

The Freethinker

Vol. LXXIII—No. 39

Founded 1881

Editor: F. A. RIDLEY

Price Fourpence

IT is doubtful whether any French writer has caused as much discussion as Emile Zola. Dying (by accident, unfortunately) 51 years ago, a flood of books and articles have appeared since dealing with almost every aspect of his life and personality as well as with the more-than-famous *Rougon-Macquart* series of novels. A full bibliography would, no doubt whatever, be bigger than even that of Voltaire or Victor Hugo.

The latest study is by Mr. F. W. J. Hemmings,* and it would be perhaps difficult to find a finer analysis of Zola's writings. Even if one disagrees with some of the judgments passed by Mr. Hemmings, one must admit that on

the whole his evaluation of the twenty novels which comprise the *Rougon-Macquart* series is splendidly done. During Zola's lifetime this was almost impossible, for he fell foul of the "official" critics—particularly the religious ones—almost from the commencement of his career as an author.

Zola, whether he liked it or not, was from the first identified with the "realist" the "naturalist" schools, but he took a path of his own. Not for him were the melodramas of Eugene Sue, the historical reconstructions of Alexandre Dumas, or the romanticism of Victor Hugo. Life, real and in the raw—at least as he saw it—was to be the basis of his work in fiction and he took as his subject the history of a family during the Second Empire. A Materialist and a Determinist—even if he never worked out the positions scientifically—Zola began his social history with a woman who had a husband and a lover, and who in her later years became a mental case. The children born of these two marriages were to have certain characteristics through heredity and, of course, were to be strongly influenced by environment; and these people were shown as peasants, financiers, miners, shopkeepers, prostitutes, and so on. Balzac had attempted something of the same kind of plan forty years previously, but Zola, in addition, wanted to give as complete a picture as he could of the social conditions which prevailed in France under Napoleon III, a period he had lived through and which he could supplement by a study of contemporary documents.

At first, Zola was very nearly ignored, though as he worked also as a journalist, this gave him the chance of writing highly critical and controversial articles. But year by year appeared his *Rougon-Macquart* novels and they were moderately well; yet it was not until he published *L'Assommoir* in 1877 that he really became famous. And no wonder. It surely is one of the world's masterpieces in fiction—not merely a very great didactic novel, but a great romantic work of art. The description of Paris and its working classes, and particularly what excessive drinking can do to them, is unique in literature.

Emile Zola, by F. W. J. Hemmings, Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1953.

— VIEWS and OPINIONS —

Emile Zola, Freethinker

By H. CUTNER

Though he followed *L'Assommoir* with further brilliant studies, he surpassed himself when in 1885 he wrote *Germinal*, which did for coal miners even more than what Zola did in his earlier book for the working classes of Paris. One could indeed write many articles not only about these two works, but about *Nana*, *La Terre*, and *La Débâcle*. The reader who is interested should go to

Mr. Hemmings' fine critique for a detailed analysis of them all.

Most of Zola's critics, especially the many Roman Catholic ones—and they were in the majority—were always jibing at his "unscientific" Materialism and Determinism, thus cleverly doing their best to hide his

real greatness as a novelist. It seems to me that it does not matter the least bit in the world that Zola was not in these things "scientific." What he really was, was an artist, a poet, and a great "romantic," in spite of himself. The modern reader can discount all he had to say on the way heredity and environment moulded his characters, and read each novel on its merits. They are naturally unequal, but they all bear the hall mark of genius; and I am not sure that Zola is not the greatest of all French novelists. Is *Madame Bovary* a greater work of art than *Germinal*? I doubt it. And in any case let us not forget the whole *Rougon-Macquart* series—a stupendous feat of writing.

Zola's great ambition was to become a member of the French Academy—an ambition he never realised, not because he was not a great writer, but because of the Dreyfus Case with which his name, like that of Clemenceau (another Freethinker), will for ever be associated.

Mr. Hemmings deals with it very briefly and not particularly sympathetically. He does not think that Zola was completely altruistic in the matter, but in any case, Zola must have known that his intervention, which made the crowd of Roman Catholic French generals, writers, artists, and scurrilous journalists, in fact, all the anti-Dreyfus liars and forgers infamous in the eyes of decent people, killed any chances he had of achieving his life's ambition. Zola had to pay very dearly for his famous "J'Accuse" not only in money but in reputation. Yet even Mr. Hemmings has to admit that his anti-clericalism never abated one jot.

Indeed it became more and more pronounced and reached its climax in *Vérité*, Zola's last book (one of the *Quatre Evangiles*). And Mr. Hemmings has to admit that:—

"In the Dreyfus affair of history it is no doubt true that, roughly speaking, Catholics were anti-revisionists, while the partisans of Dreyfus included a number of anti-Catholics. In *Vérité*, the split between Catholics and Freethinkers . . . is made much more absolute. The suggestion Zola makes is that religion blunts a man's sense of justice. Actually, *Vérité* goes far beyond that in its enmity towards the Church. The

DO DO NOC
RE STILL
GENTLY
NEED

book aims to discredit Catholicism by every means, and recoils from no imputation however monstrous. Moreover, it is not merely anti-Catholic, it is anti-Christian. In *Les Trois Villes* the objection to Christianity had been that it was inadequate for the modern era; in *Vérité* it is condemned outright as iniquitous from its very origins."

For Zola, the true Saviour was Science and Work. It was, in a sense, the same as Voltaire's famous, "Let us cultivate our garden" (in *Candide*)—that is, do the work nearest at hand, a gospel of Secularism at its highest. Zola hated the "Blessed be the poor in spirit" teaching so strongly insisted upon by Christian employers for Christian employees, and so representative of true Christianity.

