

Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"No society based on centralized power has been able to dispense with large groups of people whose make-up is in no way different from that of punishable delinquents."

—ALEX COMFORT.

FOOD & POVERTY

WE sometimes forget when discussing this period of Western economic prosperity that, not only are there pockets of poverty throughout the Western nations, but that poverty is widespread in the underdeveloped countries.

Such economic aid as the West does provide is either limited and tied with it political conditions, or based on long term economic returns.

The idea that poor countries should be assisted on humanitarian grounds is alright when confined to political speeches and church sermons, but profits must take priority over need, and arguments, to defend the means by which wealth is accumulated by a minority, are more important than people.

It is this attitude which has to be changed before any solutions to the problem of hunger will ever be accepted by the wealthier nations.

Widespread indifference is always under attack by a few dedicated people, but those who have any influence at all are invariably wasting their energies by appealing to the "good will" of Governments.

Last week, Lord Boyd Orr, at a conference sponsored by the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief made such an appeal, and while we do not in any way wish to denigrate the work done by him in the field of famine relief, his experience should have taught him that he will not get very far with his plea for a ten per cent. world cut on arms expenditure.

Small as the sum would be, £4,000 million a year, compared to the colossal sums being spent on arms, we cannot see governments agreeing to such an obvious way of providing a fund to use for those areas "where hunger and disease are still rampant."

Lord Boyd Orr stated that the main reason usually given for poverty in underdeveloped countries, was a shortage of experts to deal with the problem of growing food. On the basis of his experience he states that there are thousands of people who know more about growing food than we do in this country, but who are handicapped by lack of fertilisers, steel and equipment.

The argument is often advanced as a justification for war that it is "nature's way" of depleting the population which would otherwise have to maintain an ever-increasing hungry section. From his knowledge of science and population Boyd Orr dispels this comforting view:

"If the nations of the world will co-operate, we can wash out the hunger of the world in 10 years and provide enough food for the increasing world population for the next 100 years. We have reached the biggest crisis in the evolution of the human race. Scientists have given us enormous new powers and

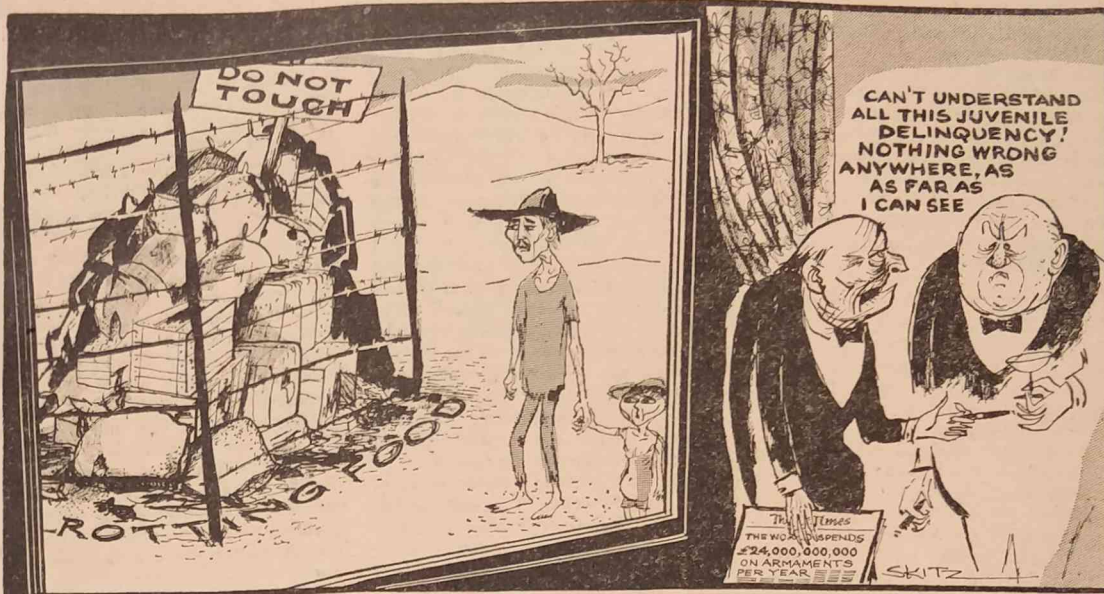
the problem of the world today is whether Governments will have the intelligence to use these powers for the benefit of the world.

