



Bombmakers Gued

April 1st 1961 (No Fooling)

Inflationary Price: Sixpence

A SCIENTIST SPEAKS OUT!

IT IS THE TASK of a scientist to be objective without being objectionable. Science is objective and if we think of the tremendous advances in human welfare that it has made possible it can hardly be described as objectionable. With this in mind it is only necessary to consider the universe, if we can, to realise the insignificance of human life. Popular science talks on the radio and television, the widespread perusal of works of science fiction and even scientific education in our schools, have all led to a much wider appreciation of the nature of science and the work of the true scientist, which is purely and simply the unravelling of facts, the provision of knowledge and the application of this to the needs of society.

As I write these words my geiger counter is going clickety clickety click, and I often think that this little instrument is in a way symbolic of my own function. My geiger counter gives me information and I make use of it. I give my employers information and they make use of it. As an objective instrument in the cause of knowledge I have no responsibility for the purposes for which my knowledge may be used. Like my geiger counter going clickety clickety click I am not a policy-maker. I do as I am told like any other good citizen.

But nowadays when science is being put to uses which frighten some ignorant people, the scientist is being regarded in a strange light.

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WHY PICK ON US? WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE SAYS EXPERT

In the first place the whole educational system is being organised to produce more of us—so presumably our policy-makers at least think we are useful, but at the same time some people keep on asking us to be more responsible and to stop allowing our knowledge to be used for the purposes decided upon by our policy-makers.

Why, I ask myself, do they pick on scientists? I think that too many people have been reading too many stories about mad scientists. What about mad dustmen, or mad miners, or mad typists or even mad policy-makers? Why pick on the scientists? As I listen to my geiger counter going clickety clickety, clickety clickety click, it seems to be saying to me that we are being picked on for no good reason. We are not responsible for the policy-makers being there making their policies any more than the miners or typists or dustmen. But nobody goes about saying that dustmen should stop collecting dust in protest against mad policies. Nobody calls the busmen out on strike against the misuse of our knowledge. What about the technicians who put our ideas into practical shape? And if we are going to be sneered at because our brains are used to produce machines of destruction—why don't people sneer at the steelworkers and engineers whose muscles are used to make guns and bombs and tanks and submarines and airplanes and missiles and rockets?

People say that you cannot call humble workers out on strike because their livelihood would suffer. What about my livelihood? I couldn't work in my laboratory if it had not been built for me by building workers. After all, let us be scientific, subjective and objective about this. Building workers have built the research stations for atomic weapons, and bacteriological experiment just as they have always built the prisons and barracks in the past. Yet people don't talk about mad building workers. Why not?

I suppose we are expected to know better, being better educated. But I want to make it clear that we *don't* know better. My geiger counter keeps on going clickety click and by God it helps me to concentrate on such problems as those posed by de Broglie's equation, $p=h/mv$, where v is the velocity of the electron, m is its mass, and h is Planck's Constant. Or on the indivisibility of the four or even five-dimensional space-time continuum. But I digress, although I should like to make it plain that these problems are as real to me as the busman's wage packet at the end of the week. And beside these two great facts of life, the

fate of the human race is not my concern. We have to recognise the sober click that the universe is expanding and it is sheer egocentricity to be concerned about the fate of one species of inefficient animal on one insignificant clickety planet. The human race is in a constant state of fux and the clickety click must not until man is able to conceive himself and perceive himself in the act of conception and clickety click click clickety clickety clickety clickety cli . . . cl . . . c . . . lick.

News in brief

The Royal Commissions set up to investigate problems on Housing, Roads and Transport, Education, World Population, Television, Vice, Youth, Crime, Mental Health, Prisons, Land Hunger in Kenya, and the Weather have all recommended that the use of the Bomb would solve all our problems in these fields.

The Frozen Food Manufacturers Federation (FFMF) are encouraging their workers to join the Ban the Bomb march because of the threat to their interests from the use of high temperature weapons.

Mr. Joe Lyons wishes us to announce that this is the way the world ends, this is the way the world ends, this is the way the world ends, not with a Banger but a Wimpy.