J. W. Hauer's Germanic Faith—5

By ARTHUR WILD

RESTING on the unsafe truths of history, psychology and similar branches, also Hauer's teaching that it is undesirable to have a foreign religion is exposed to criticisms even if we set apart the problematic statements about the Nordic race, based mainly on still unsafer truths of proto-history and pre-history, and their application to the problems of our time. (After all, also the recent Slavonic advance in Central Europe has been accompanied by statements going as far back as the Bronze Age.)

Certainly, Christianity, particularly in its medieval form, has often strangled the progress by its dogmatism. It has not been satisfying for many people aesthetically and morally either. But is this fossilisation of a creed typical for the Christians and other religions of Semitic origin only? What about the second millennium A.D. in India? and what about China? On the other hand, unless one teaches truths safe like $2 \times 2 = 4$, one will always have to be dogmatic to a certain degree, to indoctrinate. How will Hauer persuade people of the correctness of his philosophy of history and his racial theory of religion, which was, after all rejected entirely by C. H. Schröder as early as 1937? How will he establish and maintain at least some uniformity of his teaching? Only the methods of indoctrination vary. Sometimes it is so cleverly done amidst general enthusiasm of those who participate that they even do not notice it.

Nations and races certainly are not exactly alike, but are not many of the differences being brought about by quite arbitrary differences in education? And should we try to increase the differences existing now? By Germanising international words used by generations of Germans before his lifetime Hauer does not contribute for international understanding. Is it really so difficult to transgress the limits of a nation, of a race, and to progress to an all-human system? Why did then the mysticism spread from the Neo-Platonists to the Germans? And, after all, even Neo-Platonism was, perhaps, of Indian origin. Here we are still in the Indo-Germanic sphere. But what about Christianity being refused by the Jews and accepted by many Indo-Germans? What about the spread of Islam among peoples of most different racial provenience? What about the Buddhism which was accepted in the Mongolian sphere? What about the general appeal of Marxism? Are all these cases unimportant exceptions from the general law? Are they due always to the brutal force of victors in wars or to the absolute lack of creative religious power of the nations converted to foreign creed? And are they really apt to harm these nations only or mainly because they are racially foreign? In Europe and elsewhere there seems to be in reality a conflict of ideas, aesthetic and ethic notions acceptable

But for those who are not altogether interested in Zola, the teacher and reformer, there is the whole of the *Rougon-Macquart* series—a monument of genius, in a sense unequalled in literature. The pity of it is that these wonderful volumes are out of print—at least in English—except for, perhaps, *L'Assommoir* and *Germinal*. I envy any reader who comes to Zola for the first time, who can begin with *La Fortune des Rougon* and end with *Dr. Pascal*. What a world of human beings, good and bad, has he drawn for us! I can only repeat that no other writer has succeeded so marvellously in depicting the social and political life of a particular epoch.

And Emile Zola was a Freethinker.

to the vast illiterate masses several hundreds or even several thousands of years ago with those acceptable to modern creative minds. Hauer himself warns against the uncritical revival of a religion of a different epoch. Therefore he is not really a neo-pagan. And does this not give us a better clue for the explanation of the undesirability of dogmatic Christianity than the fact that it is racially foreign (if it is)? The seemingly perpetual revolt of the Teutonic spirit in the German nation against Christianity is obviously more a revolt of creative minds, of potential founders of new religions, of great scientists and artists against the dogmatism in the intellectual sphere and the more or less arbitrary limitations imposed by Christianity in the aesthetic and ethical fields. Hauer certainly is correct maintaining that the Germans of the last centuries have been remarkably active in this direction, the philosophy of the last 150 years in Germany being almost entirely emancipated from dogmatic Christianity in its great representatives. This emancipation from dogma is, however, not an exclusively German and not even Indo-Germanic feature. (For a more detailed discussion of racialism in history the English reader is referred to A. R. Chandler's *Rosenberg's Nazi Myth*, 1945, and the bibliography quoted there.)

The theological critics of Hauer's ethics usually maintain that it is dangerous for those in peril of falling to be taught that evil and guilt belong to the tragical fate of man. Hauer does not give any fixed measure of what is right and what wrong. He lets the individual conscience decide this problem. It seems to these critics that he is over-optimistic, that he has more confidence in the individual than is desirable. He is even accused of being a Rousseauist. But let us think this to the end: Hauer's view seems to be that the individual will is only a part of the collective will of the nation. The will of the German nation is represented by or incarnated in its great personalities of the past and of the present; in Hauer's time, for instance, A. Hitler. Therefore Hauer's disciples have actually their model, their giver of moral law, before their eyes. There exists, of course, objectively, nothing like a "people's will," which is as a mere abstraction of poetic expression. Modern psychology of masses has shown, however, that given certain conditions, individual will spreads by psycho-social contamination and by suggestion. The events, after all, have shown that the danger for the Germans—whether they belonged to Hauer's movement or not—was not an exaggerated egoism of the individual, but that of the nation enabled by the danger-effacement of the individual. Even the noble subjectivist ethics of Kant's Categorical Imperative can degenerate

into fanaticism of the worst kind. One acts then in accordance with the saying, "fiat iustitia, pereat mundus." And the Categorical Imperatives of 80,000,000 people are alike, the fanaticism can really bring about the destruction of the world. Still, if the main law-giver had been, let us say, Goethe or, perhaps Hauer himself, who would have used the enthusiasm of the German youth in a different way, the present picture of Europe and of the world would be different. And one can hardly imagine what it would be if he had been a successful Hitler, particularly a Hitler winning an easy victory, as many believed in those years in Germany.

Hauer's faith is not dead. It seems that the adherents have altered or entirely discarded their racial theory of religion and their philosophy of German history. Hauer confesses and regrets the guilt and crimes of National Socialism. This, of course, deprived them of much of their teaching. Searching for a new one, they encountered the conflict between the classical mechanistic conception of natural scientists and the teleologic conception of many cultural scientists. It seems that people so widely different in their views as Catholics and atheists participate in their study group.

