

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

Turning Point in the Algerian Struggle?

THE SAKIET BLUNDER

THE bombing by French planes of the Tunisian village of Sakiet has created such embarrassment for the French Government that it is even possible that some determined effort may at last be made to resolve the Algerian problem.

What kind of solution can be arrived at, however, will depend on the efforts of other governments and bodies than the French, for it is clear that the latter have one solution and one only for the Algerian impasse: crush the rebels and continue the old order.

It is easy for outside powers to be objective, and amusing for us to see how sweetly reasonable the Americans and the British can be about other people's headaches, although just as pig-headed as the French are when American and British interests are involved. For the French, the national pride of a people who want to think of themselves as a first-class power, but have been unable, in the last 100 years, to find the strength to make it, has crystallised in the struggle in Algeria. A nation that has been invaded and defeated twice in this century, to be rescued only by its allies, seeks to assert itself through the maintenance of its colonial possessions, at whatever cost.

An Impossible Task

Unfortunately such bravado is sadly out of date at this point in time, and although the Russians can get away with it in Hungary and the British in Cyprus and Kenya, the scale of the revolt, the difficulty of the terrain, and the quantity of arms and support at the disposal of the

Algerian rebels has made France's task an almost impossible one.

The inspiration behind the Algerian uprising is the same nationalism and desire for independence from European hegemony which has already succeeded in getting the British Army out of Egypt, India and Ghana, brought independence to the Sudan and kept the whole of Africa, the Middle East and the Far East in a ferment since the war. It is not something that can be held back, and French attempts to do so can lead only to more humiliation—for France.

The very fact that orders were given—by somebody as yet unknown (?)—to attack Sakiet, indicates the desperate mood to which the French military have been driven. Although it has been recognised for a long time that aid has been coming to the Algerian rebels through Tunis, and that the rebels have used villages like Sakiet, just over the border, to rest and reassemble their forces, the French have had to respect the frontier between Algeria and independent Tunisia.

Tunis Friendly to West

Until some wild man gave the order to go after the rebels thought to be concentrated around Sakiet, and when the French government was first challenged on this vicious attack on an unarmed village in a

neutral country—and Tunisia, for all its hospitality to the rebels, is the most friendly to the West of all the North African Arab communities—the French Premier, M. Gaillard, attempted to bluster his way out by saying that the great majority of the killed and injured were Algerian rebels. Which he thought was a good enough result to save French consciences, if nobody else's.

Reports from Sakiet inevitably conflict, and until some completely neutral commission of enquiry (could there be such?) can report on what really happened, we shall not know the extent of the casualties and damage. Reports are creeping out, however, to the effect that the rebels had already moved out of Sakiet before the French bombers arrived. Whether this was coincidence or tip-off is not stated.

Bourguiba's Opportunity

What the Sakiet raid has at last done, however, is to give President Bourguiba of Tunis his long-awaited opportunity to attract world attention to the Algerian mess and try to get the large powers to bring pressure on France to clean it up. Tunis is a weak and powerless little State. In the words of the *Manchester Guardian's* correspondent, Bourguiba's army 'consists of five men and a rather spindly boy.' What the French airmen have done, however, is to put tremendous weapons in the

hands of the Tunisian President. They have given him a grievance clearly seen and understood by a 'shocked' world; they have made him the victim of an unprovoked, bullying attack; they have given him the opportunity of showing restraint and calm in the face of imperialist terror, and in giving him a cause to take to the United Nations have provided a way for the whole Algerian problem to be opened up before the world.

The French action has given Bourguiba this moral strength—added to his prestige in the eyes of the West through being friendly to the West. For how much longer Bourguiba will remain friendly is anybody's guess. These results for France would not appear to be a very useful return for a handful of rebel Algerian and innocent Tunisian corpses and a smashed Tunisian village.

Gaillard Turns Round

When the French Prime Minister began to tot up this balance sheet he soon saw that something had better be done to calm things down. He had to face not only the factors we have outlined plus protests from other countries,* but also a threat of withdrawal of support for his government from the M.R.P. and Socialist parties in the French Parliament. French politics being what they are, M. Gaillard depends on these other parties in order to stay

"The most dangerous man, to any government, is the man who is able to think things out for himself."

—H. L. MENCKEN.

in office and so he decided that, if anybody's head is going to roll, it's not going to be his.

He therefore turned right round, and from supporting the bombing, deplored it, said he knew nothing about it in advance (probably true), that the perpetrators would be punished and the victims are to be compensated.

What *les Colons*, the French white settlers in Algeria, are saying about that, we can only guess, but they should be able to see, as well as us, that Gaillard's action is not taken out of any sympathy for the murdered Tunisians, but for purely political and personal reasons.

Co-operate or Lose the Lot

For the French, this may be the crisis on Algeria. And it is really about time that they faced up to the facts of life in the twentieth century. The tremendous newly-found wealth under the Sahara—the oil, the iron, coal and natural gas, the platinum, diamonds, tungsten and copper—can contribute to France's wealth only if she is prepared to share it with the people in whose land she has found it.

If the French come to terms with the Algerians, treat them as equals and contribute equally to their joint well-being, and above all recognise their rights to choose their way of life in freedom and dignity, the whole world may benefit from a new relationship. But if France wants to cling to power over the Algerians and have sole rights of exploitation of the natural wealth of the country, she will end up by losing the lot.

*It is enlightening to see how easily shocked is, for example, the British Government, over this bombing of an Arab village, when it was Anthony Eden who prevented the League of Nations from banning the bomber in 1933 because Britain needed it to 'police her Empire'. At that time British bombers were bringing law and order to Arab villages in Palestine.

Reflections on an Air Tragedy

Do we Need the Aeroplane?

THE slush and sympathy that poured from the presses of our national newspapers following the Munich air accident in which twenty-one Manchester United footballers, sporting journalists and other passengers were killed, has surely beaten all records, surpassing even the coverage given to the dog in the Sputnik. Every hyperbole known to Fleet Street has been drawn upon to express the nation's—nay the world's—"grief". As the *News Chronicle* put it "Even those who have no interest in football must recognise that hundreds of millions of people, whose pleasures cut right across the formal frontiers of diplomacy, are to-day united in a sense of loss". Even the *Daily Telegraph* ended its "Manchester United" editorial with a: "There is a roll and a glory about the very name of Manchester United which, we are convinced, will not fade". The *Daily Express* all but breaks into poetry:

A football team is eleven men? No, it is much more. It is eleven men plus reserves and management? It is more than that. . . .

This afternoon, on many football grounds in Britain, the crowds will stand bareheaded, in silence.

Two minutes after, the cries of battle will be heard. The whistle will blow. The game will begin. . . .

