broadcast on the Third Programme next week), it is a "drama of the soul".

Political Tract?

GODWIN'S intention in the novel was to spread the teachings of his *Political Justice* to the wider audience of novel readers, and he says in his preface:

"What is now presented to the public is no refined and abstract speculation; it is a study and delineation of things passing in the moral world. It is but of late that the inestimable importance of political principles has been adequately apprehended. It is now known to philosophers that the spirit and character of the government intrudes itself into every rank of society. But this is a truth highly worthy to be communicated to persons whom books of philosophy and science are never likely to reach. Accordingly it was proposed, in the invention of the following work, to comprehend, as far as the progressive nature of a single story would allow, a general review of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism, by which man becomes the destroyer of man".

Into this story, George Woodcock comments, in his biography, "Godwin contrives to work all the principal ideas of *Political Justice*, and to expose all the major injustices of his day. He describes eloquently the tyranny by which landowners were at the time destroying the peasantry. His indictment of the prison system is made more formidable by his personal indignation at the sufferings which many of the radicals underwent while he was writing *Caleb Williams*. From these partial tyrannies he demonstrates the general tyranny by which the great in wealth and position enslave the

minds and dwarf the lives of their weaker neighbours. The positive institutions of society are means to uphold this tyranny. Coercion and punishment are shown in their full folly and injustice. The doctrine of necessity is invoked to explain the waywardness of criminals, and the benevolence of a society of equal and free men is shown as the antidote to social evils. But it is also emphasised that such a condition can be attained not by force, as the admirable thieves attempted, but by the power of education and example."

D. H. Monro, in his recent book *Godwin's Moral Philosophy* takes a slightly different view. The point is not, he says, "as Woodcock seems to think, that Falkland was enabled to persecute Williams because of his position in society, or even that he was able to persecute him by taking advantage of the common social attitudes. This is no doubt part of Godwin's meaning. . . . But he also meant to show that Falkland was himself a victim of society quite as much as Williams. Godwin meant, in short, to go beyond Montesquieu by showing that the ideal of Honour was a complete failure. It was a double failure: it did not succeed in creating harmonious social relations so as to make a just and stable society; and it did not make for the inner harmony of those who were persecuted by the ideal".

Detective Story?

ON the other hand Roy Fuller in an essay on *The Importance of Caleb Williams* concentrates upon the book's anticipation of the modern detective story. He remarks on "the subtlety and power of the apparatus which Godwin chose, surprisingly in a way, to demonstrate fictionally the depth of penetration of politics into life. Standing on the threshold of the age of industrial capitalism, Godwin found almost instinctively the symbolism which novelists were ever after to use to express their revolt against that age or their ambiguous relations towards it. The novel of crimes, of suspense and pursuit, was not invented by Godwin but in a very real sense he was

the originator of its modern development. His influence lies on Bulwer Lytton's early novels to the point of plagiarism. There are very strong links between Lytton and Dickens, and, of course, between Dickens and Wilkie Collins. The latter novelist is the obvious forebear of Conan Doyle and the detective story proper . . .

"But the idea of Godwin's which is of most interest and importance is that of the criminal as revolutionary. Williams, falsely accused, is thrown among criminals who are almost all depicted in a favourable light and whose crimes are raised to the status of deliberate aggressions against the injustice of society. The apotheosis of these criminal figures is Captain Raymond, the leader of a band of thieves with whom the fugitive Williams finds refuge. When Williams tells him the story of his persecution by his pursuer, Falkland, Raymond comments that this was only a fresh instance of the tyranny and perfidiousness exercised by the powerful against those who were less privileged than themselves. Those who saw the human situation in its true light, Raymond goes on, would take up arms in their defence while it was still in their power, and set the unjust laws of the minority at defiance."

"One must note too," says Roy Fuller, "the character of Gines, the detective. As we might expect, Godwin shows him in the clearest symbolic light. He is introduced as a member of Raymond's gang—its most violent and unscrupulous member. Later he deserts and resumes his former occupation of police spy. He ends by being employed by Falkland to track down and finally to hound Williams."

"All this is a measure of the depth of

**GODWIN'S
CALEB WILLIAMS**
in an adaptation by
Walter Allen and
Rayner Heppenstall
will be broadcast on the BBC
Third Programme on
Tuesday, February 18th and
Friday, February 21st.