"They have to co-operate for mutual advantage or fight for their mutual destruction. By co-operating on something positive, like world hunger, they will be led to co-operate on other things.

"The world has never, except during the war, set itself to provide food according to human needs. Lord Woolton's wartime food policy was a great demonstration of what can be done and what is wanted for the world.

"The West grows food not to feed hungry people, but to make a profit."

Can we hope that governments will respond to his plea? Such a revolution in government thinking is inconceivable.



Item for the Agenda

That the United Nations is a Threat to Peace

IT has always seemed to us extraordinary that anyone could honestly believe that an organisation such as the U.N. could actually promote peaceful relations between the nations of the world. Every time the United Nations is called-in to deal with a crisis somewhere in the world invariably that crisis suddenly assumes world-wide proportions involving the political big guns of every nation large and small. The issue in the Congo, complex as it may have been so far as the Congo itself was concerned, was not a crisis of world-wide importance by any stretch of the imagination. But the moment that country's political problems were tossed onto the gaming tables of the United Nations, it suddenly became the centre of attraction, a political prize for some, a source of political irritation for others; some countries felt that

national pride was at stake, others that national pride and importance in world politics could be enhanced by the outcome of the Congo crisis.

And only the Secretary-General and the well-paid officials of the U.N. could maintain that supranational approach, which in theory should always guide the United Nations in its efforts for Peace. And a cynic might suggest that this is understandable since Mr. Hammarskjöld and his staff have a very strong, and lucrative interest in trying to maintain (or establish) the authority of the United Nations!

IN his speech to the Security Council last week Mr. H. pointed out that the United Nations' efforts to bring peace to the Congo had not received full support from Belgium, the Congolese Central Government (which had shown "great impatience") and provincial leaders. In other words the political parties to the crisis were the very elements to offer major resistance to the efforts of the United Nations. And the Secretary General added

"This tendency to sow distrust has not been without support from other quarters outside the Congo. It does not help the United Nations' effort if one or more countries threaten to take matters into their own hands and pursue a separate course."

But this has been the pattern of reactions to United Nations activity

since that organisation came into existence. When Mr. H. declared that—

"I do not hesitate to say that the speediest possible—I would even say immediate—achievement of a solution of the Congo problem is a question of peace or war, and when saying peace or war I do not limit my perspective to the Congo. A delay now, hesitation now, efforts to safeguard national or group interest now in a way that would hamper the United Nations' effort, would risk values immeasurably greater than any of those which such action may be intended to protect. This applies to all parties, first of all the one [Belgium] to which the Security Council has addressed its appeal."

—he was confessing that the United Nations, far from being an active force for Peace might well be responsible for creating a war situation

as a result of its authority being flouted by any of the so-called "United" nations. "Hampering the United Nations effort" would "risk values immeasurably greater than any of those which such action may be intended to protect". It is clear what he means and presumably believes to be true. Surely, in that case, he has put forward the strongest possible argument for disbanding the United Nations!

The Congo crisis is no more a cause for a world conflagration than the much more serious crisis in Algeria which continues on its own bloody way. The white world, shocked by the sight of Belgian settlers fleeing from their magnificent homes in Leopoldville, from their servants and their privileges

Continued on p. 3

NO END OF EMERGENCY FOR BLACK S. AFRICANS

JOHANNESBURG, AUGUST 8.

Dr. Verwoerd's announcement at a republican rally in Lichtenburg on Saturday that the state of emergency was likely to be lifted by the end of August has focussed attention on the plight of thousands of Africans, many of them youths, who have been arrested under the emergency regulations and kept in custody without any trial for several months.

They are officially classed as "idlers" which could signify that they had no reference books or identity passes in their possession at the time of arrest or had no visible means of livelihood or were suspected of criminal habits. Their exact numbers are unknown but are estimated at over 8,000. Relatives and friends have great difficulty in ascertaining their whereabouts and no way of getting in touch with them in any event. Courts under magistrates are reportedly held in the prisons but the proceedings are private, and no legal representation is permitted, nor are sentences disclosed where the accused are not released.

