

10,000 in Trafalgar Square Boycott Rally

BOYCOTT SOUTH AFRICAN GOODS!

WHAT MAKES NEWS? Not, it seems, the voice of 10,000 people expressing in an orderly meeting their revulsion against racialism, but instead the infantile prancing of a political has-been and the wrecking attempts of a handful of morons.

The rally in Trafalgar Square last Sunday to launch a month-long boycott of South African goods was big and successful. Only the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament could have packed more people into the Square, where over 10,000, representing, we are sure, many hundreds of thousands throughout the country, gave enthusiastic support to the speakers, who included Father Trevor Huddleston, Hugh Gaitskell, Jeremy Thorpe for the Liberals, Tennyson Makiwane, representative of the African National Congress in the Boycott Committee in this country, and Lord Altrincham, the off-beat Tory.

The speeches, unfortunately, were not inspiring. The great sympathetic crowd was moved to enthusiastic support only once or twice. But what could be expected from a platform which had to avoid treading on so many toes?

Trevor Huddleston spoke as a Christian, but presumably thought it un-Christian even to refer to the support given to the Nationalist Government of South Africa by the Dutch Reform Church. Lord Altrincham appealed to all his fellow-Tories ('from the Prime Minister downwards') to support the boycott in their individual capacities and explained how it was that the Conservative Party could not support it officially.

Being the governing party, such an action would have been construed as *Government* support for

the boycott—and there is an understanding among Commonwealth governments that they do not apply sanctions against each other! But in any case, nobody could seriously expect the Tory Party to officially support a boycott—in or out of power.

Both Jeremy Thorpe and Hugh Gaitskell brought the official support of their parties—but neither thought it prudent to point out that if those parties were in power they would have to adopt the same governmental attitude as the Tories. Perhaps this is a niggle on our part—but it does mean that if Labour were in power the Africans would be deprived of a large amount of support they are now enjoying, for although it might be said that the Labour Party's rank and file would still be free to support such action unofficially, they are in fact so sheepish and constitutional that they would avoid behaviour which would embarrass their leaders.

Both Lord Altrincham and Jeremy Thorpe made the point that the alternative to the boycott and other means of passive resistance

was violence. Thorpe maintained that if the Nationalists persisted in their policies, the only alternative to *apartheid* would be violence—on such a scale as to make the French and Russian revolutions look like 'minor South American rebellions'. Altrincham claimed that the boycott is the last peaceful form of political expression left to the Africans. Presumably here he really meant 'legal' form, for there are possibilities of strike action in South Africa, although the strike is illegal there.

We have given some space to these rather trite points because the national press found the intervention of the fascist Union Movement more newsworthy than the meeting itself. The size of the meeting must have surprised the fascists, who turned up in strength and chanted feeble slogans like 'Support the Whites', but were wise enough not to attempt to break up the rally, which was understood to be their original intention.

Instead, they contented themselves with circling the Square in their trucks like frustrated jackals. It was while they were gathering for a march back to their headquarters



after the rally was dispersing that a rumpus started which led to a running fight right down Whitehall, with Mosley strutting at the head of his goon squad.

It is a comment on the news-

papers' pre-occupation with the trivial and sensational that this activity got the headlines next morning, while the serious and wide spread support for the boycott was pushed out.

POLITICAL COMMENTARY

THE Dr. A-FRANCO 'PLOT'

THE immense gusto with which outbreaks of "anti-Semitism" in Western Germany were publicised and exaggerated in this country has now been followed by equally wild denunciation of an Adenauer "plot" to establish military training bases in Spain behind the backs of the Western Powers. We are no lovers of Adenauer and his Bonn government (indeed we cannot work-up a prejudice in favour of any government!) but are simply being objective when we suggest that this, mainly British, anti-German campaign goes deeper than the issues which it seeks to denounce.

When the rearmament and admission of W. Germany to N.A.T.O. were being pressed on her in 1954, **FREEDOM** wrote*

In Britain the Bevanites, the Communists and the Beaverbrook Press (strange bedfellows!) are opposing 'Guns for the Huns' as they put it. The realistic people like Churchill, Attlee and the Trades Unions Congress all support German rearmament.

To-day the Bevanites (in spite of Bevan) continue to denounce the rearmament of W. Germany (see "Dr. Adenauer's Soldiers of God" by Raymond Fletcher in *Tribune*, Feb. 19), and last Saturday's *Daily Worker* plastered the Spanish bases "scare" over its front page with the admonition to "TELL YOUR MP TO ACT" and "West German threat to peace must be stopped". Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* splashed the "news" over its front page and devoted a "told-you-so" editorial to "Dr. A.'s bombshell":

For years critics of German rearmament have been told that, within the framework of the alliance Dr. Adenauer's forces would be unable to exercise any independent initiative. Trust Dr. Adenauer, has been the theme: he can

be relied upon to do nothing dishonourable.

This was the argument put forward to defend the setting up of the first German divisions. It is now being used to defend the handing over of missiles capable of delivering nuclear weapons.

But can Dr. Adenauer really be trusted? Can the German forces really be relied upon to obey only the orders of the NATO commanders?

But these hardy anti-Adenauer perennials have been joined by a large section of the British Press as well as the Labour Opposition, the Liberals and even some conservative backbenchers over the latest burning issue of secret bases in Spain. Why? The question is even more significant if, as we maintain, the "facts" of the present anti-German "scare" have been distorted, exaggerated, or even invented, to add political spice to the news.

"UNDER-counter deal for Wehrmacht training in Spain. Dr. A.—FRANCO AXIS. Nato powers by-passed" were the front-page banner headlines in the *Evening Standard*, last Tuesday-week, the first public "disclosure of under-cover negotiations by West Germany for military training facilities in Spain—beyond the control of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation". By the following morning the *Standard's* "undercover negotiations" had been transformed into the *Guardian's* "tentative approach by Bonn to the Spanish Government for the right to establish military depots, hospitals and training facilities on Spanish territory". As the days pass and in spite of Mr. Bob Edwards' "inside" information and the initially evasive replies of the Bonn Ministers (was it not pique rather than that they had something to hide which motivated the initial evasiveness?) it becomes abundantly clear that it is ridiculous to talk of "plots" or

"undercover negotiations". It is admitted that more than a month ago first the NATO Supreme Commander and shortly afterwards the Western Allies had been approached by Bonn on this question of supply bases and training facilities. So far as the former were concerned, German official spokesmen point out that it was in compliance with the Nato request that all those member countries which keep forces East of the Rhine should secure for themselves by their own individual efforts "deeply echeloned supply depots stretching back to Atlantic ports of entry". These depots according to the Nato schedule should provide 60 days' supply besides the 30 days' supplies to be stored East of the Rhine. The daily supply needs of the German forces under fighting conditions would amount to about 30,000 tons, hence she must find space for nearly 2½ million tons of supplies. So far she has depot space for ½ million tons in Germany and 100,000 tons outside. Hence she is left with a balance of depot space to find to store a further 2 million tons. And this depot space

to be acceptable, must be (a) close to Atlantic ports of entry; (b) close to railways or other land communications; (c) widely spaced and reasonably remote from potential fighting areas.