Political Indoctrination in America

IN the last analysis, as David Hume pointed out long ago, all governments are based on opinion. Possession of an effective monopoly of the instruments of violence—and a willingness to use such instruments against recalcitrant individuals and groups—is a necessary condition for the survival of any State government. But it is not a sufficient condition. Power *per se*—naked force—is inherently unstable: it continually invites overthrow by a superior force. To achieve stability, power must be institutionalised and transformed into authority, *i.e.* legitimate power. Authority is the prop of power because authority is the recognition by those over whom power is exercised that such exercise is 'rightful'. For this reason, all governments school their subjects in the art of obedience by inculcating the particular political formula or ideology in terms of which State power is legitimised. Political science begins at this point and is largely concerned with probing the myth in search of the realities of power and with showing how the dominant ideology serves to maintain the existing sociopolitical structure.

In the modern world there are two dominant ideologies which may for convenience be labelled 'Democracy' and 'Communism', each of which is used to bolster up one or other of the two power blocs into which the world is broadly divided. As its title suggests, *Democracy versus Communism* by Kenneth Colegrove* is concerned with the confrontation of these two ideologies. Its author is an American professor of political science who has been professing this subject for the last 45 years. 'Professing' is the right word if one takes it in the common and not academic sense, for of political science, as I understand it, there is nothing, except incidentally, in the book. It is, in short, an essay in political indoctrination—a textbook designed for use in American high schools as an aid to the teacher in his job of inculcating his pupils in the American

way of life.

As such it's not worth a dime of any anarchist's money but it is interesting, nevertheless, as an example of its kind. It appears under the auspices of The Institute of Fiscal and Political Education about which nothing is said in the preface but which appears to be one of the myriad 'charitable' foundations formed in recent years by American business interests to finance pseudo-scholarship at the expense of the taxpayers. Physically, it's a solid production of 424 pages with a lurid picture of the Statue of Liberty imprinted on its front cover and an equally lurid but rather less prepossessing picture of Lenin on the back cover. It is copiously illustrated with pictures and cartoons of smiling care-free American democrats and sullen unhappy Communists. The symbolism throughout is of the crudest kind and, to make sure that nothing is missed, each cartoon is accompanied by several questions designed to elicit the 'correct' response. At the end of each section, there is an 'objective' test which requires the student to pick the right answer out of a possible four or five answers provided ("Education can be such fun, can't it?") and a series of heavily loaded questions for discussion. Of course, in dealing with such an un-American subject as Communism, there's bound to be some difficulty in coping with all those foreign words and names. The text, therefore, includes a pronunciation guide. 'Bourgeoisie', we are told, is pronounced BOOR zwah zee and 'proletariat', PROH lee tair ih at. (No guidance, unfortunately, is thought necessary for 'capitalist', so I'm still unsure whether the stress should go on the first or the second syllable.)

The substance of the contents you have already guessed. The blurb on the jacket claims that it is "a direct look at the realities of life under communism and under democracy . . ." In fact, of course, it touches reality only when it deals with Com-

munism. The formula required for writing such a book is simplicity itself: you expose your opponent's ideology for the myth that it is, while you accept your own ideology as descriptive of reality. You use your powers as a political scientist only in dealing with the other side; the rest of the time you write as a political propagandist. Thus, the consequences of Communist economic policies are ruthlessly exposed whilst the consequences of Capitalist economics reads like a fairy-tale. Communist rule is recognised for what it is: the rule of an oligarchical clique using the machinery of the Communist Party. Democratic rule, on the other hand, is stated to be what it *should* be in theory: self-government by the people. The difference is illustrated by juxtaposed cartoons, contrasting one-party elections with two-party elections. You ignore the fact that the real difference is between two types of oligarchical rule and that in the Deep South you have a *de facto* one-party system.

To be fair, the author does not completely ignore all the blemishes in the American way of life. The names of Joe McCarthy and Governor Faubus, it is true, don't figure in the index. But the issues of, for example, academic freedom and Negro segregation are mentioned. High school kids aren't quite so dumb that you can leave such subjects out altogether. It's in dealing with such matters that the technique of *under-statement*, conspicuously lacking elsewhere, proves its worth. Thus: "Negroes are still being discriminated against in the North as well as the South . . . For example, in some parts of the country Negroes find it difficult often impossible, to ride in the same railway trains, buses, and street-cars with other citizens." (Note the candour of that phrase, 'difficult, often impossible'). But two cheers for Democracy!

