

LOW PRIORITY FOR CONSERVATION OF THE COUNTRYSIDE: WORK HAMPERED BY LACK OF FUNDS

In their third annual report, published last week, the Countryside Commission claim that their programme of work under the Countryside Act of 1968 is still curbed by financial stringency and by understaffing. There has been little evidence, say the commission, of Government intention to give landscape values and conservation generally the consideration they should receive, especially in national parks and areas of outstanding natural beauty. In the preparation of road programmes, extraction of minerals, provision of water supply, treatment of rivers, and other activities they are constantly over-ridden. Potash mining permissions in the North York Moors National Park, the construction of a reservoir at Meldon in the Dartmoor National Park, and the controversial M40 Motorway decision in the Chilterns are cited as examples. On the credit side the Commission are able to record the completion of their largest single undertaking—a study of the coastline of England and Wales—and the publications of reports making detailed recommendations including the proposal of new forms of planning and management of fine stretches of underdeveloped coastline called "Heritage Coasts". Encouraging progress too has been made in the provision of country parks picnic sites by local authorities, though the number of private applications has been disappointing. Negotiation of agreements giving public access to open country should be made easier by the model clauses published in September after lengthy discussion with local authority, farming and land-owning interests.

New National Park

Among many research projects and studies sponsored by the Commission were a report on disused railways in the countryside, surveys of anglers and mobile campers, an experiment in the management of upland areas, a study of changing methods in rural car parks, and experimental traffic control and recreational management involving weekend closing to motor traffic of roads in the Goyt Valley, Peak District National Park.

Statutory consultations with local authorities and others on the proposal to designate a new national park, the Cambrian Mountains, were started during the year. In East Anglia two new areas of outstanding natural beauty were designated and confirmed, the Suffolk Coasts and Heaths and Dedham Vale. Further areas in process of designation include the Wye Valley, the Mendip Hills and the North Wessex Downs.

A further national long-distance footpath, the Pembrokeshire Coast Path, was formally opened in the Spring, and a series of official guidebooks to these paths was started with the publication of Pennine Way Guide in January. Consultations on a new path proposal, the Two Moors Way, linking Dartmoor and Exmoor, were started during the summer.

A new experiment in explaining the countryside was launched in April when the Pembrokeshire Countryside Unit was opened at Broad Haven. Over 2,000 people went on the conducted walks and tours arranged by the Unit this summer. Also enjoying its first full season, the Lake District National Park Centre, near Windermere, received well over 100,000 visitors.

Increased Public Interest

European Conservation Year, to which the Commission contributed much publicity effort, increased public interest

in the countryside and in conservation to such an extent that enquiries from the public dealt with by the Commission staff rose in number by about 150 per cent during the year.

The report outlines some of the more important of the 400 cases of proposed development in designated and other areas of coast and countryside that the Commission have been concerned with during the year. These include the proposal for a reservoir at Swincombe on Dartmoor, the Bill for which was only recently rejected by a Select Committee of Parliament; the Third London Airport proposals; and the Ministry of Defence establishment proposed for Pembrey on the Carmarthenshire coast.

OPENING OF BRADLAUGH COLLECTION

A large gathering of members and friends assembled at the headquarters of the National Secular Society in London for the opening of the Bradlaugh Collection on 17 December. Those present included Basil Bradlaugh Bonner, Charles Bradlaugh's great-grandson who presented many of the items, and members of his family. Dr Francis Crick, Nobel Prize winner (who was born in Bradlaugh's constituency, Northampton), Professor Hyman Levy, Michael Lines (British Humanist Association), Christopher Brunel (Thomas Paine Society), Hector Hawton and Christopher Macy (Rationalist Press Association), Eric Willoughby and Martin Pearce (South Place Ethical Society), Fanny Cockerell (Progressive League and editor of *Plan*), and representatives of the Liberal Party, Fabian Society, Spartacus League and Freedom Press were also there.

David Tribe, president of the NSS whose biography of Bradlaugh is to be published soon, welcomed the guests. He

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DING-DONG MERRILY BELOW

CHRISTOPHER MOREY

If you live near a church it is quite likely your peace was disturbed the other evening as the faithful eagerly assembled to devour their Saviour the moment his mother had been delivered of him.

The ringing of bells for this midnight ritual reminds us they have been associated with the Church almost from its inception. One writer¹ even claims that "there is no trustworthy evidence of the use of really large bells before the dawn of Christianity and they owe their existence to Christian influences". Like most claims that Christianity is uniquely superior, this one is misleading. The bells referred to own their existence not to "Christian influences" but to a technological advance.

Bells or similar objects have been used for religious purposes ever since man fell into such beliefs, because they made a loud noise which was thought to frighten off evil spirits. Bishop Latimer was pleased to note in 1552 that there was hardly a spot in England where bells could not be heard, and consequently where one would be likely to encounter the devil. If you are wondering why large bells, being religious ornaments of such superstitious potentiality, are so little in evidence in Roman Catholic churches in Britain, it must be remembered that until 1926 they were forbidden by Law from having bells. Elsewhere they have not been so hampered; as late as 1852 in Malta the bells were rung in the hope of abating a violent storm.

