

## ON THE EDGE OF TOMORROW

[This report of the Easter, 1961 Aldermaston March from Britain's H-bomb factory to London's Trafalgar Square is by one of the marchers, Dr. Kathleen Gough, a British anthropologist. At the time Dr. Gough was teaching at Manchester University. In September she will fulfill a teaching engagement in the United States. Her report on this year's 53-mile Aldermaston March first appeared as a special section of the June 17 issue of the labor bi-weekly, *Correspondence*, published in Detroit. The following, reprinted by permission, is a much condensed version of the *Correspondence* article.]

LEFT at 5:45 a.m. on Good Friday on one of eight buses leaving the Manchester area for Aldermaston. Having only recently joined the CND [Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament], I felt lonely and sheepish, chiefly aware that my bedroll was twice as big as the others there. Coming from a rather sleepy suburb, my bus contained 35 sober, average-looking citizens in suits and plastic macs—clerical workers, teachers, housewives and children in front, and students at the back. I thought of the similar common sense stolidity with which such people had faced death and desolation in the bombings of World War II.

As we approached Aldermaston, the passengers sang the first song in the CND song-book. I had never heard it before, but it has virtually become the anthem of the Campaigners. I was to hear it at least a hundred times in the next four days.

"Don't you hear the H-bombs' thunder  
Echo like the crack of doom?  
While they rend the skies asunder  
Fall-out makes the earth a tomb.  
Do you want your homes to tumble,  
Rise in smoke towards the sky?  
Will you let your cities crumble?  
Will you see your children die?

### CHORUS

Men and women, stand together,  
Do not heed the men of war.

Make your minds up, now or never,  
Ban the bomb forever more.'

At Aldermaston, the H-bomb factory was memorable only for its size and drabness—an expanse of chimneys and pre-fab buildings, marked at intervals by signs saying "Danger" and "Police Dogs Guard This Area."

On behalf of my village, I took a small modest sign marked "Cheadle Hulme and Bramhall" and got into line along with Stockport, Urmston, and Crewe. Soon we had set off three abreast, on the kind of scrambling shamble that was to typify the March. The first day we walked nine miles, to Reading, the second day, 20 miles to Slough; the third day, 15 miles to Chiswick; and the fourth, eight miles, to Trafalgar Square.

It was only slowly, in the first two days, that the full extent of CND's scope dawned on me. While remaining flexible, informal and decentralized, it has branches throughout the British Isles and an elaborate organization. With only three years of growth, the March now has its own mobile canteens, ambulances, First Aid trucks, musicians, loudspeakers, motor cars, baggage trucks, route marshals, newspapers, radios, field lavatories, song books, picture postcards, gramophone records, and even propelling pencils and balloons. So institutionalized a feature of the British life has it become that Lloyd's Bank maintains a mobile branch along its route for members to cash checks away from home.

In some ways it is like an army on the march. Indeed army haversacks and odd bits of uniform from World War II were common. But the atmosphere and organization are, of course, completely different. The police, whose permission is got for the March, patrol it and walk beside it. But inside the organization, there is

apparently no discipline backed by force. Marchers join voluntarily and cannot be expelled. They are simply expected to observe the unwritten conventions of the March—not to straggle in the roadway, to obey route marshals concerning the space to be occupied, not to quarrel with bystanders. One fear of the early marchers was that opponents of the CND might join the procession and sabotage its aims, but this has never happened.

It surprised me that no one seemed to be in charge of the March as a whole. To be sure, it was led by an illustrious bevy of persons—Canon Collins, Michael Foot, Frank Aillaun and Emrys Hughes, unilateralist Labor M.P.s; Ritchie Calder, the atomic scientist; Jacquetta Hawkes, the novelist; and the German writer, Hans Werner Richter. But they had, of course, no control over the rank and file.

By the end of the first day, I began to grasp the composition of the March. Being unable to judge its length behind or in front, I ran ahead to sit on a bridge and watch it filing past. The sight of almost two miles of people, tramping, with waving banners, impressed me deeply.

The largest number of marchers walked as citizens under local banners—divided into regions, then counties, then towns and villages. There was local patriotism. Often the county groups, and, more markedly, Scotland and Wales, sang their own dialect songs. Among the thousands of bystanders along the route, many living away from their place of birth watched for their native townships and applauded them as they passed, "Stockport! Who's marching for Stockport?"—I heard, and once, to swelling pride, "Cheadle Hulme and Bramhall! Well I never!—give them a clap!"

Religious groups made up another large contingent. Quakers were most numerous here, their banners, "Quakers Say No to All War," showing up at intervals. There were Methodist, Catholic, Church of England and unidentified "Christian" groups. Among older bystanders, the

religious banners seemed to attract most attention and respect. Thousands of people stood silently as the banner, "Is your faith in the bomb or the cross?" was carried by.

With their large, richly colored banners, the Trades Union delegates added most to the spectacle. Shipbuilders and structural workers, Amalgamated Engineers, London Tube workers, and the Electrical Trades Union were prominent. I was told that only a minority of unions were represented, but a far larger number than in 1960.