It is certainly desirable that the new teaching should contain safer truths arrived at by safer methods than in pre-war days (even if direct connexion with life, for which they are striving, should suffer by it). Such truths will also generate safer ethics or, perhaps they will find, as so many thinkers in the past did, that objective truths can so far generate no ethical system at all, or that they can do so only partly. Even this state of things is certainly preferable to ethics based on or connected with obvious errors or superstitions; it leads usually to modesty and toleration. The aesthetic appeal of pre-war Hauer's Faith (which was, after all, based to a great degree on best creations of Indian and German literatures) is incomparably higher than anything else attempted in this sphere. Though one would prefer the approach to be less exclusively German, Aryan or Indo-German (has the Jew Heinrich Heine nothing to say to the Aryan Germans), the Faith can be an important contribution to education by popularising the best creations of poetry and art and by preserving folklore in our practically-minded prosaic age. [Concluded.]

I Am An Unbeliever

By A. HANCOCK

I DO not see that Christians should raise any objection to what I am about to say: considering that I am only going to say what they say. It is their idea to say that there is a God: it is their idea, also, to say that with Him all things are possible. Now if with Him all things are possible, it would have been possible for Him to know, long in advance, of unbelief. According to what the Bible-punchers say, He must have known of unbelief long before the unbelievers thought of it: before the unbelievers were born: even before any living thing was on the earth. By all accounts He would have known about unbelief long before anybody else, if with Him all things are possible.

Let's go a step further. If He knew about unbelief before anybody else, He must have been the first to think of it, so according to that it was His idea. So in that case He must have wanted it to happen. If he wanted it to happen He wouldn't want it stopped: if He didn't want it stopped He wouldn't let anybody try and stop it. So that every time the Bible-punchers succeed in converting an unbeliever they prove that there is no God. By converting unbelievers they weaken their case. What it amounts to is that they are beating their heads against a wall of their own making. The wall in this case being the fact that they say: "With Him all things are possible."

As I have already explained, a God who made everything and with whom all things were possible (as the Bible-advocates say) would have known about unbelief before anybody else did, so by all accounts it was His idea! So He wouldn't let anybody try and convert unbelievers (if there was a God, that is). So that if Bible advocates convert unbelievers and then say that with Him all things are possible, they only weaken their case: they are beating their heads against a wall: a wall, moreover, of their own making. During theological controversy Christians (in many cases, not all, to give them their due) will continually interrupt and try to put us off. I can think of no reason for this, other than that they are afraid that we will say something that will convince them that we are right. An interruption here and there isn't bad, but when they interrupt almost everything that is said they only give themselves away: that is, the fear that we are right. They

have said to me: "We've got to interrupt in order to point out your faults." Then they have an excuse (they consider) for putting an opponent right off: this is the only way they can get out of it when they are up against people like me who know a thing or two.

Here's another thing. If what the Bible advocates say is anything to go by, it is a case of "the worse we are, the better we're liked." (I coined the phrase myself.)

The Bible defenders have a saying: "More rejoicing over one sinner that repenteth than ninety-nine just persons." In other words: "The Lord thinks more of one bad'un than ninety-nine good'uns." At that rate it would be all right if we were all criminals. I am not trying to suggest that being an unbeliever is bound to make anyone any better than they should be. An unbeliever, as well as a believer, might feel just as strong a temptation to commit a crime. The difference is, in my opinion that of the two it is the believer who is more likely to give way to it.

This is the way I look at it. It has been said by the Christians that "yielding is sin." Now, if as they say one sinner is more highly esteemed than ninety-nine just persons it naturally follows that if a believer feels tempted to commit a crime they are more likely to yield to the temptation. They would consider it quite worth while. They will think that it pays to be a thug.

In view of the foregoing, I feel convinced that if everybody became an unbeliever there would be fewer "cosh boys" and other criminals. I feel somehow that it would be a mistake to think that unbelief would stop crime altogether: but unbelief would certainly lessen it.

I do not believe that Christianity is actually the cause of crime; but to anyone who feels like committing a crime it is an incentive.

It can't be such a terrible thing to be an unbeliever, because if it was only unbelievers would be in jails.

WHAT IS RELIGION? By Colonel R. G. Ingersoll. Price 2d.; postage 1½d.

This Believing World

A glance through the various publishers' lists of religious books recently published proves the havoc Freethought has played with the Old Faith. Here, for example, is *A Bow in the Cloud*, published by the Oxford University Press—and what does the “blurb” tell us it is about? “The legend of the Deluge retold as an adventure story for children.” The Deluge a legend! Noah and his Ark, one of the great props of true religion, a legend! We wonder whether it is taught as a legend in our compulsory religious classes at school? Do Roman Catholic priests treat the Flood, so beautifully described in God's Word, as a legend?

Another wonderful work, no doubt designed to tell us the real truth behind the Gospel story, is *The Nazarene Gospel Restored*, by Robert Graves and Joshua Podro. The “blurb” tells us that this book seeks to prove that the four Gospels are “irresponsible Greek piracies from a single authentic orally preserved in Aramic, the text of which is given in full.” We have not seen this book (which has, by the way, 1,104 pages), but we are sure that it was written to save “gentle” Jesus at all costs, not only against the picture given in the Gospels, but also to rope in all reverent Rationalists to the One True Faith.

Then we have *The Birth of Christianity* by the French Protestant, Maurice Goguel, who will, judging by his other books, go all out to the “irresponsible piracies,” the Canonical Gospels, for his “facts.” Unless our calculations are wrong, this book must be the 18,357th work on the “birth” of Christianity so far published. In any case, in spite of early difficulties, Christianity was safely delivered. The difficulty ever since is to see it survives.