Effective Witness

One imagines that religious people no longer believe the ringing of bells to be so efficacious. However, it is still claimed that they have a public religious function apart from the new largely redundant means of summoning potential worshippers to an impending service. The Dean of St Paul's² thinks that sinners would be impressed if bellringers were let loose to ring the bells whenever they wanted to, and the Bishop of Derby³ considers bells the most effective external witness the Church has ever had. The rector of Stoke-on-Trent in a sermon preached in 1967 described ringers as "knights in shining armour sounding trumpets in a sinful world".

Although the views expressed by these reverend gentlemen are occasionally reiterated by ringers themselves, it is doubtful to what extent they take their role as churchwardens seriously. It was certainly not their role in the past, or likely to be in the future.

From the middle of the 16th century ringing became very popular as a means of exercise. Such was the enthusiasm for ringing that in 1602 the Duke of Stettin Pomerania noted in his diary: "On arriving in London we heard a great ringing of bells in almost all the churches, going on very late in the evening. We were informed that the young people do that for the sake of exercise and amusement, and sometimes they pay considerable sums as a wager, who will pull a bell the longest, and ring it in the most approved fashion".

Later, while the puritan revolution was fixing men's minds on religious matters, a development in the ringing of bells was having the opposite effect among ringers.

Technical Development

For the first time the bellrope was attached to a wheel fixed at right-angles to the axis about which the bell rotates. Previously a half or three-quarter wheel had been

used. The use of a complete wheel enabled the bell to swing "full circle", by which is meant, not over and over, but swinging from being mouth upwards round to being in that position again and then swinging back. Because with each swing the bell is approaching the point of balance its movement can be controlled more precisely, and this made possible the development of "change ringing".

This development demanded greater mental and physical agility by ringers, and led to an increase in popularity of ringing for its own sake. Ringers and the Church ignored one another. Puritan clergy were reluctant to have bells rung for services, except to indicate when a sermon was to be preached, and John Bunyan gave up ringing as "vain". It was at this time that the first significant ringing societies were formed. Their rules were modelled on those of the guilds and were completely secular. It is remarkable that in an age of such concern about religion the rules of these societies should contain no more than the odd reference to the "Divine Being", and certainly no religious objectives. In 1668 the first treatise on change ringing written by "a lover of that art" (probably Richard Duckworth, rector of Hartest, Suffolk). From his work you would not guess that any god existed, or even that bells were hung in churches. In 1684 ringing was recommended by the author of *The School of Recreation* along with hunting, racing, hawking, riding, cockfighting, fowling, fishing, shooting, bowling, tennis and billiards as a suitable recreation for the gentry of England. (A reference to the Church was expunged from later editions.)

In the countryside, ringers acquired a reputation for drunkenness and the existence of ringers' jugs of up to 16 quarts capacity tends to support the view that the ringing chamber was an extension of the alehouse. However one writer⁴ reminds us that: "People at large of that time would be no more shocked by such things than by the burning of old women reputed to be witches". (Indeed, drunkenness is understandable in view of that particular religious observance.) The country ringer would celebrate such secular feasts as Pancake Day, Easter, May Day, Harvest Home and Christmas, and the ringing of bells marked a local win at a cockfight or horse race.

Politically Motivated Ringers

By the early 19th century, ringers had acquired a certain political awareness. In 1820 a peal was rung for the acquittal of Queen Caroline. The passing of the Reform Act in 1832 was celebrated by the ringers at High Wycombe, who some days later declined to ring for the annual visitation of their bishop, who had voted against the bill in the House of Lords. But at this time ringing was in decline, and before any revival could take place on a secular basis the Oxford Movement decided that bells had an ecclesiological function. Several devices were adopted to bring ringers into the orbit of the Church. One was to extend the ropes so that ringing took place on the ground floor inside the church. Another was to force ringers to leave the belfry through the church by blocking up the tower doorway. Some ringers resisted, as at Thurnby, Leicestershire, where in 1862 they were imprisoned for breaking into the tower after the vicar had locked them out. Most ringers recognised that this sudden interest in them on the part of the clergy meant that money was now available for badly needed restoration work.

(Continued foot of next page)

REVELRY IN THE EAST END

WALTER SOUTHGATE

One of the interesting features I can remember about my boyhood days in the East End of London in the 1890s was our annual prize giving. Great efforts were put into this function by our school teachers from all three departments, infants, girls and boys, in order to train and bring to perfection corporate acts of dancing, singing and acting by the scholars. No doubt this was all in aid of our education, and also, to impress parents and the local authority big-wigs who would be handing out the prizes.