Political parties were, of course, outstanding, with their large numbers, banners, and sale of literature along the road. The Left, unilateralist wing of the Labor Party led in strength. Here on the Labor Left, youth came into its own. Banner after banner of Young Socialist Clubs from towns all over the country figured in the March, their teenage members everywhere helping to organize the procession and selling the unilateralist youth clubs' paper, *Keep Left*. These clubs, organized within the past ten years, now appear to form the core of "Victory for Socialism," the Labor Left. Their newspaper has been proscribed by the party's right wing leadership, but they maintain it and their policy. Indeed, while we were marching, the Young Socialists' Convention met in London and confirmed its policy of nuclear disarmament.

Communists were also there. The C. P. at first opposed British disarmament, but in recent years has supported it. I saw no hostility to the Communists among the other marchers. They were either befriended or ignored. The general view seemed to be that, like any other minority, they were welcome provided they upheld the main purpose of the March. The Cooperative Party and the Socialist Labour (Trotskyist) Party were also represented, and probably several more. I heard that a surprising number of Conservatives, and some Liberals, also joined the March. Evidently they walk under the regional banners!

In addition to the regional CND youth clubs and the youth of political parties, hundreds of students massed behind the university banners.

Probably every major university was represented. So were many schools—some of them unexpected. "Even some Etonians support CND," read one diminutive sign.

There were many, many children, of all ages. Some were in prams, some walking for longer or shorter distances beside their relatives.

This year the size of the international contingent startled everyone. From the beginning, over 30 nations were represented by more than 1500 marchers, and they increased to 37 before the final day. I saw banners from practically every country in Europe, and many more—India, Iraq, Japan, Ghana, Turkey, Nigeria, South Africa, Australia, Canada, the West Indies, the U.S.A., Goal, and even Kurdistan, among them. A small round sign saying "Cuba" on one side and, to remove all doubt, "Viva Fidel Castro" on the other, bobbed along, carried by half-a-dozen Cubans.

With so many British banners carrying pictures of the horrors at Hiroshima, onlookers sought eagerly for the banner from Japan. It was carried by three Japanese and read "Japan—and for those who cannot come." Later we read in newspapers that other Japanese had planned to attend the demonstrations, but the British government had prevented them from landing. This provoked great anger among the marchers. At the same time, it showed how alarmed the British government must be, if it dare not open its ports to four harmless Japanese non-violent demonstrators. The East German contingent was also refused entry, and for whatever reason, no other representatives of Communist countries were seen.

The 500 West German marchers attracted much attention. They represented trade unions, chiefly the metal workers, 460 of them arriving on the second day as the March was leaving on its twenty-mile walk to Slough. The Germans had travelled 32 hours, without food or sleep. They were served rolls and tea, and joined the March for the rest of the way. In Trafalgar Square, I

think that the greatest applause was reserved for them, for the Japanese, and for the small group of young people representing the U.S.A.

The March is a world within a world. It contains many kinds of people: rich and poor, young and old, rough and smooth, religious and blasphemous, bold and prudish, hopeful and desperate. It does not contain every kind—the apathetic are absent. But it surprised me to see how such different people rubbed shoulders and how casually they accepted each other. I had not seen so much disregard of cultural and class barriers since the evacuations and bombing of World War II. I thought of the fact that more than half—some said two-thirds—of the marchers were born during or after World War II. They did not remember its joys or horrors, yet it was they above all who were bringing back the comradeship and equality of that period, while opposing all future wars. I laughed to think how this most rebellious group, the CND, was so far being contained within the conventional society, with its tea queues and cucumber sandwiches, police protection and greetings by Lady Mayoresses. And yet it seemed that whether most of them knew it or not, this movement was demanding changes which would involve, not only some alterations of foreign policy, but the complete overthrow of our society and its power structure and the rebirth of a new social order in Europe and in the world. I thought that before they were through, many might be trampled by mounted police, beaten, imprisoned, or even killed. If these things ever happened, it seemed to me that the youngest would be those best able to stay the course. This is because, arriving at a time when it had so little to offer them, they are less attached to our society than the rest of us. They have also not been led on, through years of compromise, half-truths, and silent intimidation, to accept as inevitable the monstrous enormities of our time and to doubt their own sense of goodness and truth.

I wish that I could express the character of the teenagers on the March. They were, first of all, the majority. I think this is because they are the most radical element in the CND, and also because the March is too much of a physical strain for thousands of older members. Everywhere, it seemed to be the teenagers who tried hardest and did the most. It was they who sold newspapers and gave leaflets on the sidewalks, started the singing, shouted the slogans, organized the baggage, handed the rations, collected the garbage, and in the mornings, swept out the rooms where we had stayed. Many times I thought of the monstrous stupidity of those who condemn youth for its apathy, its delinquency, or its irreverence.

