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Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"Of what use is Freedom of thought if it will not produce freedom of action"

—William Godwin

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Threepence

Readers! A Challenge

A COMRADE and active supporter of the paper who is worried by the steadily increasing deficit on FREEDOM has made a generous offer, as well as issued a challenge, which we hope no sympathetic reader will feel able to ignore. He has offered to donate £50 to the Deficit Fund if the contributions from readers in Britain during September exceed £50.

Easy money for FREEDOM don't you think? Yes, but only if you consider your half-crown as important as the next man's pound note! If readers in these islands were really to accept the challenge issued by our comrade they would think of matching his fifty by double that amount! Fifty pounds is, after all, only 400 half-crowns plus the enthusiasm and energy required to obtain the postal order and stamp and to scribble the note and address the envelope to FREEDOM. But by doing this, not only will you please a fellow reader who is just longing to part with £50 (plus the satisfaction that it has induced other readers to part with a similar amount) but you will be also encouraging all those who in one way or another accept the responsibility of producing and distributing the paper. And last but not least we hope you will enjoy feeling that you are the people who make it possible for FREEDOM to be printed every week. Thanks!

Now turn to p. 4
and see how you
did this week

African Pact

SOUTH AFRICA, the Rhodesian Federation and the Portuguese colonies in Africa are discussing a mutual assistance treaty under the pretext of "halting the progress of communism in Africa".

Like General Franco, who uses the communist bogey to stamp out opposition to his régime, white Africa is planning to crush by military force any demonstrations by Africans in defence of their rights by labelling them communist.

This is not a new tactic especially in South Africa, but the exchange of troops and armaments will make their job that much easier.

An "assistance" treaty may temporarily strengthen the three groups militarily, but it is a sign of their weakness and fear of African nationalism which has brought them together in an attempt to keep the Africans enslaved.

The Federal Government in Rhodesia has approved the plan, but waits the permission of the British Government before it can be concluded.

In the event of the British Government approving they can get round any criticism which will undoubtedly come from the African and Asian states by arguing that troops would only be permitted to "keep the peace" where communist agitators are instigating violence.

But military pacts will not safeguard for ever in Africa the white man's privilege and power.

THE HABIT OF OBEDIENCE

NONE of the governmental pronouncements on the trial and sentence of Captain Francis Gary Powers in Moscow can carry much conviction. The Soviet declarations of outraged horror are mere sanctimonious hypocrisy since the Russian authorities are past-masters at the art of espionage. The complaints by President Eisenhower and by the two presidential candidates at the severity of the ten year sentence on Captain Powers is equally absurd, since an American court sentenced a Soviet officer convicted of espionage to thirty years' imprisonment, and since, from an American point of view, Powers should have saved all the publicity and bother, by using the suicide pin, with which they had thoughtfully provided him.

Captain Powers appeared at the trial as the simple All-American Boy who asked no questions and did as he was told—having got his £890-a-month secret contract from the US Central Intelligence Agency. Well, as a Manhattan housewife observed to a correspondent, "Honey, there's no Santa Claus. They don't pay that kind of money for parting your hair down the middle." He accepted his "dirty money" and did

his dirty job—and made £42,720 at it before he slipped up.

There are all the same, a few lessons from the Powers trial. One of course is that when the great powers accuse each other of provocative acts, each is as bad as the other; another is that all those governments—from Pakistan to Norway, and including our own, which lend their territory for American military purposes, become accomplices in these acts—as the prosecution at the trial was anxious to emphasise; and another is that, when the State Department lied and lied about the missing U-2 plane last May, and when Khrushchev made his unsporting revelations, produced a fresh set of lies, they ought to have reminded us all that they probably lie about most other things too. As *Peace News* noted last week "the men whose job is to 'cover up' for spy incidents are the same men whose evidence and recommendations make policy and control much of our knowledge of the world we live in". The art of government is the art of deceiving people, and it is not accidental that (as George Steiner notes in a broadcast quoted elsewhere in this issue), "the English

used by Mr. Eisenhower during a press conference, like that used to sell a new detergent, is intended neither to communicate truth nor to quicken the life of the mind. It is meant to evade, obfuscate, and dissolve the structure of meaning." Thus in Orwell's work the Ministry of Truth is concerned with propaganda, the Ministry of Peace with war, the Ministry of Plenty with rationing, and the Ministry of Love with law and order. And thus in real life the American study of radio-active fall-out is called Operation Sunshine.

Personal Responsibility

But the really important lesson to be drawn from the Powers trial is that of personal responsibility, the responsibility of the individual's responsibility for himself, and to himself and his fellows. The press has been full of harrowing stories about the accused pilot's wife and parents, but none of the commentators seems to have been so ungentlemanly as to suggest that their distress is the price of his £890-a-month. It reminds one of Brecht's play *Mother Courage* who loses her children one by one to the war from which she profits. The author was furious to

see that audiences and critics

"regard Mother Courage merely as the representative of 'the little people', who are 'involved' in the war and 'who can't do anything about it', who are helplessly at the mercy of events, etc. A deeply ingrained habit induces the audience in the theatre to pick out the more emotional aspects of the characters and to ignore the rest . . ."

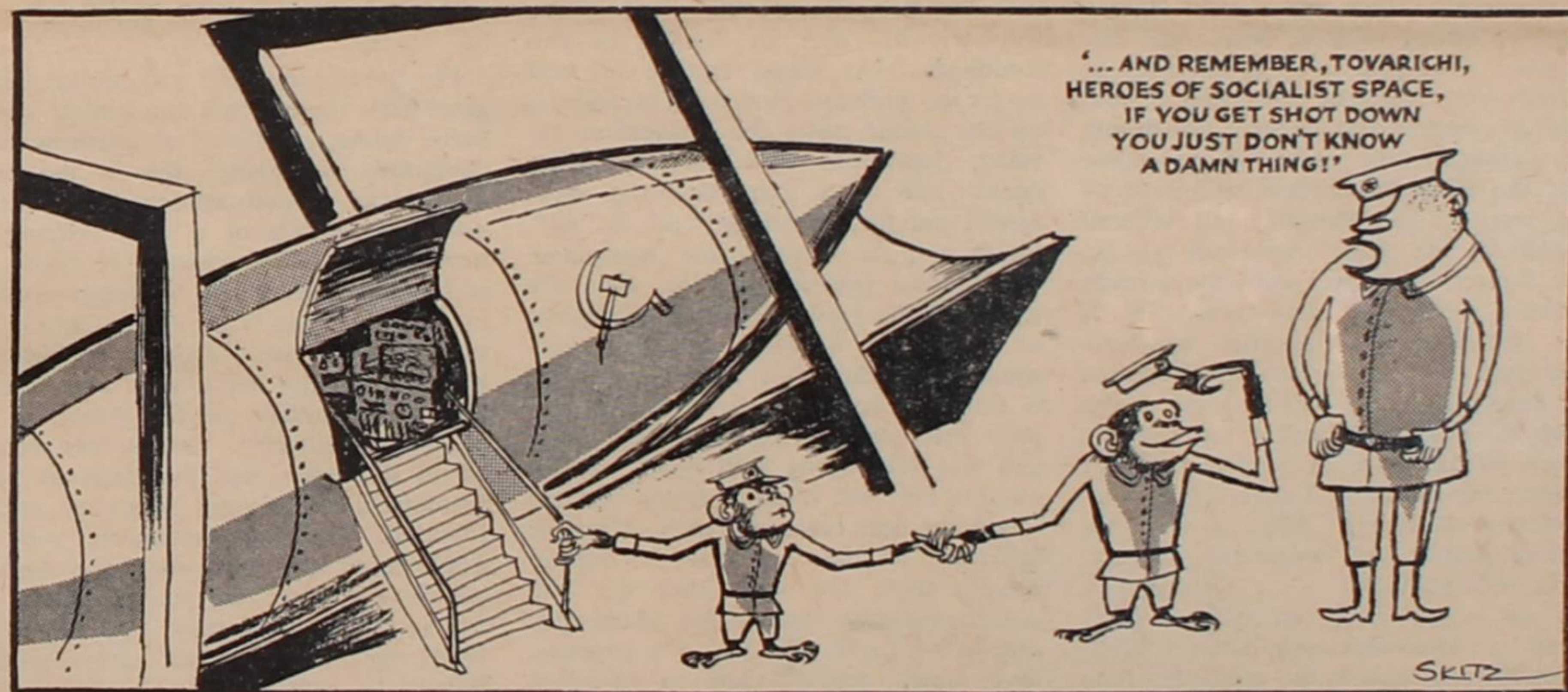
when what he was anxious to point out was that Mother Courage "sacrificed her family to her commercial instinct and failed to learn her lesson." Similarly the Powers family are not the victims of those bad Russians, or of the stern realities of American defence policy, but of Captain Powers having formed the habit of obedience, and of not asking questions, especially with that fat cheque at the end of each month.