As a child I loved the fuss, the training, the dressing up and the drilling it all involved to get uncouth, ill-clad and badly-shod children of the slums to perform before all these high personages. The Mayor, Aldermen and Councillors of the borough came along in their regalia, made pretty speeches praising the mums and dads for possessing such an intelligent bunch of future citizens, and were suitably rewarded with bouquets and given a hearty round of applause.

Having got this part of the ceremony over, the audience settled down to a programme of entertainment by the scholars, who had been well trained by our dedicated teachers. The programme finished with a Maypole scene on the village green (stage variety). I was captivated by this scene with backcloths depicting village life, complete with its pump, pub, yokels, and church with graveyard memorials. Up to this period in my life I had never seen a real village green, or even the real country. My knowledge of wild flowers was extremely limited, the dandelion being known only a rude description.

Queen of the May

Whether the Maypole performance followed the ritual practice of the Romans, or our own medieval social cus-

DING-DONG MERRILY BELOW

(Continued from previous page)

Organisations

It was at the end of the 19th century that the ringing associations which exist today were founded, usually based on a diocese with an ecclesiastic as patron or president, and often a cleric as elected chairman. In 1891 the Central Council of Church Bell Ringers was formed with its first object, "to promote . . . the exercise both in its scientific aspect and as a branch of Church work". That it has succeeded in the first aim of this is beyond doubt, but it is very difficult to tell to what extent the second part is not just a way of salving the collective conscience for accepting the Church's unwitting generosity in providing a fascinating hobby free of charge. Although the number of atheist ringers is small (I know of only one), the number who could accurately be described as church workers is not large. Those who climb the tower steps in search of church work often turn out to be persistent but incompetent ringers. It is interesting that when a tower captain wrote to the *Ringling World* this year saying he refused to teach someone who would not be confirmed, the ensuing correspondence comprised one letter of three lines supporting his action, and (although some made religious noises) six condemning it. It is likely, too, that the increasing number of university students who take up bell ringing will be disinclined to accept Christianity.

tom, was beyond my comprehension. All I knew was that from the four little girls would be chosen the "Queen of the May". She was arrayed in a gorgeous white dress with spangles, primrose petals and silvery tinsel.

I was prompted to tell this story because a lady I knew related to me this ancient pagan custom of the Romans, and also the puritans efforts about the 1640s to cut down all Maypoles as "stinking idols". Then she added: "It was the four little boys who always spoil the ribbon ceremony of plaiting the pole with coloured ribbons to form a nice pattern of colour". Upon this I demurred. "Yes", she added, in order to prove her point, "they would not learn, but muffed the plaiting as they weaved in and out around the pole to the rhythm of the music". I told her that it was my personal experience that it was the little girls who were the difficult side, and broke down in tears whenever things went wrong.

I attended all the rehearsals in my school clothes, a celluloid collar yellow with age and use, a pair of knickerbockers made from father's cut down trousers, with the odd patch on the backside about which no one took any notice as it was the customary apparel for many East End boys in those Victorian days.

When the edict went forth however from our teacher that we selected boys must now come to final rehearsals in Little Lord Fauntelroy black suits with broad white lace collars, white socks and neat shoes, my father rebelled. "That be damned", he uttered, "that's going to cost a week's wages, all for my son to be what he ain't—a blinkin' bally dancer!" Of course this was a bitter disappointment for me, not being able to show off before the Mayor. But then we had to accept just another frustration because of family poverty.

At present there are only ten secular rings of bells in this country. It is to be hoped, therefore, that when religion joins witchcraft in intellectual limboland, as many as possible of the churches which are preserved for their architectural merits will be available for the performance of this minor art-form. It is possible to control the sound of bells so that it annoys no one, but in the meantime the Church prefers to imagine that when a ringer sets his bell he is likely to remark: "I bet that impressed those sinners".

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2. *Ringling World*, 1970, p. 911.
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4. E. Morris, *History and Art of Change Ringing*, p. 61.

SEX EDUCATION — THE ERRONEOUS ZONE

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Foreword: BRIGID BROPHY

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Humanist Postal Book Service (secondhand books bought and sold). For information or catalogue send 6d stamp to Kit Mouat, Mercers, Cuckfield, Sussex.

EVENTS

Brighton and Hove Humanist Group, Salisbury Hotel, King's Road, Brighton, Sunday, 3 January, 5.30 p.m. Martin Speight: "Conservation".

Leicester Secular Society, Secular Hall, Humberstone Gate, Leicester, Sunday, 3 January, 6.30 p.m. Pat Sloan: "The Origin, Survival and Decline of Religion".

Nottingham and Notts Humanist Group, Adult Education Centre, 14 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham, Friday, 8 January, 7.30 p.m. Ken Fleet: "Common Ground Between Christians and Humanists".

South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, WC1, Sunday, 3 January, 11 a.m. Peter Cadogan: "From a Market to a Gift Economy". Tuesday, 5 January, 7 p.m. Colin Hamer: "What do we Mean by Education?"