The Transvaal acting Attorney General has withdrawn the case against 53 Africans out of 76 who were arrested after the Sharpeville trouble on March 21. One died while in custody and 22 are left to meet charges of public violence arising out of the disturbances. Many were arrested in hospital when recovering from wounds suffered in the shooting.

Prelude to a Purge?

VIENNA, AUGUST 8.

Prague Radio said that an estimated 500,000 tons of grain—about one-third of the total deliveries—must be counted as lost this year because of delays and inefficient harvesting methods.

British United Press.

Footnotes for the A.I.D. Report

OUR views on the extraordinary conclusions of the Feversham Committee (FREEDOM, July 30th) on the consequences of artificial insemination were borne out by four people interviewed on a B.B.C. T.V. programme last week, conducted by a psychiatrist.

It will be remembered that this committee concluded by a majority, that A.I.D. is socially undesirable and its practice should be discouraged. Their main objections do not stand up to analysis and are contrary to the experience of people who have actually practised this method of conception.

Two of the four people interviewed were the parents of an A.I.D. child, the other two were the parents of normally conceived children, the father of whom, with his wife's consent had been a donor.

The couple who had had a child by artificial insemination, because the husband was infertile, arrived at their decision after careful consideration of the problems which might arise. They had considered adoption but ruled it out as the wife wished to "experience having a child". Their expressed intention was to have another child by A.I.D., and they did not hesitate to recommend "the method" to couples

similarly placed.

Readers will also remember the irrelevant passage in the Feversham report which casts doubts on the motives of a man who is prepared to accept the role of donor. The report read that "he does not appear to have a proper sense of his responsibilities towards the child he is party to conceiving or towards society".

It was, therefore, interesting to hear the views of such a man who, it turns out, was asked to consider being a donor by his doctor. He agreed after consultation with his wife, and one did not gain the impression that he was without a "proper sense of responsibility". His wife, being a mother, was sympathetic to the childless woman and saw no reason why her husband should not act as a donor if he wished.

We do not suggest that the experiences of four people in their different roles prove conclusively that A.I.D. is not "socially undesirable", but it helps to confirm our own view that people "who are prepared to go to the extreme of A.I.D., are likely to be more responsible in their behaviour towards each other and the child, than if, for example, a child is legally conceived "by accident" and resented by parents".

SINKING!

PROGRESS OF A DEFICIT! WEEK 32

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DEFICIT	£109

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Total	4 8 9
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1960 TOTAL TO DATE £531 2 11

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Geoffrey Ostergaard's Summer School Lecture Beatniks and the Beat Generation

(A lecture delivered at the London Anarchist Group Summer School and Camp, Sunday 31st July, 1960.)

TO begin to understand the Beat Generation it is necessary to forget 90 per cent of what one has heard or read about them. A few years ago Herb Caen, a San Francisco columnist, discovered 'beatniks' in his back yard. His story proved 'good copy'; it was taken up and embroidered by fellow journalists; and in no time at all it was being given the full treatment by the wide boys on Madison Avenue. As a result the public image of the 'beatniks' is a confused and confusing picture of a group of long-haired, unwashed jazz-crazy juvenile delinquents who spend half their days careering across the American continent in beat-up jalopies to join one mad party after another and the rest of their time writing obscene poetry and novels under the influence of marijuana and Zen Buddhism.

There is of course some truth in the publicists' picture, otherwise it wouldn't be good copy: Daz may not wash whitest but it is used for washing. For someone in a hurry, however, it would be unprofitable to try to sift the grain from the journalistic chaff: the time would be better occupied reading Kerouac, Ginsberg, Carl Solomon, etc. at first hand or, if one must go to secondary sources, Normal Mailer's perceptive essay on *The White Negro* and (despite its faults) the recently published book, *The Holy Barbarians*, by Lawrence Lipton, a sympathetic study based largely on his own experiences as the Big Daddy of the Venice community of hipsters.