And, of course, there has to be another book on Aquinas. This time it is in the capable hands of Father D'Arcy, and the “blurb” informs us that it will be specially welcomed “by those who say that Father D'Arcy is the only writer who makes Thomism completely intelligible.” Aquinas died in A.D. 1274, and though, to date, there have been 879,463 books published explaining how the saintly Thomas then completely proved the existence of God, we have had to wait nearly 700 years to get someone who can make him “completely intelligible.” However, it is better to be convinced of the existence of God by someone who was not “completely intelligible,” than not to believe in the dear old Creator at all; so Fr. D'Arcy must get an extra pat on the back from the Church.

Another terribly grave sin has been added to our well known Christian ones. One of Brighouse's Sunday school girls has been elected “Safety-First Queen,” and the vicar, the Rev. D. Moxon, is horrified. He has sternly forbidden her to do the Crown—it is “no good for her moral character” though he was ready to be persuaded to allow a girl “who was not beautiful” to accept the honoured post. Mr. Moxon comes of a long list of similar Christian divines, especially those early ones whose opinions of the fair sex are generally and necessarily discreetly veiled in Latin. Still it is all part of true Christianity—or is it?

The weekly “uplift” in the *Sunday Graphic* has been for some time in the capable hands of the Rev. F. Martin who appears to have doubts now of the efficacy of Sunday schools. He thinks they prevent the whole family from indulging in family worship at church. And he points to the wonderful example of the Royal Family. No nonsense there. They all indulge in family worship and what is good enough for Royalty should be good enough for plain

citizens. Unfortunately, the Royal Family appear never to have heard of any opposition to the Churches—while the plain citizen is more or less aware that there are people who claim that Christianity is based on myth, legend, and nonsense. So where are we, Mr. Martin?

Lecture Report

By P. TURNER

ON Thursday evening, September 10, I heard the Secretary of the N.S.S., Mr. P. Victor Morris, lecture on “Right and Wrong—The Secular Viewpoint” to the Wanstead Branch of Toc H and a small company of visitors. He began by reading out two news items from the *Evening Standard* he had purchased on his way to the hall. The first quoted the Secretary of the Church of England in South Africa, deploring Canon Collins's condemnation of the system of racial segregation as enforced in the Union of South Africa. The second reported that the Australian Cricket Board of Control had pronounced itself against Sunday organised cricket matches, such as the one attended by Prince Philip in which the visiting Australian team took part in this country recently. Here were two instances of diametrically opposed views held by Christians on moral questions. Yet they also held that the knowledge of right and wrong has been divinely revealed to mankind in one or more of a number of ways; by the dictates of the conscience that God has implanted in all of us, by the contents of the Bible which God inspired, and by the pronouncements of the Church to which God has given authority in matters of faith and morals. How comes it then that an English Canon and a South African clergyman are at loggerheads over the “colour bar,” and that the Duke of Edinburgh (who a year ago told the British Association for the Advancement of Science that at all costs Christian standards must be preserved) can act so as to arouse the disapprobation of Australian Christians?

Mr. Morris contrasted the religious claims with the facts of experience, showing that ideas of right and wrong were acquired in infancy from parents and teachers, and modified later by reading, social pressure and individual judgment. After his talk, the Toc H Chairman and others present reaffirmed their unshaken faith in God as the author of all good and man's unerring guide. The lecturer's points were listened to attentively by his Christian audience, and his hard knocks taken in good part. Indeed, the cordial atmosphere established by the Toc H hosts at the outset, when they greeted visitors with a friendly welcome and cups of tea, remained unbroken until the end, the hope being expressed that the speaker would visit the group again.

Autumn

Now comes old Time to filch the Summer's labours.
Marking his theft with scarlet and with gold;
Now each worn tree exchanges with its neighbours
The ancient rumour of the coming cold.
No flowers for death. The bankrupt garden mutters
In the slow wind the tale of riches fled;
One late leaf yields and in surrender flutters
To join the saraband of the whirling dead.
Who leans on walls long-sunned feels now the chilling
Come of the year's repentant urge for black,
When cradle lies much farther off than tomb.
Far to the south last wings haste from the spilling
Of their long-choired enjoyments. Life creeps back
To couch like babe in earth's absorbing womb.

—JOHN O'HARE

1953
never
le the
people
and
the
re on
y the
ny of
in the
hall
and in
on of
Union
russian
gains
One
"alian
two
stians
ledge
ikind
of the
the
gives
es
ish
all
so as
? facts
were
and
idual
thers
the
his
part.
oc H
th a
oker
aker

THE FREETHINKER

41, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.
Telephone: Holborn 2601.

To Correspondents

THE FREETHINKER will be forwarded direct from the Publishing Office at the following rates (Home and Abroad): One year, £1 4s. (in U.S.A., \$3.50); half-year, 12s.; three months, 6s. Orders for literature should be sent to the Business Manager of the Pioneer Press, 41, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1, and not to the Editor. Lecture Notices should reach the Secretary of the N.S.S. at this office by Friday morning. Correspondents are requested to write on one side of the paper only and to make their letters as brief as possible.

Lecture Notices, Etc.

OUTDOOR

- Bradford Branch N.S.S. (Broadway Car Park).—Every Sunday, 7-30 p.m.: H. DAY and A. H. WHARRAD.
- Kingston Branch N.S.S. (Castle Street).—Every Sunday, 8 p.m.: Messrs. BARKER and MILLS.
- Manchester Branch N.S.S. (Deansgate Bomb Site).—Every week-day, 1 p.m.: Messrs. WOODCOCK and BARNES. Every Sunday, 3 p.m., at Platt Fields, a Lecture.
- North London Branch (White Stone Pond, Hampstead Heath).—Every Sunday, noon: L. EBURY.
- West London Branch N.S.S. (Marble Arch).—Every Sunday from 4 p.m. onwards: Messrs. O'NEILL, CLEAVER, WOOD, and other speakers.