I AM a sucker for free literature. Whatever is going I take it avidly, whether it be "How a Teddy-Boy Found Christ" or "Seven Days' Trial of Colour Television Free!" After all, it's not very sociable to refuse the proffered leaflet, and one day you might be giving away leaflets yourself. The other day I was given a leaflet by somebody in uniform. Later, waiting for a train, I fished it out of my pocket and found it was a glossy leaflet in what I think is called puce. There is a picture of an intellectual sitting in a contemporary armchair two sizes too small and turning to peer over his glasses and away from his book and somebody is asking, "How many tons make a megaton?" Who wants to know I don't know and don't care. You can tell this chap is an intellectual by two things: he wears glasses and he has a book. Glasses with horn rims are now a status-symbol classifying one as an intellectual.

He shoots a glance at you over his spectacles whilst he still has the book in his hands. The field of learning is far away (almost at the end of his nose) and he comes back sharply with "A megaton? Wait a minute, I think I've read that in the newspapers."

You see, he *is* an intellectual but he has the common touch. The book clinches the intellectual part of it. It has a cloth cover too and no doubt there are words in it. But he does not get his facts from these dry, stuffy books which he reads in a rather uncomfortable chair. He is in touch with life, he reads newspapers and does remember the word 'megaton'.

However, his interlocuter, whoever he is, knows all the time. *He's* probably read a book about it.

"A megaton is a million tons—and a 2-megaton H-Bomb, for instance, is equal in power to 2 million tons of high explosive."

Our intellectual comes back, "The H-Bomb" (you can't keep anything from him), "Doesn't really bear thinking about, does it?" Probably that book hadn't got any words in.

Our interlocuter, nothing daunted, carries on:

"The H-Bomb is a fact—you've got to think about it. And however hard we work for peace, H-Bombs could be dropped. That's a fact too. There are 600,000 people in Civil Defence who've faced these facts, and they're doing something about it. For the sake of the survivors."

Does the man mean that "we" are the government and the government is working for peace or does he accuse the intellectual of working for peace? It's possible. In any case I thought the whole point of the deterrent policy was that no bombs would be dropped, that it was all an illusion.

The intellectual rises to his feet in amazement. Not to sock the C.D. man for that

FOR A WHILE YOU HAD ME WORRIED

crack about peace but to say, "You mean there could be survivors after the H-Bomb?" (Calm down Buster, he's not asking for volunteers for survival).

The C.D. man says "Yes. Although many people would die, millions could survive. That's what Civil Defence is for—to help these millions of people to go on living. It would be the biggest rescue operation in history. That's why Civil Defence needs more trained volunteers—men and women—and if they're going to be properly trained we need them now. There wouldn't be time to train them on the day."

The C.D. man is a little vague about statistics, although he did come back smartly about the megaton. But the enemy doesn't help. If he told us what size bomb he'd drop we'd work out how many survivors there'd be. In America the Hologified Committee estimated that with an average nine-megaton bomb content, forty-three million people would be injured and one third would die. They estimated that about 1,500 megatons would be released in a one-day war and 23 million people would be killed. Of course, this is all working in the dark; the enemy may have improved since and hasn't told us, but in any case this is also what America could do to an enemy.

I am glad to hear that C.D. has invented an antidote to radiation. The odds and ends of people dying off in Hiroshima and Nagasaki years afterwards was most untidy.

It's perfectly true that you couldn't train C.D. workers in a day—not even in the four

minutes warning we'll get—but training there obviously must be to deal with compound injuries, deep radiation burns, typhus, starvation, fire-storms, decontamination of soil, water and crops, and elimination of the strontium contamination, radiation sickness, lowered resistance to minor infections, blood transfusions, leukemia and bone cancer (these two will not develop till later so training for these *can* wait). On top of this C.D. must organise the obtaining and distribution of uncontaminated food. They must also be quite sure that none of their people are affected by any bomb incident. An American doctor has viewed his imaginary task after an imaginary raid on St. Louis as trying to bail out a lake with a tea-cup. Obviously C.D. aims to provide a bigger tea-cup.

Our intellectual is now on his feet. He still has one hand in his pocket which shows he's uncommitted. "I'd like to help of course, but . . ." Our C.D. man doesn't give him a chance to answer but says, "You'll need to give an hour or two a week. You'll learn things that are always useful—First Aid, for instance. At the same time you'll be doing a real service to the community where you live and you'll be doing it with a fine, friendly lot of people. Anyway, we're not asking you to make your mind up now."

I am reminded of the C.D. worker from Chelsea (doubtless an intellectual too) who leaked out the top-secret C.D. information that 'if the people in Hiroshima had known what we know now they would not have had so many casualties' (or words to that effect).