So far as troop training areas were concerned Bonn pointed out its forces use only (!) 350,000 acres compared with the 850,000 available to the Communist "Peoples' Army" in E. Germany, and that its present land hunger for the purpose of training men in the use of Nato's weapons of death is accounted for by the large tracts of their native land which is being currently used by the occupation forces of Britain, America and other Nato countries for the same purpose!

Apart from the fact that Bonn

denies that its 3-man mission to Madrid was instructed to look out for training grounds—its mission was to sound-out the Spanish over supply depots—Dr. Adenauer in his statement last week-end declared that

the German Government has proposed both in writing and orally at various NATO meetings, to take the organisation of supplies out of national responsibility and to integrate it fully under NATO

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Swedish A-Bomb Demonstrators Arrested

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

STOCKHOLM, FEBRUARY.

17 youths were taken into custody by the police here this evening for demonstrating outside the French Embassy against the atomic bomb. Various groups were represented including the World's Citizens. The youths were held overnight and the next morning set "free". No doubt all their names and addresses were taken as possible future disturbers of "the peace".

The police confiscated their banners. They were arrested for demonstrating without "permission" which is a "crime" against "public order". The correct thing to do would have been to apply for the necessary form, fill it in for permission to demonstrate outside the Embassy. After perhaps a delay of one month—if they deal with the case quickly—the answer would be given. Thus, the "democratic" control of demonstrations is applied in the happy country.

H.

REMEMBER!

BERLIN, FEBRUARY 28.

Rescue operations have been abandoned at the Karl Marx coalmine at Zwickau, East Germany, where 74 miners are still trapped by flames.

The 74 miners have been trapped in the mine since last Monday. Yesterday a State funeral was held at Zwickau for the 49 whose bodies had previously been recovered. Fifty-one were rescued.

(Reuter).

*The Rearmament of Germany (FREEDOM 11/9/54). Reprinted in *Selections from FREEDOM*, Vol. 4, 1054, pp. 185-7.

Firing Squads Busy in Algeria

PARIS, SATURDAY.

Five Algerian terrorists were executed by firing squads today—two in Algiers and two in Batna and one at Guelma, both places in East Constantine. Four of the men were sentenced to death in October and one in September for bomb attacks, kidnapping and murders.

This is the first occasion for a long time that so many rebels have been executed simultaneously in different parts of Algeria, or that the use of firing squads—with their connotation of an official state of war—has been specifically mentioned.

The announcements indicate that the French Government is putting into practice a decision taken last month to speed up the process of justice for Algerian terrorists.

(Sunday Times 28/2/60).

(Footnote)

ALGIERS, DECEMBER 28.

An Algiers settlers committee to-day urged that persons found guilty of acts of terrorism should be executed in public.

The committee "for the defence of merchants, industrialists, and craftsmen" held a meeting yesterday following a bomb explosion in central Algiers on Christmas Eve when more than forty people were injured. A young European girl later died of her injuries. The committee decided to hold a ceremony each year on December 24 to commemorate the death of the girl.

(Reuter).

THREE FACES OF GENOCIDE

AT the end of the last war a new word was coined by the victors to describe the activities of the vanquished. The word was genocide, the murder of a 'race'. It was not a new idea of course, all the colonising powers had tried it out with less technical efficiency but with great thoroughness. Is a single trace left of the indigenous population of Tasmania? But with the growth of the modern state, the total state, genocide has been sanctioned under the slogan which Lenin shared with Mrs. Sidney Webb and every political apologist, totalitarian or democratic, "you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs".

It is said that a banker before jumping out of the window in the financial crisis of the 'twenties remarked that "a single corpse can move public opinion, but masses of corpses were merely statistics." Thus you will find serious arguments about whether the number of Jews murdered during the war was 5,721,800 or as little as 2,665,000, and on the precise number of millions of people who died in the Soviet "collectivisation crises" of the early 'thirties or in Stalin's forced labour camps, or on the exact number of millions of people killed in the consolidation of the Mao-Tse-Tung régime in China, and whether the number was greater or less than the number killed by the Chiang-Kai-Shek régime (in order to prove which is the better of the two!).

"After the first death, there is no other" and it is to bring these meaningless figures into something we can grasp, that attempts are made to put the facts of genocide into human terms. This is why the chance survival of the diary of Anne Frank has made her the symbol of all the murdered children of her generation, and why John Hersey's reconstruction of what happened to half-a-dozen people in Hiroshima on August 6th, 1945, conveyed more to his readers than the official record that 78,150 people were killed and 13,983 missing,

and some 180,000 injured "including many thousands who subsequently died in agony".

Three current films in London attempt to come to terms with genocide and to give meaning to its dimensions, each in a different way. *On the Beach* (general release) is a film version of a novel about the last weeks of human life in Australia in a genocidal war of the future, as a radio-active cloud which has already destroyed life in the northern hemisphere drifts slowly south. *Night and Fog* directed by Alain Resnais (Berkeley Cinema) is a French documentary film on the German concentration camps, and *Hiroshima Mon Amour* by the same director (International Film Theatre) is the story of a casual affair between a French actress visiting Hiroshima in 1958 to take part in a film, and a Japanese architect. His family had been killed by the bomb; her first love, a German soldier, had been killed in the same year, and her hair shaved as a punishment for her 'collaboration'. Making love with the Japanese, she tries to feel compassion for Hiroshima, and he in turn draws out of her the terror of her own youthful experience at Nevers.

EACH of these films has a recognisable formula. *On the Beach* is the 'extreme situation' plot, like those stories of a group of doomed men in a mine or on an expedition, or of people stranded in a shipwreck or benighted in a lonely place, where the drama consists of the individual reactions of the characters to the situation and to each other. One of the reasons why the film is a failure is its lack of the delineation and development of character which such a plot demands. The two films of Alain Resnais are each on the theme of 'remembrance of things past' and on what the French girl calls the horror of forgetfulness. In Hiroshima it is the 'brief encounter' plot superimposed with shattering intensity on the past which the conversation of the lovers evokes. In *Night and Fog* the theme is extermination recollected in tranquility. We visit the placid country-

side and derelict buildings, we see the ovens that might be the bakery of a deserted village, while the commentary by Jean Cayrol, himself a victim who survived, recalls the inferno of the past, the transition from labour camps to concentration camps to death camps as the Third Reich evolved. Through an assemblage of still photographs, newsreel shots, propaganda films, and scraps of the work of amateur cinematographers whose state of mind one cannot imagine, we see the victims herded, transported across Europe in closed trucks, selected and stripped for slaughter. We see the bored commandant entertaining friends to tea, the orchestra, the economic by-products. And we see the results, the stacked bodies, the living dead of Belsen, the ceiling of the gas chamber at Auschwitz, its concrete clawed by human nails. Resnais' camera plays slowly and lovingly over the mountains of women's hair. Lovingly, because so someone observed, this seems to be the first film to treat a pile of hideous corpses with love, not nausea. For his achievement in editing and composing this film is to make it appear more horrible to forget than to remember. It is an act of solidarity with the dead.