Exactly! For in spite of the "drama", in which all the V.I.P.'s, from the Queen to the Pope, have joined with their telegrams of sympathy, "the game must go on" (in black arm bands); the noughts and crosses, symbols of the national interest in football, must still be affixed even if one's vision is blurred by tears of sympathy. Twenty-one people have been killed in the game

of life; the mass circulation press sheds a crocodile tear and gives a sigh on the world's behalf, and life goes on as before, as if nothing had happened!

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BUT something has happened which cannot so quickly be forgotten by those near and dear to the victims of the accident, and which, if the Press were less superficial and the public more thoughtful and imaginative would provoke discussion as to whether air travel is, or can ever be, a satisfactory form of transportation. Not one newspaper, so far as we know, has raised this question. Indeed the *Daily Express* (Feb. 8) banner headlined the fact that "The Wives Fly Out", "They Defied the Snow and arrived 8 Hours Late" which must have filled its four million readers with a glowing feeling of pride in the spirit of defiance of the human race against the elements and adversity—as well as closing their minds to whether the time saved in air travel justifies the risks to life and limb involved.

When anarchists raise questions such as these, we know we are inviting the sneering accusation from some quarters that "the trouble with

you people is you want to put the clock back. If you had your way we should become an agricultural community, backward and impoverished. Anarchism will never work except on a desert island, because you can't stop the march of Progress".

That "Progress" with a capital P, has destroyed mankind's sense of proportion, its values and ability to think consequentially. "Progress" to-day means "change" purely and simply; no one has time to pause and ask whether it is change for the better or for the worse. "Progress" is like women's dress fashions which decree that one year the fair sex shall be all bosoms and no legs, and the next all legs and less bosom. It is high-pressure advertising, mass communications and Big Business, moulding, conditioning and even destroying human values and labelling it "Progress".

Typical of this process is the growth of Television entertainment at the expense of sound radio. Instead of recognising that these are two distinct media, "progress" decrees that television is the entertainment of the future, that it is only a matter of time, before radio is as dead as the dodo. The BBC does not wait and see, but seeks to hasten the process by cutting down the sound programmes which are most suited to that medium and boosting those which would be better handled by the medium of Television!

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WE are told we live in an "Age of Speed"; therefore anything which "saves time" is a symbol of "progress". Anarchists are not op-

Continued on p. 3

ON TO 1984

William Hutchinson, 67, is the first motorist to be caught by a television camera. He did not know when he drove past a red traffic light in Durham that a TV camera was putting his picture on a policeman's screen in the market place.

Yesterday, Hutchinson, of Monkseaton, Northumberland, was fined £2.

News Chronicle 18/2/58.

COST OF CLEARING THE SUEZ CANAL

Mr. A. Noble, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, said in the House of Commons yesterday that the total cost of clearing the Suez Canal was approximately £3,401,000. This included the costs incurred by the Anglo-French salvage fleet when it was solely responsible for clearance work and also the cost of its services when it formed part of the United Nations fleet after the United Nations took over responsibility on December 22, 1956.

The costs of the United Nations fleet were to be met from the proceeds of a surcharge of 3 per cent, to be levied on the dues of all ships passing through the Canal. Those incurred by the United Kingdom before December 22 ranked as a governmental claim against Egypt.

Mr. P. H. B. Wall (C. Haltemprice) suggested the solution was rather unfair to shipowners. Did fleets under a flag of convenience, such as Liberia, pay the same share as bigger fleets of other countries?

Mr. Noble: So far as I am aware, all fleets pay the same surcharge. I agree that this was not an easy decision to take because it means that British shipowners who have already suffered through the closing of the Canal by the Egyptian Government will have to pay a further sum, but we thought it was the least unsatisfactory of the possible arrangements.

(Parliamentary Report).

[The impudence of Ministers knows no bounds. The Egyptian Government closed the Canal but why? Apparently the Anglo-Franco-Israeli attack on Suez had no bearing on the blocking of the Canal by Nasser. Yet since the withdrawal of these belligerents the Canal has been functioning normally—in fact more ships have been using it than before].

Six Churches Declared Redundant

A committee which has been examining the provision for public worship in Cambridge reported yesterday that six churches in the old part of the city can be considered redundant. . . .

An appendix suggests uses to which redundant churches could be put. These include conversion into diocesan offices or consistory court, ecclesiastical museum, library, and a place for showing religious plays and films.

(Manchester Guardian).

[The report emphasises, however, that there are not too many churches, if the revival in church going should continue and grow. But it says it would be better if some of the central churches could be removed to the outskirts. But surely if the flock need the Church wouldn't they make the necessary effort even if the place of worship is not on their doorstep? It seems to us more likely that the church committee's proposals are based more on the view that the churches are looking for a flock. "Six Churches in search of a Flock" might have been a better title for this item!]

Russia Looking for Markets

MOSCOW, JANUARY 28.

Argentina is to buy up to £1,400,000 worth of Soviet industrial goods. A pact will be signed in Moscow to-morrow. Russia has agreed to sell bulldozers, excavators, compressors, steel rails, mining locomotives, welding equipment, and chrome, steel, manganese, and aluminium.

Brazil also wants to buy goods valued at more than £10 millions, and Russia is considering the orders.—British United Press.

Victory over Hypocrisy

IN an article in the January issue of *The National and English Review* about Scandinavia, Mr. Elias Bredsdorff recalls a much-discussed public issue in Denmark and comments on its implications. "When some years ago, an unmarried Danish headmistress was going to have a child, a violent argument went on, echoing far beyond the boundaries of Denmark; the educational authorities attempted to remove her from her position, but a considerable number of the parents of her school-children gave her a vote of confidence and declared that they wanted her to remain. The headmistress, who was incidentally a member of the Danish Folketing (Parliament), made it perfectly clear that she had deliberately wanted to have the child, although she did not want to marry, and she refused to resign. The outcome was that she remained, and still remains, headmistress of the same municipal school in Copenhagen, and the parents who wished to do so were told that they could send their children to another school.

"This case was interpreted by many in Britain as a public concession to immorality; but the headmistress in question, who became a spokesman of all unmarried mothers, made it quite clear that neither the Church nor the educational authorities would have raised the matter publicly if she had agreed to marry someone (not necessarily the child's father) before the child was born, thus giving the appearance of a 'moral conduct'. The victory she won (to which no parallel could be imagined in this country) was in my opinion fundamentally a moral one over hypocrisy and convention".

Playthings for Psychopaths

ALEX COMFORT writes, in a letter to the *News Chronicle* (10/2/58), "The Americans say that they must fly about Britain with hydrogen bombs so that the Russians can't catch them on the ground. Mr. Butler says the bombs are 'rarely' carried on 'special' operational flights. It has not been denied that the 'cores' of these bombs contain enough plutonium to make several square miles uninhabitable. Mr. Butler says they could cause 'only local' contamination. The real function of these flights is to

keep the Cold War hot enough for the policy of Mr. Dulles."