Should I obey? Should I keep my mouth shut? To whom do I owe allegiance? These are among the great moral issues of our day which no-one who believes that national, or military or political loyalties have priority, can satisfactorily answer. They were raised by Mr. John Freeman a fortnight ago, interviewing Lord Birkett on television. The old judge began full of frankness and charm. He only became evasive on two points—the size of his income and the legality of the Nuremberg Judgments (where Lord Birkett, a year after having sentenced three of the editors of this newspaper for allegedly conspiring to disaffect members of the forces from their duty, was one of the Presiding Judges). Were the Nuremberg judges correct in rejecting the plea of the war criminals that they were only obeying orders, asked Mr. Freeman, in view of the existing state of the law? Lord Birkett's answers were obscure. Unfortunately, he said, the British Manual of Military Law did not correctly state the position.

Hired to do Anything

The same kind of question is raised by the newly-published Penguin edition of Robert Jungk's book about the atomic physicists *Brighter Than A Thousand Suns*. J. Robert Oppenheimer, wartime director of the laboratories at Los Alamos was investigated during the McCarthy era for his Communist associations, and had to defend himself against the charge of having opposed the dropping of the atom bomb on Hiroshima, and said: "I did my job, which was the job I was supposed to do. I was not in a policy-making position at Los Alamos. I would have done anything that I was asked to do . . ."

And the same question arises in another play of Brecht's now running in London, *The Life of Galileo*. Galileo in the play sees himself as having saved his skin at the price of establishing the tradition of the scientists' subservience to the state. He speaks of being succeeded by a generation of "inventive dwarfs who can be hired to do anything", and of science becoming a "social whore". It is true. J. Robert Oppenheimer was a scientific whore, just as Captain Powers was an aeronautical whore. They are bought men, and the tragedy is that they sell themselves willingly and with a sense of high-minded moral rectitude.



BARONET'S WIFE IN DOCK

Disgraceful conduct with Gamekeeper

SO Lady Chatterley is to be a test case of the new Obscene Publications Act of 1959. The decision to prosecute appears to have been politely facilitated by Penguin Books, in sending a copy to Scotland Yard, and at the same time withdrawing copies from booksellers who had stocks ready for publication this week. They are understood to have had 250,000 copies printed by Western Printing Services, Messrs. Hazell, Watson and Viney having refused to carry out the contract.

Penguins have announced their intention to defend the action, to elect for trial by jury, and to call evidence (inadmissible until the passing of last year's Act) in support of their claim that the book is "neither pornographic, nor obscene, but a work of art of serious intent with an important place in English literature".

Not the least vexatious thing about this kind of prosecution, is

that it is impossible to find out who makes the decision. The Home Office spokesmen at the hearings of the Select Committee on the Obscene Publications Bill 1956-7, stated that the Home Office neither prosecuted nor expressed an opinion, and hadn't done so since 1946. The Director of Public Prosecutions for his part said, "I should strongly deprecate my Department being placed in the position, which apparently it is thought by some to occupy already, of being a literary or moral censor . . . I do not originate an investigation . . . I do not do anything until I am moved by somebody." The Customs and Excise in their turn protested that its Commissioners were "chary about seizing books . . . and in practice take a broad view, not erring on the side of stringency". Finally the Metropolitan Police declared that given more effective means of proceeding against out-and-out porno-

graphy and the fate of borderline books would be a matter of "complete indifference".

Lady Chatterley's Lover has for years been alleged to be in the list of sixty-odd books on the Customs and Excise black list, but the film critic of the *Sunday Times* a few weeks ago brought in an American paperback copy marked "unexpurgated" and showed it to the Customs man, who said "That's all right. It's permitted now." (The Customs were letting in Nabokov's *Lolita* for some months before the English publication, in spite of the two successful prosecutions of booksellers at Bow Street in 1956).

Opinion seems to be that the decision to prosecute comes from one of that mysterious sextet, the Treasury Counsel at the Old Bailey. We are certainly in for an entertaining time there later in the year, when Lady Chatterley comes to court.

Concluding Geoffrey Ostergaard's Summer School Lecture

Beatniks and the Beat Generation—3

(Continued from previous issue)

THE hipster's act of disaffiliation from bourgeois society includes of course rejection of bourgeois sex, the cult of the family, of Momism and Popism. Domesticity for the swinging, uninhibited cat or chick is no virtue. Love is free and no crime is committed when the act of sexual intercourse is not blessed by the Church or sanctioned by the State. Listen to the authentic voice of a beat chick, as recorded by Lawrence Lipton, in a discussion over whether the poet is more justified than anyone else in changing sex partners: "Like I love sex and I don't see why anybody has to feel justified or unjustified about it, and, like the poet is only doing what anybody should do if he or she feels like it, if it's the honest inner felt thing to do. Anything else is dishonest, I think. Most often it's the monogamous relationship that's dishonest—if all the love has gone out of it and all the sex satisfaction. What's so holy about it then? —I mean like they say 'holy wedlock.'" Such an attitude does not however necessarily imply that beat life is one long promiscuous orgy. As another cool chick put it: "I screw every chance I get. That doesn't mean I'm promiscuous. Like I don't get many chances." Sex, uninhibited and free sex, has an important place in the beat philosophy. It is not merely a source of pleasure. In genuinely free sex, more is involved than the meeting of genitals. The soul also must be engaged. The weekend refugee from the rat race, scouting the beat cafés for a quick lay, for this reason rarely finds accommodation. There is in fact in the beat philosophy something of a mystique of sex—the kind of mystique that one finds in the works of D. H. Lawrence and Henry Miller or among the followers of Wilhelm Reich. Kenneth Rexroth expresses this succinctly in his statement contrasting the social order with the genuine society: "What holds a natural society together

is an all-pervading Eros which is an extension and reflection, a multiple reflection, of the satisfactions which are eventually traced to the actual lover and beloved. Out of the union of the lover and the lover as the basic unit of society flares (the) whole community of love."