"By the mid-1950's Americans, both white and Negro, could look back over a hundred years of slow but

Turning to *Caleb Williams*, and to Godwin's later and less remarkable novels, Mr. Wilson says,

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"It is, I believe, the conflicts and themes of the novels, their remarkable if obsessionist, psychological insight, and their strange moral ambivalence that fill in the gaps in Godwin's political view that refute the charges of naïveté, and reveal him not only as a courageous opponent of the cruelties and injustices that scarred the surface of eighteenth-century order and decency, but also as a man peculiarly sensitive to the spiritual terror and despair that lay beneath its intellectual composure and certainty . . . Godwin, I suspect, from the earliest days of his Calvinist childhood, the lack of intimacy, of love, of warmth in life, was a spiritual agony which an adolescence concentrated study could not banish. The authority of his minister-father, the decrees of Calvin's elect was the source of this agony, this vacuum of affections. In *Political Justice* he sought to express his positive belief in the goodness of men, his negative refusal to accept the family as its means of extension. In *Things As They Are, or Caleb Williams*, he declares his ceaseless struggle against the dark authority that had fused him the love he had needed, against the society that supported that authority."

Spiritual Drama?

THIS point of view was developed rather more subtly by Walter Allen in a broadcast several years ago. "Caleb Williams is much more than a political novel," he said, "It is a masterpiece, and it's a masterpiece that's never received anything like its critical due—except from Hazlitt. Nor is its interest, as the historians imply, historical only . . . What matters is that it's a work of art, as it is permanently topical value." Mr. Allen maintains that Godwin himself unwittingly "put the critics on the scent," and that "what is especially significant in the novel, what gives it its permanent value, is just that which Godwin did not know he was doing."

"For what is important in *Caleb Williams*, is the relationship between Williams and Falkland. This relationship, altogether at odds with Godwin's own intentions. For if we believe that the novel is really about the intrusion of spirit and character of government into every rank of society, then we must believe that in some sense Falkland is representative of government; and Godwin, of course, hated the very concept of government. But Caleb Williams hated Falkland even while he hates him. He might say that his very curiosity about him is a manifestation of his love for him; and at the end, when he is driven to final desperation to inform on Falkland as a murderer and Falkland reveals himself, in his confession of guilt, in his nobility, and then dies, Williams is struck down by the most bitter remorse."

To explain Falkland, Mr. Allen believes, we have to go back to Godwin's revolt against Calvinism and the doctrine of predestination. Godwin had written in those days, "The right of the creator does not extend to the making of an innocent being . . . miserable. God himself has no right to be a tyrant". Therefore, says Mr. Allen, "he overthrew God, and having done so, he went on to finish the job by overthrowing, on paper at least, the very bases of secular government. But thorough-going intellectual though he was, emancipated as he might think himself to be from Blake's 'mind-forged manacles', he was still tied to God emotionally by the profoundest

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steady progress towards the American ideal that all men are created equal . . ."

It would be absurd to wax indignant over books of this kind or to bewail the prostitution of political science involved in their production. This sort of thing is inevitable in a world divided between two power systems and we can anticipate that the process of indoctrinating the young will be intensified in the future. It is futile to hope for a school text-book, either Russian or American, which will give us a picture of the realities of life under both 'Communism' and 'Democracy'. All one can hope for is that the native intelligence of at least some of the children subjected to this kind of indoctrination will assert itself and that they will come to appreciate that the technique of the "realistic" exposure of the opposite system can equally well be applied to their own. It that should happen, then there may come a time when an increasing number of 'citizens of tomorrow' will cry "A plague on both your houses" and set about building a world without power structures and without ideologies to support them. G.O.

*Van Nostrand, Princeton, N.J. \$4.95

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Liberation, January (Appraisals of Wilhelm Reich) 1/9

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RESIST WAR!

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(2) refusal by workers to be employed in industries engaged on war production.

(3) mass resistance to conscription, military or industrial, as well as refusal to join Forces on voluntary basis in spite of financial or other incentives.

We are only too aware of the fact that it is unlikely that any of these things will be taken in the foreseeable future. Yet there is no easy way out of the problem. When Canon Collins said at the Press Conference referred to earlier, that "they were determined to channel the existing energy in the country and create a climate of opinion which the political parties would have to follow" he was shirking the issue or just using the sounding words in which he had the faith. First of all, when he refers to political parties he must either mean the government or nothing at all, since as we are so often reminded it is the government, as the Executive, which determines policy and not the party. Now, the function of the government is to govern, and in this task it has no right to the Law and to the force behind the Law. To suggest therefore, as Canon Collins does, that we can make the government follow and the public lead is tantamount to putting the government and parliament at the service of business. This the latter could resist on legal and constitutional grounds and, if it felt the situation called for "firmness", by the use of the police and armed forces, and they would undoubtedly be within their legal rights.

How then do Canon Collins and his friends propose to implement the wishes of this public opinion? There can be only one honest answer: by Resistance. If the resistance is to be non-violent then we cannot see how they can advocate anything less than that outlined in our Points 2 and 3 and at the same time appeal to the population of Russia and America, in particular, to follow the example of the people of this island. Paralysis of the war machine in itself might make little difference to the international political situation but the effect on the industrial economy would be immediate and far-reaching, obliging those who are involved in the resistance movement, in their own interest, to extend their activities into the social and economic fields . . . or starve on the dole.