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NEWS

BEATING THE DRUM FOR IAN PAISLEY

In 1947 Avro Manhattan wrote his highly successful *The Catholic Church Against the 20th Century*, which became a best seller in many countries, including Britain, and ran into over 40 editions, a much needed antidote at a time when the Vatican's hopes and prospects were bright. The "cold war" had started; America was on the threshold of the McCarthy era; a competent white-washing job had been done on Pius XII, the alleged pope of peace.

Other books followed, and although they did not achieve the popularity of *The Catholic Church Against the 20th Century*, they deservedly made an impact. Certainly they were well researched, and the standards of writing and presentation were creditable.

Manhattan was cordially loathed by Roman Catholics—including those who had not read his books. But he also had countless admirers, and received many messages expressing support for his work. About five years ago he received such a letter from a clergyman with a sizeable following in Northern Ireland, but whose name was quite unknown in this country. It was soon to become a household word; Avro Manhattan's clerical admirer was the Reverend Ian Paisley. They have been closely associated since then. For a time Manhattan wrote a column for Paisley's *Protestant Telegraph*, and Paisley presided at a meeting to launch one of Manhattan's books.

Now Manhattan has written another book, *Catholic Terror in Ireland*, and it too has been hailed in Paisleyite circles. The reason for this is clear in the introductory leaflet which promises "shocking disclosures", and goes on to say that the book "... will tell you why the Red Premier Harold Wilson called the Protestants of Ulster fascists. . . . Why do the British and Irish Communists support the Roman Catholic Church? Why does the Catholic Church support the Reds, the IRA and anyone else working for the destruction of Ulster?" The bias is evident even before the book is opened; so is its sheer bad taste, for the cover illustration shows the keeping mother of Patrick Rooney, a nine-year-old Catholic boy who was killed in the Belfast riots. The book was obviously written with the market in mind, and its virulent, pro-Paisley contents will commend it to the drum-beating, flag-waving morons who support that gentleman.

Mr Manhattan commences by referring to the close association of Christianity with Irish history and culture, declaring that when the spiritual establishment is split then conflagration is inevitable. "Indeed", he adds piously, "like the judgement of God, it cannot be avoided." After a rather biased summary of events which led to the present crisis, Manhattan puts the blame on Terence O'Neill who "gave way to political-religious blackmail from certain quarters of the Catholic lobby at Westminster, and from the British Labour Party, a notorious traditional communist-oriented enemy of Ulster".

He then gets into his stride, and readers are told how "more than sixty communistoid Labour members of Parliament (whose collective political acumen could be squeezed within the brain case of a domestic hen) signed a grandiloquent motion about the brutality of the Protest-

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ant-minded police against the pure Catholic civil rights demonstrators". Most of the 100 MPs who supported the Civil Rights Movement were "notorious communistoids"; Eire's Prime Minister was received by "the British Red Premier Wilson". Lord Stoneham (this socialistoid) who said that Paisley besmirches the British flag every time he touches it, provoked Avro Manhattan to write: "The mention of the British flag coming from a Red pigmy, of course, was pathetic, since by and large Socialists, being Communistoids, acknowledge no country". Rest in peace, Senator Joe McCarthy, your "truth" is marching on!

Avro Manhattan claims that not only British Labour MPs but the Press and television were involved in a plot against the whiter-than-Whitehouse innocents of Ulster, particularly the Royal Ulster Constabulary and the B Specials. He describes the latter as "a guarantee for the integrity and safety of the border". In fact the B Specials were the armed wing of the Orange Order, and the RUC's behaviour has been officially and severely condemned.

Mr Manhattan is positively eloquent in his condemnation of the British Press: "The record for the most corrupt, one-sided and vicious innuendos, however, was achieved by the British Press. . . . An amalgam of semi-illiteracy, pornography, mastodontic triviality, deliberate lying and, worse still, collective viciousness. The Nazi Press was naïve compared to it". (He never mentions *The Times* without referring to the fact that its editor is a Catholic.)

Of course he is right in claiming that public opinion is influenced by the Press, but in the case of the Ulster crisis the British people were more influenced by what they saw on television—like the Royal Ulster Constabulary and Manhattan's friend, Ian Paisley, in action. And Paisley's election to Stormont and Westminster did much to destroy any sympathy and support the Protestants of Ulster enjoyed in Britain.

In the preface to his new book, Avro Manhattan writes: "The Protestants of Northern Ireland . . . are the veritable Davids of the twentieth century. They have nobody to defend them against the Catholic and Irish Goliaths. With the exception of God and of themselves." This is nonsense. For generations they have enjoyed the benefits of British protection, British subsidies and British citizenship. These they readily accepted; they did not accept British standards of democracy. They would be a minority in a united Ireland, but as a radical, dissenting minority they would be in a far more honourable position than as a Right-wing, Bible-punching majority in six counties artificially separated from the rest of the country.