The beat act of disaffiliation involves, too, a rejection of Squareville's politics. Beat politics, if one must use the term, is the politics of the non-political. The hipster knows that what holds Squareville together is the Social Lie. "Since all society," says Rexroth, "is organised in the interest of exploiting classes and since if men knew this they would cease to work and society would fall apart, it has always been necessary, at least since if men knew this they would cease to be governed ideologically by a system of fraud." The hipster recognises the lie for what it is and refuses to be taken in by the politicians' claptrap about our national safety, our national honour, our security and so on. War and militarism, these are the most important shucks (deceits) of all. The hipster may or may not turn out to be a conscientious objector. Pacifism for him is not a matter of principle, something you believe in or don't believe in. It is something you do or you don't do. But whether he dodges the draft or not, he is not deluded into thinking that the man who shoulders the bayonet is defending 'our way of life'. He knows that it's ours when it's our blood and sweat they want, but it's their's when it comes to the profits. No illusions about militarism, so no illusions about the political racket. The hipster has no desire to be a solid citizen in the army of the republic, no wish to add his voice to the palaver of politics. All the vital decisions, he thinks, lie beyond the control of the electorate; the real men of power are non-elective; they elect themselves. Elections are a farce, voting simply a mass ritual devoid of meaning. At the polls the voter can choose between Tweedledum and Tweedledee and the result is probably fixed anyway by the bosses and the wide boys back stairs. A folksy father figure or an ex-governor talking like an egg-head, a smoothy from the back streets with a telegenic spaniel or a smoothy from upper crust Boston with the wrong religion, what's the difference? The game will go on much as before: the President will push or not push the button that releases the Bomb, the Pentagon will make or not make war, the State Department will snarl or not snarl at the Russians, all without consulting the great American public. The hipster, therefore, joins the already sizeable throng of non-voters. He is not, however, just another apathetic who hasn't the time or can't be bothered to vote. His non-participation stems from a positive disbelief in politics. Listen to the voice of a typical Venice hipster, recorded by Lawrence Lipton: "Political solutions? What are they but election tactics, lies, deceptions, trickery, mass manipulation? . . . Democracy? It's just a big shuck, the biggest shuck of all. . . Economic exploitation? What holds the exploited to the exploiter? The

same thing that holds the whore to the pimp. It isn't parasitism so much as a symbiotic relationship. They need each other, in the strongest way that anybody can need anybody in this world—neurotically. It's a sick relationship, sure, but there aren't any political solutions for it, any more than laws and prisons can cure prostitution. Revolution? What revolves in revolution is the *dramatis personae* of the play; the roles remain the same. Sometimes the names for things change, but the things remain the same. The prisoner believes in his bars."

Although from one perspective the beat act of disaffiliation is a conscious rejection of the world of the squares, from another perspective it may be seen as essentially a protective gesture. Withdrawal from the senseless organisations of orthodox society, all dominated by the same square mentality, living on the margins of society, getting by as best he can, and making no firm commitment to any organisation or to any person or set of persons, these represent for the hipster only the first phase of a journey. The second and more important phase is the cultivation and exploration of the self. It is in this phase that the term 'beat' takes on a radically different meaning from "poor, down and out, dead-beat, bum, sad, sleeping in subways" and becomes what it is for Dean Moriarty in *On the Road*: "BEAT—the root, the soul of beatific." In his voluntary exile from Squareville, the hipster embarks on his quest for identity. He discovers, as one of Lipton's friends discovered, that until he became beat he was simply an embarrassing case of mistaken identity: mistaken by others for someone he wasn't and mistaken even by himself for somebody else—"in boyhood for the All American Boy; in young adulthood for The Man Most Likely to Succeed; in marriage for The Model of Domesticity". Only when he has cast off these false masks, does he begin to know himself for what he is and to be recognised for whom he is. It is then that he begins to make his own scene and not someone else's.

With this self-exploratory phase of beat life is associated the ritual of the 'euphoric fix' and an interest in Zen Buddhism. No single feature of beat mores has perhaps done more to impress on the public mind the connection between hipsterism and juvenile delinquency and crime than the fairly widespread practice of taking 'tea', or 'pot', or, to give its official name, marijuana. The public ignores the fact that the values of the typical juvenile delinquent or small-time hoodlum are essentially square, not beat, values: the JD or hood is simply a square in a hurry. It sees only that smoking marijuana is illegal and that JDs, along with hoods, homos and the like, can often be found hanging round the beat cafés and pads—a simple reflection of the fact that the hipster accepts them for what they are and doesn't moralize about them. Marijuana, despite the furor about it, is a harmless drug which neither leads to addiction

nor necessarily to the use of more sinister drugs such as heroin. The function it plays in beat life is comparable to the role certain narcotics play in the ritual life of primitive peoples, such as the use of peyote among the Tarahumare Indians of Mexico. It bears little, if any, resemblance to the function that tranquilisers play in the life of the squares. Marijuana, to the hipster, is a means of achieving 'greater awareness of the I' and a heightened sense of presence. It aids concentration and sharpens aesthetic awareness—especially when listening to music.

Not all hipsters are Zen Buddhists; some indeed are Roman Catholics, although their Catholicism is of the Dolci, worker-priest variety rather than that of Church, Pope and Cardinals. But there is a widespread interest among the beat generation, especially on the West Coast, in this particular variety of Eastern mysticism, as Kerouac shows in *The Dharma Bums*. Zen, a cult which flourishes mainly in Japan, is traditionally supposed to have originated in the 6th century B.C., when one of Buddha's disciples brought him a golden flower. The Master took it, held it, studied it—and said nothing. The disciple *knew*, and in an intuitive flash achieved *satori*, or enlightenment. Zen is an intensely personal, subjective religion—if one may call it that—and one which discounts logic, intellect, memories of the past and present, and fear of the future, relying instead on flash-like moments of intuition. The Zen hipster sees this form of mysticism as reaching towards the same state of enlightenment as he strives for: a sense of timelessness when the flow of events is not resisted, when instant succeeds instant, and there arises in the mind a peculiar stillness and self-sufficiency. For some Zen hipsters the search for the self ends with the realisation expressed by the Zen monks: that the notion of a constant self, moving through successive experiences and linking them together, is merely an illusion. Others express their sense of enlightenment in the form that the search for the self ends in finding God, that the face in the mirror is the face of God. But what sort of end result that is, no one can say. Of this God, as indeed of Zen Buddhism as a whole, the words of Lao-tsu are appropriate:

Those who know, do not speak.

Those who speak, do not know.