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IT is, we believe, pretty obvious that at the moment you advocate that public opinion should be active as well as vocal you are denying the government its Executive powers and admitting that parliament is not the sounding board of public opinion. In a word you are recognising that parliamentary democracy does not work; that is just what anarchists have been saying all along! And because they are realists, as well as human beings, they have been putting forward solutions which, however, unattainable they may appear to a conditioned, class-ridden, fatalistic and subservient mankind, are nevertheless realistic and practical if mankind really wants all the things, spiritual and material, which it is always saying it wants. You want peace, you want freedom and security; you need love and you seek happiness; you want leisure and you yearn to be yourself. But you will get nothing so long as you sit back and wait for Big Brother to get it for you!

AFTER THE BOMB

ON THE BEACH, by Nevil Shute, Heinemann, 15s.

NO one after reading this tale could possibly consider fatalism as an attitude of mind peculiar to "the East", unless one includes Australia as part of the Orient. The scene is set in Melbourne after a third world war which has spread universal death over the whole Northern Hemisphere, with the aid of cobalt bombs. No wind blows directly from Northern to Southern Hemisphere, so for a time the southern half of the world is safe, but only for a time. The radioactive dust is slowly seeping over the equator and drifting southward.

The story opens when there are only nine months of life left for the Southern Australians. A slender hope is held out by one scientist of the possibility of continued life in the Antarctic, but this is regarded by the other scientists as "wishful thinking". No effort is made either to colonise Antarctica, taking advantage of the flimsiest hope, or to construct shelters underground, where perhaps a few members of the human species might survive in spite of all. The whole point of the story seems to be that one should die with dignity and as little fuss as possible, carrying on the routine of life to the very end.

One can imagine how a barbaric or savage people would have responded to this creeping death; the drumming, the chanting, the frenzied ritual dances, the gashing with knives. No one in this story rends his garments, casts dust on his head or calls upon Allah for aid. Mr. Shute's characters are thoroughly "Nordic" in their attitude. The readiness to face inevitable death with calm courage is admirable, but with a fair amount of the resources of science still available to them the surviving humans make no effort at all to save themselves, and are rather contemptuous of those who won't face "reality". Actually the inability to face reality is pretty complete, because most of the characters solace themselves with a paper-thin religiosity, the veriest ghost of a ghost of real religious feeling, fantasies of meeting their families again as if nothing had

CALEB WILLIAMS

Continued from p. 2

sentiments of fear and remorse, tied to him even by love."

"My conclusion is, then, that *Caleb Williams* is not, as conventionally assumed, an allegory of the political state of England in the seventeenth-nineties but the symbolic statement of its author's relation to God in all its ambivalence. I believe the symbolism arose naturally through his concentration on his fable of relentless pursuit and flight; which is itself an archetypal human situation. And the beauty of symbolism is that the symbol, when used successfully as Godwin used it, can never be reduced to any single meaning, can never be pinned down precisely or translated into any one concept. It is its very ambiguity, shadowiness, that makes the symbol so potent to disturb the mind. And the potency of Godwin's great symbols in *Caleb Williams* remains; which is why when reading the novel to-day we are struck by its astonishing topicality, its affinity with the novels—and the relations outlined in them—of writers like Kafka or Graham Greene; why we recognise a kinship with Orwell's *Nineteen-Eighty-four*—for who is Falkland in one respect if not the 'Big Brother' of an age politically more innocent than ours?"

This is a very interesting and ingenious argument, but it loses some of its force when we see that it is based on Mr. Allen's assumption that "we must believe that in some sense Falkland is a representative of government". Sir Leslie Stephen once wrote that he could not understand why Godwin thought the book illustrated his social theories since the hero's sufferings were not due to the government at all, but to Falkland. What Godwin meant, D. H. Munro comments, "was that Williams's sufferings were the direct result of attitudes engendered by society—Falkland's own attitudes in the first place, and secondly those he was able to take advantage of. Godwin, in fact, meant very much what the modern social anthropologist means when he talks of culture patterns". For, as Mr. Munro points out, Falkland was himself a victim of society quite as much as Williams.

This variety and divergence of interpretations is an indication of the fascination of Godwin's novel. How long will we have to wait before some enterprising publisher puts it back into circulation?

C.W.

happened, and (since most of them are servicemen) Service routine.

In fact the keeping up of Service routine is carried to lengths of positive insanity, in order to keep those involved from feeling the awful emptiness of such a doomed life, yet one feels how much nobler it would have been to try and survive, even if only a few could be preserved on the slenderest of chances.