There were many beatniks on the march—or at least, young people with long, uncombed hair and (to me) extraordinary clothes. I felt shy of them and found it difficult to communicate with them. At the same time I was fascinated by the curiously aloof self-confidence, the absence of polite, empty phraseology, and the bold, frank awareness of these young people. At Slough, in the early evening, we came on a group of them who had gone ahead of the March. They were ensconced in a small open square between the main road and a public house. Some of them sat on the ground strumming banjos, and others, with statuesque faces, were dancing soundlessly in their stocking feet. A crowd of bystanders gaped at them in wonder. I thought they epitomized some things about the March—especially the request, harmless, yet to our "moral" society seemingly so outrageous, to enjoy life and each other and to let others live. Their immobile faces seemed to show that they knew their request was disapproved, and so, while taunting it with their freedom, they had shut out the adult society.

At night we slept in schools. They were not all comfortable—this seemed to depend on the attitudes to unilateralism of the local school board.

Even so, the nights were the most enjoyable times. Utterly exhausted, we sank on to our bed-

rolls side by side like sardines in tins, and while the ache went out of our limbs talked to whoever happened to camp beside us. I must mention how exhausting the March is for amateurs! We smiled at the popular press which presented it as a picnic and an irresponsible Easter jaunt. For those of us over thirty who were not in training, our aching limbs became an exquisite agony. At night we lay down on reaching the schools, but could not get up again to wash or eat until we were lifted to our feet. Even the teenagers, who complained least, were often white-faced and exhausted. Many had feet completely bandaged to cover blisters, and doctors and first aid crews were overworked. Our incredible fatigue was, I think, the main reason why we slept anywhere in the schools, beside anyone of any age and of either sex, dressed or in night clothes as we pleased. Of course, the press made much of this, and "Love Orgies on Aldermaston March" was a headline in one of the Sunday papers. The "Orgies" stories roused bitter mirth on Easter Sunday—no doubt many marchers wished they were in a physical state to be even halfway capable of them!

There are some famous "characters" on the March who come every year. One is a kilted Scotsman who plays his bagpipes faithfully the whole of the way. Another is an old, sharp-faced Londoner in his eighties, who wears a red cap and green trousers and looks like Rip Van Winkle.

One of the striking things about CND is the number of writers, scientists, actors and other intellectuals it contains. Among other things it seems to have become the home of the angry young men. John Osborne, John Braine, Alan Sillitoe, Alan Lovell and Arnold Wesker are among its well-known writers, and there are many more.

There was much discussion of the U.S.A. on the March. Many people noticed that I was carrying a U.S. Army kitbag, and this started them off. I did not find any hostility to the American people, only to the government. Mainly I met curiosity about what Americans think of nuclear

weapons, whether they are not revolted by the inhumanities of modern militarism, what they say about Hiroshima, whether Peace Marches have begun yet in America, etc. The young people are particularly fascinated by American Negro culture—this is also obvious in the Left Wing Coffee Clubs and the jazz clubs which are now all over the country. The peculiarly spontaneous and unconventional, strangely lyrical quality of so much Negro music seems exactly to fit these youngsters' mood. Nearly half the songs in the CND repertoire are old American tunes. "Down by the River Side," "The Saints" and "If I Had a Hammer, I'd Hammer in the Morning," were sung over and over.

On the march I began thinking that it is not the poor, the rebels or the Leftists in England who are anti-American in the usual sense. It is mainly conservatives of the middle and upper classes who sneer at American manners, art, morals, education and materialism. This is presumably because they regret their own loss of empire and prestige and are jealous of America's modern military power, even while they are so eager to "shelter" behind it.

One jazz quartet came with us faithfully all the way, and played themselves nearly dead. They marched sometimes in front; at other times they would play by the roadside to cheer us up as we passed, and then bring up the rear. On Sunday someone came up to them and said, "Would you walk behind the Germans? They're a bit lonely and dispirited." The band leader said, "Hell, we spend our lives walking behind the Germans! Well, come on then, you Germans. Take it away!" The Germans grinned and started.

Naturally, we waited eagerly for press, radio and TV reports of the March. Apart from the left-wing press with its narrow circulation, they were mainly, by design, very brief and dampening. The chief theme was amused tolerance, as of a crackpot minority group. There was emphasis on weird hair-styles, blisters and bandaged feet, and the "Easter spree" approach, with the smug hints

about the potential harmfulness to the world of misguided moralists.

By contrast, the crowds we met were almost always friendly. Only the Empire Loyalists, Mosley's small Fascist group, put up any determined resistance. Their cars occasionally whizzed past us at dangerous speeds, and they had a few microphones, and posters accusing us of treachery and cowardice. Before the March there were rumors that a new group of youth would move in strength to meet us in London, carrying banners inscribed "Keep the Bomb." For a while this curious prospect created a hubbub of expectation. We did at last see five youngsters standing bravely and rather pathetically by the roadside with these signs as we entered Chiswick on Sunday night. They were greeted with friendly and derisive shouts by the thousands of youth on our side. Mostly, people stood on the sidewalk in large numbers, gazing as we passed by.