There is no simple solution to the Irish question. It may be that the political dinosaurs of Ulster Unionism will become such a financial drain and political embarrassment to Britain that she may decide to end the present arrangement. It takes two parties to agree to a union, a fact curiously overlooked by Ulster Unionists.

Books like *Catholic Terror in Ireland* only add to the hate and bitterness already rife in Ulster. Although Avro Manhattan says he aims to promote tolerance and goodwill, these qualities are hardly noticeable in his outpourings about students, "permissiveness" and Left-wingers. I suspect this is because his writings have been tailored to meet the approval of the Paisleyites.

In the past, Avro Manhattan has identified himself with liberal and freethinking causes, and many people have expressed great surprise at his Right-wing stand on contemporary social issues. The answer may be that if there is anyone more irrational than a prejudiced and dogmatic Catholic it is a prejudiced and dogmatic anti-Catholic. Manhattan may not realise that Protestant fundamentalists are as much a threat to freedom and tolerance as their traditional enemies. Certainly it is a sorry spectacle when an intelligent, cultured man like Avro Manhattan throws in his lot with Ian Paisley's mugwumps.

Catholic Terror in Ireland is obtainable from Paravision Books, 24 Ansdell Terrace, London, W8, price 12s 6d, plus 1s 6d postage.

PROSECUTION

Lady Birdwood has taken out summonses alleging blasphemy against Jack Gold and Eleanor Fazan, director and co-director of *Council of Love* which was staged at London's Criterion earlier this year. The play was set in heaven, hell and the Pope's court in the 15th century, and the characters included a bronchitic God, Jesus (not quite recovered from an unpleasant experience at Calvary), the Virgin Mary and Satan.

Council of Love ran for only ten weeks, but *Oh! Calcutta* against which Lady Birdwood strongly protested has transferred from the Round House to the West End where it is enjoying a successful run.

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described Bradlaugh as one of the greatest Englishman of all time—one of the relatively few "greats" who stand up to historical investigation—and a strenuous fighter for civil liberties. He was a libertarian, humanitarian and staunch advocate of family planning. He championed the rights of colonial people (Gandhi was present at his funeral), and his abilities and range of interests were so great that Queen Victoria made him a Royal Commissioner.

Basil Bradlaugh Bonner spoke of the extent of Bradlaugh's international standing and reputation before the age of mass media. It was fitting that the Collection should be entrusted to the Society of which Charles Bradlaugh was founder and first president.

Hector Hawton referred to the historical links and close ideological affinities between the RPA and the NSS.

This fascinating collection of pamphlets, books, scrolls, portraits and private papers is quite unique. During the last few months a group of voluntary workers under the direction of the Society's general secretary, Martin Page, have been preparing and cataloguing the items. A fund has been started to meet the cost of repairs and decoration of the room in which the Collection is housed. Donations will be much appreciated and acknowledged, and should be sent to the National Secular Society, 103 Borough High Street, London, SE1.

THE COST OF CHURCH SCHOOLS

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Foreword: MARGARET KNIGHT

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BOOKS

THE SILENCE OF POPE PIUS XII

by Carlo Falconi translated by Bernard Wall.
Faber and Faber, 70s.

In the introduction to his book, Carlo Falconi lays down the criterion by which he proposes to examine the attitude of Pope Pius XII towards the Nazi atrocities:

If, when confronted with the worst, the most wanton and most provocative outrages, the mission of a Church or a religion is satisfied with interventions from which any possibility of efficacy has been deliberately and fastidiously removed, then we are obliged to say that that Church and that religion are the most repulsive parody of faith and of the need to believe.

Having stated his position, he explores every possible avenue to find reasons for the Pope's silence, and arrives, in almost every instance, at the same frustrating conclusion: the Pope was well informed, the Pope knew, the Pope remained silent or, on the rare occasions that he did speak, his protests were couched in such vague terms that the intended recipients could safely ignore them.

Part one of the book deals with the problem in general, listing numerous instances of information about massacres reaching the Vatican. It tells of pleas made by high ranking clerics, statesmen, ambassadors and clandestine organisations in the occupied territories imploring the Pontiff to intervene. A chapter is devoted to the official justifications given for the Church's hesitant attitude. In 1943 for example, Pius confided to his cardinals: "Every public declaration has to be seriously worked out and weighed by us in the interests of the victims so as not to make their situation more grievous and unsupportable and contrary to our intentions". This at a time when Eichmann was transporting Jews from all parts of occupied Europe to the extermination camps in Poland.

Eugenio Pacelli's affection for the German people can hardly be offered as an excuse for what amounts to almost tacit support of a criminal regime led by an Austrian dictator who put into practice the master race ideology of an English renegade. Besides, from his own observations while Nuncio in Munich and Berlin, Pacelli must have deduced that Hitler's brown-shirted riffraff did not represent the élite of the German nation.