INDOOR

- Birmingham Branch N.S.S. (Satis Cafe, 40, Cannon St., off New St.).—Sunday, September 27, 7 p.m.: "Brains Trust."
- Junior Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society (Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1).—Friday, September 25, 7-15 p.m.: Miss W. A. ELKIN, "Penal Reform."
- Manchester Humanist Fellowship (Library, Cross St. Chapel).—Saturday, September 26, 3 p.m.: Dr. J. H. FREMLIN, M.A., "Science and Culture."
- South Place Ethical Society (Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1).—Sunday, September 27, 11 a.m.: Dr. W. E. SWINLON, "The Spur of Fame."

PRIORITY ANALYSIS

By OSWELL BLAKESTON

PEACE. Sybil Morrison has written in *Peace News*, is that state of existence in which war has no place. It is not a pause in the armaments race, but a rationalisation of fears and superstitions. It is, moreover, the only possible ethic for those who believe in the dignity of man.

Ethically, modern wars can only be supported by those who hold that man is servant to the purpose of some unseen god. These Rip van Winkles, who have woken up backwards, can still talk about "God's mysterious purpose" or, more persuasively, "a just war of defence."

Indeed, one needs religion's blinkers to think one has the right to defend oneself by pouring liquid petrol on other human creatures and setting them alight.

Freethinkers (those whose minds are not blinkered) must realise that all modern war, of defence or aggression, is indefensible without god-backing. Freethinkers, inevitably, must work for that state of existence in which war has no place.

What is the first priority in "the work"?

Well, there is always at least one heckler in every audience to shout at any pacifist speaker that his ideals are vain because the capitalists have a vested interest in war. The economics of capitalism, the heckler insists, demand war.

Is that still true? To-day it would be possible for the capitalists to make as much profit from the War On Want as from a war of destruction. Capitalists do not primarily want war—they want profits. To-day capitalist economics could substitute the War On Want for the War Of Death and increase markets. Some capitalists, recognising the finality of the H bomb, are beginning to think along these lines.

Theoretically, then, the popular villain of the peace need no longer be a villain. There remain, of course, the psychological causes of war. Are all peaceful plans for a just world ever to be thwarted by man's deep psychological impulses to violence? All people in the mass may want peace, but they interpret events differently; and that difference in interpretation gives the force to propaganda which can collect the power of individual violent impulses. Is there no escape?

The cure for the collective fever, as well as the cure for individual furies, is freethinking. Impulses to violence arise in those who are made to conform: religion, armies, political parties create the suppression which finds relief in violence. So people must be taught that there is a natural instinct to rebel, and that it is dangerous to repress this instinct which most conventional psychologists refuse to admit. People must be taught that the instinct to rebel against shibboleths and superstitions is a fine and a progressive instinct. Then they may find the fulfilment which has no need for violence.

How can they be taught a lesson against which they have been conditioned? The whole trend of our time is of mass adaptation, and we are not encouraged—we are forbidden—to think freely.

Here is a top priority, and I would suggest that freethinkers should pay more attention to the threat of conventional psycho-analysis and should become disciples of Dr. Lindner's school.

Tragically, conventional psycho-analysis is being used as an instrument to create the mass man. The analyst tells his patient to "adapt"; and so we are, as Dr. Lindner says in his new book *Prescription For Rebellion* (Gollancz, 16s.), being sold down the river by the exponents of passive adaptation to current irrationalisms.

The good rebel, the freethinker, is one who is responsibly aware of the cause, the real motive and the means of his rebellion against compulsive slogans. He will renounce mob attitudes and all the other blooms in the nosegay of lies. He will refuse to be the mass man for whom the lies are made.

Responsible rebellion—non-violent, constructive, progressive freethinking—is no longer an adornment to be added to our lives, but a prime necessity if we are to survive totalitarian eclipse.

It is no false emphasis to say that freethinkers ought to make it an urgent duty to oppose conventional psycho-analysis as steadfastly as they oppose other religions, for the influence of the adaptation analysts spreads ever more widely into public life, into the law courts, the armies, and the advice columns of the Press. To seize every opportunity to challenge these smug gentlemen is possibly the best way to start to tackle the job of showing people that the freethinking rebellion is not wayward and perverse, but hope and promise for mankind.

If now, after all the books on comparative religions and economics, we have to start a fresh library of psycho-analytical textbooks, let us remember that there can be no rest for freethinkers until we have achieved this state of existence in which war has no place, this world of freethinkers!

A Freethinker in Rome

By C. McCALL

"Come to Rome. It is a scene by which expression is overpowered; which words cannot convey."—Shelley to Thomas Love Peacock.

THIS year I paid my first visit to Rome and found myself one of thousands of visitors to the great city. No doubt many were on pilgrimage to the centre of Christendom, and the first Italian to whom I spoke asked me if I was a pilgrim or a tourist. "Tourist," I replied, for he obviously meant a Christian pilgrim and my Italian was inadequate for explanations. Yet, pilgrim I was, in a very real sense. I was a Freethinker on pilgrimage to Rome!

Rome is a city of countless attractions. It is a city of churches, of palaces, of squares, of fountains and, of course, it is a city of ruins: great and glorious ruins. But above all it is a city of associations, and it was principally these—human—associations that I sought. In writing about Switzerland, Dr. G. R. de Beer has shown that the charm of that country owes much to its human associations. And if this be true of Switzerland, how much more is it so of Rome?