All along the route, old ladies waiting for buses, wives with shopping baskets, old age pensioners smoking their pipes on public benches—of these, many hundreds smiled or waved at us, and some called "Good work, keep it up!" And as we marched, hundreds, and later thousands, stepped off the pavement to join us.

I had not realized how solemnly London would greet the marchers, and I was greatly moved, remembering the Battle of Britain. Indeed, at intervals one could see the empty spaces left by bombs, not yet rebuilt after twenty years. Down Sloane Street and Buckingham Palace Road and into Victoria Street, the marchers sang again, over and over:

"Men and women, stand together  
Do not heed the men of war . . ."

As we entered Parliament Square at 2:30, those of us near the front saw coming over Waterloo Bridge the thousands of marchers from Wethersfield, fifty miles away, the other wing of the March. Twenty feet high above them was their best banner, a wondrous masterpiece from

York, in orange and purple, of a scaly dinosaur, inscribed "TOO MUCH ARMOUR, TOO LITTLE BRAIN—HE'S EXTINCT NOW. There was applause and cheering as the two groups met at the foot of Whitehall, to march the length of it past the government buildings into Trafalgar Square. Hitherto we had walked three-abreast, but now the marchers streamed up Whitehall like a tidal wave. It was a slow and solemn procession, with the hundreds of banners—"Ban the bomb," "Action for Life," "We refuse to be murderers," "Remember Hiroshima"—and the rows of helmeted police between us and the buildings of government. I thought of many things going down Whitehall. One of them was Charles I, the tyrannical king who was beheaded there in 1648 by a movement of commoners, like us, determined on their rights. There was silence as the band passed the Cenotaph commemorating the dead of both world wars. Then the music struck up again and played gaily along the route into Trafalgar Square. As we entered, from the platform under Nelson's Column an American voice sang "When the Saints Go Marching In."

The Square was packed with spectators—the largest crowd there in memory. The March began to arrive at 2:45, and at 5:30 the end of the procession came in. Meanwhile there were speeches in the Square—by Canon Collins, the leader of the March; by Bertrand Russell, the 88-year-old philosopher and leader of civil disobedience against nuclear policies; by the German Trades Union leader; by the leader of the Fire Brigades Union, and many more.

I listened to the speeches and enjoyed them, but after a while, like hundreds of others, I drifted away from the microphones to watch the marchers streaming in. They were the important ones. Churches and youth clubs, cities, townships and villages, parties, trade unions, schools, colleges, and unaffiliated individuals, they gave me a new will and a soaring hope. Seeing them, I felt sure that mankind's simplest, most elemental struggle

will NOT be defeated. Humanity will not be annihilated. We shall stay alive on this earth.

After the March a few hundred people, mostly young, went to sit down illegally in the street outside the U.S. Embassy in Grosvenor Square. They were led by Ralph Schoenman, an American who on February 18 accompanied the Committee of 100 and its supporters in the sitdown in Whitehall. Thirty-one young people were arrested. There was scuffling and, it was reported, rough handling by the police.

The unofficial sitdown to me was a hopeful event. It shows that minorities of the rank and file who protest against nuclear weapons will not be quieted by leaders or majorities, inside or outside CND, but will go on to organize bolder, revolutionary struggles against the Establishment. As in the world revolution as a whole, the most radical are always ahead of their leadership, dragging them on to ever bolder decisions. Eventually, the "leadership" must follow, or else fall by the wayside. CND itself was a lunatic fringe three years ago. So was Russell's Committee of 100, before its popular support was revealed on February 18. Already industrial action to paralyze the government's defense policy is talked of openly among the members of CND. By April 27, Canon Collins himself, at a rally of 2,000 in Manchester, was introducing and wishing godspeed to Mrs. O'Connell, the leader of a civil disobedience campaign against the Polaris missiles, who herself advocates industrial action. Perhaps we shall not win until there are sitdowns in every factory, every embassy and every ministry. It is a long way to go, but in Britain the marchers have got started.

Manchester, England

KATHLEEN GOUGH

## *REVIEW*

### **"WE'RE ALL WAR MAKERS"**

IT often takes a novel to reach beyond the familiar dimensions of the war situation. Glen Sire's *The Death-Makers* is such a book, and is recommended reading for those who have been impressed by Jerome D. Frank's analysis of the psychoses of armed conflict.

Captain Brandon believes in the war as a necessity, but after killing a German with his hands he also becomes convinced that it can only be fought when one is the victim of an insanity. As a tank commander under Gen. Patton, Brandon had earned his "Ph.D. in bloodletting," but this hand-to-hand combat drove new realizations to the surface:

Brandon leaned toward the Colonel and he could feel his body drawing up tight against the memory, and his eyes glared as he looked at the Colonel. "You know something, Colonel? You know what I found out today when I killed that German? You can't kill a man with your hands unless you're temporarily insane. You've got to be off your rocker, nuts. You've got to forget everything you're supposed to be fighting for—all the dignity and liberty and honor and value of human life is just so much crap. No man. No dignity. Just crap. . . . You see, sir, I've had my history lessons—there's always been the right side and the wrong side, the good guys and the bad guys. That's the theory, and the glory. But when you're really in it, there's something else you discover too. It's as if we had all gone crazy, a sickness, as if we were all fighting just to be fighting, as if we needed to hate and kill each other in order to be men. Sometimes in the middle of a fire-fight it seems to me that we all ought to be put in strait jackets and led off to padded cells by the men in the white coats."