The same is true of *Hiroshima Mon Amour* where the vibrant flesh of the lovers dissolves into the burnt flesh of the victims of 1945, where their conversation is accompanied by the terrible images of the past. "I have seen it all," she says, "the hospitals, the museum of the bomb, the newsreels, the photographs, the statistics." "No," he replies, "you have seen nothing of Hiroshima, nothing."

AFTER these, *On the Beach*, whose subject is the biggest catastrophe of all, seems almost trivial. The most telling shot in it is the last, the empty street in Melbourne with the Salvation Army banner fluttering between the War Memorial and the Public Library, bearing the words, with no-one left to read them, "There is Still Time, Brother". This is a naval officer view of the end

of mankind: immaculate uniforms, clean-shaven chins and stiff upper lips to the last, and is principally a vehicle for Gregory Peck and Ava Gardner ("Miss Gardner's gowns by so-and-so, Rome"). The rest of the survivors queue up in an orderly fashion for their government-issued suicide pills, and creep away to die in private. There is no tragedy, merely statistics, and the principal characters are too busy going down with the ship to ask questions. They are all rather sorry for the Egghead of the film, Fred Astaire, because he Understands. Someone, his tongue loosened by drink, actually asks him who was responsible, and he fumbles for an answer. Einstein? Science? Politics? He puts the blame on the idea that you can keep peace by preparing for war. "Our so-called civilisation," he says, "was gloriously destroyed by a handful of vacuum tubes and transistors."

"Who was responsible?" asks a death-like face in *Night and Fog*. "Not I," say the block leaders, the *capos*, the SS officers, the army commander with his iron cross at the neck of his neat uniform, the politician on trial at Nuremberg. "Who was responsible?" ask the dead, and get no answer.

"Who is responsible?" ask the posters in the "Peace March" in *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, and they enumerate the quantity of nuclear weapons stockpiled in the world today, which is certainly enough to make the situation of *On the Beach* credible. And they show us the body of Aikichi Kuboyama, one of the Japanese fishermen who died after seven months of agony after being burned by radioactive fallout from the American experimental H-Bomb explosion in March, 1954. And we remember perhaps the *Daily Express* headline "How We Fooled The Japs" on the day after the British explosion took place on Christmas Island, a fortnight earlier than the anticipated date, so as to forestall Japanese protests.

THESE three films, as much by what is omitted as by what is said, form a

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Strange Bedfellows

"You can tell a chap who boozes

By the company he chooses—
So the pig got up and slowly walked away."

ONE of the drawbacks attending the act of making an heroic gesture is the company one suddenly finds oneself in. For instance, a young acquaintance of mine having finally taken the plunge and joined a street parade for Nuclear Disarmament, got his picture in the papers. On one side of him in the picture is a wacky priest who runs a Catholic chapel in his back parlour, on the other a well-known psychopath who has plagued all sorts of movements with his erratic allegiance and barmy antics. Everyone who has the courage to champion any unconventional but sensible cause, soon finds that various sections of the lunatic fringe are his associates. Whether it is Abortion Law Reform, Anti-Capital Punishment, Aid for South African Treason Trial Victims, Nuclear Disarmament, Direct Action Against Missile Bases, Out With Franco, or any of the hundred-and-one libertarian and humanist causes, the lunatic fringe is well represented. A respondent to the FREEDOM readership questionnaire, gave a formidable list of completely unrelated causes which he claimed to support. He also claimed to daub walls with both ND "lollipops"—and swastikas!

Should I ever give way to an heroic impulse and find myself upon a barricade, I am sure that I would find some figure of fun like Turtle-necked Colin beside me yelling, "We anarchists believe in robbery with violence! Up with Bakunin and the Pope!" Then I would slink away in a cowardly fashion, muttering "Well-er-no, I don't quite see things in the same way," and leave the barricade to be manned by hardier comrades than I. All of us, of course, would like to decline:

"I am an original individual;
You are just eccentric;
He is plain barmy."

We do not like to think that our own degree of originality would class us with the lunatic fringe. We are told that that most serious-minded of revolutionists, J. Christ, found himself in a similar predicament, for when he reached the culmination of his stand against the Pharisees he was subjected to two unfair comparisons. First he found him-

self compared unfavourably to Barabbas, a notorious thug, and then he found himself in the public eye on Calvary between two thieves. It is possible that these two birds from the underworld were entirely unknown to our hero, yet he maintained friendly relations with them to the last—even promising them a passport to Paradise. This last must have narked the crowd. One can well imagine the remarks of the bystanders: "There's Lightfingered Izzy and Tear-away Titus with that soapbox orator from Nazareth between them—birds of a feather—spivs and agitators, they're getting what they deserve—pity they don't crucify a few more of them—caused a riot in the Temple that one did—ah, I bet his lightfingered pals weren't far away when he upset the money-changers' tables!" We are told that they mocked him.

In actual fact, connection between revolutionary agitators and thieves of the underworld has never been very close. The latter tend to regard the former as mugs. In 19th century Russia, Nechaev and his followers had a romantic scheme of enlisting robbers, blackmailers and ponces on the side of the revolutionists. These simple-minded revolutionists reasoned that they had a common cause as both were enemies of the State. In fact, the underworld characters generally swindled and betrayed their idealistic "comrades".

In the recent past in Glasgow there has been a certain measure of camaraderie between the anarchists and the "flymen", strippers of leaded roofs, shopbreakers, blackmarketeers and race-gangsters. Just after the war a propagandist anarchist group in Glasgow used the slogan "Work and Want, or Spiv and Live" with some success, and this expressed a measure of solidarity between the individualist anarchists and the criminal and near-criminal element. The propaganda of the individualist anarchists was that it was pointless for the workers to go on grinding out their lives in the industrial infernos of the Clydeside. The workers might hope to gain increasing control over the running of these industrial enterprises by political action and Trade Union or Syndicalist organization; their fathers and grandfathers had carried on this grim struggle before them. But the industrial infernos remained, ugly, grim and degrading, and the workers might waste their precious indi-

vidual lives in this treadmill with very little improvement, hoping for "the revolution" like pie in the sky. The time for emancipation is now, and if men lack the education, contacts, opportunities or even the sheer intelligence which would fit them to take up intrinsically pleasant and socially useful work, only a prig will blame them if they take to spiving for a living. Those of us who are lucky enough to be intelligent, educated and blessed with work which we enjoy, are in no position to carp at the anarchists of the Clydeside who taught that fiddling was a more dignified occupation than factory and workshop wage-slavery.