On the radio recently (in *Questions in the Air* on the BBC Overseas Service), Comfort, talking about the scientist's responsibility for making what he called "playthings of psychopaths", explained why he considers himself an anarchist.

You Can't Make an Omelette Without Breaking Egg-heads

THOSE who, like ourselves, regard the influence which Sidney and Beatrice Webb had on the aims and direction of the Labour movement as disastrous, will have gained some amusement from a recent controversy in the *Manchester Guardian*. That paper published an article celebrating with an ironic detachment, the centenary of Beatrice Webb's birth. This brought forth protests from Mrs. Webb's admirers, anxious to deny the "ruthlessness" which the writer had attributed to her.

This in turn brought a letter from Mrs. Konradin Hobhouse, a niece of the Webbs, who declared that the writer had been "absolutely right when she denied any humanity" in Mrs. Webb's approach to social problems. "Aunt Bo," she writes, "despised the working classes with all the zest of her admirable middle-class Victorian upbringing. She disliked their fecklessness, their good nature, and the way they stood up for each other when in trouble. She used to horrify me . . . when I had the feelings, which I still have, that there but for the grace of God, I should be myself—casual, enjoying the moment, getting into debt, and being overburdened with children, about whom I was able to do very little. They could perfectly well remedy this, was her attitude; indeed the State should remedy in spite of all their folly."

"It is this unfortunate direction," comments Mrs. Hobhouse, "which by their very great intellectual force they gave to the Labour movement in this country which makes one wonder whether it will ever recover from the damage done to it by the Webbs and the Fabian movement."

"Most revealing of all, I remember, was one day after their Russian visit. I had asked the headmistress of one of our local secondary schools who had been on an extensive tour down to the Ukraine to come and meet them. Over the teacups the headmistress mentioned her horror at finding her party in a station where several cattle-trucks of 'enemies of the State' had been pulled up at a siding on their way to Siberia. 'Very bad stage management,' said Aunt Bo severely. 'Ridiculous to let you see them; the English are always so sentimental!' At which the headmistress, rather shocked, said: 'But Mrs. Webb, they were starving and held out their hands for food—they were in a pitiable condition.' 'I know,' the great one replied, 'but you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs.'

Last Surviving Anarchist?

IN a broadcast on 'Bringing New Life to the Po Delta', Ninetta Jucker mentioned the stormy past of this region of Italy. "In fact," she said, "for scores of years, and until the end of this war, many Delta men have seen exile and confinement on the islands. Armando

THE Society for Education through Art has been running annual exhibitions in London since 1947 and Wales since 1951. They show the work of a large number of artists in a wide variety of media (sculpture and pottery as well as flat pictures), but they differ from other miscellaneous exhibitions in three important respects. The selection committees consist of "artists working with educationists" (whatever they are), the exhibits are for sale during the exhibition only to or for educational bodies, and a ballot box is provided where children (sorted according to age and sex) are asked to post votes for their favourite exhibit.

Borghesi, Italy's last surviving anarchist, describes the peculiar gait of those who returned after forty years of carrying a ball chained to their feet."

This led to a letter in *The Listener* pointing out that Armando Borghesi would happily disclaim the title of Italy's last surviving anarchist, "for the weekly *Umanità Nova* which he edits would hardly survive on a readership of one, and nor would the anarchist monthly *Volontà* whose contributors include some very distinguished writers, and whose editors were the ultimate victors in the long-drawn-out prosecution a few years back for dissemination of contraceptive information. Indeed the frequent prosecution of anarchist propagandists, from Trieste to Ragusa (where the publishers of *L'Agitazione del Sud* are at present 'under process' for allegedly defaming the clergy) is an indication of the active survival of anarchist ideas in Italy."

All Verry Courrteous

AN article in the February issue of *Readers Digest* (U.S. edition) describes 'Speaker's Corner' in Hyde Park, and tells the "more than two million families" who read the magazine that

"At one end of this street of a million words, in the shade of benevolent plane trees, the London Anarchist Group tries to persuade attentive listeners that governments would make fewer mistakes if they didn't exist at all. The meetings, especially when Miss Rita Milton, an attractive Scottish lass, is on the platform, are among the most orderly, the most sweetly reasonable, of any in Hyde Park. 'This isn't a Tory meeting,' says Miss Milton with her musical burr. 'This is an anarchist meeting and we're all verry courrteous.'"

This Robert Burns view of Rita is at least a change from the usual hack article on Hyde Park, although the incidental anecdotes crop up in the last of them, in the *New York Times Magazine* which however in its Hyde Park piece characterised Rita as 'a fiery female Demosthenes'.

The dear old *Reader's Digest* is back on form in another article in the same issue in which Howard Upton concludes,

"When you look at the total picture, it is not the militant non-conformist who is the hero of our age. The real hero is the fellow you see with the brief case, waiting to catch the night plane to Houston to see what he can do about sacking up that big double-threaded-pipe order."

Perhaps he means René Houston!

A Change for the Better

The general idea is to encourage local authorities to buy original works of art as well as reproductions for their schools; an idea which caught on magnificently in the post-war elation of 1947 and is now widely accepted. And the Society for Education through Art "feels justified in claiming, among all its other works, to have established a new form of patronage for artists, as well as an element of delight in the education of English and Welsh schoolchildren"

But at my first visit to a Pictures for Schools exhibition, two years ago, I had the distinct impression that the SEA was in fact encouraging pompous amateurism and nauseating bad taste, and inviting local authorities to add to the misery of miserable schools by hanging muck on the walls.

I was careful not to remember any individual picture, but I cannot forget their collective impact. Whitechapel Art Gallery is a large, light, airy, cheerful room, and on the day of my visit the sun was shining brightly through the glass roof; but somehow, with the Pictures for Schools exhibition there, the room seemed dark, dirty and cramped. The genius of the selection committee had recreated, within that cheerful space, the authentic atmosphere of the dreary, prison-like nineteenth century board school, and in nearly every picture one saw the dull, inhibited hand of a whipped, cowed, ignorant, weary, half starved, miserable, snivelling nineteenth century schoolchild. Some of the pictures were well made from an academic point of view, some of them were decorative, and quite a lot were unusual in technique. But I honestly decided that were I a teacher or official with the job of buying pictures for exhibition to children, I would prefer any reasonable reproduction to any of these originals. And I decided also that I would never go to another SEA show.