It is unlikely that protests would have prompted the Nazis to retaliate against either the person of the Pope, the Vatican, or members of the Catholic hierarchy, as has been suggested. Pius XII, though not given to dramatic gestures, was not a coward; fear for his own safety would not have influenced his decisions. It is also known that the German authorities showed unusual restraint when dealing with antagonistic bishops; neither in Germany nor in occupied Europe, save Poland, did they harm any member of the Catholic hierarchy. Besides, since the tide had turned against the Germans, Hitler could ill afford to fall foul of the Catholic Church and take a chance on the loyalty of some of the 45 million German Catholics.

The author offers a few "most probable explanations" of his own for the Pope's reluctance to protest. These are: his pessimistic analysis of the situation, his fear of advancing Communism, his pathetic belief in ecclesiastical diplomacy and, perhaps most convincing of all, his overriding concern for the Church's survival and influence after the war.

Part two gives an exhaustive account of events in Poland during the German occupation. That Pius did not intervene on behalf of the unfortunate Jews, is common

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knowledge; in Poland however, his own clergy were expelled from their parishes, harrassed, physically assaulted and murdered. It is true that the eastern territories were isolated for several months following the invasion, but contacts between the Vatican and the Polish Church and other organisations were gradually re-established, revealing the tragedy to its full extent. First to flee the country was the Nuncio, Monsignor Cortesi, followed almost immediately by the Polish Primate, Cardinal Hlond leaving their Church without leadership or diplomatic representation at the mercy of Governor Frank. According to a Polish Government pamphlet on war casualties, 2,647 Catholic priests lost their lives. Pius XII, in his letters to Cardinal Hlond, admitted that he was aware of the suffering of the Polish people and that it caused him "great distress", but in spite of urgent appeals he would not intervene even on behalf of his flock.

Part three examines Vatican relations with the murderous Ustase regime in Croatia; a particularly gruesome episode in history. After Yugoslavia had been overrun by the Axis powers fanatically Catholic Croats set up an independent State of Croatia with the invaders' blessing, and then proceeded to massacre their Serbian Orthodox brethren in Christ. The sheer bestiality of these pogroms eventually induced the occupation forces, especially the Italians, to intervene. Head of the newly founded state and leader of the Ustase movement was the infamous Pavelic. In the book the Ustase is described as a "hyper-confessional national movement which in some was wanted to restore the ancient Kingdom of Croatia as vassal of the Pope". Needless to say, Pavelic and his Ustase had the full support of the Church and of the head of the Croatian episcopate Archbishop Stepinac. For the Serbian minority living in the so-called Free State of Croatia this holy alliance meant the brutal murder of 300 Orthodox priests, five bishops and an estimated 700,000 men, women and children as well as the destruction of 299 churches. Falconi observes:

So far as we can see, all this happened without the Croat Catholic episcopate feeling that it had a special duty to condemn these crimes perpetrated against members of the sister Church. On the contrary while his Orthodox colleague at Sarajevo, Bishop Simonec, was being killed in the way described, the Catholic Archbishop of the same city, Monsignor Ivan Saric, not only wrote odes in honour of his beloved leader, the Poglavnik, but had the impertinence to exalt the use of "revolutionary methods in the service of truth, justice and honour" in the Catholic weekly of his diocese. He even maintained that it was "stupid" and unworthy of Christ's disciples to think that the struggle against "evil" (sic) could be waged in a noble way and with gloves on.

The Vatican could not claim ignorance of the Croatian situation. Having recognised the new state, it maintained a mission in Zagreb and there was a large contingent of Italian troops stationed there who viewed the outrages with growing distaste. Reports had appeared in Italian newspapers. Apparently not dismayed by the tales of horror, Pope Pius granted audiences to representatives of the Zagreb Police Force, the Ustase youth movement and Pavelic himself.

Falconi did not intend to write a polemical work, yet this excellent book, with its carefully weighed arguments and the wealth of information the author extracted from numerous—in many cases yet unpublished—documents, constitutes a more devastating criticism of the Silent Pope than Rolf Hochhuth's controversial play.

REVIEWS

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO TOM MIX ?

by Ted Willis. Cassell, 42s.

Sub-titled "The Story of One of My Lives", this book is an autobiographical account of Ted Willis' life up to the end of the war, which takes him to the age of 28. It falls roughly into two parts: the first a picture of life in London's slums in the 1920s and 1930s, seen through the unclouded eyes of a child; the second the story of Willis' early political life, which led to his becoming the leader of the Labour party League of Youth. A possible criticism is that too much space is given to the former at the expense of the latter, but regardless of this both parts are eye-opening in different ways.