The toffee-nosed Marxists will always maintain that if a man is a "worker" he should grit his teeth and stay on the factory floor (a good simile!) intriguing to become a shop-steward, etc., etc., to revolutionize the other "workers". In practice of course this means the emancipation of the "workers" one by one—via the Trades Union bureaucracy and clean-handed political jobs. Perhaps it is better to become "Petit bourgeois" all at once by a decision to quit work for spiving, than to shuffle up the class ladder on the backs of "fellow-workers" who are bigger mugs than oneself.

When I was once giving vent to these sentiments about spiving at a public meeting, I was tackled by a professed spiv (and an honest-to-God one he is) who said that he felt his way of life was degrading. He and his pals have always been very good friends to the anarchist movement, and I rather think that anarchism is to them a sort of holy conscience—just as a Catholic whore may honour the Virgin Mary. To the spivs we anarchists are mugs, idealistic, barmy. But they like us that way; they would have us be like holy idiots proclaiming blessed truths which are just too good to be practicable in this wicked world. So my spiv friend rebuked me for stating that spiving for a living was more dignified than many forms of "honest work". But I note that he still prefers the former to the latter. When last I heard from him it was to suggest a proposition, so unethical, so monstrous, that I was shocked.

It just shows you the queer types you find yourself associating with if you are a bit—well—original. People might suspect that you belonged to the lunatic fringe yourself just because you read FREEDOM.

FREEDOM

threody on the theme of moral responsibility. We can of course put the responsibility for the "final solution of the Jewish Problem" on the German government which coined that sinister phrase, the responsibility for Hiroshima on the American government, the responsibility for making *On the Beach* credible, on all governments which prepare for war. It was possible twenty-five years ago for Simone Weil to describe war as "a struggle led by all the State apparatuses and their general staffs against all men old enough and able to bear arms." How antiquated this definition has become. "Were you here when it happened?" the French girl asks the Japanese. "Of course not, I was away in the army," he replies.

The American submarine crew in *On the Beach* owe their temporary survival simply to their being "on active service". And the millions of victims in *Night and Fog*; were they soldiers?—Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Defence, in a speech made in Australia in August, 1957 (speaking evidently in pre-missile terms) said that notwithstanding the merits of our defences, some hydrogen bombers were bound to get through, and added:

"That is why we have taken a very bold step in deciding not to do the impossible. We decided not to defend the whole country, but to defend only our bomber bases. I must pay tribute to the people of Great Britain for the readiness with which they have accepted these harsh but inescapable facts."

Populations have become an expendable war material, expendable in the defence of military installations. And war thus becomes the assault of all governments upon all peoples. But war, in ceasing to be anything but attempted annihilation, requires, for the production of a single weapon, the co-operation of large numbers of people, and in attributing responsibility to the governments which give the orders, must we not also attribute it to the populations who obey, and obeying, acquiesce?

Who was responsible for the attempt to liquidate European Jewry? Dr. Gerald Reitlinger in his epilogue to *The Final Solution* says:

"It is difficult to believe that there existed any fully conscious being in Germany or German-occupied Europe in the last two years of the war who did not know that most of the Jews had disappeared and who had not heard some story that they had been shot and gassed. Nor do I suppose that there was anybody who did not have a friend who knew somebody else who had seen a massacre. More than a hundred million people must have known such things and whispered about them, and yet they could not make the climate unpleasant for the few thousands who carried them out. That, however, need surprise no one. It is as easy for a hundred million persons to be frightened of a secret police force as it is for one.

"It is the atmosphere of anonymity which is most terrible. It numbs the faculty of reason and fair play and substitute fear. Probably no nation has ever been so frightened as was the German nation during the war. And the higher the Germans rose, the more frightened they became till we reach the case of Heinrich Himmler, who was made head of the police State almost by chance and whom Hitler retained just because he was a frightened man who could be informed on and intimidated.

"Like the aerial bomber, the bureaucrat does not see his kill. It is possible that Eichmann never saw a single one of the millions of Jewish corpses of which he boasted."

Dr. Reitlinger concluded his account in these words:

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THE UNIVERSITY LIBERTARIAN

EVERYONE who wants to see the continuance of another vehicle for anarchist opinion in this country, besides these crowded columns, will welcome the last-minute take-over bid which saved the *University Libertarian*. (See the note by the new editor in FREEDOM 13/2/60). UL No. 10 contains among other things some impressions of Moscow by Leopold Kohr, a note on Schoolboy Homosexuality by Arthur Freeman, a reply by Terence Chivers to George Molnar's "Necrophobia in Politics" which appeared in UL No. 9, the first part of a discussion of Existentialism and Sartre by M. Mac an Bhaird, a study of women's magazines by Nicolas Walter. The "Notes and Comments" (on topics like censorship, colonial brutality, beatniks, living theatre, and voluntary efforts against poverty, famine and oppression) and the "Announcements" column are one of the most interesting features of the magazine.

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The Dr. A— Franco 'Plot'

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auspices. So long as this German proposal is not accepted, supply organisation remains, much to Germany's regret, a national responsibility.

But before exploring Spain for supply bases, the Federal German Government—according to the *Guardian* (Feb. 27)—first made approaches to France and Britain. The main approach was made to France for an area for air firing training and supply bases.

The French proposed an area in Southern Algeria which apparently met most of the military requirements. But the Federal Government has always insisted that it did not want to get involved with colonial problems; and the present drive for economic aid and trade in Africa was considered to be inconsistent with moving troops on to African soil.

No other base was offered in France. The Germans then approached the British Government with the same request.

It is not quite clear whether the British Government had strong political reasons for refusing, but it turned down the supply bases on the grounds that Britain was no more likely to survive a nuclear war than Germany, and the air firing range for lack of space.

So, on the one hand, for very good business reasons, on the other for equally practical reasons, France and Britain could not be of assistance. In view of the allegations by Germany that Nato has largely ignored her problems of military *lebensraum*, Bonn has looked to Spain for a solution, and adds that Britain which suffers from the same space problems, has been doing likewise. This the British Ministry of Defence has denied.

★

It is doubtful whether the truth will be established in our time. But what is a fact is that America has established a large number of bases in Spain; that America, like Germany is a member of Nato. And if the concern about Germany's intentions in Spain is that since Spain is not a member of Nato then Germany's activities in Spain would not be controllable by Nato, then the same can be said with more reason of America which actually has military bases in Spain outside the control of the Western "allies". But we can hear the political realists from the *News Chronicle* to the *New Statesman* object that Germany and America are not the same thing. In actual fact the political experts ignore that America is there!

