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WILL YOU MAKE WAR AGAIN?



**AN OPEN LETTER TO THE
BELLIGERENT GOVERNMENTS.**

BY

E. D. MOREL.

WITH A FOREWORD BY JOHN TURNER.

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Another War ?

A FOREWORD.

This scorching, blistering—because frankly truthful—piece of reasoning regarding Governments and War, was written by E. D. Morel in 1923, five years after the Armistice of 1918. A comrade who sent it to the “No More War” people had it returned, and has now sent it to us. The “No More War” people are getting respectable. We propose to not only print it in “Freedom,” but publish it as a pamphlet. It is as true to-day as when it was written.

If only the workers understood the real function of all governments; how they always support the predominant section in society at any given period; how they strengthen capitalism in its exploitation of labour, and legalise the transfer of the wealth produced to an ever-increasing pack of idlers; who live in luxury on unearned income; and how they divide the people by keeping them apart on separate territories, called countries, over which they claim power to enforce the law however wrong or unjust, if this was clearly understood, governments would quickly totter to their fall, and the common people of the world co-operate together as equals for the common good of humanity.

In spite of all the talk about disarmament, every Government of a big State continues its hideous preparations for war. The Government of the United States of America, with its Quaker President, is reputed to be particularly busy turning its chemists—as Morel said—into hired assassins. Governments the world over—to quote again—“bid you (the workers) fashion yet more devilish implements!”

But it cannot go on for ever. With the growth of anarchism, slowly but surely, the workpeople of the world are beginning to understand there is no reason for war, so far as they are concerned. And as they realise that their enemy is within their own gates, and not their fellow-workers in another country, it is only reasonable to anticipate that in time they will depose their Governments and install instead a world-wide system of industrial co-operation, with the workers fully controlling their own destiny.

JOHN TURNER.

To the Belligerent Governments

By E. D. MOREL.

Nine years ago you led your people to the shambles. With cunning tools, through devious paths in secret conclave, by plot and counter-plot, out-matching your rivals in acuteness, you had long prepared, equally with them, the way of DEATH for multitudes. You prated to them of liberty, justice, progress, security and peace. You bade them slaughter in the name of *God*, claiming His sanction for your enterprise, invoking the MERCIFUL CHRIST, whom you crucified afresh upon the cross, you promised them a world purged of the lust of hate. Purified by their sacrifice, sanctified through their martyrdom, cleansed with the tears of women, washed white in blood.

In the blood of the young.

Month followed month: years died and were born; still you bade them slay.

Stamped formless into the thirsty earth, torn and shattered; gory hollows which once were breasts; eyes with sockets blown, limbs mutilated, hanging loose; dying of wounds and thirst in shell holes, writhing on barbed wire, trailing their entrails, rotting alive amid the stench of corpse-strewn trenches; gibbering maniacs—you made them so: You! You!

What quarrel had they with those they fought, or these with them?

"Common people" all: this lad from Devon, that lad from Gascony, this youth from Baden, that youth from Tuscan plains—all filled with the joy of life, all products of a common human stock, sharing common hopes and sorrows: *Workers of the world*.

An' you had kept faith with those who strove but fell not. Immeasurable was still your guilt. An' you had fully ministered to the needs of the widowed and fatherless, immeasurable was still your crime.

Yet forgiveness you would have gained; for infinite is the patience of the people, infinite the simplicity of their hearts, infinite their generosity and long suffering. But you have betrayed them!

Where is the liberty you promised them? Is it the liberty to starve amid rioting of luxury? Where the freedom? Is it the freedom of the insufficient dole? Where the justice? Is it the justice of the Poor Law and the Workhouse? Where the security? Is it such security as the homeless have? Where the prosperity? Is it the prosperity of impoverishment? Where the peace? Is it the "peace" of Death?

FOR NOW YOU PREPARE ONCE MORE A RICH HARVEST FOR DEATH'S SICKLE.

IN YOUR MADNESS YOU CREATE YET VILER ENGINES OF DESTRUCTION.

IN YOUR WICKEDNESS YOU DEVOTE ANEW THE PEOPLE'S SUBSTANCE TO THEIR UNDOING.

IN YOUR BLINDNESS YOU SEEK AGAIN TO DROWN YOUR TREACHERIES IN THE BLOOD OF THE INNOCENT.

You pollute the skies with winged flotillas of annihilation which presently shall envelop sleeping cities in poison storms:

Destroying in a night the patient labour of centuries.

Raining incendiary shells upon the narrow buildings where your wage-slaves live.

Belching lethal gases o'er the countryside asphyxiating entire communities.

In cold blood with a cynical ruthlessness and deliberation which make of you the Master Criminals of the ages, you plan the people's doom.

Feverishly you cut down forests of spruce and fir, hickory and ash, for your planes, turn your laboratories into vestibles for assassination, your chemists into hired assassins.

Science you prostitute in Murder's service.

Massacre on a scale never before dreamt of; you elevate to the dignity of virtue.

Destruction you contemplate with a comprehensiveness staggering in its imbecility; destruction of teeming centres of population, of great hives of industry, of crops, and all vegetable life. The targets of your bombs will be the homes of the worker in shop and factory, in yards and fields.

In God's name, who and what are you that do these things? Whence your right to rule, to govern, to ad-

minister? Does warning of a wrath to come not cross the threshold of your complacency?

Deem you limitless the toleration of the Peoples?

TO THE PEOPLES VICTORIOUS IN THE
GREAT WAR.

O! Peoples, alleged victors, but common victims in the Great War.

The supreme peril of your age and destiny approaches swiftly with whirring wings of impending desolation. Rouse yourselves to its imminence ere the inexorable mechanism crush you in its fell embrace; ere the demons of fear and hate make you the puppets to the will of panic-stricken, blundering Governments, cursed with the heritage of their own injustices and follies. Betrayed by your rulers, save yourselves! Betrayed by the Churches—save yourselves! If you combine not to avert the catastrophe in preparation, your doom is writ.

Strugglers in Freedom's cause, shall your life's labours perish with you?

Helpers of the poor—will you surrender hopes of lifting them from the mire?

Reformers of Society—will you wait while madmen plan a wilderness?

Workers for a Co-operative Commonwealth—will you watch it killed at birth?

Lovers of the Young—will you see your children immolated afresh?

Remember! They bade you arm for Peace sake; you armed, and war came and scourged you.

Remember! They bade you arm for Safety's sake.

You armed, and to-day are less secure from their criminal lunacy.

Again they bid you fashion yet ~~more~~ devilish implements, while from the crucibles of ~~their~~ laboratories rise fumes of fetid gases to burn and suffocate: light gases which merging with the air, will permeate all living things with dissolution; heavy gases that shall sink below the surface level, and seek you out amid earth's bowels; poisons distilled in test-tubes, drop by drop, whose malignant powers transcend the art of Cæsar Borgia.

Your bodies, your children, your houses, your cities, towns, and villages, your countryside—them the targets.

FOOLS. Will you minister to your own destruction.

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