It is the task of the colonel, who cares for Brandon as he might for his own son, to shock the captain into awareness that such thoughts must be buried if victory is to be achieved:

"Listen, you smug jackass, men have been fighting since the beginning, and they'll be doing it in the end, and not you or Jesus Christ or anybody else is going to change that. That's just the way things are. You either kick the crap out of them or they kick it

out of you. You just better be damned sure you've got the biggest boot."

"I see," the Captain said.

"Then what the hell are you talking about?"

"I mean war is a sickness. It's a mental illness. Individually and collectively," the Captain said, thinking as he talked and suddenly pleased with the clarity of the idea forming in his mind. "And it should be treated as a sickness. We keep making the same old deadly mistake, over and over again, we're not learning anything this way. The Germans I've killed haven't learned anything and neither have I. We've only scared ourselves more—made ourselves sicker and more frightened men, and it goes on and on."

"What are you going to do—send the Wehrmacht through the Menninger Clinic?" The Colonel laughed.

"Why yes," Brandon said, "yes, I suppose I would—or something like that."

"Who'd pay the bill?"

"We're paying for this one," Brandon said, "and so are a lot of other people."

Reviewers have pointed out that Mr. Sire is "vulgar" in the James Jones tradition—which means that the two four-letter words most commonly heard on the battlefield or in the barracks are spelled out without subterfuge. But the three officers around whom this plot revolves are cultured men, and their vocabulary shows it. Though obscenity becomes a tool of communication with the men in the ranks, it fails when they talk with one another, and this for a very simple reason—the officers communicate with the men only *within* the context and in terms of the values of the war itself. In the course of this novel, then, we pass from university talk to latrine talk and back again in a counterpoint that helps to depict, among other things, the "dual" natures of men at war. And, as Brandon himself puts it, it is really too bad people in general can't be as shamed by the terms of war as they are by the terms of obscenity.

*The Death-Makers* contains some of the elements of classical tragedy, for the colonel is

killed one day before the Armistice and the captain dies after it has been signed.

Now that the fighting men of the major nations are even more unlikely to confront the enemy in personal terms—this is clearly the epoch of missiles—a book like *The Death-Makers* suggests the need for dozens of Jerome Franks to point out that while the situation changes, the psychoses do not.

Mr. Sire has already provided an appropriate text to open his book, and we will leave the reader free to horrify himself with it, but an alternate could well have been two paragraphs from Frank's *Sanity and Survival*:

Some years ago a psychologist did a famous experiment with rats in which he studied their ability to discriminate forms by making them jump at doors which had different forms on them—a square and a circle, for example. He made them jump by blowing a blast of air on them. If the rat jumped for the correct door, it opened and he obtained food. If the rat jumped for the incorrect door, it was locked so he bumped his nose and fell into a net. Then, the experimenter did a mean thing—he locked both doors, but still made the rats jump. After undergoing this upsetting experience for a while, many rats developed absolutely rigid habits of behavior. For example, a rat might develop the habit of jumping at the right-hand door. After this, even if the left-hand door were left open with the food in plain sight, the rat would still jump for the right-hand one, bump his nose and fall to the net. This is an example of how severe emotional states can make behavior rigid. Of course, people seldom become this fixated; but anxiety, especially, tends to have this effect.

Since uncertainty is a major source of anxiety, the person in the grip of this emotion tends to see everything in black and white terms. To use a technical term, his thinking becomes stereotyped. He tends to select from his experience only the information which fits his stereotype, and to overlook or minimize what does not fit. Thus he gets deeper and deeper into a mental rut. A particularly common and dangerous stereotype is that of the enemy.

Along with the psychology and the drama, *The Death-Makers* is a book which evokes sympathy for the heroism of some of the men who "make death," and in so doing reaches beyond

conventional pacifism to a kind of universal compassion.



## *COMMENTARY*

### TOWARD A NEW SOCIETY

BEGINNING her report on the Aldermaston March, in the June 17 issue of *Correspondence*, Kathleen Gough says:

When one joins in the four days of the Aldermaston March, it is not only a protest against nuclear weapons, although that is the purpose of the March. Joining the March involves moving into a new society, based on different assumptions and principles of organization than those of the post-war Western world.

It was the strength of this impression, pervading the report, which made us seek permission to present Dr. Gough's account of the March to MANAS readers. It does not seem extravagant to say that here, indeed, is a foretaste of the world of tomorrow. Externally rag-tag and bob-tail, perhaps—something like the Children's Crusade, but of far more rational intent—the March bears evidence of great internal strength, the strength of people who are determined to be civilized human beings, regardless of what governments may decide to do.