For those concerned with politics, the generation poses some fascinating questions. Some, suspicious of anything that denigrates rationality, see in the cats and chicks of mid-century America the potential recruits of a new fascism, a new politics of unreason. If there is, as Norman Mailer has brilliantly argued in his essay on *The White Negro*, a strong psychopathic element in hipsterism, do we not have here clay ready for the moulding in the hands of a master psychopath? Others, less inclined to dramatics, see the beats as performing a useful and necessary social function. Besieged themselves with a whole series of doubts about the American Way of Life, they see the hipster as a crystallisation of their own scepticism. What the beats say and how they say it may be exaggerated and absurd, but

the message is fundamentally healthy. At the very least, it is arresting: it stops you in your tracks for a moment and insists that you examine afresh your own values and activities. Yet others, like Kenneth Tynan in *The Observer*, 1.11.59, see the hipsters as rebels in a country where politics lacks causes. If there were a political party in the USA prepared to take disarmament seriously and to abolish advertising and the values it implies, the beats, he suggests, would probably take up politics. They are the American scouts, so to speak, for the kind of political movement which in the last few decades has appeared in other parts of the world: a movement pledged to non-violence and the politics of love. A rather more plausible interpretation sees the beats as latter-day anarchists. Their rejection of established authority in all fields, their abhorrence of orthodox organisations, their essentially libertarian outlook and assumptions, are indeed reminiscent of the younger Bakunin with his theory of spontaneous revolution and of the persuasiveness of the vivid example. And it is true that a number of prominent hipsters or their defenders—Kenneth Rexroth, for example—either began as self-conscious anarchists or have evolved in that direction. Most hipsters, however, would reject the label 'anarchist' as smacking too much of commitment to an ideology and a movement. If we still want to pin the anarchist label on them, we must at least recognise that they are latter-day anarchists. Anarchism as a doctrine and a movement has flared hot and bright in some places and at some times during the last century but the fire has long died away: today only the embers remain fanned here and there by a few, stout-hearted, dogged irreconcilables. As a political doctrine, classical anarchism, in all its varieties, appears as the utopianism *par excellence*; and utopianism, as we all know, is now a naughty word. The fashion has changed from positive to negative utopias; and perhaps with good reason. Except as private dreams, the old style utopias have no place in the modern world. The beats know this and accept it. Their anarchism is an anarchism shorn of utopianism, an anarchism of the present, not the future life. Deprived of a faith which beckons them towards a New Jerusalem and nagged by the suspicion that the world has been made by squares for squares and will always be run by squares, the latter-day anarchist is compelled to create his anarchy here and now and to express it in his everyday life of personal and social relationships.

As one whose heart still leaps at the sound of antique drums, I must confess to finding this latter-day anarchism quite comprehensible and indeed essentially valid. It is an anarchism which seeks its revolution in the right place: under the ribs. I acknowledge the force of the parable told by the Rabbi of Zans: "In my youth when I was fired by the love of God, I thought I would convert the whole world to God. But I soon discovered that it would be quite enough to convert the people who lived in my town, and I tried for a long time, but did not succeed. Then I realised that my programme was too ambitious, and I concentrated on the persons in my own household. But I could not convert them either. Finally, it dawned upon me: I must work upon myself, so that I may give true service to God. But I did not accomplish even this." I commend the parable for the truth it contains and also because, if it applies at all to the beats, it suggests that their quest is essentially a religious, not a political one. Max Weber, in his essay on *Politics as a Vocation*, distinguishes between those who follow an ethic of absolute ends and those who follow an ethic of responsibility and concludes that politicians who follow the former are doomed to disappointment. "He who seeks," warns Weber, "the salvation of souls, his own as well as others, should not seek it along the avenue of politics." The hipster, I suggest, is seeking the salvation of souls, or at least the salvation of his own soul. And in a world where wars blow hot and cold, like the vagaries of the English weather, where each of us absorbs his daily dose of Strontium 90, where the shadow of the Bomb looms ever larger, and where we are all, in Lenin's phrase, 'dead men on furlough', I cannot but think that the salvation of one's own soul is the most important item on the agenda. I am at least sufficient of a hip square to sympathise with the beats who turn to the political canvasser and say: "When the Bomb drops, it will find us writing poems, painting pictures and making music" and who, instead of paying their dues, hoist their own banner inscribed with Kenneth Rexroth's slogan: "Against the ruin of the world, there is only one defence—the creative act."

GEORGE STEINER in a broadcast on *The Retreat from the Word*.

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Community in Eclipse

A RECENT American book *The Eclipse of Community* by Maurice Stein (Princeton University Press, 6 dollars), is a paraphrase of fifty years of sociological studies of American life, from the urban dislocation revealed in the classic studies of Chicago, through the industrial and class conflicts of Middletown and Yankee City, to the suburbanism of Park Forest and Crestwood Heights.

Commenting on the book in the current number of *Dissent*, Paul Goodman writes: "In this study, Urbanisation, Industrialization and Bureaucratization are the contexts of the eclipse of community. They provide an adequate framework to bring us from discussions of the loneliness, ethnic strife, and delinquency of the twenties to the Organized affluence of our suburbs and exurbs (though there curiously remains plenty of loneliness, ethnical strife, and delinquency; I think that the author underestimates the accumulation of unsolved problems.) What I should like to point out here, however, is how through these changes a kind of "nature" seems to survive, almost like a return of the repressed, and pathetically displaced like any dream symbols. The narrowest kind of rural and small-town family mores revive in college towns like Berkeley;

handicraft and mechanical skill come back comically as Do It Yourself; and the need for simple loyalty is travestied in being a Company Man. In suburbs, these survivals are trivial; but they are very significant in understanding the theory of Bohemias and some radical groups which Stein treats inadequately. He lays all his stress on Bohemia as "deviant", and he rightly approves of it as such, as a community laboratory for "innovations"; (though when he seems to imply that therefore we ought to invent Bohemias, one does not know whether to laugh or cry: it is just what *Time* and *Life* have been doing for the Beats.) But again, what Stein omits is the other side: that a Bohemia at its best is profoundly conservative of nature, insisting on humanly meaningful work, progressive education, better community and sex, not because these are innovations, but because they are necessities; just as anarchists are traditional because they think that sun, space, and mutual aid are more basic than economic and social progress. The sociological diagnosis of approvable deviation is a sound and indispensable one; but we must see also the sire of stubborn resistance to alienation and anomie; otherwise it is inexplicable how a Bohemia could ever produce worthwhile innovations, for nothing comes from nothing."

Operation Sunshine

But language has not only suffered a diminution in the compass of its applications. As the western community has become less dependent on the central role of words to organise experience and conduct the business of the mind, the words themselves have lost some of their precision and vitality. This is, I know, a controversial notion. It assumes that language is organic in more than a metaphorical sense. It assumes that such concepts as tiredness or corruption apply to language itself and not only to men's use of it. Many people are no doubt disposed to deny this and I cannot here argue out what is a rather complex metaphysical controversy. Let me say only that I have De Maistre and Orwell on my side, and try to show what I mean. . . . The English used by Mr. Eisenhower during a press conference, like that used to sell a new detergent, is intended neither to communicate truth nor to quicken life of the mind. It is meant to evade, obfuscate, and dissolve the structure of meaning. It is only when there is in the places of power what Professor Blackmuir calls 'the new illiteracy' that a study of radio-active fall-out can be entitled 'Operation Sunshine'.

OSTRICHES

ONE of the things that depress us most is the inability of ordinary people to anticipate and take measures to avoid disaster.

This is never more apparent than when we discuss the threat of war or any other man-made catastrophe, and our fears are countered in a way familiar to anarchist propagandists—"well it may never happen and, anyway there is nothing we can do about it."