On Capitol Hill, where formerly stood the Temple of Juno, is the Franciscan Church of Santa Maria in Aracoeli, with its lovely ceiling and Renaissance sculptures, but probably more famous in connection with *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, for it was here, in 1764, that Gibbon resolved to write his great work. Just alongside is Campidoglio Square, beautifully planned by Michelangelo with a bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius in the middle and containing the Capitoline Museum of antiquities and the Senatorial Palace. Immediately behind the Palace, one descends to the impressive remains of the ancient Roman Forum, having enjoyed a unique feast of history and art.

The churches, built over a period of centuries, are varied in style and often the centres of myths and legends. Not surprisingly, St. Peter is concerned in several of these. The little church of Domine Quo Vadis marks the place where he is alleged to have had his vision of Christ, San Pietro in Vincoli claims to have the chains which bound him in Jerusalem and Rome, and St. Peter's is reputedly built over his grave. If this be so, the corpse is assuredly headless, that part of the anatomy being in the custody of St. John the Lateran, together with the head of St. Paul. Near to the "Cathedral of Rome and the World" is the Scala Santa, the staircase climbed by Christ on the day of his crucifixion, and subsequently climbed by the faithful on their knees.

Other interesting churches include Bernini's little masterpiece the oval Sant'Andrea al Quirinale, the Jesuit churches of the Gesù and San Ignazio with their splendid ceiling paintings (in the former the damned seem about to fall off the congregation below) and the circular San Stefano Rotondo, once apparently a Roman covered market. San Stefano is noted for its gruesome frescoes of Christian martyrdoms, but the building is now unsafe and is closed to the public. Those with a taste for the macabre may, however, enter the vaults beneath the Capuchin Church, where the bones of some 4,000 monks are arranged in the most amazing decorative patterns.

It was not enough for the Christians to build many of their churches on the sites of Roman temples; they proceeded to Christianise the whole of Pagan Rome. Those temples that were not destroyed were turned into churches, including the Pantheon itself, majestic symbol of religious toleration, now fitted with a Christian altar. Columns commemorating the emperors Trajan and Marcus Aurelius are now incongruously surmounted by statues of St. Peter

and St. Paul respectively, while even the Colosseum bears a Christian cross!

The Pantheon remains, without doubt, the most impressive building in Rome. Entered between sixteen monolithic columns and through bronze doors twenty feet high, the inside is breathtaking in its splendid simplicity. It is circular in shape, 142 feet in diameter with a dome of the same height, and has a round hole at the summit, 28 feet in diameter, which provides the only inlet for light. Such is the perfect proportioning that Nathaniel Hawthorne exclaimed: "The world has nothing else like the Pantheon," while Shelley called it "the visible image of the universe."

By comparison, the cupola of St. Peter's, though externally beautiful, is strangely cramping, and resembles an upturned saucer when viewed from underneath. And while St. Peter's is said to be erected over the tomb of that very doubtful benefactor of mankind, the apostle after whom it is named, the Pantheon houses the remains of one who truly enriched humanity, the artist Raphael. Less appropriately, two Italian kings are likewise buried there. It is also interesting to note that bronze was taken from the Pantheon and used on Bernini's magnificent Papal altar in the Basilica.

The Vatican Palace with its 1,400 rooms might—in the words of Mr. Jasper More—"be thought at first sight an over-large residence for a bachelor," but most of it is devoted to public galleries and museums, where the enormous collection of antiquities has earned it the title of "the graveyard of ancient Rome." Here, too, is the Sistine Chapel, with its superlative "Last Judgment" fresco by Michelangelo and others by Botticelli and Perugini. One need not be a Christian to appreciate these artistic creations, any more than one need be a Pagan to appreciate the many fine Roman statues in the Vatican museums.

It was at Rome that Shelley wrote much of *The Cenci* and *Prometheus Unbound*, and it was at Rome that John Keats died, in a room overlooking the Spanish Steps. The graves of both poets are in the Protestant Cemetery, Shelley's bearing the lovely quotation from *The Tempest*:

Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

and Keats's his own bitter epitaph: "Here lies One Whose Name was writ in Water." Edward Trelawny was buried beside Shelley, and Joseph Severn beside Keats. Some where in the same cemetery is the grave of Shelley's three years old child, William, but the spot is unknown. Several rooms in the house by the Spanish Steps have now been turned into a Keats-Shelley memorial and library where the interested visitor may browse among the books and relics. Here, indeed, are associations! And there were more for me when I attended a spectacular performance of *Aida* in the Baths of Caracalla, for *Prometheus Unbound* was largely written upon "the mountainous ruins" and Joseph Severn has recaptured the scene in a haunting picture.

Associations, too, with Montaigne, impassioned by ancient Rome, "free, righteous, and flourishing" but loving "neither its birth nor its old age;" with Zola ("Introduce me to the dark world . . . the Jesuits, the Jesuits!") and with Flaubert who would give all the glaciers of the Alps for the Vatican Museum. With our own Robert and Elizabeth Browning, Byron and Ruskin, with Garibaldi and Mazzini: the list is endless. But in the

Campo dei Fiori stands the statue of the great Freethought martyr Giordano Bruno. And as I looked up at the figure on its pedestal, I recalled seeing a photograph which had been taken at this very place half a century ago when a

party of Freethinkers paid their homage to Bruno. Foremost among them, I remembered, was G. W. Foote, another who suffered for his heretical opinions. Here, I felt, was a fitting place of pilgrimage.

"Thanks to Saint Jude"

By C. G. L. Du CANN

I AM married to a young heathen woman, doubtless as a punishment for my sins. Her name is Barbara. And a barbarous trollop she is, indeed, like the wives of most unfortunate Englishmen.

Every morning at breakfast, she reads *The Times*, which is the least of the afflictions I endure for her sake. My copy, almost needless to say! At least it would be my copy if I were allowed to have it; but as things are I am only allowed to pay for it.

Yesterday, my sweet young thing looked up from my newspaper and said brightly:

"This Saint Jude seems quite a fellow. I'm always meeting him in the Personal column of *The Times*."