This year, however, a young artist I know quite well happened to have a picture in the exhibition, and I thought I ought to go see it; I could leave quickly, without examining the other pictures, if I found the general atmosphere of the exhibition too depressing. But I was pleasantly surprised to find it was not depressing at all; Whitechapel Art Gallery was no less bright and cheerful than usual. The exhibits varied much in quality, but most of them were quite pleasant, many of them (especially the sculptures) were beautifully made, and the few works of gloomy pomposity were no match for the happy creative ingenuity of their neighbours.

Let me give an example of gloomy pomposity first, and get it over. A piece of plywood or board is given a coat of jet black paint, put on as smoothly as possible. When this is dry, the area is divided by means of horizontal and vertical blue lines into unequal squares and rectangles; then an object or two is painted on each rectangle, from life, by

an artist with little skill or vision, who bravely does his best to imitate the object's external appearance in muddy paint. I made a list of the objects in such painting, reading from left to right, top row first:

A grey playing card (three hearts); a pair of khaki scissors; five grey dice; a grey pebble (?); a pair of khaki compasses; a grey garlic or shallot root; two grey dominoes; a pair of small khaki shells; a box of khaki matches; a grey safety pin; a khaki pastry wheel; a large grey (fossil?) shell; two grey buttons; a grey tack; and a khaki wooden salt-cellar (?).

I do not know why the selection committee accepted that one; I cannot honestly suppose they thought any educational body would fork out forty guineas for a demonstration to the kids of how misery can be made of mediocrity. But taking the exhibition as a whole, one can see what this year's selectors are aiming at. They have chosen works that will improve the look of the room they are placed in, works calculated to please children for one reason or another, and works executed in unusual and ingenious media.

In the latter categories are pictures in mosaic, ceramic, embroidery and fabric, collage, a felt pen drawing of a landscape, a bas relief in cement and various sorts of prints (one grim reminder of 1956, a dark grey oil painting of a head, or something casting shadows, is falsely described in the catalogue as a silk screen print; this must be a misprint, for surely no artist would send in a false description of his work to give it a better chance of acceptance). Originality in the choice of media, however, was not lacking in the 1956 exhibition. What really distinguishes this show from that is that 1956 was mostly stiffness and gloom while 1958 is mostly imagination and gaiety.

Indeed, there are places this year where ingenuity of technique, visual sparkle and stimulus to the imagination are combined in one exhibit. There is, for instance, the huge statue in interlocking lumps of wood of a fascinating "Fairy Tale Cat" and there is the small picture which so attracted the smallest member of our party, "Tumblers and Seaweed".

This is a panel about six inches high by thirty inches long, depicting white acrobats against a parti-coloured background (I fail to see any seaweed); from a distance it looks like enamel work, but on closer inspection it seems that the background is embroidered in coloured wool and the acrobats filled in with white enamel paint. To anyone seeking something worthwhile to decorate a smallish room in a nursery or infants school, I commend this modest picture.

And to anyone who, like me, is interested in the SEA idea but was put off the group itself by an earlier exhibition, I suggest giving them another chance.

D.R.

FREEDOM BOOKSHOP

OPEN DAILY

(Open 10 a.m.—6.30 p.m., 5 p.m. Sats.)

New Books . . .

Hearts not Heads in the School
A. S. Neill 7/6
From the Other Shore
Alexander Herzen

Reprints . . .

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(Abridged by author)
David Reisman 8/-
Birth of Tragedy
Frederick Nietzsche 8/-

Second-Hand . . .

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Alvan F. Senborn 20/-
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Ethel Mannin 3/-
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Periodicals . . .

Views and Comments
February, No. 26 3d.
N.E.—From February 17th onwards we are having an International Book Sale. Hundreds of books (from "East Lynne" to Beverley Nichols) will be sold at 1/- each.

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OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN

OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN
by Anna Judge Veters Levy.
The World's Work (1973)
Ltd. 18s.

IN an age when political and social pressures are resulting in increasing conformity, when individual liberty is being assailed by the cancer of non-liberal ideologies and by "security" measures in the race for technological supremacy and the possession of greater media for mass destruction, when the grosser prejudices of the undereducated majority of the world's peoples are being deliberately cultivated by unscrupulous use of the various means of mass communication, when, in fact, 1984 seems just around the corner, it is surprising how much honest-to-goodness decency and love for humanity still exists. In every community there are the men and women who, either through voluntary effort or by choice of vocation, devote their lives to the alleviation of the burdens and sufferings of others.

Judge Levy and those who work with her at the First City Court, New Orleans, would appear to be such people. Compassion and understanding shine out from every page of this profoundly moving book.

The author has chosen fourteen cases from the thousands which have come

before her in the juvenile court to show how children can suffer as a result of adult behaviour. Not all the children about whom she writes are delinquent, and not all the cases have happy endings. In these chapters we meet the children from broken homes, the child whose mother was a prostitute, the boy seduced by the homosexual, the child ill-treated by the foster parent and others.

The handling of the various cases by the Court shows remarkable understanding of, and sympathy with, the children concerned. If only that could always be said of the decisions of juvenile courts. Unfortunately the attitude of those in the Court towards children does not seem to extend to other organizations responsible for the handling of youngsters. The description of the detention home in the chapter on "Harry's Children" shows a rather alarming state of affairs.

These are "other people's children" but this book should make many parents think. No one is perfect but, as Judge Levy says in her Epilogue: "Children who are genuinely loved and cherished by their parents seldom need to be brought into court".

This book deserves to be widely read, not only by those whose concern is with children in trouble but by those who have children of their own.

A.C.F.C.

POLITICAL NURSERY RHYMES

I

Rhyme after Rochdale

Sing a song of Grimond
A pocketful of votes,
For lots of little sheep
Sided with the goats.
When the votes were counted
The Libs began to sing
'O praises be to Ludovic
That's done this wondrous thing.'
The Cons were in their dumping-ground
A-dumping of their scruples,
The Libs were in the studio
A-screening of their pupils.
The Libs were asking Gladstone
To take the reigns of power—
What was the cynic saying—
'This was their finest hour?'

II

Pop Goes the Lolly

Up and down the estimates
In and out the Budget,
That's the way the taxes go
You mustn't grudge it.
Half a gross of atom bombs
Half an ounce of welfare,
That's the way your money goes
Who says it ain't fair?

III

Ike's Thoughts

He thought he saw a satellite
That whizzed around the earth.
He looked again and found it was
A thing of little worth.
'But we will put one up' he said.
—It died before its birth.
He thought he saw another one
That circled round the globe.
He looked again and found it was
The Jewish prophet Job.
'A rotten Russian trick' he said,
'Let's have a missile probe.'
He thought he saw some stars and
stripes
Quite high up in the sky.
He looked again and found it was
A slice of custard pie.
'It's quite beyond a joke' he said,
'We must have another try.'
He thought he saw John Foster D.
Flying through the air.
He looked again and found it was
A General Motors' share.
'At last! Now all can see' he said,
'Democracy's up there.'