Last week's *Statesman*, weighed down with the boredom of growing old preaching political realism, churns out the old, old arguments in "Another Dress Rehearsal in Spain"

Just over 20 years ago, Hitler's Wehrmacht and Luftwaffe used the Spanish Civil War as a realistic training ground for their new techniques and arms. Now they are to return, equipped with infinitely more deadly weapons.

Likewise William Forrest in a whole-page spread in the *News Chronicle* (25/2/60), "Dr. A. Mustn't get away with this" opens with

Germany and Spain—what brings these two paladins of Western civilisation together again? We remember only too well their last liaison, when Hitler's Luftwaffe used the Spanish Civil War as a rehearsal for World War II.

We remember also the brazen denials with which the then German Government covered up its intervention in Spain, and what fools Hitler made of Eden and Blum and their pathetic non-intervention committee.

But what these paladins of political realism seem to overlook is that

WRITERS IN CHAINS

SPEAKING at the first Writers' Congress to be held in the USSR, Isaac Babel joked about the right to write badly and described himself as master of a new literary genre—the "genre of silence." Respect for the reader, he said, made him dumb. That year, 1934, had witnessed a thawing-out in Russia but only from the naive could Babel's whimsy have concealed his seriousness. The frost soon set in again. Babel was arrested. He died, in 1939 or 1940, in uncertain circumstances in a concentration camp.

Bitter Harvest, edited by Edmund Stillman (Thames & Hudson, 25/-), docu-

ments the work of writers who, twenty years after Babel's ironic apologia for silence, have struggled to take advantage of another thaw. Thirty-five poems, short stories, political, philosophical and miscellaneous pieces by thirty writers are included. Six of the contributors are Russians, eleven are Poles and seven Hungarians. Latvia, China, East Germany, Vietnam, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia have one each.

Typical of the temper of the contributions is the short story "A Heap of Machinery" by the Vietnamese writer Minh Hoang. Thang, boss of the construction site of a half-finished factory, has been subjected to the additional burden of caring for the machines which are to be installed in the factory when it is built. The machines have been delivered too early and for want of adequate cover are rusting in the rain and damp to which they are exposed. The resentment and lack of understanding among the led, of the plans of their leaders, are focused in the description of Thang's attempts to preserve the valuable machines. His helplessness is symbolised at the end of the story where, with a rainstorm imminent, he runs to his house and runs back to the machines with his raincoat which he spreads over one of them. It covers a fraction of the surface. An interesting portrait is given of a team of Russian advisers. Called to the site to advise on protection of the machines they converse in pidgin Vietnamese, indulge in jovial back slappings and drive off in their splendid limousine as the rainstorm approaches, leaving Thang's problem unsolved.

A persistent theme is the corrupting force of bureaucracy. Dimitri Granin's story of the bureaucrat Minayev who silences criticisms, by one of his assistants, of a tractor design because he knows that to embarrass those in high places won't help his ambition to become director of a technical institute; the nostalgia for the verities of peasant life displayed in the stories of Nikolai Zhdanov and Peter Veres; and the weariness which overcomes the bureaucrats themselves, as conveyed by Alexander Yashin and Wang Meng, are variation on this theme.

Irony, as expressed by Babel, does not predominate. Instead, a gamut of other feelings is traversed: anguish, bewilderment, disillusion, despair, the felt need to "revise". Nearly all of the contributions date from 1956 or 1957, i.e. at or after the time of the Twentieth Congress. Only Milovan Djilas's essay "Class Struggle" (1953) is earlier than 1955. The anthology, therefore, broadly covers a period of renewed hope. Irony is used by those who feel the time is inopportune for exposing themselves. The writers represented in *Bitter Harvest* were intoxicated by the possibilities of freedom opened up by Stalin's death and the Twentieth Congress. Caution could be tossed aside. Thus Wang Meng and Minh Hoang acted upon Mao's "hundred flowers" speech and have now been caught by the backwash of reaction. Wolfgang Harich, Djilas and Gyula Hay are now in prison. Imre Nagy and Miklos Gimes have been executed. Others are now in exile. Still the possibilities for freedom are greater than they were in Babel's day. Stalin and Andrei Zhdanov are dead. Especially in Hun-

gary, East Germany and Poland the rulers have had a taste of the temper of the ruled. It seems likely that, in various forms, the phenomena described by the book's sub-title—"the intellectual revolt behind the Iron Curtain"—will continue.

One hesitates to carp at men who have, in many instances, suffered for their convictions. Yet when one reads in Miklos Gimes's "Two Kinds of Truth" that he takes it "as self-evident that the Hungarian press ought to serve the ends of the Party"; or in Gyula Hay's "Literary Censorship and Freedom" that he does not ask us to permit a writer "to incite . . . to violence against our deepest moral sense," one wonders whether these attitudes cannot be erected into a justification of the pillorying of such men as Pasternak and Nabokov. Too many left wing intellectuals have flirted with authoritarianism. When Milovan Djilas was imprisoned it was pointed out by at least one Yugoslav apologist that he had been sentenced under a law which he had helped to pass.

Seen in a broader perspective this anthology may be regarded as an indictment of revolution imposed from above. The essence of authoritarian socialism is the imposition, on the masses of the people, of what is good for them. In practice this results in the creation of a new privileged class, maintained not by the needs of the people but by force. Spontaneity disappears, bureaucracy flourishes and those who have tried to make the system work become wearied and disillusioned. At one point in Wang Meng's short story, "A Young Man in the Organization Department" the following scene occurs:

"Aren't you young and zealous any more?" Lin Chen asked experimentally, trying to keep Liu talking. "Of course not," Liu Shih-wu toyed with his empty glass. "Instead I'm terribly busy! So busy that everything has become common, wearisome . . . I have to deal with this man and that man but I have no time to deal with myself."

That is the background against which writers, in Russia, China and their satellites, have worked.

The quality of the contributions naturally varies. Stillman says in his introduction that he was concerned, in selecting material, not so much with literary ability as with presenting pieces representative of the "intellectual revolt." It must be said that he has succeeded in this, and anyone who reads *Bitter Harvest* will gain a better understanding of the way people feel behind the Iron Curtain. At the same time most of the contributions are not only symptomatic but are also, in one way or another, impressive. They are not mere documentation.