"You should speak more reverently of the Saints, my dear," I ventured.

In true English-wifely fashion, she took no notice of what I said. She never does. She pursues her own ideas which keep her too busy to trouble about mine.

"No wonder Saint Jude is popular. He seems to be always finding things that are lost for other people—a sort of human Lost Property Office. So much better than the one at Baker Street, where they won't tell you anything on the telephone, and they insist on a personal call! So very inconvenient! From what I can make out, Saint Jude isn't a bit like that. And he seems to be always doing favours which is a thing I like, in other people."

"Yes, I've noticed that," I said.

She took no notice again, but went on: "Listen to this one. 'Thanks to Saint Jude for many favours received.' What a nice man to know. So different from one's husband. You never find anything I lose. You never do me any favours. You know you don't."

"I was under the impression that I spent my entire life doing you favours, darling," I rejoined, mildly.

"After all," she continued, utterly ignoring me, "people wouldn't pay two pounds to put Saint Jude in the Personal column of the newspaper unless there was something in it, would they? They must get something out of him. So why shouldn't I get something out of him. It's little enough I get out of my own husband. Practically nothing, in fact." That cannon-ball was too dangerous and devastating to intercept, so I let that one pass.

"I'm thinking of getting to know Saint Jude," said my wife.

"After all, why should he be left to all the other women? He might like me just as much as them. Even more, perhaps. And even though my husband doesn't."

"I hope your intentions are strictly honourable," I said, with as much severity as I can summon in talking to my wife.

"But how?" Barbara demanded, again ignoring me.

"I suppose I shall have to go to a Cathedral and hunt him out of all the other saints. Those statues of saints always look very dubious to me. Some of them have beady eyes, and I never trust people with beady eyes, unless they are parrots, and even then they nip you if you don't look out."

"Perhaps you had better forget Saint Jude. Your approach doesn't seem to me to be quite the usual one."

"I ventured.

"Nonsense. Don't tell me I don't know how to approach a man, even if I am your wife," said Barbara. "I know more than you think. And I know saints. You buy the

most expensive candle in the church, and light it for them. I've seen it at Notre Dame in Paris and in St. Peter's at Rome and so've you. That's what I'll do. But I've never had any luck since I married you, and so my candle is sure to fall forward and burn Saint Jude's tummy. He won't like that. How would you like your tummy burnt?"

"Not at all," I said hastily, though on reflection I don't think that even my darling wife would be capable of that. However, it must be conceded that she is capable of most things. A most capable woman indeed.

"Then, having lighted my candle for him, I should be certain to see some other woman on her knees, making up to him, and mumbling away to him thirteen to the dozen, like they did at Rome. And I shouldn't be able to hear what she was saying. And that would be most irritating."

"Yes, indeed," I said, with all the sympathy in the world.

"Why don't you say something helpful?" my wife demanded. "Why don't you contribute something useful? Why don't you be more co-operative. Instead of drinking four cups of expensive coffee and putting all those lashings of butter on your toast? You really are the greediest pig, darling; and it's the same every morning."

"But I like coffee. And I like butter."

"You needn't tell me," she retorted. "It comes out of the housekeeping, and that's why there's nothing left for absolute necessities for poor me. But come back to Saint Jude—have you no ideas at all. How stupid you are!"

"Well, you needn't go to a Cathedral and be annoyed by rivals, Barbara," I suggested. "You can go up to your bedroom, flop down on your knees, and have a private word with your new friend. That's the done thing, I assure you."

"Really?" she demanded.

"Really," I asseverated.

"I'll try it at once," she said, rising. "There's £70,000 hanging on this. And you are no help. You know I believe that's why other women win the Pools. They've got husbands who help them and they've got Saint Jude on their side as well. Whereas I—I've got absolutely no one. Only the sort of husband who is no good at all. You must admit that."

"If you are going upstairs, can I have my *Times* now?" I asked.

"Oh, take your silly old *Times*. But you are not to have any more butter or coffee while I'm out of the way as you usually do. And don't come up and disturb me whilst I'm talking to dear Saint Jude upstairs. No wonder I've never won more than seventeen-and-sixpence in my whole life."

"Less expenses," I reminded her.

But she had gone. (She knew that one of mine was coming.)

A week later, she told me that with the assistance of Saint Jude, she had filled up her Pools form. She was quietly hopeful of the result.

Two days later she was certain of the £70,000—thanks to Saint Jude. And on the third or fourth day, she came to me, radiant and breathless, waving a Littlewood's envelope.

"Guess what's happened?"

"Saint Jude has delivered the goods? I can't believe it."

"Don't be silly. I haven't opened it yet."

"Well, open it."

She tore it open. Her excitement died as she held up a postal order for my inspection.

"It might have been less," I comforted her. "It's better than a fly in your eye. Or a ladder in your nylons. Or a mouse in your pantry."

But she was contemptuous and angry.

"Your Saint Jude," she said viciously. "I knew that he was no good. I always said so, right from the very beginning. You and he have fooled me. I can win seventeen-and-six without him, so he's done me out of ten shillings. What a horrid old fraud."

"Tut-tut," I said. "Little wives mustn't talk of a holy saint like that."

"You and your tut-tut," she said. "And your saint. Thanks to Saint Jude, I'm thinking of divorcing you. If you were worth divorcing, which you aren't, for you'd be meaner with the alimony than you are even with the housekeeping."

"Yes," I said resolutely, "Much meaner. So don't try it."

"Oh, I didn't mean it, darling. Nothing would ever make me divorce you, darling. It was your awful Saint Jude putting wicked ideas into my head, darling."

"He is not my saint," I objected.

"Well, he's certainly not mine," she retorted. "But I shall buy you a new tie with his seven-and-sixpence."