M.G.W.

Do we Need the Aeroplane?

Continued from p. 1

posed to "time savers", not because "time is money", which is the argument of every advertiser of gadgets, readers' digests, potted Beethoven* and air travel, but because anything which reduces the hours spent in necessary routine work increases the hours of leisure to enjoy life to the full. However, "time savers" which result in duodenal ulcers, coronary thrombosis, or any of the long list of industrial diseases; which encourage neuroses, insomnia . . . and even indigestion; which increase the everyday risk to life and limb, these, to our minds are questionable as "time savers" in that in the long—or short—run they are life-killers! And it is in this category that we would place aeroplanes.

We are far from convinced, in spite of scientific Man's yearnings for Mars and the Moon, that air travel can ever represent progress in the sense of *change for the benefit of mankind*, since it carries with it risks which far outweigh its only advantage which is of time-saving.

In thinking about this problem we are both subjective and objective. Being only one of some 2,000 million humans inhabiting this planet, and not being a "star" in the world of football, entertainment (high-brow or low-brow), politics or "culture", our approach to the question of "time-saving" could be more modest, more personal . . . and we venture to suggest, more practical and pleasurable! Even without statistics (though we propose to illustrate our subjective thought with some!) we had long ago come to the conclusion that air travel was not our idea of progress. We refused to be influenced either by the fact that the Jones' always travel by air, or by the gibes of those who accuse one of being a coward, a "cissy" or old-fashioned! Such "arguments" no more convince us of the validity of air travel than the threat of a white feather ever converted us into supporting the last war! Life is too short to rush through it blindly and at break-neck speed (often breaking one's neck long before one's time!), and those individuals who feel this way must draw the line somewhere and declare that for them not the air-lanes but the country lanes and the old-fashioned railways, motor coaches and ships!

★

THE aeroplane is perhaps one of man's greatest technological achievements yet, at the same time, the one which has created the greatest amount of human misery. For every life saved with it thousands have been destroyed in war and peace. It has become the right hand of the business-man and the politician, and the god of progress for the ordinary man. It has destroyed the adventure and poetry in travel. "Breakfast in London, dinner in Cairo", that is the advertising angle that sells air travel to a time-obsessed public, as if between London and Cairo there was only atmosphere and cloud!

Apart from those people who have more money than sense, and for whom, as the gossip columns of the Press inform us, it is nothing to cross the Atlantic to attend a cocktail party, the majority who have to work in another man's office or factory for their daily bread can, at most, have one holiday a year. Since the

*We recall a reference in these columns to an American gramophone company's advertisement of recordings made by André Kostelanitz of shortened versions of Beethoven's symphonies, which, we were assured, however gave one all the music that mattered in those symphonies!

end of the war it has been the right thing to do to spend one's holidays on the continent. So many people now do it that it has become common-place. Social snobbery, aided and abetted by the advertising boys now decrees that one-upmanship is to travel abroad by air (the next stage, already started, will be to travel by air, *with your car*), and so spend an extra day on the "sundrenched beaches of X." For this extra day not only do the majority of tourists pay the equivalent of a week's wages (in which case they could ask their employer for an extra week unpaid, travel by train and with the money saved on fares spend an extra *four* days sun-drenching themselves!), but take considerable risks which one can only account for on the grounds of false pride (they are not cowards or "cissies"), ignorance or sheer boredom with life.

★

ONLY a moment's thought should convince one that air travel is the most dangerous and hazardous form of transportation, for it is the only one in which engine failure is usually fatal. Further, a motor-car which fails to start, a locomotive which cannot get up steam pressure when the guard blows his whistle, may be frustrating; but an aeroplane which fails to take-off has proved more than once a fatal calamity. Many minor defects can develop in all forms of mechanical transport, which are being continuously subjected to all kinds of stresses and strains. A car can pull-up even on the Simplon Pass, a train can stop in the Simplon Tunnel; an aeroplane, however, cannot land on the Lagginhorn. And last but not least, as we have been reminded by recent train disasters, the human element is common to all forms of transport.

But if this is not sufficiently convincing we offer a few statistics in a last effort to save our friends and readers from an untimely end! As we all know statistics can be made to mean whatever one wants them to mean; we therefore offer our readers a choice and leave it to them to select. If they need reassuring about air travel then we offer a statistical "kwell", for in the years 1952-56 the average "passenger miles flown per passenger killed" were 43,275,000 and that they had risen in 1956 to 72,684,400. If on the other hand they are less interested in passenger-miles and more in the fate of the passengers, they will be less reassured when we tell them that in the period 1952-56 one passenger out of every 68,400 who travelled by air on the three major British lines was killed, even if they may be consoled to learn that in 1956 the death rate was one in 119,200.

By contrast rail travel is safe, and would be much safer if only a fraction of the money that has been spent in subsidising the development of the aeroplane had been devoted to modernisation (including automation) and comfort on the railways. The two recent rail accidents, it should be noted, occurred in dense fog, when air services are completely suspended. Furthermore when one considers that in the past fifty years there have been less than twenty railway accidents in which more than twenty people were killed, and compares the density of rail traffic with that of air traffic one just cannot speak of the safety of the two forms of travel in the same breath.

Railways can be made even safer; we suspect that air travel will become always more hazardous as the volume of traffic increases and the air-lanes become more congested. Mid-air collisions are already occurring in America. (The passengers and crews of two planes, 128 people in all, were killed in a mid-air crash in N. Arizona in June, 1956, and a similar accident occurred at the time of the Munich accident, with a death roll of half that number) and it is, we think, an indication of things to come that whereas the death rate on American railways (per 100 million miles travelled) dropped from 0.10 in the years 1953-55 to 0.07 in 1955

THE tragedy of Poland's history since the Middle Ages is implicit in her geographical position, sandwiched between the expansionist powers on her western frontier—the Austro-Hungarian Empire and Prussia, then Germany—and the leviathan of the east, Russia. The first chapter of Konrad Syrop's *Story of the Polish Revolution in 1956** is entitled "The Legacy of Hate". He hints at the enduring Polish bitterness at the memory of their country's oppression by Tsarist Russia, but begins his story with the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact of 1939, quickly followed by the dismemberment of Poland by Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia. He tells briefly of the disappearance of 15,000 Polish officers and N.C.O.'s taken prisoner by the Russians, who may have been the victims of the Katyn forest massacre; and of the almost unbelievably inhuman decision to leave to their fate the Warsaw underground fighters who rose against the Nazi Occupation in August 1944, lest they should later fight with equal courage against the Communists. Joseph Stalin, that staunch fighter for socialism, wrote to Churchill and Roosevelt: "Sooner or later the truth about the group of criminals who have embarked on the Warsaw adventure in order to seize power will become known to everybody". And while a quarter of a million Polish men, women and children were killed or wounded in 63 days of fighting, the Polish-born general Marshal Rokossovsky stood outside the gates of Warsaw at the head of a Russian army. It was Rokossovsky, of course, who was later appointed Poland's Minister of Defence and was kicked out in the October revolution.