The book is written as a series of reminiscences and Willis thus avoids the stodgy verbosity of the conventional chronological autobiographies. The author's childhood is thus described with a long series of incidents, few of them remarkable, but all of distinct character and colour. Much of the character is provided by Willis' mother, a tireless, dynamic and down-to-earth woman, whose constant energy kept her family fed and together in their half of the house in Tottenham where Willis grew up. A host of other "characters" support the redoubtable Mrs Willis, neighbours, local tradesmen, teachers, aunts, uncles, grandmothers, a brother, two sisters, not to forget Mr Willis who worked faithfully and philosophically for London Transport. All are described briefly, but come to life in the remarkable way in which Willis' countless television characters have been doing for years. One example will suffice. In less than a page Willis describes how he lost his virginity to a 35-year-old married woman named Pearl. Their relationship continued for more than a year. Pearl is evoked in such a way that one heartily concurs with the author when at the end of the page he writes: "I remember her with love and gratitude".

Willis' youthful political activities involve the conflict between his League of Youth and the Labour Party leadership. He tells of meetings with Stafford Cripps, Herbert Morrison, George Brown, and on one strange and amusing occasion Churchill, this last naturally having nothing to do with the internal affairs of the Labour party. The story of the George Brown meetings is supplemented with a short sketch of Brown as Willis now sees him—"a steam engine in trousers". The League of Youth agitated against the notorious Means Test, for the supply of arms to the Republicans in Spain, for a pact between Russia, Britain and France against Hitler. These campaigns, and Willis' part in them, are described in the same incidental and lively fashion as the author's childhood.

There is also chapter about what can best be described as Willis' religious development. This is again fascinating. He certainly gave God a good chance to prove his existence. He was asked to raise a dustbin lid in the Willis' back yard, and given more weighty consideration from a Methodist and Quaker viewpoint. In the end Willis espoused Confucianism before his political activities took over from his philosophical ones. The book ends with Willis' brief army career, where his qualities had just enough time to flower to provide us with the characteristic collection of interesting incidents, before he was discharged for speaking at a Communist meeting in his soldier's uniform.

This book is worth reading on two counts—its subject matter, and its author's delightful writing style, which combines simplicity with depth in a unique way.

DAVID REYNOLDS

PAMPHLET

THE ANARCHIST BASIS OF PACIFISM

by Ronald Sampson. Peace Pledge Union, 3s.

Anarchy is the removal of government and other temporal powers from the administration of our lives; pacifism is the end of war and all violence. Obviously these two have a great deal in common, because it is through the power of government ordering citizens to enlist and oppose similar groups in a rival nation that war arises. However there are many anarchists who are not pacifists, and believe in violently overthrowing the state; there are equally, many pacifists who only wish for a change of mind by their government when it comes to fighting. The idea that it is class conflict which causes war is alien to many pacifists with this rather limited view.

Unfortunately this pamphlet, which is sponsored by the Stuart Morris Memorial Fund, has strong overtones of Christianity, and this leads to some illogicalities. The writer believes in equality amongst men, but accepts subjection to God. Varying according to your religious outlook, this ideology has caused strife between men. He also refuses to see any difference between destroying the lives of others, be they human or animal lives, and the right of a person to voluntarily end their own life by euthanasia, which entails the co-operation of another person. The "sanctity of human life" is a mythical and metaphysical misnomer; it means nothing so someone lying on a deathbed suffering interminable agony.

But I am glad that the author of this pamphlet otherwise places his finger precisely on the root of the trouble: the power complex. No matter what your politics, if you include domination of other people amongst your tenets, then you are bound to make enemies who will fight to oust you in their own favour. Tacit agreement amongst people—simply stated "anarchy"—is the alternative. This enhances the well known phrase re-quoted in this work: "Wars will cease when men refuse to fight".

Anarchists always come up against critics who think leaders are a necessity, though often evil. We are all indoctrinated from a very early age to the glory of leadership and its accompanying battles, especially when our side won. I find it of little surprise that many people cannot shake their minds out of this straitjacket.

Whenever one reads of "anarchy" in the popular Press, particularly when Fleet Street is pontificating on industrial disputes, it is usually to induce fear of chaos if government and authority disappear, and equality is given a chance. But as a survey of our recent history shows, government is, in this author's words, "the greatest single hindrance to the collective development of every individual's capacity for judgement, confidence and articulation" One cannot even think freely if shackled by predetermined decisions of governing bodies!

I am a pacifist and a socialist who admires much in this

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TELEVISION: THE BIG AND THE SMALL

PETER COTES

Another *Ad-Lib* programme (BBC-1), chaired by a philosopher attempting to keep Richard Crossman, MP, and Mary McCarthy novelist, in order became a weak and woolly discussion on hard and soft drugs. Now, I know Crossman of old, and Miss McCarthy I've heard lecture at the American Embassy on American literature. Both of them can make sense, although I don't like Dick's personality and Mary's smile is, for my taste, excessively toothy; they can both look better than this. But the fact that neither of them look much good on the box wouldn't be so bad if either of them *sounded* much. For that is what this late night programme is surely meant to be? To sound learned, and to get articulate debaters to contribute to *Ad-Lib* discussions of important current subjects. Of course Mary and Dick are articulate off the box. Why are they not seen and *heard* to be articulate on the box? Unless a rescue operation's performed soon, *Ad-Lib* will descend to the level of just another telly parlour game.