In preparing this lecture I have leaned heavily on both Mailer and Lipton but my real excuse for pontificating on this subject is that I have actually seen, touched, smelt and otherwise communed with real live American hipsters. Thanks to the generosity of one of those billionaire foundations which dispense outdoor relief to overworked and underpaid

university lecturers, I spent the academic year 1959-60 at the University of California, Berkeley—an institution ideally situated for studying the San Francisco hipsters. During my stay in Berkeley, I made sporadic dashes across the Bay into the night-life frontier of San Francisco's north Beach, a centre of beat life. Like any earnest tourist, I 'dug the beatnik scene' a little. I visited several of the better known haunts: I descended into the depths of The Cellar where the allegedly new art form Jazz-Poetry or Poetry-Jazz—the issue of precedence is not yet decided—first broke upon an unstartled world; I sipped cold beer served by barmaids in leotards at the Vesuvius where a sign in the window advertises 'Booths for Psychiatrists' and studied the faces of its odd collection of cool customers in between watching the old-fashioned magic-lantern stuffed with antique post-cards—a welcome change from the ubiquitous TV; and I scoffed a 65 cent salami sandwich and a handful of hot green peppers at Dante's Billiard Parlour where the genuine back-room pool players, cigar smoke and juke box opera combined to create the looked-for atmosphere. Such lone wolf forays were better no doubt than the all-in 7 dollar Greyhound escorted tours for squares, although the territory covered was less. Despite my investment of 75 cents in Poor Richard's Guide to Non-Tourist San Francisco, I missed out for example on the Anxious Asp: it is now a matter of small regret that I never rested my bottom in its celebrated 'rest rooms' papered with leaves from the Kinsey Report.

However, I did penetrate further into the subterranean world of the beats than most tourists. I found friends who, if not beat, were assuredly off-beat. Through them I met some who, to the outside world at least, appear the genuine breed: Lawrence Ferlinghetti, for example, the poet and publisher of the City Lights Press who gave *Howl* its first airing and who organised a successful operation against those foolish squares who could see nothing in it but obscene four-lettered words. On one occasion I even participated in the ritual of a 'tea-party' and, with determined

self-consciousness, managed to get 'high' before a fit of vomiting brought me quickly back to earth. I can read Kerouac's *Dharma Bums* with an experimental eye, recognising the places and even a few of his characters. And on leaving Berkeley I took to the road in a hundred buck jalopy which no hipster would envy. True, I did not, as Ginsberg's friends did, drive "cross-country seventy-two hours to find out if I had a vision or you had a vision or he had a vision to find out Eternity". I had two months not three days to get where I was going. Time enough to put in a couple of days in a cheap motel at Venice, the Los Angeles slum by the sea and now the rival of North Beach as the Mecca of the hipsters; time enough to verify in comparative leisure whether Kerouac is right in thinking Mexico a whole nation of hipsters—he is; and time enough, even, to stop the jalopy and get off my jacksy to watch the dawn breaking over the Arizona desert and the new sun turning the mountains a genuine blue. Time enough, but the pace sufficiently fast and the ultimate destination—New York and a Birmingham suburb—sufficiently remote for me to capture a shadow of an inkling of the feeling that lies behind the beat injunction: 'Go, man, go!' and the ideal expressed by one hipster: "a good car—well, one that doesn't break down too often—out on the open road, and going somewhere. Preferably with someone, away. It doesn't matter where to as long as it's away."

Retailed in this way, my catalogue of excuses may sound quite impressive. But alas, in truth it is very thin. On reworking my sums, it doesn't add up. I think, to much more than a qualification to make a few knowledgeable noises over coffee or a glass of beer when the topic happens to crop up in conversation. There is, I suppose, no quicker way of tripping up a coffee house pundit than to ask him to perform solo before a special audience: unless he is a complete fool, he quickly appreciates the depths of his ignorance. I have seen something of the beat generation, but not that much. Expected to deliver the goods, I now feel a bit like a man who first discovered

the Grand Canyon: interviewed later by a journalist on his reactions to the sight, he replied: "Jesus, if I'd known it was going to be so famous, I'd have taken a second look!"