Begun by the British, this marching for peace is rapidly becoming a world-wide activity for people of like mind. Dr. Gough says:

The British Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND) first publicized this method on a grand scale with their Easter March from the H-bomb factory at Aldermaston to London's Trafalgar Square. Starting with a few hundred in 1958, the March grew to 20,000 in 1960. This year on Easter Monday more than 30,000 marched into London. . . .

Easter 1961 saw the start of other Marches in most of the Western countries. Holland, Denmark, West Germany and Canada held Marches in many cities, each numbering between one and eight thousand people. In Oslo, 9,000 Norwegians assembled to protest against the decision of their Labor Party executive to admit the possibility of nuclear weapons for Norway. In the U.S.A., a total of 25,000 people marched in New York, Washington, Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, Cleveland, Madison, Milwaukee, Seattle and Hartford.

To date the most spectacular March is that of a dozen young Americans. Members of the Campaign for Non-Violent Action, they are walking 6,500 miles from San Francisco to Moscow.

In the June 17 *Correspondence*, Dr. Gough's account, titled "When the Saints Go Marching In," includes a description of the non-violent demonstrations against the Polaris submarine base established by the U.S. Navy at Holy Loch on the west coast of Scotland. Readers wishing to have this much more complete record of the March and the Polaris protests at Holy Loch may order reprints in pamphlet form from *Correspondence*, 7737 Mack, Detroit 14, Mich. The pamphlets are 25 cents each, with the bulk price of five for \$1.00, prepaid.

## CHILDREN

### ... and Ourselves

#### THE WAR CORPS—AND SOME WORDS TO YOUTH

THE number of applicants for President Kennedy's Peace Corps does not, now, seem to be equalling expectations. Small wonder: it is a long uphill battle for those who bravely try to believe that something can actually be done by young people to disrupt the psychological patterns which result in war. On the one hand, we find the beginnings of an infiltration of John Birch society "patriots" in school boards, legislatures, editorial offices of mass media, etc.—and the John Birch society instructs its members that one of the first indications that someone may be a Communist or fellow-traveler is his propensity "to talk about peace all the time." On the other hand, contemporary college students who possess creative capacity in technical fields are incessantly assailed by advertisements offering high rewards for apprenticeship to rocketry, space travel, etc. What this amounts to is advertisement for the weapons industry; and the Madison Avenue "soft sell" is used to make the weapons industry seem to be anything but what it is.

On this point an article in the *Nation* for June 3 by Theodore Roszak is both illuminating and alarming, for it is this Stanford historian's opinion that by playing upon the almost universal reverence for science existing among young people, "the professional persuaders have contributed in no small measure to our society's willingness to participate in the deadliest, most astronomically wasteful arms race in history." The attempt is to suggest that weapons-making has somehow become scientific pioneering—in the words of one corporation, "the exploration of new, uncharted areas of human knowledge." Dr. Roszak continues with a much-needed indictment:

The missile and space department of General Electric entitles its advertisement "*Pro Vita Academica*," and underscores the "highly academic

environment" and "free intellectual climate" that prevail in its offices. Its various military contracts, the ad goes on, provide "continual stimulus to the research mind," while its procedures guarantee "the free exchange of ideas" and "unscheduled meetings" of scientists who are free of the "over-direction and red-tape of some industrial operations." At G.E. "the analytic thinker's need for solitude is recognized."

Another corporation, striving to capture that academic flavor, calls employment in its ranks an "appointment and promises every opportunity for "professional growth." Another speaks glowingly of its "campus-like setting" and "university atmosphere." In an advertisement for the Martin Company, prime contractor for the Titan missile, a "research physicist," pictured lounging at his desk with pipe in hand, tells why he chose his employer: "Freedom. Freedom to do work I like. . . . I was given a lab and facilities to work with, and, above all, a lot of freedom to carry out my work. . . . I also like the chance to talk with other scientists who understand my field and to work with some of the younger fellows who are coming along."

Text and picture might well have been lifted directly from a graduate school brochure.

The pitch is clear enough: work for the weapons industry is just school all over again—the same academic freedom, the same intellectual respectability, the same disinterested search for knowledge. A thick intellectualoid veneer has come to cover the industry's public relations.

Dr. Roszak concludes his article, "Seduction of the Scientist," with these hard-striking words:

Though the rocket may very well place us upon the "stairway to space," its use as a thermonuclear ICBM—and that *is* its primary use today—places us upon the threshold of annihilation. Those who build and perfect the devices which become part of our inhuman arsenal ought never to be allowed to ignore this frightening fact. It ought to be impressed relentlessly upon them—upon every scientist and engineer, upon every assemblyline worker, salesman, consultant, executive and stockholder in this grim enterprise—that their fascinating "hardware," their would-be space-ships, their "technological breakthroughs" all become instruments of death. They may even believe in the cruel and confused policies that demand such weapons. But they should never be permitted to masquerade their work as an exalted search for the truth. They should never get

away with prostituting to such demonic purposes the nobility of pure intellectual aspiration.