Shuddering, for my ties cost more than three times that, though Barbara has no idea of it, I urged her to spend the money on chocolates for herself, to which she unselfishly agreed, and, delighted at this proof of my affection, flung herself into my arms with abandon.

Ever since this episode, whenever a domestic misfortune occurs in our home, my dear little wife always says scornfully: "Thanks to Saint Jude."

Correspondence

WHO ARE WARMONGERS?

SIR.—R. O. Marriott's letter is a sorry contribution to the question confronting every man and woman—bringing a permanent peace to a war-weary world. I find it very difficult to believe he is really serious when he asserts that the solution is in "a fully armed alliance between the United States of America and the British Empire with military installations at strategic points all over the world."

Is not this what these nations are doing at the present time? I believe it is. Instead of bringing peace nearer the ringing about of Soviet Russia is having the opposite effect.

Then, again, what way of life is it that the Western Powers wish to preserve? To judge by the speeches of their leaders one would think these nations are the last word in democracy, freedom, etc. But that huge slave camp called the British Empire will take some explaining away, a fact which must be uneasily on the conscience of all the inhabitants of Britain. Not for one moment do I doubt the sincerity of the Allied leaders in their desire for peace. Peace will come, undoubtedly, if the leaders of Soviet Russia and China toe the Allied line. Failing that, war will come just as surely as night follows day.

The coming of war will open up terrifying possibilities. If the Allied Nations could not defeat North Korea it does not make sense to think they would be any more successful in a war with Soviet Russia and China. Nor do I think it would be necessary to blockade Britain as our enemies have tried to do in previous wars. We must recognise the fact that the atom bomb has made this country exceedingly vulnerable to attack. Atomic warfare round the coasts of Britain would create tidal waves of a tremendous height, imperiling the existence of millions of people in Britain. The recent floods on the East Coast are a sure warning of the perils ahead if we continue to follow the warmongers.—Yours, etc.,

HARRY WARIHURST.

A SIDESLIP?

SIR.—Alvin McElvain appears to sideslip. Atheism is humanism not nihilism. As Shaw says "just as evolution has

given man his physical eye now is evolving a mind's eye to prevent his thwarting and baffling himself." We wish to assist regarding god-belief as the enemy with its dope and blinkers, part of which are such expressions as "peace that passeth (and heads not) understanding" while work must be done whereby to reach life's "higher expression"—a happy world. Join in, mon.—Yours, etc.,

HARRY FIDDION.

FREETHOUGHT AND TOLERANCE

SIR.—I have followed with some interest the arguments aroused by some recent statements in your columns by Mr. Paul Varney: but I must confess to being amazed at one remark in his reply to his critics in your issue of September 11. Mr. Varney says: "I cannot logically agree with this [Statement that Chesterton and Belloc had as much right to support Romanism as Bradlaugh and Footo and Footo had to advocate Atheism], for Bradlaugh and Footo stood for objective truth, and suffered for it, whilst Chesterton and Belloc supported what every Freethinker believes to be subjective and historical lie."

How would the Romanist re-word this? He would say: "I cannot logically agree with this, for Chesterton and Belloc supported divine truth, and Bradlaugh and Footo supported what every Catholic believes to be a dangerous and damnable lie."

In other words, the only way to achieve satisfaction in this world is by tolerance. If Freethinkers and Rationalists advocate suppression of the religious idea, the weapon will recoil on their own head—because, as has so often been said in your columns, the Churches have more power than Freethought. And in any event this claim to a complete, objective monopoly of truth, whether made by Christian or Communist, Catholic or Protestant, Freethinker or Romanist, is, to my mind, the most dangerous claim of our time. Tolerance of ideas with which we disagree is the only way in which the problems of the twentieth century can be faced and overcome.—Yours, etc.,

JOHN ROWLAND

[Surely Mr. Rowland is aware that expressions of opinion by a writer in this journal do not necessarily make them representative of Freethought? And surely he knows from his own pen that *The Freethinker* has always been tolerant of the other man's opinion?—EDITOR.]

BEWARE OF BOGY MEN

SIR.—In to-day's *The Freethinker* Mr. James H. Matson pours out his wrath against my letter published on July 17 last, and seeks to justify, mainly by rhetoric, his extraordinary views on contemporary affairs in this country. How else can one describe a statement which tries to persuade us that at each playing of the National Anthem we "cringe to monarchy"?

Of course I stand to attention when our National Anthem is played—in exactly the same way that I would if the Soviet Anthem of the United States were played, or that of the Soviet Union, or, indeed, of any other sovereign state in the world. Now, I assure Mr. Matson, from any desire to cringe, but as a modest token of respect for the people of those countries—notwithstanding their own particular form of government. In other words, to me it seems to be just a matter of common courtesy.

I am greatly relieved, I must admit, that Mr. Matson is not the Editor of *The Freethinker*, otherwise I fear we should be treated to a display of journalism in which the slightest plea for tolerance is willy-nilly interpreted as a championing of reaction.

As it is, sir, I have been delighted to read a number of warmongering articles in our periodical recently—outstanding among which have been those by Mrs. Allpress and "Rationalism and Tolerance" by Mr. W. H. Wood. Both these contributors are evidently members of that large—and, I like to think, more representative—section of the Movement which seeks in an objective and responsible manner to achieve and maintain a high cultural standard for Freethought—more power to their pens!

How vastly different from those readers of *The Freethinker* who, by allowing their unwarranted prejudices to override their better judgment, succeed only in pursuing that exciting but inevitably fruitless occupation of jousting with windmills in the false belief that they are giants.—Yours, etc.,

BASIL J. EDGECOMBE

JUST OUT—TENTH EDITION

The
BIBLE HANDBOOK

by G. W. FOOTO and W. P. BALL
Indispensable for all Freethinkers

Price 4s. — Postage 3d.