What will *Ryan's Daughter* (David Lean's new film, now at the Empire, Leicester Square) look like on the box when it finally descends to that level, as in time it eventually must? It is a leisurely film, a massive super film with one difference: it has been made by an artist of the cinema. Super spectacles are not often made by such rare folk. Because Lean eschews glib story-telling, risks inserting vulgar-seeming sentiment (without which there can be no love story) and lingers, some may think, all too lovingly on each episode in his building to a dramatic conclusion, there will be those who will dismiss this film director's style as old fashioned. It is certainly not trendy in its fidelity to the grave and true simplicity of Robert Bolt's screen play, described as "the whole tragi-comic business of growing up", and should not be regarded as a self-indulgent exercise in film making because it has a 15-minute intermission in a running time of over three hours. So did other Lean films like *Dr Zhivago* and *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. He makes "hits" every four or five years of wide canvas human screen plays, photographing them so beautifully—here he is aided magnificently by Freddie Young—that there are times when the viewer forgets he is in the cinema, and thinks rather that it is the National Gallery or the portrait museums of Holland that he's entered in error.

A film more precisely made for the small screen (*Eisenstein*: Part One directed by Norman Swallow) was shown in the *Omnibus* series recently. Unlike *Ryan's Daughter*, Swallow's modest and praiseworthy effort will fit in, if not equally well, at any rate well enough to another medium. Indeed, I look forward to seeing it in due course on both screens—big as well as small—and hope to discuss the two episodes together, after the second of these has been screened by the BBC. To date part one whets this viewer's appetite for more; a reaction not often experienced when watching for duty rather than pleasure. Mr Swallow, easily the best TV director in this country, gave us a rare treat recently with his *To Leningrad with Love*. Without excelling that little gem (and a number of other modest but memorable features, including his prize winning film of the middle 1960s, which dealt with a North Country wedding) his glimpse of the Russian director was most rewarding. The famous Odessa Steps sequence from *Battleship Potemkin*, possibly one of the most dramatic, and certainly one of the best edited sequences in all film, came vividly to life once more in Swallow's hands, when he

followed the "shooting down" *then* with the steps *now*, and the hurrying and scurrying, ascending and descending figures; the effects music was distinctly apt: the cross cutting in the "tribute" was worthy of its subject. Of such stuff is the TV production that lingers in the memory, just as Mr Lean's cinematic landscape on giant canvas will never be *properly* seen on television, and thus not linger in our memory. Two directors: both dedicated artists.

LETTER

Jerusalem the Golden

I was very amused by the story of the teenager who said to his friend: "Ain't it funny how religion has crept into Christmas this year!"

It reminded me of my visits to Jerusalem in the 1930s. I've never forgotten what Reuter's man said—that there was more reverent devotion to the true significance of Christ in the dirtiest backstreet mission hall than in the whole of Jerusalem . . .

Jerusalem was a shocking slum. I wonder if it's been cleaned up a bit since then? The stench was indescribable, and there were more beggars to the square yard than in India. What I was shown as the Sepulchre appeared to have been cut out a few days before by modern equipment. The nuns who were selling souvenirs would have made fortunes if they'd worked for Unilevers. I thought of the words about "cast them out that bought and sold in the Temple". For a shilling one could buy bits of stone embedded in wax from the rock on which Christ had been crucified. From the Sixth Station of the Cross where Veronica wiped away Christ's tears, one could buy little bottles of Lachrymae Christi—but these were a bit more expensive. Thorns from the Crown of Thorns were doing a good trade. Bookmarks made from strips of wood from the Cross, footmarks in stone and all kinds of phony souvenirs were on sale. As Reuter's man said to me: "Now, old boy, you know what is meant by "Jerusalem the Golden".

Yes, the Christianity of today is far removed from the old days of the humble Jew who walked by the shores of Galilee in his dressing-gown and sandals.

FRED G. SHAW.

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pamphlet. The holding of power, privilege and status by a few *is wrong*, if one seeks peace. I therefore disagree with those who seek to redress the present imbalance by violent means. If you use the sword or gun to overcome those in power, you will inevitably have to keep the same means to maintain your position.

I think it was Arthur Koestler who once wrote that he preferred the honesty in the face of a munitions worker to the evil glint in the eye of many a conscientious objector. Presumably what he meant was that he disliked the empty ideology of many pacifists, who quarrelled unceasingly among themselves, and were divorced from any basic human feeling toward one another.

In this connection, this author's conclusions are very much in accord with my own views on how to change the world peacefully and have revolution. He believes, correctly I think, in the significance of the individual, the necessity for a gathering of like minds before effective action can proceed, which finally, "can only be built by women and men who love one another, which means respecting each other's individuality on a reciprocal basis". This may sound familiar, but I am afraid it is often forgotten by those with grandiose ideas for building a better world.