I am glad that C.D. workers are a fine friendly lot of people and I have no doubt that the basic training on getting foreign bodies out of the eye and treating nose-bleeds will be useful when they drop that 2-megaton-bomb. But don't think I am worried—you see I always thought a megaton was *four* million tons of high explosive!

JACK SPRATT.

Condensed from "Freedom".

Your Answers Questioned

SOME of you have written to me with a problem that seems to be more general a worry than I had supposed. I quote below from a typical letter.

"I am wondering why God allows us to make H-Bombs and destroy each other and make beautiful things ugly. Surely He is supposed to be for love so why does He let us hate so much? He is supposed to have let his Son die for us—why was it such a flop, because it hasn't helped any, has it? Sometimes it seems to me He is a bit ruthless. I don't think any of the gods are really different—I mean all peoples seem to be like this whatever god they worship, even Russia.

I know our God is the right one and sparrows are important to Him so why not Russians and Japanese fishermen and even the dead fish around Christmas Island—or even us here in England? We are all His creatures. Why does it happen? I look at my children and I feel so sinful because it makes me doubt the church and my religion! Please help me not to worry."

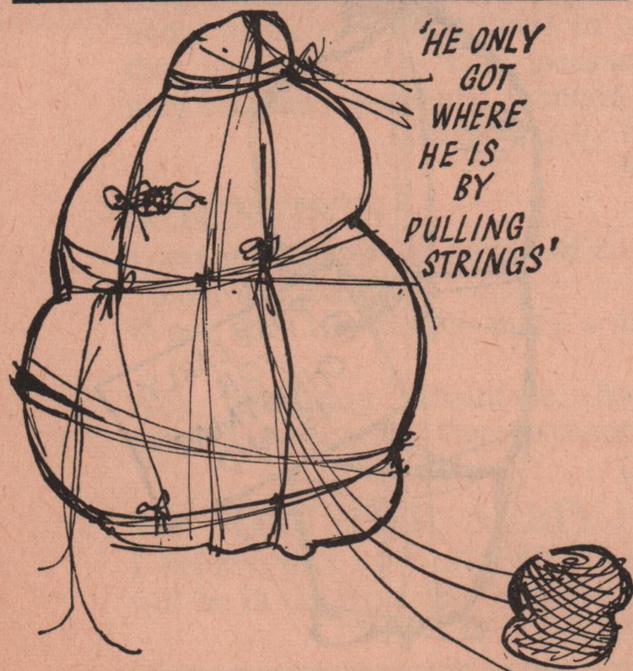
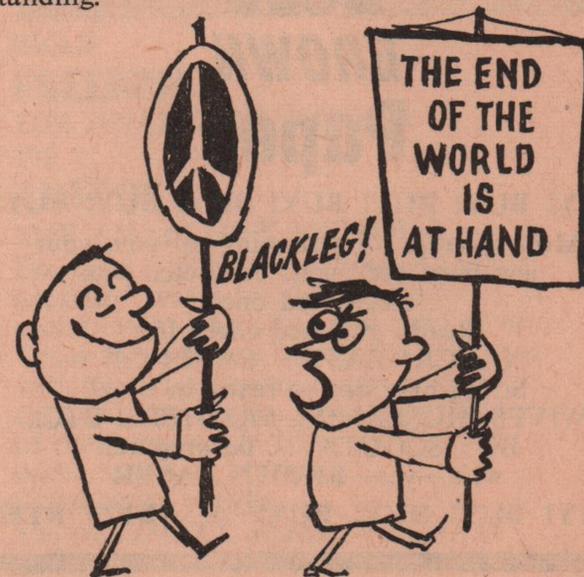
(Mrs. D., *Finchingfield, Essex*).

We must have unthinking faith

Having Faith myself I am always surprised to realise how many of you are without this great Balm. We can only believe Our Lord has inspired in us the right choice of leaders to carry out His will here on earth. This may sometimes seem puzzling to us here when we

By Patience Wince

see the leaders of the godless Russians carrying out policies identical to those of our own Governments. However, God works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform, and we need only remember the words of our great Archbishop of Canterbury when he reminded us that it may well be God's will that this planet has to be destroyed by nuclear fission. If this is indeed the Universal G-plan our task is to fit into it to the best of our humble abilities. Questioning can be dangerous and disturbing to that calm which is the prerequisite of divine, unthinking faith. Our time will come, and until the Lord ordains the world is ripe for Judgment we can only pray that we shall be worthy to ascend on the Right Hand achieving the Peace that Passeth all Understanding.