For the weapons makers do not share in that nobility at all. What the munitions industry in its public relations presents as the sacred calling of scientist and engineer is in reality service rendered to one of the shabbiest businesses under the sun: the manufacture and sale for profit of weapons of war. The only new frontiers they are exploring are the frontiers of maniacal destructiveness. And all the streamlined propaganda the ad men turn out is only another contribution to the oldest sport in human history; the dodging of one's moral responsibility.

In this context a brilliant young man may go a long way without having much opportunity to tell whether he is traveling up, down, or sideways.

In the opening address of the recent Congress for Cultural Freedom in Berlin, J. Robert Oppenheimer touches this point with some moving generalizations:

This age of ours is the scientific age, in which our work, our leisure, our economy, and an increasingly large part of the very quality of our lives, are based on the application of newly acquired knowledge of nature to practical human problems, in which size, egalitarianism, flux, are the social hallmarks of a continuing cognitive revolution.

I have been much concerned that in this world we have so largely lost the ability to talk with one another. In the great succession of deep discoveries, we have become removed from one another in tradition, and in a certain measure even in language. We have had neither the time nor the skill nor the dedication to tell one another what we have learned, nor to listen nor to hear, nor to welcome its enrichment of the common culture and the common understanding. Thus the public sector of our lives, what we have and hold in common, has suffered, as have the illumination of the arts, the deepening of justice, and virtue, the ennobling of power and of our common discourse. We are less men for this. Our specialised traditions, our private beauties thrive; but in those high undertakings where man derives strength and insight from the public excellence, we have been impoverished. We hunger for nobility: the rare words and acts that harmonise simplicity and truth. In this I see some connection with the great unresolved public problems: survival, liberty, fraternity.

Obviously, Dr. Oppenheimer is one of those rare specialists who have outgrown the limitations of their field to speak to other men in universal terms. Unfortunately, their voices do not carry very far. The media which enjoy "universal" distribution are not in the habit of giving space to universal ideas. They represent the "revolt of the masses," and what is now needed is an open revolt of men of excellence—men like the distinguished physicist himself. When we have more articulate rebels of this sort, new channels of communication will open up.

## *FRONTIERS*

### The Meaning of Religious Unity

PERIODICALLY the world of Christian believers is drawn into discussion of the ecumenical movement—the effort to unite the various Christian denominations in one religious organization. Latest attempt in this direction was launched by Eugene Carson Blake at the annual meeting of the National Council of Churches held in May in San Francisco. Dr. Blake is a Presbyterian minister who since 1951 has been Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly—the elected body which runs the (Northern) United Presbyterian Church in the United States. It is his idea—known as the Blake Proposal—that the Northern Presbyterians should unite with the Episcopal Church to invite the Methodists and the United Church of Christ to form a new Christian body, as yet unnamed, which "within ten years (he estimates) may merge 18.9 million Protestants in a giant church, combining the best elements of traditionalist catholic beauty and structured Calvinist form."

There is apparently some interest in the Blake proposal on the part of the groups invited to participate. *Time* for May 26 reports the reactions of Methodist and Episcopal Bishops, some of them quite favorable, although the editor of an Episcopal weekly said that "the desire for unity is less than it was twenty years ago." He added, however, that "nobody will vote directly against unity—that would be like voting against Mother." No doubt this sophisticated comment sums up the attitudes of a great many Christians who are content with their present affiliation, and yet the movement for unity among Christians is bound to stir the feelings of all those who puzzle over the many denominational distinctions. After all, sectarianism in Christianity (*Time* identifies 249 different Christian groups) arose from doctrinal divisions which, except for a few important boundaries, such as the difference between Protestants and Roman Catholics, are now practically forgotten by all except theologians.

Most Christians of today have either inherited their religion or have adopted it by accident, like the man who became a Presbyterian "because the bass soloist's position was open," or because they like the architecture of some new church in the neighborhood. The selection of a denomination, at any rate, is seldom a soul-searching affair.

But supposing the Blake proposal is carried forward to comparative success, what exactly will have been gained?

It would be foolish to attempt to answer this question without some investigation of the meaning of church membership. The whole question of organizational religion, or of the organizational superstructure connected with religion, is at issue here. For centuries, all Christendom was wracked by struggles which were concerned with establishing the formula of *correct belief*. The thing that sets one sect off from another is the *creed*, the declaration of belief, in which the common faith of the members is alleged to be embodied. Calvin, founder of the central faith to which Dr. Blake subscribes, was particularly insistent upon conformity to the system of belief which he had devised, and under the theocratic regime he instituted in sixteenth-century Geneva, heresy was punishable by death. Setting the historical background for the Presbyterian leader's ecumenical program, *Time* quotes from a letter to the Anglican Archbishop Cranmer in which Calvin said: "The churches are so divided that human fellowship is scarcely now of any repute. . . . So much does this concern me that if I could be of any service, I would not begrudge traversing ten seas for this purpose." Yet Calvin's interest in "human fellowship" did nothing to restrain his vigorous prosecution of heretics, fifty-eight of whom were condemned to death in Geneva between 1542 and 1546.