In a flash of insight the author says of one of his personages: "He had little imagination, and that formed a solid core for his contentment in Australia." (He is an American captain whose family died in the war). None of the characters have much imagination. Of course if one lacks imagination, or refuses to let one's imagination free, one can die with dignity more easily. The Scandinavian heroes who died—violently—without having any real belief in immortality, move us because they loved life passionately and were intensely imaginative. The peoples of Central America, who believed that unless they massacred hundreds, in the end thousands, of people a year the universe would run down like an unwound clock, nevertheless believed in the value of life itself, even at the expense of a thousand reeking altars.

One would have thought that with a short time to go people would take thought and try to live each minute more intensely, to change their lives so as to have a lifetime in nine months. One can cram a lifetime into five weeks, or even much less than that, let alone nine months. Instead they continue their routine with a stiff upper lip. The nearest they come to intensifying their lives is to take, towards the end of their time, to wildly destructive motor-racing.

D. H. Lawrence has probably said all that need be said about Australia, that vast empty land without a history, where nothing really matters. (Although one has to make reservations even here. What was the attitude of the aborigines to this catastrophe?). Probably this book could have come only out of Australia.

Originally the ideal the Northern Europeans, the so-called "Nordic Race", was to control one's feelings. Now the ideal seems to be to have no feelings at all, or at any rate to suppress even more completely the expression of them. The ancient Saxons and Norsemen, who are held up to our admiration, had outlets denied to their modern descendants, in hand-to-hand fighting, in plundering and in rape. After reading this book I felt a desire to lose my temper and throw things about.

Probably something like what the author describes really will happen to the world. Very likely the sort of people he describes will behave in this way. I suppose that as people become increasingly cut off from nature their feelings become less intense, their imagination stultifies or at least becomes more limited. Perhaps life itself feels less valuable, and as each individual becomes more and more separated from the community a sense develops of the insignificance of the individual in the vast cosmos. People can still love each other, their children, home and garden, but the intensity of feeling is less.

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

Conscientious Part-Time Objector

TO those of us who believe that we have arrived at something like certainty of outlook, James Byrom's autobiography *The Unfinished Man* (Chatto and Windus, 16s.), may prove irritating in the extreme. What I find disquieting is that such a man of mature years and first-hand experience of war and habit of self-analysis lacks the vision to see himself as the sentimental soldier he proved to be, instead of the reluctantly war-participant—pacifist he believes he was.

If more specific evidence were lacking, one might well judge thus from the remarkable transformation which comes about his writing when, his meanderings about feelings and meanings in temporary abeyance, James Byrom blooms brilliantly evocative of active war service, sufficient to stir any other sensitive individual than the author himself out of the doubts which still cloud his mind.

This son of a well-to-do family, in which the military outlook was the normal one, refused to be inhibited by his environment, being of mind independent enough to prefer a pacifist outlook. Consistent with an atheistic scepticism, Byrom regarded with equal suspicion the slogan-fed, great-name-following, herd of pacifists alternately bleating and boasting, who possessed neither charity nor understanding.

Of neither militarist nor doctrinaire pacifist leaning, he chose instead, in 1939, to join the Auxiliary Fire Service. This did not interest James Byrom merely as a refuge for those who, for any reason, felt they could not take a back seat yet would avoid the front. His sole concern was to avoid what seemed to him pure negation by, at all cost save that of his personal integrity, pursuing what appeared to be a positive course of action.

This led him not easily, but surely, from the A.F.S., via the Pioneer Corps and a bomb-disposal unit, into a logical acceptance of being armed in the later stages of service in the R.A.M.C. with paratroops most bloodily engaged—a transmigration this poetic soul, sensitive of words, would be pained to hear described as gradual gearing to the war machine.

Meantime, humanitarian impulse allied to political naiveté caused James Byrom to volunteer for fire-fighting service in Finland, which country succumbed to Russian invasion before his tiny section of London's Fire Brigade could arrive on the scene. Here his habitual veil of tortuous introspection descended to blur a vision confusing the distant prospect of his respected, but unloved, wife at home and the entrancing close-up of a warmly willing Finnish girl.

If James had been only half as rational as his beloved Kaja, they might have lived happy ever after. At it was, this inhibited Englishman's concern with an irreconcilable and insatiable probing into the metaphysical hollow tooth resulted in two bites at a cherry ripe for swallowing whole. When it eventually seemed that all doubts were resolved, and their way together clear, the hand of death plucked Kaja away, in Paris, after the war.