Among the most impressive is Ilya Ehrenburg's, "The Lessons of Stendhal." This is more than an essay by an accomplished writer, it is Ehrenburg searching his own conscience. "For me," he writes, "the lessons of Stendhal lie primarily in his exceptional truthfulness . . . that is the most important thing . . . not only for writers, but for all people in the middle of the twentieth century." "Distortion of the soul by coercion, hypocrisy, bribery and threats was a major and perhaps the main theme of Stendhal's

novels." Coercion, hypocrisy, bribery and threats have comprised the ordeal for writers confronted by totalitarian Communism, as well as for the characters of Henri Beyle's novels, and the unfortunate Ehrenburg has, in his own person, illustrated their distorting effect.

Ehrenburg is a gifted writer, as one is made poignantly aware by the publication, not long before *Bitter Harvest*, of one of his earlier novels, *Julio Jurenito*. *Julio Jurenito* was first published, in Russian, in 1922, but an English translation did not appear until 1958 (MacGibbon & Kee, 18/-). In a sense, a book which is translated thirty-six years after its publication has stood the test of time. This is so with *Julio Jurenito*. On its appearance in English it was compared by reviewers with the satires of Voltaire, Swift and Byron.

The novel is a picaresque account of the doings of "The Teacher", a Mexican named Julio Jurenito, and the seven disciples he gathers around him. The Teacher is an enigmatic figure dedicated to the destruction of the old Europe, a theme which could have been suggested by the First World War, or by those strange beings, the nihilists and anarchists of pre-revolutionary Russia. Ehrenburg could not have helped but to know of the War; Russian literature would have acquainted him with the nihilists and anarchists. The book purports to be a record of the life and thoughts of the Teacher and is told in the first person. The narrator is a young Russian-Jewish poet who, at the time he meets the Teacher, is leading a bohemian life in Paris. He becomes the first disciple. So, when the Teacher deliberately causes his own death, it is appropriate that the first of the disciples should write the gospel.

The satire, which is the real purpose of the book, is developed in a succession of episodes, in the course of which the disciples are collected by the Teacher, dispersed by the War and then re-united, one by one. Each episode is the occasion for a devastating picture of some characteristic institution or feature of Western civilization. The satire is pitiless and is unrestrained by the hallowed nature of some of its targets. With the War still on, the little band find their way to Russia, where the Revolution has just occurred. The interesting point here, is that Ehrenburg does not restrain his mordant wit. Russia is likened to "a wild ship casting off into the night." Elsewhere the Teacher says: "What humanity is heading for today is by no means paradise but the harshest, blackest, sweatiest purgatory of all. The final twilight of freedom is at hand." Ehrenburg seems to have had an early realization of what was to come.

The precise way in which the Teacher proposed to bring down the old Europe is only hinted at, never made explicit. When he has served his purpose, to conduct the disciples on a satirical Cook's Tour, he is killed. It is an easy way to exit a character who has served his purpose and Ehrenburg is not the first writer to make use of it. The gospel completed, the narrator salutes "all my brothers without a god, without a programme, without an idea, naked and despised, loving only the wind and outrage."

When George Orwell called Ehrenburg "a literary prostitute", he must have been basing his judgment on evidence other than *Julio Jurenito*. It is not only written with the exuberance natural to a young writer in command of his material, but there seems no reason to doubt that most, if not all, of the ideas expressed are his, or were his at the time of writing. Of course, a novelist should not be confused with his characters too readily. But *Julio Jurenito* is a satire and, in the case of a satire, the ideas expressed can be more readily regarded as those of the author. In addition, the narrator is not only a Russian Jew, like Ehrenburg himself, but bears the name of Ilya Ehrenburg.

Reading *Julio Jurenito* in 1922, one would have expected great things of the author. In 1960, however, it seems no more than a literary oddity and reading it, like reading *Bitter Harvest*, is a sad experience. K.J.M.

Peace in our time is not a matter of political alignments but of the abolition of politics through an exposure of what it really is . . . But we won't repeat what we wrote in these columns last week, at some length!

†M.G. (19/8/52) quoted in *FREEDOM* 30/8/52. "Krupps (Allies) Inc." Reprinted in *FREEDOM Selections*, Vol. 2, 1952, pp. 173-4.

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Black Magic

In a television broadcast on Kenya the commentator told us that education and progress was being held up because so many Africans still held on to primitive superstitions, such as belief in witchcraft.

White Magic

According to a *Guardian* report, two North of England rectors are preparing to hold a service of exorcism in a house, where strange noises are heard, to get rid of evil spirits.

Three Faces of Genocide

Continued from p. 2

"I have spent close on four years among these documents and I have found their company neither gloomy nor depressing. For on many pages darts and gleams that thing which prevents all government becoming a living hell—human fallibility. Eichmann fails to fill his death trains, the satellite-government Ministers refuse to answer letters, someone gets the figures wrong, and someone else gives the show away too soon. And so the immense disaster is partly whittled down. How much worse it would have been if the French had not been inconsistent, if the Italians had not been easy-going, the Hungarians jealous, the Rumanians corrupt, and the Germans themselves wedded to protocol. It is possible that murderous racialism is something ineradicable in the nature of ants and men, but the Robot State which will give it full effect cannot exist and never will."

★

THESE words however seem small comfort compared with the degree of success which was achieved in the final solution, and small comfort too when we look for the answer to the question: Who was responsible for Hiroshima?

In the country which seemed the least affected by the omnipotence of the State, it was possible to employ at Oak Ridge, Tennessee 120,000 workers for over a year, without their having the faintest idea of what they were making. Some of the atomic scientists addressed warnings to the American government on the implications of the "Manhattan Project". Dr. Niels Bohr addressed memoranda to Roosevelt and Churchill, and obtained interviews:

"He got nowhere with Roosevelt. Churchill listened to him for a while, but stood up and broke off the interview before Bohr had finished. Turning to his scientific adviser, Lord Cherwell, he asked: 'What is he really talking about? Politics or physics?'" (H. P. Howard: "Days of Infamy", *Liberation*, Dec. 59).

Others had not second thoughts. Dr. Enrico Fermi, who had always stood apart from the scientists who were anxiously warning about the new weapon they had created, expressed the viewpoint of the collaborators when he said: "Don't bother me with your conscientious scruples! After all, the thing's superb physics!"

As the Japanese surrender became imminent, the pace of bomb preparation quickened, and Gen. Groves ordered that the first should be ready for testing by the middle of July and at least one ready for use early in August. Japan was already defeated. Admiral Suzuki became premier on April 7th, with instructions to negotiate an armistice. In that month Japanese approaches to America were made through Switzerland and in June through the 'good offices' of the Soviet Union. The Americans intercepted the code message from Suzuki to

Ambassador Sato "Japan is defeated. We must face that fact and act accordingly." Already on May 28th, President Truman had accepted the main point of Japanese surrender—maintenance of the Imperial Dynasty—but he postponed public statement of this until after the bomb had been secretly tested on July 15th, and the bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki dropped at the beginning of August.