Other animals can sense in advance the threat of an enemy and often take steps to prevent attack, but "reasoning" animals are content to place their lives in the care of leaders whose "protective measures" are in themselves a threat to their lives.

This is the tragedy of the anarchist failure to remove the barriers with which people surround themselves; the difficulty of shattering the conviction, with its roots in the unconscious, that unpleasant things only happen to other people. Experience may prove otherwise, but instead of learning a lesson the majority of people hope that it will never happen again and in hoping they are convinced that they are preventing it.

The general attitude to war in particular was summed up in a report from Catforth in Lancashire, where the County Council's Civil Defence Department staged an imaginary H-Bomb war and its aftermath, under the code name of Little Dunkirk.

The light-hearted attitude of the volunteer "casualties" may have veiled more serious thoughts on war and its prevention, but how many people we wonder really believe that an H-bomb attack on Liverpool, which it is anticipated will lay waste South Lancashire, is likely to happen.

Did the thoughts of any members of the Lancaster Canal Boat Club who spent "an agreeable Sunday morning sailing down the canal to Lea with more than 60 'casualties and homeless'" dwell on the horror of a real attack or consider taking serious action which might prevent it.

Did the mother who looked—"with red grease-paint spouting from her legs—realistically horrific" think of the children of Hiroshima when she boasted to a *Guardian* reporter—"wait till you see our Tony's stomach". Or did she give a thought of how Tony would look and feel if he were the victim of a real atomic attack.

If people had the wit to admit to themselves that an atomic war is not only possible but total in its destruction, they would not waste time playing the childish games laid on by Civil Defence authorities.

Some may genuinely believe that the present civil defence measures, however inadequate, are necessary, and one can only hope that their participation is accompanied by pity and horror and the desire to do all they can to prevent war, but it is our view that the majority think of it as a 'bit of fun' and share the common belief that "it won't happen to us."

It is not surprising that ordinary folk are so complacent when they frequently hear political leaders and military big-wigs stating that the production of new and more destructive atomic weapons will prevent war and, as Lord Harding said the other day, allow us to sleep peacefully in our beds at night!

The awful thing is that the majority of people are sleeping peacefully all day as well.

Letter from America

Looking for Missiles in Del Valle Park

ON Thursday, August 4th, about twelve people met at Del Valle park, near Livermore, California, to make plans for a four day protest against the preparation for nuclear-missile war to be held at the University of California's Lab at Livermore, California, an important research centre in nuclear development.

The actual protest started on August 5th when a 24-hour picket and vigil was initiated. This lasted until the 9th of August, Nagasaki Day, at which point a symbolic act of civil disobedience was committed at 7.30 that morning, when four men illegally walked into the government's property in order to appeal to the workers in the plant (it was not successfully completed since the police arrested them before they could say anything). Throughout the four-day period, leaflets were passed out to the incoming and out-going lab employees. The leaflets contained a statement as to the reasons for the protest and a questionnaire involving attitudes of Livermore residents (this was also passed out in the city of Livermore).

The emphasis of the protest was essentially upon the Quaker idea of "personal witness" and the demonstration was of an extremely pacific nature. However, even this small show of dissent (30 people at most, usually around 15) evidently threw the local "powers that be" into a panic, stimulating the morbid imaginings of the authorities (who perhaps attribute their own power-lust motives onto their opponents) and spurred and ponderous machinery of the State and its controlling agencies into pompous, but frantic, action, disregarding all sensible proportion in work, cost and time consumed.

By Monday (August 8) over 150 Alameda county police, company guards, government finks, etc. had been alerted to keep watch and tail the surreptitious movements of over 15 (17) dangerous pacifists. To illustrate the absurd proportions of this panic-stricken attempt of the zealous protectors of the public interest to defend the society against the insidious onslaughts of dissent, I shall give several incidents as examples.

A FELLOW anarchist and I went to El Valle park on Monday to find out how the protest was proceeding and in order to participate in it (Thursday's plans were extremely vague). A young, rather good looking, blond, man said that at 1.30 a march would start from the Livermore city Library park to the Livermore Lab. (about three miles down what amounted into a country highway). A few minutes later we drove over to the library park. Only four people were there (the young man, two children—girls about 7 and 8 and an old man about 70.) We decided to drive over to the lab, since the rest of the supposed people were late. Ten minutes later we were parked out under a tree ¼ mile from the lab, eating Watermelon and chattering about our friends, their friends, H-bombs, Kittly cats, and etc.

After a while I noticed a couple of motorcycle cops in shades (dark glasses) and high-black boots patrolling around up and down the highway. Eventually they parked in the street perpendicular to the highway, three in a row. A cop car drove up beside them, mysterious squawks and distorted square sound waves exuded from their police radios. Five minutes later the squad car drove impressively off with two of the cycle cops.

To our glee, one of the cycles wouldn't start even though the cop tried it several times (we speculated on running it over if he left it there lying in the street in everybody's way, but he didn't). Eventually a light blue truck came by and fixed the cycle and the mighty minions of the law didn't have to walk. Two cycles drove off, one staying at the intersection. Two cycles came back and we then heard one cop say to another in an important voice, "They're coming, three of them, about ½ mile down the road and one other about 100 yards behind!" My comrade and I started laughing uncontrollably at the absurdity since we knew who the "they" were. And to say the least, five cops to one old man, one young man, and two children seemed rather ridiculous (in addition to about 3 or 4 cars with plain-clothes antennae moving anonymously-obviously up and down) odds.

A few minutes later we joined the marchers, bristling as they were with inflammatory signs like "ban the bomb", "We want peace", etc. 15 minutes later

we all reached the lab, surrounded as it was by a ten foot fence topped with barbed wire and guarded at all of its gates with real guards with real guns, with double guards at the employee entrance-exits, and surrounded by cops, finks, guards and (innocent?) curious reporters standing supermanly about. When the employees came out, we distributed the leaflet and questionnaire and our very own cartoon ("Bob will be working on the Atlas in San Diego, Bill's doing research on the Neutron Bomb at Los Alamos, Don's going to Denver to work on Nerve Gas, and my Uncle Phil is taking me into his undertaking establishment. Business should be great!") about young men on their way up. Most of the employees didn't bother to take our literature, many carefully closing their car windows to avoid contamination. Their unreceptiveness might have been due to the fact that "big brother was photographing them." Two men with camera stood on top a near building, two more sat in umbrella'd splendour (also with camera) atop the highest building of the lab where they could see for miles around across the flat land, all reeling away to their hearts content. If any riots or revolutions or mob scenes showed any signs of breaking out they'd be recorded for history—so would any employee accepting a leaflet. To one of the men at the lower camera, one of the pickets shouted "join a union and you'll get an umbrella too!" Another picket remarked amid laughter, "Aw, that's just one of his higher ups."

THE next day, four men, three of whom were quakers, purposely trespassed onto the Lab (govt.) property in a symbolic act of civil disobedience, to show that they did not feel that property, (1) should be used for the production of death-weapons, (2) be forbidden to those who would speak to the workers, (3) be kept secret to the American people. They were apprehended by police, hauled off in a police car to jail where they were charged with trespassing. They were later let out on bail.