It was onward from Finland, and the first long separation from Kaja, that paradox had full play. The repatriated James stood his ground properly by registering

as a conscientious objector to combatant service, and joined a bomb-disposal squad. This proved too inactive and he transferred to the Paratroop Medical Service, thus literally, as well as metaphorically, taking the plunge into his true *métier*—as it is of so many men, not at all bloodthirsty, and hating war, who eschew thought in action.

No writer has better described this bloody business. Step by step he traces his armed comrades' preparation for jumping from the skies on to the enemy-invaded land of France, there to deal and suffer dirty death or devilish disablement in the struggle against hostile gun batteries, while, with some qualms of conscience, but otherwise without hesitation, Byrom and others armed only with pain-numbing and similar aids learn to dog the wavering footsteps of the horribly hurt.

As one follows Byrom in his sickening leap into space, and the dark adventure of his lost way in strange territory bristling with danger, culminating in a hysterical welcome by Normandy farmhouse folk riddled with relief in their mistaken belief that full and final rescue from the detested Boche is at hand: and as he and other bravely unarmed medical orderlies move forward with the British Army, are captured by Germans, and see this war from all sides—the inadvertent killing of men of one's own army, the inevitable disregard of immediate consequences to local inhabitants of military objectives, and the brutal murder by British troops of unmistakably surrendering Germans—there emerges a sensitive observer rationalising his part in all this as one positively pacifist and not accessory to belligerence.

Swept by a tide of reasoned unreason into the very gulf of what he regards as ultimately wrong, refusing promotion because he believed the higher the rank the nearer to War Office mentality one gets, but retreating not from that lowly rank upon which the military as surely rests, James Byrom eventually succumbed to the logic of his being trained in the use of weapons lest the wounded be exposed to further atrocity. Characteristically refusing official issue of a Sten gun but agreeing that one be placed within his reach, demobilisation came before further recourse to the metaphysical magic wand was made to persuade us of the inevitability of gradualness.

Vainly hoping to express the poetry of positive life in the seeming practical, essentially negative, arena of death and destruction, James Byrom betrayed inspiration by aspiration. His moral and physical courage being on an unassailable plane, his honesty as clean as his mind is clouded, lacking nothing but firm conviction, and while never the pacifist he fancied he was, always the conscientious part-time objector all sentimental soldiers are, he has written most revealingly and instructively.

James Byrom's *The Unfinished Man* is worth while for its signposts their author could not see for looking.

SAM WALSH.

Don't forget to Renew your Subscription

WORKMEN REFUSE HANDSHAKE

A deputation of three building workers refused to shake hands with the Minister of Housing and Local Government, Mr. Henry Brooke, during the Minister's visit to Stevenage new town, Hertfordshire.

Their leader, Mr. Arthur Utting, a carpenter, of Letchworth, expressed concern at the effect of Government policy on the building industry, and at the threat of unemployment. Mr. Brooke assured him that there would "be plenty of work" in Stevenage, and that anyone in the industry there need have no anxiety for a long time.

The deputation also tried to discuss alleged "victimisation" of workers by employers, but Mr. Brooke declined to discuss this subject. After a question about problems which concerned the building industry on a national scale, the Minister said that he was concerned at the time only with new town problems.

Excusing himself, Mr. Brooke held out his hand to the three men. They refused to shake hands. As he left, Mr. Brooke said: "I am sorry you don't shake hands. I thought we were all Englishmen."

Manchester Guardian 4/2/58.

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Cyprus: No change after Ankara

NO statement on the plans for the future of Cyprus—which is the least that could be expected after the Ankara talks—has been made by the Government. Why the delay? It may well be that no solution has been reached because Turkey refused to agree to British proposals, or the silence could be interpreted as a tactical delay with the realisation that violence may again erupt at any moment in Cyprus; "law and order" could then be restored in the usual military manner.

Whatever the reason the situation has tragically worsened. On the eve of the Ankara talks serious rioting in Cyprus, led by Turkish-Cypriots, indicated that the Turkish leaders were not prepared to accept, without a struggle, the proposals which, it was reported, the British Government intended to put to the Turkish Premier, Menderes. These proposals included some form of self-determination for Cyprus. But the only statement which has so far come from the Foreign Office, telling us what they do not intend to do, is a denial of the rumour that included in the British plan for the future of Cyprus was a granting of a military base on the island to Turkey. We do not know who circulated such a rumour but the content of the story sounds familiar to us—and not at all unlikely!

It is the opinion of this newspaper, as well as independent observers of events in Cyprus, that the Turkish minority view which opposes union with Greece, was deliberately built up by the British for their own political purposes. But the situation, from the British Government's standpoint, is now getting worse since the Turks do not seem to be quite as malleable as it was expected they would be.