Look! No bomb

LIKE I mean, man, the anarchists are supposed to be the destroyers. We are shown as killers complete with cloaks, beards and bombs. But since governments went into the bomb business in such a big way we figure we're just amateurs and bombs is strictly for the birds. Like I mean the jets.

When we threw bombs we usually aimed for one man who really was responsible for tyranny, and our bombs didn't bounce back on millions of innocent people. The block-busters and the saturation raids of the last war (approved of by the Commies and Socialists) showed what happens to ordinary people when governments start throwing bombs—or get the squares to do it for them. And Hiroshima and Nagasaki were laboratory experiments just to show the big boys what their new toys could do.

So they progressed from A to H. Who'll be around when they get to Z? They've fouled up the air, increased radio-activity, put

strontium 90 in the milk, there have been suspicious deaths at Christmas Island and Windscale, some Japanese fishermen got in the way of a radio-active cloud and folk are still dying around Hiroshima—and they call the anarchists destructive!

Like Albert Camus says, man, 'We want to be neither victims nor executioners'. Maybe we can't insist that we won't be victims—though we could if enough of us refused to be pushed around any more—but at least every individual *could* refuse to be an executioner, *could* refuse to assist in any way the suicide pacts of the lunatic states.

So 'Ban the Bomb' is cool, and these marches are crazy, man, but there are plenty of squares in the CND (Dig those Red Squares—like a socialist bomb is just as dirty and will kill just as many workers as a capitalist one), and the Campaign doesn't go far enough. Seems to me we have to strike at the roots of authority itself.

So lay off the youth

We don't dig this criticism of demonstrations because it's kids that are marching. So? Beats, Teds or J.D.s—the kids of today are the citizens of tomorrow, and although by *then* they'll probably be as square as the present lot, before you measure them up for the shackles they need a chance to show the sort of society they would like. So beards and deadly nightshade make-up is way out—did you ever think that maybe it is society that is delinquent, not the juveniles?

We didn't make this society, but we're supposed to conform to it. A society that always lives above its income, is always in debt, allows some of its members to starve, treats others like dirt, smugly prepares to murder millions, hangs someone every now and again to deter others, is short on houses but long on TV and submarines, squanders its crazy potentials and does its nut all day long telling us what a wonderful system it is—and how we must plan to destroy it so as to protect it! Well pardon me while I puke.

Us anarchists are said to advocate chaos, while governments bring us law and order. Like Hitler believed in a New Order; Stalin was strictly legit (till Mr. K. announced he was a mouldy fig), and Dr. Verwoerd acts quite legally. But the chaos of Belsen, Karaganda, Hiroshima, Auschwitz, Dresden, Nagasaki, Sharpeville are the end products of *that* kind of order. Well, dig this: Liberty is the mother, not the daughter, of order, and the rule of law at Aldermaston and Wethersfield, offer us factories of death, destruction, and radio-active madness.

If we are to be the citizens of tomorrow we have in the first place to survive until tomorrow, and in the second place to try and figure how to live our lives better and *different* from the generations who have landed us in the present mess. Like I mean, the anarchists dig the most, man.

Beauty and the Bomb

TAKE the Greeks, for example. All those classic figures and bronzed torsos. Perfect proportions—everyone looking marvellous.

It was of course a decadent society—they had to knock the head and arms off the V. de Milo to make people even notice her. The one thing to stifle aesthetic sensibility is monotonous perfection—standardised conformity.

And this is why I am unequivocally *for* the Bomb.

We, who are living in an increasingly conformist civilization are feeling the need for the "different"—the "unpredictable" more than ever before. Why else do we need paintings, music, sculptures, that knock the arms and head off the Venus? Harmony is out. And it is a healthy trend. Our senses need stimulation, we must revive our sluggish reactions to our physical environment or we too will atrophy and decay in our cultural and artistic life.

For once, the scientist has behaved like an artist. He has broken the barrier between science and art and provided us with our Remedy: The Bomb.

Imagine it. What a glorious aesthetic experience it will be. A great beautiful unique fireball spreading its strange and wonderful radiance over everything—everything. Every damned particle of matter starts to *change*. What thrills in store for our perceptions. A kaleidoscope of shifting forms—our forms—the

CULTURAL NOTES

familiar assuming unfamiliar shapes and patterns—Life Drawing lifted into new realms—what a challenge to the anatomy classes and the Academicians. Indeed, the promise of a new Renaissance in Art if we rise to this challenge.