We are reminded of how those two great statesmen Churchill and Roosevelt sold Poland to Big Brother Stalin at Teheran and Yalta, just as surely as Neville Chamberlain and Daladier had sold Czechoslovakia to Hitler. There follows a description of the immediate post-war influence of the various political parties on the people, and of how, as in all the countries of eastern Europe, the

**Spring in October*, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 21s.

the corresponding rates for the recognised air lines increased from 0.48 to 0.76.

The case against air travel is not, of course, a matter of statistics, or of danger and risks involved. Life itself is a risk yet we do not suggest giving it up! On the contrary it is just because we would wish to see people's lives being lived to the full that we oppose all those trends which seek to speed-up the tempo of life at the expense of living. Life, in the industrial countries of the West at least, is rapidly becoming mechanised, stereotyped, artificial and "soul destroying". The boredom, the fed-upness and the couldn't-care-less attitude one is continually meeting at all levels is, to our minds, a direct consequence of this speeding-up process which, on the one hand saves time, while on the other neither equips nor allows people to enjoy the time saved.

The telephone, it is said, has destroyed the art of letter writing. It could be equally said that the aeroplane, as the symbol of this age of speed and time-saving, is destroying the art of conversation . . . and even that of patience! And from the point of view of living that is a bad thing, a retrograde step. Mass communications is satisfying only to mass-minds, people too busy to pause and think for themselves.

But if you agree that life has meaning only through human contact, not the shadows called personalities of the "telly screen" or the predigested views of the Press, but real human beings to whom you communicate your thoughts and who communicate theirs, then you too will be accused by the speed-maniacs of wanting to put back the clock of progress! So be it. We still have to be convinced that a round-the-world trip in eighty hours strapped in a stratospheric super jet aircraft is better than an afternoon picnicing and lovemaking in some green meadow lost in the English countryside with a lovable, loquacious and vivacious companion. The risks are great. But how worthwhile!

BOOK REVIEW

NIPPED IN THE BUD

Communist Party seized power by a combination of terror and fraud.

The most interesting part of the book is that which deals with the revolt of the intellectuals. One young Communist writer declared: "There is chaos in my head. I can see one conclusion emerging from this chaos, and you must see it too: there are no authorities any more, and this applies from the district secretary to the First Secretary of the General Committee". But just as politicians delude themselves into thinking that they determine the course of history because they ultimately take the formal decisions which result in legal change, intellectuals frequently make the mistake of thinking that reform or revolution starts with them, because from among them come those who first express coherently (though not necessarily adequately) the mood of the people. Many striking literary expressions of the feelings of the Polish people under Communism are quoted, but the author admits that they "provided only a pale reflection of the mood of the population, and especially of the workers." This in fact underlines the weakness of this book. One cannot write the story of a revolution (even a bloodless revolution) without describing in some detail the words and actions in which the people express themselves directly, or at very least without bringing to life some of those small dramatic incidents which reveal the spirit of the revolution. But if quotations from poems, articles and speeches are not a satisfactory substitute for the sort of vivid reportage we were given of the Hungarian Revolution, the speeches of politicians are even less so. The author spends two-thirds of a very short book in describing the manoeuvrings of the opposing political factions. No doubt they are not without their interest and even warrant a small place in history, and in a book twice as long one would not complain. But as it is, I felt cheated. It could be due to the paucity of other material, yet at least on the Poznan riots and the ensuing trials the western newspapers gave far fuller and more dramatic accounts than that given here. So it seems fair to assume that it simply reflects the politics-blinkered approach of the author, who, incidentally, although a liberal and strongly anti-Communist (and presumably also a Roman Catholic) obviously greatly admires Gomulka's nerveless handling of an explosive situation. For anarchists the most pleasurable bit in a great barren desert of committees and plenums is likely to be Ochab's denunciation of that old bogey of the Bolsheviks—the anarchist. Attempting to stem the spate of criticism, which had burst beyond the recognised bounds of superficial criticism of personalities and developed into fundamental criticism of the Party and even of Marxism itself, Ochab ingeniously complained: "Some comrades seem to be losing their sense of proportion and their sense of balance between what is justified criticism and utterances expressing

a point of view that cannot be advantageous to the Party. There are people who in public, in the press, and not through the Party, come out against the Party. This shows an unhealthy, anarchistic tendency . . . They are concerned with the Party in words only; in actual fact they hit out at the Party." And Gomulka himself declared:

"We have the right to demand from our youth, especially from university students, that they should keep their ardour in the search for roads leading to the improvement of our present reality, within the framework of the decisions which will be adopted by the present Plenum . . . We can but rejoice at the ardour of our young comrades . . . we are, however, fully justified in demanding from them that they should couple their enthusiasm and ardour with the wisdom of the Party."

A fine sort of ardour that would be, to shackle itself to the resolutions of any party. The youth of Poland rejected it with scorn, and one result was the banning of the student newspaper *Po Prostu* (Plain Speaking) and other measures to suppress the newly won freedom of expression. Konrad Syrop's account ends at the beginning of 1957, and in view of later events one wonders if he would still have called his book *Spring in October* and whether he would have been quite so enthusiastic about Gomulka's tightrope act, had he been writing to-day. What exactly did the Polish Revolution of 1956 achieve? Is it right to call it, even by orthodox standards, a revolution? It is not easy to answer these questions. For a time the principal gain seemed to be much greater freedom of speech. Now one is less sure. Not much is heard any more of the so-called workers' councils set up in emulation of Yugoslavia's and in both cases, as an inevitable consequence of their establishment by the State, so very different from the vigorous workers' councils which sprang up spontaneously in Hungary during the revolution. The standard of living of the people has improved barely or not at all. Yet undoubtedly something was gained by the courageous assertion of independence from Moscow and by the people's expression of deep anger against the secret police and the Communist Party.

The author suggests that it was the Hungarian Revolution which saved the Poles by diverting Russia's forces at the critical moment, and he emphasizes with what agony of mind they watched the crucifixion of their Hungarian brothers. Without intending the least reproach, I cannot help wondering if the comparative restraint shown by the Poles hasn't cost them more in the long run. It still seems to me at least possible that if fighting had broken out in Poland as well as Hungary, it would have sparked off a revolution all over eastern Europe of such proportions that even the great steamroller would have been unable to crush it. But who knows?

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A.I.D. - What is the Alternative?