Christians now take a more relaxed view of the tenets of their religion, although there is still the feeling among theologians, expressed by Episcopal Bishop Pike (of San Francisco) that "any group or individual has not only the right but

the duty to hold out against unity if it threatens what he considers an essential of the Gospel." Bishop Pike added, however, that no man has a right "to hold out against unity for something that is not essential to the Gospel." Dr. Blake seems to feel that it will be possible to find a common denominator of belief for the members of the four groups he proposes to unite, such that no "essential of the Gospel" will be left out for any of them. Liston Pope, dean of the Yale Divinity School, has approved by saying that Blake's proposal might give Protestant opinion a "central, united voice," and Washington, D.C.'s Methodist Bishop, John Wesley Lord, an ardent supporter, said: "We can no longer afford the luxury of our separate ways."

Reading behind the lines of the *Time* story, it is difficult to find a more important reason for Christian unification than the simple and no doubt sound idea that unity among Christians would be a "good thing." *Time* says that Dr. Blake "senses a new dynamism in the Protestant churches and believes that unity is necessary to express it," and it is even possible that some Protestants feel that, with the Catholics increasing at the rate of one per cent every ten years, while (white) Protestants decline at about the same rate, there will be practical advantages in having a unified and numerically strong Protestant body. The Catholics in the United States now number 42.1 million.

But can the ecumenical movement of today be called a *religious* manifestation? Without questioning Dr. Blake's piety or his motives, note may be taken of his identification of himself as "an organization man," one who wants "to work through the regular machinery of the church." The highest praise quoted from a colleague in the Presbyterian ministry was that Blake "could have been enormously successful in business—head of one of our big corporations." (He is also said to be a "fierce competitor" in golf.) After recounting what it irreverently calls the tendency toward "homogenization" of U.S. Protestantism, as the

result of indifference to creeds and the decline of ethnic traditions, *Time* quotes Blake as saying, "I don't believe it is God's will to have so many churches in the United States." *Time* adds: "Gene Blake . . . is a savvy salesman-executive who remembers first names, keeps up his contacts, runs two offices of his church (in Philadelphia and Manhattan) and gets around."

No doubt a great deal of good will is going into the ecumenical movement, and is likely to come out of it. But what is upsetting about the campaign for unity among American Protestant Christians is the total neglect of everything *except* the organizational issue. Religious organizations, after all—whether One Big Organization, or a lot of little ones—exist solely to communicate what is presumed to be religious truth, and if history is any guide, too much attention to religious organization soon drives away whatever truth it has possessed. It is only in the West, incidentally, that religious groups cherish the notion that an organization can "possess" truth. The historic Eastern religions, whatever their shortcomings, adhere instead to the idea that religious organizations provide the vehicles for *search*, and the idea of obtaining truth by "believing" in a creed, or "joining" a religious association, is practically unknown.

It is most improbable, for one thing, that enthusiasts for Christian unity gave much attention to what Samuel Howard Miller, dean of the Harvard Divinity School, told the graduating class of Princeton Theological Seminary last month. Warning the young men now ready to go about the Lord's work that if religion is to have any significant place in the modern world, it will have to "undergo a radical revolution," Dr. Miller added that "the critical point of no return may have been passed." *Time* for June 16 quotes him further:

The ancient dogmas no longer dominate the imagination; the shape of life has changed, the patterns of truth are different; the doubts have deeper dimensions; the hunger of the heart and mind has been enlarged.

Speaking of the strange depths of human nature revealed by modern psychoanalysis, the new powers with which the penetration of space has armed human beings, and the enforced "togetherness" technology has imposed upon "races, religions and continental blocs," despite the fact that men "simply do not know the first ABCs of understanding each other," Dr. Miller said that if religion remains unable to illuminate these areas of human life, "it should then in decency get out of the way so that men will not be tripped up by its trumpery or fooled by its solemnity." He said that atheism may be an earnest search for the divine, continuing:

If atheism marks the honest recognition of insufficient representations in the light of new dimensions of reality, then atheism by itself is not an irreligious stance. It is the movement of the spirit by which religion itself may be saved from itself. Nothing could be more tragic than to find ourselves hugging our own sanctified, even pseudo-Christian idol, blind and hostile to the living revelation of God's mystery in our own time.

Trimming and reinterpreting the historic creeds in behalf of organizational unity will not help the Christians to meet the problems Dr. Miller describes, but will be more likely to distract them from the main task of finding out what are the true obligations and opportunities of the religious life. For an organization to do good, it must have a common vision to serve. If the vision is lost, has strayed, or been driven out during a thousand years of organizational conflicts, grafting the organizations together as a kind of organizational solution for an organizational problem is not the answer. The vision must come first.