It is difficult to make any kind of reasonable comment in the absence of real information. We do not know whether Britain and America were able to 'persuade' Menderes at Ankara that Turkish-Cypriots would have been given safeguards, and all may well be settled. If so, it is likely that neither the Turks nor the British deem it expedient to make the decisions public yet. Meantime the Colonial Secretary has flown to Greece supposedly to acquaint the Greek Government with the results of the talks. The result may be that the three governments will come to an agreement as to how the island should be carved up.

Another interested party, Grivas, leader of EOKA, has sent out a new call to arms in a leaflet which also contains an attack on Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor. The reasons are un-

derstandable enough since Foot has been absent from the island for four weeks and on his return, after Ankara, made no statement whatsoever on Cyprus, but congratulated the Turkish-Cypriot leaders on their 'restraint'. As we prophesied, his hands have been tied, and whether he personally would like to see the island taking decisions for itself, orders must eventually come from Whitehall where considerations, such as the wishes of the majority, are only taken into account after economic, political and military needs have been satisfied, if then.

At home the death or glory boys are issuing ultimatums. The six remaining Conservatives who resigned the party whip in the House of Commons in protest against the Government's Suez policy, are demanding that Britain retains her sovereignty over Cyprus. The six are Lord Hinchinbrooke, Mr. Angus Maude,

Mr. Biggs-Davidson, Mr. Fell, Mr. Turner, and Mr. Paul Williams.

Their statement reads:

"In our view this statement must affirm the Government's determination to retain British sovereignty over Cyprus and to restore law and order. It must rule out as completely unacceptable in present circumstances either partition of the island or the fixing of a date for the grant of self-determination."

"If the British security forces in Cyprus are not to be left in the sort of impossible position in which British troops were placed ten years ago in Palestine an immediate and firm statement of Government policy is essential."

It is doubtful, even if sympathetic to this arrogant view, whether the Government will consider it expedient to continue its intransigent stand in Cyprus. There are plenty of arms and men, but to have a cosy little military base in good running order it is necessary to have the

support of the people some of the time.

Cypriots have generally been loyal to their leaders and many innocent people have died uncommitted either way. There are however plenty of signs that the ordinary men and women are tired of violence. It is maybe this moment that the British Government has been waiting for. Peace with honour is what it would like, but this means discrediting EOKA, getting the support of the Greek-Cypriots and satisfying the Turkish-Cypriots. A formidable task, people are saying. But this is the price that has to be paid when an occupying army forces its rule on people for years, shooting and hanging their young men.

When the Hungarians rose up against the might of the Soviet occupation the West hailed it as a magnificent gesture against tyranny. When the Cypriots protest against military

THE ROMANTIC SCIENTIST Continued from p. 1

Londoners had already made the acquaintance of this secret weapon, which crossed the Channel at a height of about 100 miles and a speed of around 2,000 m.p.h.—nearly three times the speed of sound. This was the weapon that could be heard coming after it arrived—but not by those on whom it had fallen.

Unfortunately for the greater glory of the Aryan supermen, the emergence of the V-2 was too late to counter the effectiveness of the American and British Air Forces which, with humdrum, conventional weapons like Superfortresses and block-busters, were turning German cities into smouldering mass graves by round-the-clock obliteration bombing, while Hitler's intuition proved insufficient to stop the massive armies of the Grand Alliance—Britain, America and Russia—smashing through to Berlin and victory for peace, socialism, Christianity, the international working class, Wall Street and the noble houses of Windsor and Marlborough.

Indiscriminate Slaughter

While the workers of Berlin were dying for Hitler, *der Führer's* blue-eyed rocket boy was helping workers of London to die for Churchill. His V-2 was quite indiscriminate, raining in snopping centres and wiping out housewives queuing for potatoes in Shepherd's Bush and for example, destroying a packed Woolworth's store in the Old Kent Road.

But the West knew the value of von Braun, and round about the same time that Mr. Churchill sent that famous telegram to Field Marshal Montgomery, telling him to stack the arms of captured German soldiers in case it was necessary to use them against the Russians, the Americans mounted Operation Paperclip, the function of which was to capture the scientists of Peenemünde to bring them to work for the West rather than let them fall into Russian hands.

The realism of the Grand Alliance left nothing to be desired.

Von Braun and his team made it easy for the personnel of Operation Paperclip. When German defeat became obvious, some 400 of them moved West, with 2,000 tons of rocket equipment, which they handed over to the U.S. Army. This idealistic reason for coming West was given by von Braun: "My country had lost two wars in my young lifetime. The next time, I wanted to be on the winning side."