However, in my case, I doubt whether a second look would have helped very much—at least so far as penetrating the beat world is concerned. For one thing, I have no ear for jazz. I can listen to it when called upon to do so, but I can hardly tell traditional from progressive or distinguish between Charlie Bird Parker and Humph Lyttleton. And that is no small limitation. For no would-be hipster can gain an entrée to the beat pads or parties unless he can speak the language of jazz. Jazz is the music of the beat generation and regarded by them as both a therapy—a means of releasing inhibitions—and as a sacred ritual. I can, of course, understand why the beats should see jazz in this light. Jazz, or something under that label, has come a long way since the '20's. It is now a business, and to some a highly profitable one; it is respectable enough to find a small place in the college curriculum; and for the general populace it is a recognised part of the supermarket scene. Nevertheless, for all that, jazz remains in essence the music of protest: it has not been wholly tamed and never will be so long as it remains jazz. The hipster sees and cherishes the untameable animal in jazz. He sees it, to quote Lawrence Lipton, as "pitting its spontaneous, improvised, happy-sad, angry-loving, extatic, on-the-spot creativity against the sterile delivery room workmanship of the concert hall that the squares take for musical culture." All this I say I understand, but only in an intellectual, not in an experimental, way. Ergo, I should fail my entrance examination to the beat scene: I am doomed at the best to being a hip-square.

I am conscious also of another personal disqualification. The beat generation is more than an artistic movement but, on this side of the Atlantic, it is known best by its artistic, more especially, its literary manifestations. To say 'beat' is to say Kerouac, Ginsberg, Carl Solomon, Chandler Brossard, George Mandel, R. V. Cassill and so on. But if I am asked to say more than that, I must decline. I have no pretensions as a literary critic: at that game I am no better player than the simpleton who says: I know what I like. Playing it that way, I'm willing to say that I like a lot of what I've read: I think I dig it; much of it sends me. To me some of the descriptive passages in Kerouac are superb, but I don't know whether he is in the same class as Hemingway. I consider *Howl* a rattling good poem; moving, terrible, absurd; but I don't know whether it deserves to be placed alongside *The Waste Land* or even

whether Kenneth Rexroth is right in judgment that it is "the confession of faith of the generation that is going to be running the world in 1965 and 1966—if it's still there to run." I do not know and what is more I don't care much. And if you press me, I should do no more than fall back on the comfortable formula: the beat generation writers may not yet have produced great literature but they have at least produced a significant one; and one which rivets attention on a number of existential truths about the human predicament in this the American Century.

Disqualified from giving an inside view of the beat generation and incapable of making any pretence to judge artistic manifestations, I might still, you may think, have something to say about the hipster as a social phenomenon. I am sure that the subject merits the attention of the social scientist, that its implications for a whole range of problems that academic sociologists deal with in long and learned tomes. Perhaps an aspiring Ph.D. candidate is already gaged on a treatise provisionally entitled "Anomie in mid-twentieth century American Society: a case study of the Beat Generation". If so, I haven't heard it and, to my knowledge, no sociologist has committed himself in print to serious reflections on this theme. I certainly have only the most banal ideas on the subject: I haven't done my homework, if you like, and it is too late to do it now. I can see, however, that the sociologists haven't delivered their verdict and why any sensible supervisor would discourage his graduate student from venturing into this territory. The whole concept of the Beat Generation is so vague. If one is empirically oriented, one's problems neat, is anxious to find out the facts and eager to offer interpretation of them, how would one set up the research project? Even if one has got—blessed phrase—the right conceptual framework, what precisely would one be studying? Who in fact comprises the Beat Generation? How does one recognise the hipster when one meets him, how pin him down for examination under the microscope? One is not dealing with what is usually understood by a social movement. There is no programme around which people are congregating; no leaders, no followers in this sense. And it would certainly be too simple-minded to attempt to sample the population in the hope of turning up a few beatniks: not everyone who sports dirty jeans, ragged beard and reads *On the Road* might consider himself beat and not everyone who self-consciously adopts beat mores would be accepted by his hip peers. The subject, in fact, seems too elusive for serious enquiry. Better by far to leave the whole thing to the publicists and cartoonists for them to make merry with and to titillate their readers. It's a good subject for copy, something to get people talking about and to boost circulation: it shows one's in the know and terribly up-to-date.