Later that morning (Tuesday the ninth—Nagasaki day), I was talking with a high school student who'd participated in the 4 day protest and my comrade in Del Valle Park under a tree, when two more students from Berkeley High drove up in order to join the protest. One of them waved a copy of the San Francisco Examiner (a Hearst child), while making shrill, outraged, verbal noises about it. In headlines two inches high were the words "TROOPS GUARD UC'S A-LAB IN RED PLOT." In that fashion I found out from "our own" (the Examiner's) "reliable sources" that I was part of a red plot and upon further reading, a dupe of the communists, involved in an incipient riot, and that Fort Ord (an army base) was ready to march, which was all very confusing since as far as I could see there was only one (very young) banjo bolshevik playing a guitar; the rest were quakers plus a few stray anarchists and social-democrats. And later, when the 5 of us went over to the lab to see if the protest was still going, we found nothing at all, though there were still double guards at the gates, and cops and plain-clothes cars cruising up and down the street, but not one demonstrator, not one pacifist to be found; they'd all fled home soon after the civil disobedience, except for about ten of us that were still at Del Valle. Evidently the S.F. Examiner had no news (or was trying to create it—they love, oh! do they love violent or near violent demonstrations, for they fill the paper with pages and pages of self-righteous demonstration) and out of it's great passion and fertile imagination, alerted troops, fully armed, and red menaces sprung gloriously forth.

Soon afterwards we returned to Del Valle and about an hour after I noticed a shiny, new, green car come creeping slowly down the curved roadway into the park. It exuded "heat". Looking like something straight out of "Our Man Friday" or "the FBI in Peace and War", they came down the road, both (two men were in the car) looked stealthily around, drove around the park and out again, up the hill and away on the highway.

ABOUT 1.30 or 2.00 in the afternoon (two hours later), two more authority symbols came by and more openly observed the R-E-D P-L-O-T. The cops drove up in front of our rather tired-out camp spot in their pale green, Alameda

county police car, got out and sauntered over towards us. Not in the ape-like way one would expect, but like air-force pilots, all clean cut and blond, motorcycle glasses, neatly tailored uniforms, and real bronze tall bodies.

A few of our people went over to them, then the rest of us, who'd been studiously ignoring their presence, walked over about a minute later. There they were, two official uniformed blond beasts surrounded by three Quaker ladies, five adolescents, and two or three little kids.

Obviously, they'd not come just to pass the time of day between coffee breaks and at first we speculated over their intentions. It didn't take long to find out. Evidently they'd been sent out from the local "red squad" to reconvert the heathen and to sermonize the sinners. Upon recalling the event, I can't imagine why we spoke to them as though they were rational beings—it was like words written on the wind of their thoroughly conditioned, authority oriented minds.

After a moment's aimless babbling, one of the cops, the less golden god-like but also less dumb of the two and the leader, went aside with the woman whose husband arrested, rather obnoxiously, under the circumstances, trying to make her see the error of her (communist dupish) ways.

The other, who claimed to be a Korean war veteran, a college graduate, and a twenty-three-year-old, all at the same time, was very clodish, and even with all the sincerity and serious intent in the world, only succeeded in creating a parody of his own line, which was: "Yes, we all want peace and the - thing - you should - do - is - go - to - what-ever - church - you - belong - to - and - pray - instead - of - costing - the - taxpayers - money - and - worry. "I'm a Catholic and go to mass every Sunday to pray for it, 'cause I've got two kids and I don't want them to die either, but I don't want them to live under communism, etc., and I want to keep that from happening, because Americans are free and believe in Freedom of opinion and speech, else you wouldn't be able to be here like this, but we're really protecting you since most Americans would lynch you if they could." (2+2=5), "We've got to be S-T-R-O-N-G, armed to the teeth, bigger and better bombs and missiles to protect ourselves against the communist Russians. We know you're sincere, but don't you know you're D-U-P-E-S of the communist conspiracy. Archie Brown (a San Francisco Stalinist who got in all of the papers because of his noisy activity at the HUAC San Francisco hearings and "riots"), brought out that leaflet you distributed." (No we didn't, since Sam

Thyson, Raacher and one of those arrested made them up and brought them out as we and the cops both knew.) And so it went. Their noises about "people who know more than we and our leaders who know all about all!" sounded like satires from the "Authoritarian Personality". Pub. 1950.

In answer to an appeal to tradition, a grandmotherly Quaker lady said, "The group I belong to has felt this way for three-hundred years. I'm a Quaker and if the communists want to fellow travel with us that's their business. We're against killing and war and the waste of money that goes with it." That stopped him completely.

I then made the comment that my ideas were inspired by Socrates, Aristotle, Emerson, and Thoreau and not Stalin. He answered with inspired brilliance, that they "were alive during isolationism" and therefore didn't know anything about the modern world.

When "logical argument" failed him and we all remained naively apostate, he was reduced to veiled threats and theatrical power-waving of a minor nature and went on and on about how they had our pictures and how "none of you kids" (17-year-olds) "could ever get into the army," (the reaction to that was to say the least hardly panic-stricken), and how "I know THAT doesn't bother you, but you won't be able to get a civil service job either."

I said that in Russia they shoot them and here they starve them out (logical implication of economic coercion). The law's minion said innocently, "Who said anything about starving anyone out?"

The cop looked momentarily confused as the mildly derogatory comments flew over his head, but instantly regained his coppish assurance. Eventually the other motioned him away and the two started off, boots, glasses, guns and all, to tell tales and make out whatever reports they'd been told to write out for their superiors to puzzle over.

Perhaps the only conclusion that can be drawn from the proceedings, besides the fact that cops are narrow-minded and clodish, is this. The authorities are worried; the great American *status quo* is concerned. Every small protest looked upon as a harbinger of greater discontent with the subtle poisons of U.S. society. They over-react; their exaggerated surveillance of the most inoffensive non-violent protest is perhaps illustrative that the supporters of the system feel, as many of its opponents do, that the sub-surface of discontent is spreading and that even the mere symbols of dissent against the established order and its corporate power may bring that sub-surface to the surface. The press and police scream "RIOT" every time they see protest, because through their own clouded vision, distorted by their own violent tendencies, they can see that discontent is slowly becoming repudiation of their dominant system. Dissent in words, becoming dissent in action.

BETTY BLANCK.

Camus on The Lesson of a Generation

WE were born at the beginning of the First World War. As adolescents we had the crisis of 1929, at twenty, Hitler. Then came the Ethiopian War, the Civil War in Spain, and Munich. These were the foundations of our education. Next came the Second World War, the defeat, and Hitler in our homes and cities. Born and bred in such a world, what did we believe in? Nothing. Nothing except the obstinate negation in which we were forced to close ourselves from the very beginning. The world in which we were called to exist was an absurd world, and there was no other in which we could take refuge. The world of culture was beautiful, but it was not real. And when we found ourselves face to face with Hitler's terror, in what values could we take comfort, what values could we oppose to negation? In none. If the problem had been the bankruptcy of a political ideology, or a system of government, it would have been simple enough. But what had happened came from the very root of man and society. There was no doubt about this, and it was confirmed day after day not so much by the behaviour of the criminals but by that of the average man. The facts showed that men deserved what was happening to them. Their way of life had so little value; and the violence of the Hitlerian negation was in itself logical. But it was unbearable and we fought it.