After Hiroshima, Truman declared "We have spent two billion dollars on the greatest gamble in history—and won." And after Nagasaki he added, "We thank God that it has come to us instead of to our enemies, and we pray that He may guide us to use it in His way and for His purpose." Fourteen years afterwards the former British Prime Minister, Lord Attlee, in a television interview repeated all the old lies about "ending the war" and "saving countless lives", as though all the military memoirs and documents which revealed the truth had never been published. And asked "How much did we in this country know about the development of the atom bomb", he replied "It was a very close secret. I knew practically nothing myself" (*Listener* 22/1/59).

Who was responsible? Truman declared that "This development, which was carried forward by the many thousand participants with the utmost energy and the very highest sense of national duty . . . probably represents the greatest achievement of the combined efforts of science, industry, labour, and the military in all history." Of these many thousands how many knew? Only three of the plane crew that dropped the first bomb knew what it was. One of these men has accepted the burden of responsibility. A Reuter report from Dallas, Texas on 11/4/59 said:

"A former U.S. Air Force pilot who led the atomic bombing raids on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August, 1945, was committed to hospital here for mental observation. The ex-pilot, Claude Eatherly, who claimed that by leading the raids he had killed 100,000 Japanese, has been in several mental hospitals since the end of the war. For the last few weeks he has been in custody on charges of trying to rob a grocery store. The district attorney, Mr. Henry Wade, told the court the ex-flyer believes Japanese are seeking to kill him."

★

BUT in the war for which the governments of the great powers are preparing today, there need be no Claude Eatherly to bear the scapegoat's burden of guilt. The act will be accomplished by "a handful of vacuum tubes and transistors". Dr. Reitlinger's Robot State is already here.

"The chain of events leading up to the explosion is composed of so many links, the process involved so many different

agencies, so many intermediate steps and partial actions, none of which is the crucial one, that in the end no one can be regarded as the agent. Everyone has a good conscience, because no conscience was required at any point. Bad conscience has once and for all been transferred to moral machines, electronic oracles . . . have assumed all responsibility, while man self-righteously washes his hands.

"Even where robots are not resorted to, the monstrous undertaking is immensely facilitated by the fact that it is not carried out by individuals, but by a complex and vastly ramified organisation. . . . To blame the participants for their lack of conscience would be as meaningless as to ascribe courage or cowardice to one's hand. The division of labour prevents him so completely from having clear insight into the productive process, that the lack of conscience we must ascribe to him is no longer an individual moral deficiency." (Gunther Anders: *Reflections on the H-Bomb*).

We are all responsible: therefore none of us is responsible. It is logically true and emotionally comforting. Why then do we make a distinction between those scientists for whom the bomb was simply superb physics, and those in Germany like Heisenberg, in America like Rabinowitch, in Russia like Kapitzka who have sought to prevent the use of their discoveries. Why do we honour those in Germany and the occupied countries who sabotaged the Final Solution? In his book *The Footsteps of Anne Frank*, Ernst Schnabel is faced with the same problem. He contrasts the man who betrayed the Frank family with those who succoured and hid them:

"Miep, Ellie, Koophuis, Kraler, Henk, the 'vegetable man on the corner'—they had no orders to do what they did. Silberthaler had his orders. What he might have done if he had not had them is a useless question. The fact is that he acted under orders, and that is why I did not seek him out. We do not need Silberthaler's testimony. He was a wholly ordinary person, like all the rest of us. The case is somewhat complicated, however, by the fact that Miep, Ellie, Koophuis, Henk, and the vegetable man also maintain that they were wholly ordinary people. We are suddenly forced to raise the question: What is an ordinary person?"

Must we not conclude that there are two sorts of ordinary person, those who are curious and those who ask no questions, those who demand and those who accept, those whose actions are determined from without, and those who determine their own actions, those who protest and those who are silent, those who obey and those who refuse obedience? The implications are forced upon us by considering these three films which attempt, powerfully or indifferently, to portray in human terms three faces of genocide. C.W.

Good Intentions

WE hear a lot about the "thaw"—the relaxation of the literary and artistic despotism typical of Russian under Stalin and Zhdanov. The death of Stalin in 1953 and the Krushchev speech in 1956 made room for greater freedom of speech and expression in the Communist world than there had been for a long, long time. Ehrenburg's *The Thaw* and Dudintsev's *Not by Bread Alone* came from Russia; but Dr. Zhivago has not been published there, and we know what happened to the Hungarians. The Poles—who are after all closest to Western Europe in spirit—have so far done the most exciting work in the new liberal direction, but although we have seen some wonderful films we haven't had many good books yet.

An American translation of Marek Hlasko's *The Eighth Day of the Week* was published in England last year, although it had appeared in *Tworczosc* back in 1956. Similarly Andrei Braun's *The Paving Stones of Hell*, which is now published here by Putnam (13/6d.), appeared in *Nowa Kultura* in 1956. There is a regrettable time-lag, due perhaps to a lack of good Polish translators; the present translation, by H. C. Stevens, is frankly awful—it reads like a prolonged schoolboy unseen translation from the French of Flaubert.

Nor is the novel itself much good—certainly not nearly as impressive as Hlasko's. A doctrinaire Communist editor (Jewish, like the author) is arrested; the only one of his friends who believes he is innocent of treason falls in love with his wife; the editor confesses and is imprisoned; his wife divorces him and marries the friend; the editor is

released, and an abrupt and absurd denouement rounds off an absurd and abrupt book, the characters, situations, conflicts, conversations and descriptions are all artificial. There must be better Polish novels than this, crying out to be translated (Hlasko's other work, for example). After all, if we want to read fake dialectical fiction we can always turn to Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir. At least Braun's book is short; otherwise I would never have got to the key phrases at the end "We're not to blame . . . We're all responsible . . . We've got to live"—all spoken by the friend. N.W.

IT'S NEVER SURPLUS!

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT!

WEEK 9	
Deficit on Freedom	£180
Contributions received	£186
SURPLUS	£6
February 19 to February 25	
Greenwich: A.A.L. 5/-; Hamilton: Anon. £5/0/0; Sundsvall: Anon. 2/6; London: Anon* 1/-; Montreal: C.S. £1/0/0; Stockholm: O.H. 3/-; London: P. 3/11; London: M.P. 2/-; London: Anon.* 2/-; London: J.S.* 3/-; Wolverhampton: J.G.L.* 2/6; Surrey: F.B.* 5/-; Baltimore: M.M. 7/-; Phoenix: A. de T. £7/0/0; Los Gatos: M. & S. de R. £1/15/0; Bronx: M.R. £1/15/0.	
Total	18 6 11
Previously acknowledged	168 1 6
1960 TOTAL TO DATE	£186 8 5

*Indicates regular contributor.