Sculptors, painters, poets, musicians. We who live by these crafts and whose duty it is to reflect our environment—we have a chance to usher in this exciting era. Why this puny fear of the unknown?

A new range of possibilities in colours and forms unveiled before subtly mutating eyeballs; what new sounds to be detected by an ear suffering a sea change into—who knows what! Poets—wanted—new words, mellifluous words for lips and boiling mouths to whisper urgent love songs.

Sculptors raise your hammers and carve and chip the liquid stone.

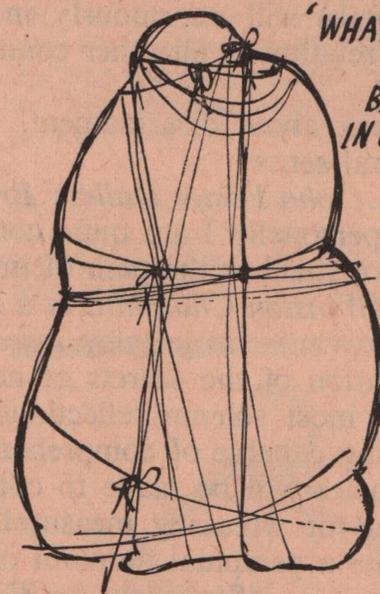
Moto Perpetuo.

Moto perpetuo in orchestra and the violins lovingly fashioned of carefully polished charcoal. Throw out the old—sound in the new new sounds. A fanfare on melting trumpets blown by dissolving lips. Blow it cool, man!

A landscape ready painted in pulverised vegetable pigments—vulcanized and vapourised, blowing in the winds and all free. It's just hit me by Christ. Bloody money changed, thawed and resolved into a dew with a little bit of bleeding luck.

A free, classless, and moneyless society—exciting changes and a new experiment. Is this the only way for it?

PSEUDONYMOUS BOSCH.



'WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT BEING MADE IN GOD'S IMAGE?'

PERSONAL COLUMN

D. What am I doing here? G.

G. Marching. D.

Eat Royal Jelly! Keep up with the Droneses.

Jobs! Jobs!! Jobs!!! Ugh . . . ugh . . . ugh . . . !

Man. Only dogs need to be given a lead.

ANARCHISM WORKERS' CONTROL THE BOMB

Public meeting on Sunday 9th April at 7.15

Working Men's Club Hall, Clerkenwell Rd. London EC1

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SIC! SIC! SIC!

STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH

CIVIL DEFENCE

Much of the most serious effect of the atomic bomb is in producing casualties. *(British Mission to Hiroshima, 1946)*

Experience in Great Britain has shown that in conventional raids children are neither appreciably more nor appreciably less vulnerable than are adults. *(Ditto)*

Just as a practical matter—how the hell are you going to bury 9 million corpses? *(U.S. Civil Defence administrator Val Peterson)*

No civil defence services in the world could have met a disaster on this scale. *(British Mission to Hiroshima, 1946)*

The importance of covering as much of the skin as possible is illustrated by the fact that the risk of death from burns depends on the proportion of the area of body burnt.

(Manual of Civil Defence 1956. p6)

Whether a fire storm develops depends also on the nature of the target. Where there are tall buildings closely packed together with plenty of combustible material to burn, the risk is much greater than in areas less densely built up. *(Ditto, p8)*

In Japan debris was not a very serious handicap because most of the material of the Japanese houses, being combustible, was destroyed by fire. *(Ditto, p51)*

In Japan the direct effect of blast from atomic bombs on people was found to be less than might have been expected. Where people were safe from the secondary effects of the blast, there was little evidence that they had suffered from any internal injury due to the blast itself. *(Ditto, p51)*

Anything that keeps off the sun's heat will help to give protection against the heat of a nuclear bomb. *(The Hydrogen Bomb—H.M.S.O.)*

(On the other hand . . .)