THE widespread discussion which has followed the Archbishop of Canterbury's fierce denunciation of A.I.D. (Artificial Insemination by Donor) has revolved around the legal and social problems involved without, to our knowledge, adequately presenting the alternatives as far as the individual, childless woman is concerned.

The only leading Christian who has supported the idea of A.I.D. has been Dr. Donald Soper, ex-President of the Methodists, who went so far as to say that even unmarried women should be allowed to conceive children by this method, but behind his embracing of the idea we see the dilemma of the moralist faced with misery which is the direct result of his morality.

Neither Dr. Soper nor any other Christian can condone children born out of wedlock by the normal, casual, method Sexuality unblessed by holy matrimony is a sin, and while the sinner may be forgiven and even well-looked-after (Dr. Soper, for example, has been concerned with the Council for the Care of the Unmarried Mother, in company with many another practising Christian) and the child born of a sinful act not officially stigmatised, there is still a great gulf between tolerance of free sexuality and the practice of good works through which the moralists try to alleviate some of the misery they cause.

The Morals are Wrong

The depressing feature of such activity for the outsider is that there is never, as far as one can see, any realisation that the morals are wrong, not the people who suffer because of them. Christians and all those authoritarians who seek to impose a creed upon humanity have to be convinced that their creed is right, come what may, in spite of the clear fact that humanity on the whole cannot accept it. Neither the Christian code of morality nor, say, the Communist political system is ever embraced honestly by the peoples in countries called Christian or Communist.

Dr. Kinsey demonstrated scientifically what most of us had known for a long time from our own observation—that most people did not entirely practise the strict moral code of Christianity, either before or after marriage. The anti-sexual demands of the Christian religion just do not coincide with the needs of the human animal and so are just not observed. And Hungary has demonstrated— together with the ferment the Hungarian revolt caused in other Communist countries—that at the first sign of weakness in the government a people claimed as 'Communists' by the Communists are liable to burst their bonds and do their damndest to get out from under their yoke.

In either case those who support the authority being flouted by the people are wrong and the authority right. So the Communists hysterically justify the re-imposition of a bloody tyranny in Hungary and the Christians sanguinely look on while the facade of morality ruins lives and creates widespread unhappiness.

The Cross We Bear

For the dogmatic, respectable Christian—fortunately in a minority—unhappiness caused by sinning is the just wage of sin,

and unhappiness caused by *not* sinning is the cross we have to bear in our worship of our Lord. Either way you can't win when the prevailing morality is puritan.

Now this is just where someone like Donald Soper gets into a cleft stick. He is a puritan. He is anti-drink, anti-tobacco, anti-gambling, and a socialist not because he thinks socialism will liberate the human being, but because he thinks Jesus was a socialist and therefore it approximates to God's will on Earth. He is, however, a humane person and as such cannot blind himself to the misery of those who suffer through some aspect of the application of the Christian code—perhaps through no direct fault of their own.

Nor, apparently, does he see every human condition as the result of God's will. Which raises, surely, a few more dilemmas, though not necessarily new ones for Christians. Dr. Soper sees the childless spinster frustrated, and is prepared to condone her bearing a child by artificial insemination. But surely, for a Christian, her single condition is God's chosen condition for her? The devout Christian believes that all things good and beautiful flow from Him above, and that if something happens to us which cannot be described as good and beautiful, that is God's will also. It is His inscrutable judgment upon us for something or other.

God's Will

God therefore decides which woman shall be blessed in holy wedlock and which shall be deprived of that joy, and He also decides which of the wedded shall be blessed by the fruits of their union and which shall remain infertile. He works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform and we've just got to grin and bear it.

The God of the Catholics, one hundred years ago, sent a vision to a girl called Bernadette at a place called Lourdes, in France, whence ever since thousands of devout believers have made pilgrimages in search of cures for their ills. Some miracles are said to have taken place and some sick are said to have been healed. The vast majority of the pilgrims, however, having perhaps spent a life-time's savings on the journey, drag their sick bodies back home again, wondering why God did not choose them to be healed. And not even the infallible Pope can answer them other than 'It is God's will.'

But when the Pope himself is struck down with an illness, he is not whisked off to Lourdes for a miracle—tho' surely the Lord would smile on him! No, then, instead, a baker's dozen of doctors and specialists are whisked along to the Vatican to drag him back from death's door.

In his last illness the Pope was so far gone that he was having a conversation with Jesus when the doctors' will was done and he was brought back to earth.

Why Interfere?

Now why is modern science allowed to interfere with God's will in this way? If it is sinful to interfere with a pregnancy, or, conversely, to induce a pregnancy by means other than those devised

by God and blessed by the Church, why is it not sinful to interfere with the other ailments with which God afflicts the human race and the Pope, in His mysterious way?

Jesus, according to the good book, cured the blind, made the dead get up and walk and persuaded a prostitute to mend her sinful ways, through power vested in him by his Father. These are presumably rather special cases, and the Lord's bounty is not going to extend to the rest of us. It would seem then that man has arrogantly established the National Health Service to save sinners from the judgment of the Lord, and those doctors who practise A.I.D. are giving children to women who have been selected by divine blight to be childless.

What the result of this blasphemy will be one cannot tell. But certainly any Christian who, like Donald Soper, is prepared to condone A.I.D. and even extend it to those not chosen by God even to be married, is skating on very thin ice indeed. The next step will surely be to condone abortion. If it is all right to interfere with God's will when he wills unwanted infertility, why not when he wills unwanted fertility?

Satisfaction Without Sin

In this matter the Archbishop of Canterbury is a better Christian than Donald Soper, although one would hardly have guessed from his effusion on A.I.D. that he was a Christian at all; he sounded more like an expert on the legal implications of heredity, for his speech was more concerned with property rights than with morality. But Donald Soper tries so hard to be a decent, rational, humane socialist, while clinging to God and to gentle Jesus, that he at times ignores the implications of his faith.

For such a person, however, A.I.D. presents a way out of one dilemma, or one part of one dilemma: the unhappiness caused by Christian morality. A.I.D. enables a woman who, for whatever reason, has been left behind in the matrimonial rat-race, to satisfy one of her most important biological functions *without sin*. That is, without sinful knowledge of a man.

Not even such a broad-minded Christian as Soper can justify fornication by the unmarried, or adultery by the married. Artificial insemination provides a loop-

hole—if that is the appropriate word—for desirable results to come without undesirable, sinful methods. The scientific get-in provides a very handy get-out for the hypocrites who want to have their cake and eat it too.

In fact, of course, this provides the whole reason for A.I.D. It provides a method for a wife who finds she is married to a sterile husband, for better or for worse, till death do them part, to have a child of her own without committing adultery. Thus does science come to the rescue of mumbo-jumbo.