LET'S JOIN THE HUMAN RACE

PARIS, FEBRUARY 19.

The French police are already making intensive preparations for the visit of Mr. Khrushchev, which begins on March 15, and a house-to-house check of the identity papers of people living along the route to be taken by the Russian visitors is being made.

A routine check of the parts of Nancy through which Mr. Khrushchev will pass brought to light a deserter from the German Army who had been living there for eighteen years. The German soldier, now known as M. Louison Dalandier, met a French girl—Mlle. Dalandier—while he was serving with the Occupation forces in 1942. They fell in love, and as the only way of remaining with her, he deserted.

She hid him in the bathroom of a small haberdasher's shop she owned, and although there was a severe Gestapo drive against deserters, he was not discovered. When the tide of war receded, the slight fair-haired man with rimless glasses took his place behind the counter and became known locally as M. Louison. "He was always very discreet and all we knew of him was that he was a German and that they were not married," said one of the neighbours.

They could not marry because M. Louison had no identity papers, and these are required in France in order to marry. This has now been remedied. The police have left M. Louison at liberty and taken no action against him on the technical charge of entering France illegally. As his history is known he can now obtain the missing papers—and marry.

Guardian 20/2/60.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

United We Stand

TO the not too partisan observer, the take-over bid phenomenon has never been restricted to the City Jungle. Amid the starry-eyed crusaders of the Labour movement, the discovery has been made that marxism, one hundred years old and a trifle rusty, is not a sufficiently powerful weapon to belabour the capitalists with and subdue allies for the cause. When in doubt or difficulty—which is quite a good deal of the time, for working class solidarity is not what it was in the old days—there are two choices left open. The first—a bandwagon to step onto, and the second—a scapegoat on which to heap hate and make up for the built-in frustrations of a decadent but thriving democracy.

The Labour Party tried the former of these two techniques when the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament first caught the imaginations of a large section of a public which had remained politically fallow for so long. To its delight and the Campaign's detriment it succeeded, or was succeeding until the Tories sauntered comfortably back to power. After that, the wistful appeal to give a reformed party the electoral reins in five years' time was too much of a damp squib for even the most gullible of the campaigners. There was, and is, some doubt as to whether the Labour Party could survive that long.

The latest attempt to woo the CND comes from the British Peace Committee which has a somewhat lop-sided view of the power struggle, not entirely justified by events; and which has at no stage until the present time advocated or even mentioned unilateralism, the cutting edge of the anti-bomb movement. Now, however, Mr. K.'s unilateralist reduction of his armed forces by one million men (he still has a few left) seems

ANYONE FOR JAZZ?

DEAR COMRADES,

Peter Turner and I are trying to organize regular record sessions for Jazz enthusiasts. So far the idea is that one person each month should bring along some records of their choice and introduce them with a few comments or a short talk. We have several people who are interested, but we really need a few more if we are to be able to run it regularly.

The first meeting will be on Friday, March 18th at 7 p.m. at the International Voluntary Service Hostel, 72 Oakley Square, N.W.1. (Nr. Mornington Crescent Station), when I shall introduce some Clarinet and Saxophone records from Trad. to Modern. Please come along if you are interested. We welcome any comments or suggestions regarding our meeting and we badly need offers of the loan of a portable gramophone for future sessions.

Enfield.

MARY STEVENSON.

BUSINESS BEFORE PATRIOTISM

MELBOURNE, FEBRUARY 25.

The lifting of 90 per cent. of Australia's licensing restrictions on imports has started a race to order Japanese goods. About thirty buyers representing one chain store are reported to have left Melbourne for Japan last weekend and others have sent teams of buyers abroad. Three airlines flying between Australia, Hongkong, and Japan say that most of their flights are heavily booked and one has a waiting list of business men.

Textiles and toys are among Japanese goods still subject to import controls, but Australian textile manufacturers were already bitter about the competition of Japanese textiles and asking for higher tariffs.

Australia's total imports from Japan last year reached £30 millions, of which cotton piece goods accounted for £14 millions. Next to the United Kingdom, Japan has become by far Australia's best export market. (*Guardian*).

OUT OF THIS WORLD

Two boys, holding a strange object, crept into Erith (Kent) police station yesterday and said to the station sergeant: "Please, mister, we've found a space helmet—we think the Martians must have landed." But the boys had found a heavy glass-fronted gas mask issued for babies in arms at the beginning of the war. (*Guardian*).

to have gone to their heads. At the 'National' (sic) Disarmament Conference on February 14th, High-Priest Ivor Montague caused consternation among the faithful when, with some reservations, he pledged himself to a go-it-alone policy; although of course his sermon revolved mainly around Olympus. This move would perhaps have been more welcome if it had not been accompanied by an incredible faith in the messianic qualities of the Soviet leader who, in spite of his speech to the General Assembly of the United Nations, is no pacifist.

Calls to unite for peace are always welcome from the Communist Party via the BPC but we may well ask ourselves what kind of peace, when from the same platform we hear a tirade of hate against the German people. Few of us are not disturbed by the re-arming of Germany but to be told that all Germans are something less than human or in the words of Mr. John Braine, at the Central Hall, are not to be trusted with knives and forks, let alone popguns, is an ominous sign. Here in truth are our scapegoats.

The scene is set. All roads lead to Aldermaston. Opposition to Nazi militarism is a convenient substitute for struggle against all militarism. A subtle change is taking place. Down at the left wing coffee bar, the hub around which revolves the widely praised and pitied NLR, and the London Region CND, peace doves seem to have ousted the familiar semaphore both on the lapels of the permanent residents and on the sales counter. Everybody it seems likes the change including the morally deficient and politically ignorant beatniks to whom the rapidly developing gimmick of marching offers an invigorating alternative to rock 'n' roll.

There are many different interpretations of the word peace in current usage. It can mean—war, in which the right side wins; or war without nuclear weapons; economic war; police wars; internal persecution of minorities to protect the existing order; or even the absence of war. We should be aware of the necessity of being familiar with these subtle differences when dealing with 'peace movements'.

London.

T.S.

MEETINGS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP and MALATESTA DEBATING SOCIETY

IMPORTANT

MEETINGS are now held at CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS "The Marquis of Granby" Public House, London, W.C.2.

(corner Charing Cross Road and Shaftesbury Avenue) at 7.30 p.m.

ALL WELCOME

MAR. 6.—Denys Bowen (Director New Vision Gallery) on ART AND ACTION

MAR. 13.—Basil Bonner (Abortion Law Reform Association) on ABORTION—LEGAL OR ILLEGAL?

MAR. 20.—To be announced

MAR. 27.—Jim Baker (Australia) on SYDNEY LIBERTARIANISM AND PERMANENT PROTEST.

APRIL 3.—J. M. Pilgrim on ANARCHISM AND SCIENCE FICTION

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