We decided not to defend the whole country, but to defend only our bomber bases. *(Duncan Sandys, February 1957)*

POLITICS

It (the bomb) will enormously increase the strength of the three great powers in relation to all other countries. *(The Daily Worker, 8 August 1945)*

I shall speak about disarmament. We do not, of course, use that word in any literal sense. *(John Foster Dulles: Broadcast on Disarmament, 22 July 1957)*

Although personally I am quite content with the existing explosives, I feel we must not stand in the path of improvement. *(Winston Churchill, in a minute to Lord Ismay, 30 August 1941, to propose research be continued on the atomic bomb).*

This revelation of the secrets of nature, long withheld from Man, should arouse the most solemn reflections in the mind and conscience of every human being capable of comprehension. We must indeed pray that these awful agencies will be made to conduce to peace among the nations, and that instead of wreaking measureless havoc upon the entire globe, they may become a perennial fountain of world prosperity. *(Statement by Winston Churchill read by Clement Attlee in the House of Commons, 6 August 1945)*

SCIENTISTS

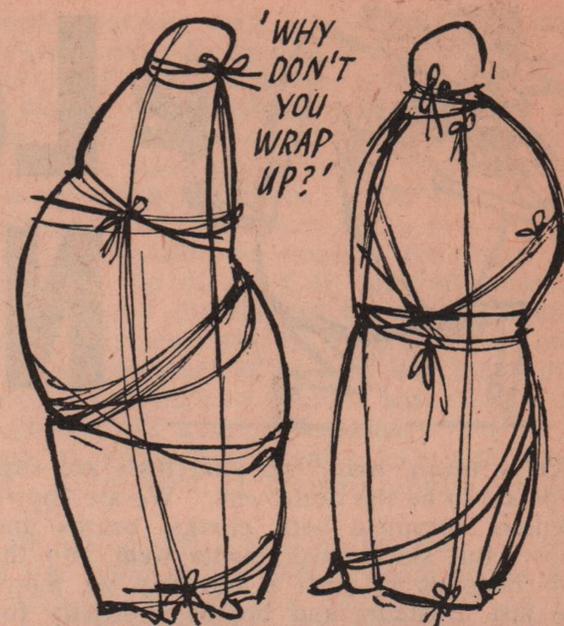
I was most happy to have had no share in the responsibility for its development and later use. *(Norbert Wiener, U.S. scientist)*

If one does not wish to make a discovery one does not make it. *(Max von Laue, German scientist)*

Any temporary advantage, however great, may be outweighed by perpetual menace to human security. *(Niels Bohn, Danish scientist, 3 July 1944)*

SO JOIN THE ARMY!

I believe that in World War 3, if it should come, the safest place to be will be in the front line with the fighting soldiers. *(Viscount Montgomery, Guardian, 6 April 1954)*



ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

ATOMIC PILES CURED! Love thine Enema and purge your body politic. LAG your pipes. **KEEP YOUR BLOOD WHITE!** Ensure a multiplication of white cells in your blood. Keep the red cells out by contracting leukemia now. The League of Vampire Loyalists supports the Bomb as the most efficient means of combatting the Red menace.

ON THE BEACH. A summer Fashion Parade is being organised by the Brown Paper Manufacturers Association. See the new **Bold** silhouette hand prints. Latest colours: Parcel Brown, Whitewash White, Fireball Orange, Charcoal. String-fringed and pre-shrunk in Borax. Drip-dried and stain-resistant. Manikins will be seen in these stunning new-look outfits on beaches from Florida to the Black Sea. Will fit any shape.

AGAINST HANGING? Throw out your old gallows, guillotines or electric chairs. Even gas chambers superseded! Criminals can be eliminated by the million with the NEW Genocide method.

BABY THOUGHTS. If your baby doesn't dig it, feed her up with "Baby-Think", the new predigested pudding. Tinned, canned, untouched by human brain, just right for spoon-feeding immature minds. No straining required. Piped piping hot through all channels of Mass Communications.

IT'S CORNY! Children of all ages will love the new breakfast cereal. There's a Bomb in every packet. See your kiddies eyes light up when it goes Snap . . . Crackle . . . BANG!!!!

ANIMAL LOVERS everywhere. Prepare to welcome millions of little friends. —Bacteriological Warfare Dept, Whitehall, S.W.1.

DUMB FRIENDS LEAGUE. If your friends are dumb bring them to Anarchist meetings. Results not guaranteed.

BRAND X BOMB . . . he thought his bomb was clean until he saw the pile of ash he made.

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FREEDOM

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and

ANARCHY

THE ANARCHIST MONTHLY

Freedom is published (Price 4d.) every Saturday except for the last Saturday of each month, when Anarchy (1/6) appears. These two journals together provide you with topical comment, news, humour, cartoons and photos and serious discussion of the facts of life from the anarchist point or points of view.

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