It is interesting to notice that many of the arguments used against A.I.D. arise out of the very precautions taken to make it respectable. The anonymity of the donor, for example, is designed precisely to eliminate embarrassment, claims of parentage, and any taint of adultery. This, however, has been seized upon by the objectors as making it possible for incest and inter-marriage to unwittingly take place between children of the same anonymous donor.

The Real Solution

But all those problems could disappear if only their root cause were tackled instead of hypocritical, piecemeal solutions being applied with one eye on the needs of a human being and the other on the obscurantism of the moralists.

The only real solution to this and all kindred problems is the scrapping of the unrealistic Christian moral code which deprives men and women alike of all dignity in their use of their bodies. If practised consistently Christian monogamy and the abstinence it presupposes before marriage would result in untold misery. As it is, the conflicts and guilts which arise even among many who disregard it in practice bring much suffering in their wake, and the exclusive possessiveness which is instilled at an early age is terribly hard to shed even when reason sees the harm it does.

Yet exclusiveness, possessiveness, jealousy, all stem from monogamy, and will only disappear when monogamy disappears. The need for artificial insemination by anonymous donor will disappear when society no longer deprives a woman of the right to choose the father or fathers of her children freely and without stigma and no longer puts property and propriety before human happiness.

THE COLLECTION

X, A North African, works in a factory in the Paris area, which has seven hundred workers. Of these seven hundred workers, a hundred and forty are North Africans, of whom X is one.

X is the secretary of the branch of the C.G.T. and delegate of the factory personnel.* He is also a member of the A.G.T.A. (l'Amicale Générale des Travailleurs Algériens résidents en France).

Some time ago a young woman working in the factory lost her husband, who had been recalled for service in Algeria. He was a former member of the U.J.R.F.

At once, several militants of the C.G.T. decided to organise a collection. They went to find X, and spoke to him about it. First of all X refused.

*At the time of the last union elections the C.G.T. obtained three-quarters of the votes.

Among his North African comrades in the factory there are many who have lost numerous members of their families, victims of the repression. The cause that they represent, he said, was more just than that for which the husband of the woman had fallen.

"And no one has ever thought of making a collection for them, my North African comrades," X added.

However, after this first reaction, X reflected. His cause, however glorious it might be, his position, however clear it was, would it be one that his French comrades would understand? And then, what about the solidarity of the working class, was that not brought into jeopardy?

X decided to participate in the collection. He went to see his Algerian comrades. He discussed with them this matter and won them over. The Algerian workers gave some money for the wife of their French comrade fallen in Algeria. Then X went to see the French workers.

"Ah, the swine . . ." said the French workers. "These fellagahs, talk about dung heaps . . .", they added.

X continued the collection nonetheless. One man among his comrades, a machine fitter, said to him, "This should make your heart sick, this collection. In your place I would not have been able to do it. You have courage."

The collection was made. The money was given to the young woman. X was not present, because he works in a neighbouring workshop. But the machine fitter was there. He said to the young woman:

"There is a fellow whom you ought to thank, it is X."

The young woman looked at him, hesitated, then decided. "They are all the same," she said. She refused to see X.

(Happily there exist some factories and workshops where a less one-sided solidarity exists between French and Algerian workers. But this story reveals so well the reality of a certain climate of opinion that we have judged it necessary to publish it).

—from *France Observateur* (30/1/58).
Translated by A.W.U.

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*Indicates regular contributor.

FREEDOM

But that will be in a society where authority has disappeared also, for authority needs all these means to keep us in chains. It will be in an anarchist society but even to-day men and women can establish freer relationships if they wish, and so take a step towards a freer society.

The alternatives to A.I.D. to-day are the frustration of the maternal instinct, adoption, or adultery if married, formation if single. Of these the Church will condone only the second, adoption. For many women, however, this is a second best, for, strange as it may seem to men, they actually desire the experience of creating a child of their own, painful and uncomfortable though it may be.

This natural (God-given?) right is precisely what the Christians seek to deny them, as they have sought to deny men and women the joys of sexuality through the ages. For the anarchist adoption would seem to be a good enough solution, since it solves (up to a point) the problems—the foster-mother's and child's. But if a woman desires to have a child of her own, there isn't the slightest reason why she should not, by the normal method if she can find a man to co-operate. And that isn't usually difficult.

If she finds this repugnant, this is simply one more manifestation of the terrible power of the moralists. They have a lot to answer for.

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Fortnightly public discussions are held on alternate Mondays at 7.45 p.m. in the basement of 12, Oak Hill Park (off Froggnal) N.W.3. Nearest tube station: Hampstead (Northern Line).

February 24th, 1958. Aspects of Anarchism. Opened by JOHN SMITH

★ Malatesta Club ★

SWARAJ HOUSE, 32 PERCY STREET, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1.

ACTIVITIES

Every Sunday at 7.30 p.m. London Anarchist Group Meetings (see Announcements Column)

Every Wednesday at 8 p.m. BONAR THOMPSON speaks

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In Brief

Only £6 Million for World Health

GENEVA, JANUARY 27.

The executive board of the United Nations World Health Organisation today recommended a working budget for 1959 of £5,700,000.—Reuter.

[Britain alone spends three hundred times that amount in a year preparing for world destruction.]

Sense from the Bench

A New York Judge has rejected a woman's argument that her divorced husband was not entitled to the custody of her two children because they were born by artificial insemination from a donor. Supreme Court Judge Vincent Lupiano said: "Determination of children's custody and visitation must rest solely on their welfare."—Reuter.

Biter Bit

PRETORIA, SATURDAY.

The former private secretary to Mr. Strydom, the South African Premier, and leading advocate of apartheid—the segregation of white and coloured people—pleaded guilty here to-day to an offence concerning a 19-year-old African woman.

News of the World 2/2/58.

Moscow & Rochdale

MOSCOW, FEBRUARY 15.

The "lesson of Rochdale," according to the Soviet Government newspaper *Izvestia*, is that the ordinary British people are demanding an end to the arms race.—Reuter.

[Obviously Moscow doesn't know much about either the Labour or Liberal programmes!]

Let's Join the Human Race

Customs officials at Manchester Airport yesterday relaxed rules so that a Yugoslav woman, who is crippled and could not leave an aircraft, could meet a niece whom she had not seen for twenty years. This she did in an empty air liner on the tarmac.

The Yugoslav, Mrs. Hermine Reichard, who crossed the Atlantic yesterday to live with her only son, had written to tell her niece, Mrs. Erdley, a Czech, of Whitehall Lodge, Pages Lane, London, N.10, that she was going to America, and that the aeroplane would call for 30 minutes at Manchester.

The crew joined passengers in a transit lounge so that the two women could spend their limited time together alone.

(Manchester Guardian).