Now that Hitler has gone, we know a certain number of things. The first is that the poison which impregnated Hitlerism has not been eliminated; it is present in each of us. Whoever today speaks of human existence in terms of power, efficiency and "historical tasks" spreads it. He is an actual or potential assassin. For if the problem of man is reduced to any kind of "historical task," he is nothing but the raw material of history, and one can do anything one pleases with him. Another thing we have learned is that we cannot accept any optimistic conception of existence, any happy ending whatsoever. But if we believe that optimism is silly, we also know that pessimism about the action of man among his fellows is cowardly.

We opposed terror because it forces us to choose between murdering and being murdered; and it makes communication impossible. This is why we reject any ideology that claims control over all of human life.

ALBERT CAMUS, speaking to students of Columbia University, 1946.

Readers Write on Anarchism, Nature Cure, Picasso and Reason

DEAR SIR,
I find your weekly paper FREEDOM most interesting, topical, stimulating and original. There is a positive and good humoured feeling about it that one does not often find in political papers. Accordingly I enclose a donation to hinder the progress of the deficit, and an order for more of those interesting books. Anarchism is for me the ideal political philosophy and a state of Anarchy the ideal society. The Communists claim that eventually the State will 'with away' and this is surely a proclamation that Anarchy is their ideal too. (Whether this will happen remains to be seen). But to me Anarchy is the ideal, and Syndicalism or Industrial Unionism is the means. If Industrial unions could be established in all countries, and then by interdependent trade these unions become fused into world-wide associations dealing separately with the production of sugar, coal, clothes, etc., then the independent national states would become mere cultural divisions or centres, and the United Nations Organisation would be a World Industrial Union (with the present cultural and scientific co-operative groups such as UNESCO, IGY, etc., too of course). Nationalism is the curse of the modern world and is what wrecked the Summit conference with the indignant defence of national sovereignty, strutting and posturing—to all of which the Anarchist could say, 'I told you so'. Until our 'leaders' learn that the people care more for the future of the human race (i.e. themselves) than the diplomatic game of 'saving face', 'scoring points' and such-like nonsense then the expensive farce will continue.
An Anarchist to me is someone who—does not want to push other people around, and does not want to be pushed around himself.

Just as in religion there are many sects but all believe in God, and they all view with surprise and horror one who does not even believe in Him, so in politics all sects believe in the State, and view the anarchist with surprise and consternation.
My first introduction to anarchism was through the *Freethinker* and also through watching 'Daniel Farson Reports—on Anarchists' on TV. I also saw a session just recently on Mr. Neill's Summerhill School—again in the Dan Farson series—and as I had lately read Tony Gibson's book *Youth for Freedom*, I was pleased at thus having the story illustrated, so to speak.

Yours, with best wishes,
D. L. HUMPHRIES,
Victoria, Australia.

NATURE CURE

The letter by Goundry (your issue 13 Aug. 1960) could have been written equally well as an attack on orthodox medicine.

There are so many factors missing from his story that it is difficult to judge its validity—without doubting his sincerity. The subject is wide and complicated.

I have been associated with Nature Cure and Food Reform since about 1925 but I cannot think immediately of a 'best-known' woman practitioner. However, for some years now I have not been reading N.C. magazines. There are, of course, among N.C. practitioners good, bad and indifferent, as in the medical and other professions, so Goundry seems to have been unlucky.

My own experience is that N.C. is so complicated that it cannot be understood, accepted, or practised 'overnight'. When I married I knew a little about

Food Reform and decided to give up flesh foods. In a few months I was ill with colic. I consulted experts, in particular Edgar J. Saxon (who never passed any 'official' examinations), and then over a number of years learned how to live to the best advantage *personally* as regards food, etc.

Regarding T.B. I am convinced that a fundamental factor is the mental outlook, the psychological. The most perfect, the 'healthiest' system of feeding will fail if the mental attitude is wrong. This I know from actual personal experience.

I think N.C. practice is damaged somewhat by the rather commercialised, popular nature of some of its magazines. Fragmentation, too, damages the system as in other spheres, not excluding orthodox medicine. The last paragraph of Goundry's letter, I repeat, could have been written against orthodox medicine. It is an old saying that medical men sign the death warrants of their own failures (somewhat unkindly and not strictly true, of course!), whereas N.C. practitioners often take the rap unfairly. However, whether it be orthodox or N.C. (an unsatisfactory term, I feel) much depends upon the patient. In both therapies there are good and bad patients, and perhaps Goundry was just a bad one!

No doubt Goundry is aware that a change to N.C. and Food Reform can bring out 'illnesses' that have been 'built in' by long years of wrong habits and wrong ways of eating. In these circumstances it is hardly logical to expect quick results from the new régime. Severe acute reaction in the form of illness often takes place before recovery to 'normal'.

Yours sincerely,
J. W. LESLIE,
London, Aug. 15.

PICASSO

To the Editors,
SIRS,

As an old friend and admirer of the young Picasso, I hail the advent of your critic, Arthur Moyses. Alone among his contemporaries, he has kept his head and his integrity intact under the sea of organised snobism now in full spate at the Tate Gallery. I now feel I must visit that show provided I can extract from Sir John Rothenstein a permit for a strictly private view, for I detest crowds.

Probably your oldest subscriber, I was about to terminate my association with FREEDOM on account of the idiotic "cartoons" which now adorn the front page of FREEDOM. Stop these and keep Mr. Moyses busy and I will remain yours faithfully,

AUGUSTUS JOHN.

Fordingbridge, Aug. 6.

[Our "oldest subscriber" who is also one of our most generous subscribers, has always protested about FREEDOM's cartoons and as he hasn't so far banned us from his mail, we hope he won't mind if we don't take his threats to cut us off without a penny too seriously! But seriously, what would interest us would be to have Augustus John's views on cartoons as a form of propaganda. And what do our readers think?—EDITORS. P.S.—We are sending a copy of this issue of FREEDOM to Sir John Rothenstein in the hope that he will give his sympathetic attention to John's request!]

BOOK REVIEW

Science Knew no Frontiers—a Long Time Ago

THE SCIENCES WERE NEVER AT WAR, by Gavin de Beer, Nelson, 30s.

MODERN man owes much more than he thinks to the eighteenth century, which was not all Hogarth and Gin Lane. The contents of this book make one wonder whether European society is in fact advancing at all, or really going backwards. It consists of a series of letters between men of science and their friends and associates throughout the eighteenth century and on into the nineteenth.

It appears that, throughout the years when England and France were at war, a correspondence was kept up between scientists in the two countries. They could and did visit each other's countries, and elect each other to their respective Royal Societies. They helped to rescue each other's specimens and papers from the hands of privateersmen and soldiers. All this went on even during the Napoleonic Wars. The only break occurred at the time of the French Revolution.

A single quotation will suffice to give the atmosphere of those days.

Benjamin Franklin issued a passport for Captain Cook, although England was at the time at war both with France and her revolted American colonies. The document reads:

"To all Captains and Commanders of armed Ships acting by Commission from the Congress of the United States of Gentlemen,

A ship having been fitted out from America, now in war with Great Britain.