No Hatred

In August 1945 von Braun was flown from London, where he was taught a salutary lesson about the hatred engendered by war. He found

out that, among the high-ups, it doesn't exist:

"I must admit that I thought the British might be unfriendly to me," von Braun said. "But I found I was wrong the first day I spent at the Ministry. I was interviewed there by Sir Alwyn Douglas Crow, the man in charge of developing British rockets. I was hardly inside his office before we were engaged in friendly shop-talk."

"One day, the Air Force officer driving me in to London stopped our car in front of the remains of a downtown building that had been struck by a V-2," he said. "The officer started up the car again after a few minutes, and, for some reason, I found myself wondering as we drove off where our German agents in London had disappeared to."

"I never did find out, but one thing I know is that we had some good ones there. Our battery commanders on the French coast used to have reports on V-2 effectiveness within an hour after a rocket had been launched."

No thought, however, of the victims of his effectiveness seems to have crossed von Braun's mind.

Following his friendly chats with English scientists, von Braun was whisked off to America, where he has worked ever since, first at Fort Bliss, Texas, then at the Redstone Arsenal at Huntsville, Alabama, in conditions very similar to those at Peenemünde—and indeed with 117 scientists, engineers and technicians who worked under him in Germany. He has no regret over his choice of the West rather than Russia, but, he says, 'working in a dictatorship can have its advantages, if the regime is behind you.'

Of the Germans at Huntsville, 80 per cent. were members of the Nazi Party. But the FBI generously recognises that they probably joined more or less as a matter of expediency, rather than ideology. (It is amusing to see how broadminded the FBI can be about this, compared with any liberal who flirted with left-wing organisations at the time of the Spanish War, for example).

In Russia Too

But Wernher von Braun is so useful. The Americans, however, must

THE EVER-HOPEFUL

Communist leaders Harry Pollitt and John Gollan have sent a new appeal to the Labour Party calling for a united front to get rid of the Government.

In a letter to the National Council of Labour, they urge "great campaigns which will inspire the workers in the factories and in the unions," and promise the "full support" of the C.P. The reply, if the National Council even bothers to send one, will certainly be a brush-off.

News Chronicle 8/2/58.

be a little puzzled as to how it was that Russia managed to get a space satellite up first. The Soviet Union, of course, was not left behind entirely in the scramble for German brains in 1945. We may be sure that in the development of the Sputnik, German scientists who happily worked for Hitler played an important part.

Truly science is international. But scientists practice their internationalism, not by refusing to slaughter the people of other countries, but by being willing to work for any country that will give them the facilities for carrying out their chosen work.

Does von Braun have any twinges of social conscience? Not very painful ones, I fancy. In an interview with Daniel Lang* of the *New Yorker*, von Braun said:

"The same things would have happened at Peenemünde without me. Do you think scientists should be blamed for war? Einstein? He looked for fundamental truths, and his formula was used for an atomic bomb. Alexander Graham Bell? Military orders that kill thousands are transmitted over his telephone. Why not blame the bus driver who takes war workers to their factories? How about movie actors who sing for the troops?"

"Have you any answer for it all?" I asked.

"Religion," von Braun replied at once. "As long as national sovereignties exist, our only hope is to raise everybody's standard of ethics. I go to church regularly now."

"Did you at Peenemünde?"

"I went occasionally," he said. "But it's really too late to go to church after a war starts. One becomes very busy."

Well, that one does anyway, although I know plenty of humbler folk who find the strength not to become so busy. The religion angle is interesting though, is it not? Perhaps von Braun wants to get on the right side of God in case they meet some time out there in space. For our dedicated scientist has said of space travel:

"It will free man from his remaining chains, the chains of gravity which still tie him to this planet. It will open to him the gates of heaven."

For the rest of us, however, von Braun's antics has brought hell a little bit nearer.

*As he writes it in *The Man in the Thick Lead Suit*, (Gollancz).

Will you help
FREEDOM look
our printer in
the eye?
(see column 1)

occupation this is regarded as terrorism.

We would like to consider FREEDOM at a later date the position of the Turkish minority. If we have appeared to ignore the subject it has been because the Turks have not been short of support from other sources. It seems to us that where the Cypriot claims have been, within their limits, justified and have had popular support, there is something about the Turkish fears as we have heard them expressed which has a political flavour.

As far as we can gather Turks and Cypriots have worked together for years in different parts of Cyprus without serious conflict. Their separation has to some extent been artificially manufactured, and even doubtful now if the peasant and urban workers of both races, blaming each other for the trouble. Unfortunately where general frustration exists scapegoats are convenient means through which anger can be expressed. This is a real danger to harmony between races, especially where the people are ignorant of the facts.

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