England before the Commencement of this war, to make Discoveries of New Countries in Unknown Seas, under the Conduct of that most celebrated Navigator and Discoverer Captain Cook; an Undertaking truly laudable in itself, as the Increase of Geographical Knowledge facilitates the Communication between distant Nations, in the Exchange of useful Products and Manufactures, and the Extension of Arts, whereby the common Enjoyments of human Life are multiplied and augmented, and this is, therefore, most earnestly to recommend to every one of you that, in case the said Ship, which is now expected to be soon in European seas on her Return, should happen to fall into your Hands, you would not consider her as an Enemy, nor suffer any Plunder to be made of the Effects contained in her, nor obstruct her immediate Return to England, by detaining her or sending her into any other part of Europe or to America, but that you would treat the said Captain Cook and his People with all Civility and Kindness, affording them, as common Friends to Mankind, all the Assistance in your Power, which they may happen to stand in need of. In so doing you will not only gratify the Generosity of your own Dispositions, but there is no doubt of your obtaining the Approbation of the Congress, and your other American owners. I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your most obedient and humble Servant.

"Given at Passy, near Paris, this 10th day of March, 1779. B. Franklin, Plenipotentiary for the Congress of the United States to the Court of France."

Similar instructions were issued to the French and Spanish navies. Such an attitude would be almost inconceivable today. The nearest thing to it that I can think of is the marking of wild swans. I was told, when I visited some years ago the Abbotsbury swannery in Dorset, that during the war naturalists continued to mark the swans, and their opposite numbers in Germany continued to do so too. Thus it was possible to keep a check on the flights and migrations of these birds on both sides of the sea, in spite of the war that was going on.

The eighteenth century was not a humane age. Its laws were harsh. Poverty was widespread. One has to go to Southern Italy and Sicily to get any parallel in modern Europe. But it was the first time in Europe, since the Greeks, that some people began to think that it was a good thing in itself (regardless of religious sanctions) to be reasonable and humane in one's dealings with one's fellows. This idea today is widespread. In fact it is almost too much taken for

granted. It is however a staggeringly revolutionary idea. Throughout most of Europe's history, and indeed of the rest of the world, cruelty has always been regarded as useful and beneficial, or at least justifiable. While rational and tolerant conduct has been regarded as unmanly, cold-blooded, weak or even treacherous.

To the cultured intelligentsia of the eighteenth century the past was barbarous. War was a regrettable relic, the concern of soldiers and sailors, politicians and kings. Science had no part in it. Ironically it was the French Revolution that undermined this attitude. The execution of Lavoisier for "conspiracy with enemies of France against the people" is far more in the modern style. Lavoisier had corresponded with many British scientists, and this correspondence was used as "evidence". He had been however a tax-farmer, which was no doubt the real reason for his execution. The Copley Medal, awarded annually by the Royal Society, was not awarded to anyone in 1793. Lavoisier was the obvious choice, but it seems likely that the Council of the Royal Society feared to endanger his already precarious position.

After the revolutionary situation in France had calmed down, and the old Academie Royale des Sciences had been revived under a new name, things returned to normal. The exchange of scientific correspondence was resumed. Nevertheless the Revolution, in some respects, represented a retrograde step, in spite of talk of Liberty, Equality and Brotherhood. The independence of the scientists of those days was due to the fact that it was a leisurely aristocratic society. Wars were ritual combats, not fights to the death. The French Revolution, though it destroyed the abuses of the old society, also introduced, as seems to be the habit with revolutions, new forms of oppression in place of the old. Instead of Holy Church and aristocratic pride, there were the duties of the citizens and military conscription. One would need to have lived in both societies to be able to judge which was worse. Aristocratic society had at least been cosmopolitan in outlook. The new age (we are still in it) was fervently nationalist.

Although the old easy-going way was revived under Napoleon, who was a patron of science, it was now only a matter of time before science became nationalistic too.

The author in his introduction ties himself in knots, because he wants incompatible things. He wants science to

continue to pursue the study of truth no matter where it may lead, and at the same times he wants his country to be "secure", if that word has any meaning nowadays. In justice to him it must be pointed out that the totalitarian systems are hostile to scientific freedom, except when they can draw benefits from it.

"It is hardly too much to claim," he writes, "that in the late war it was scientific superiority which saved Britain and her allies and science itself."

But this brings us up against a problem. The destructive cruelty with which science defended itself in the war, if the above statement be accepted as correct, has helped to create an atmosphere of barbarism which is quite hostile and alien to science itself. It is as if an animal were to escape from a trap by gnawing off its own imprisoned leg. The creature may escape, but will certainly not survive long.

It must also be pointed out that technologically, if not scientifically, the totalitarian U.S.S.R. is ahead of the U.S.A. in some ways, particularly in the realm of space flight. The U.S.A. is supposed to be a land where a certain amount of scientific freedom still persists, while in the U.S.S.R. science is twisted to fit Marxist dogma or the changes of the party line. If the totalitarian Germans were behind, why are the equally totalitarian Russians in advance?

The problem of the responsibility of science and scientists is extremely involved. De Beer talks of "legitimate defence", but I doubt very much if there is any such thing nowadays. If national defence can only be achieved by bombing civilians it would be better to surrender at once. The individual has a right to punch someone who has punched him, but not to take a sub-machine-gun and go and wipe out his entire family.

The uses to which scientific discoveries have been put in our authoritarian money-based society are hair-raising. Is science to blame for the "dark Satanic mills" of the Industrial Revolution, or for the massacre at Hiroshima? Or is it the abuse of science that is the trouble? Is it perhaps the political conservatism of most scientists? Why are the very people who make such revolutionary discoveries so often themselves so very limp politically, or so indifferent to social questions? Is it possible to switch the distinctly anti-life currents in the development of modern industrial society into more positive directions? We shall have to find an answer to these questions.

ARTHUR W. ULOTH.

Meetings and Announcements

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP and MALATESTA DEBATING SOCIETY

IMPORTANT

MEETINGS WILL BE HELD
in basement, 5, Caledonian Road, N.1.
(near King's Cross Station)
at 7.30 p.m.
All Welcome.

AUG. 28.—Ian Dixon on
THE CONQUEST OF VIOLENCE

London Anarchist Group AN EXPERIMENT IN OFF-CENTRE DISCUSSION MEETINGS

1st Thursday of each month at 8 p.m.
At Jack and Mary Stevenson's,
6 Stainton Road, Enfield, Middx.
Last Wednesday of each month at
8 p.m.
At Dorothy Barasi's,
45 Twyford Avenue, Fortis Green, N.2.
1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m.
At Colin Ward's,
33 Ellerby Street, Fulham, S.W.6.

L.A.G. JAZZ GROUP

Record Recital at
37 Old Compton Street, W.1.
Friday, September 2nd at 7.30 p.m.
JACK STEVENSON
on
LOUIS ARMSTRONG (Part I).

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Money Matters —see 'A Challenge' p. 1

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT!
WEEK 34
Deficit on Freedom £680
Contributions received £577
DEFICIT £103

August 12 to August 18

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Ashingdon: D.M.W. £1/1/0; Cleveland:
Anon. 14/-; London: J.S.* 3/-; Leeds: G.L.
1/-; Wolverhampton: J.G.L.* 2/6; London:
H.O.C. 1/-; Stockholm: O.H. 3/-.

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1960 TOTAL TO DATE ... £577 11 8

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