(To be continued)

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AROUND THE GALLERIES

WE are approaching that season of the year when, unless the society columnists lie, the Town is empty and the Bond Street dealers rather than put up the shutters send their pale clerks ferreting into the darker corners of their basements for a yearly clear out of their unsaleable minor masters. For this is the time of "mixed shows", "summer exhibitions" and the "collection of contemporary painters" and the only problem that faces the dealers is the finding of a title to grace the catalogue or a gimmick to weld the unrelated group of painters into an artificial whole.

Yet it is an interesting period for it enables us to see the work of painters who have never made a one-man show by reason of their small output or lack of selling power and we can find pleasure in a single work of a relatively unknown artist who at other times would be swamped by the big boys.

The AIA of 15 Lisle Street, W.C.2, are showing the work of 47 artists and most of the best stuff seems to be relegated to the back room. There is a lovely little abstraction by John Furse in black and white, created with care and affection: it is worthy of a better wall space. Encineyer's "General" is a gay and witty primitive that should act as an object lesson to those who are interested in that particular genre. Christopher Hall's "Paddington" is an essay in nostalgia while Pryor's "Smoke" is worth five times the 10 Guineas asked for this brilliant little work. The main room contains a painting "The Theatre" by Coque Martinez that is worth attention for Martinez is an amazing painter whose wealth of imagery always enthral me, and his constant offerings of new paintings and new subjects is one of the joys of the London scene. A pattern-maker of the style of Henri Rousseau, he exploits his limited talents to the full and the pleasure is ours.

Tooth's of 31 Bruton Street, W.1, are offering a dull exhibition with a dreary work of Picasso's "Femme dans un Fauteuil", as the lynch pin. The Redfern of 20 Cork Street, W.1, continue to show their changing group of exhibits.

Their summer show is one of the few genuine summer exhibitions that one can look forward to as an exciting yearly event. The Redfern include the whole of their troupe in their catalogue and throughout the exhibition change and change again the works on view. The two dominant paintings at the moment are both abstracts. Appel's "L'enfer avec ses joies", painted in 1958 is a screaming mass of red and white that can only be described as one of his many spectacular failures, while Valerios Calliannis's "Element" is a beautiful thing of soft browns and sensitive greys for each inch of Calliannis's canvas is the result of care and understanding. Any fool can, and many fools do, pour pots of coloured paint onto a sheet of horizontal hardboard and then churn the resultant mess with a broom or a bicycle, yet when this ephemeral rubbish has given way to the next clown's work, we are fortunately left with the work of men like Calliannis, Dubuffet, Jenkins, Pollock or Tobey. For these men can rightly claim the title of artist and the evidence for this claim is in the works that they have given us. In more minor key we have three paintings by K. Osborn at Lucie Hulher's French café at 4 Old Compton Street, W.1. These unpretentious still lifes are woven in soft colours and each carefully created object blends into the whole. One could mark their weaknesses but their virtue is the care and sincerity that Osborn has put into his work. Foyle's of Charing Cross Road have been privileged to exhibit Viarri's "Last Supper", see national press, and it is as gaudy and as banal as a cinema poster of the latest Christian epic. A pack of badly painted, badly drawn and to me unrecognizable celebrities are huddled together in what I presume is a take-off of Leonardo's "Last Supper".

Viarri has now threatened to paint the nine muses with a fresh gang of celebrities on the studio throne and judging by his frequent press handouts, I am left with a sinking feeling that we are now to be lumbered with a Colin Wilson of the brush.

ARTHUR MOYSE.

Homosexuality in England

Continued from p. 3

On all these levels, narcissism, bodily fixation on the mouth or the anus predisposes to a bi-sexualism which in puberty usually ends with an overt homosexual phase.

Here, a misconception of Freudian origin makes its appearance. We all agree traumata of childhood form a child's character. We agree that the secondary character thus formed needs repression to maintain its fragile stability, and that by continuous repression more and more of the subconscious contents are built up which interfere at times to various degrees with the maturation and adjustment of the personality. However, the orthodox in all realms of society glibly accept that the homosexuality which is nothing but the impetus of maturing sexuality of adolescence reinforced by the damage done in infancy and childhood and augmented by the strict taboo against adolescent heterosexual activity of puberty, is "a passing phase", allegedly of no importance to the person, disappearing, evaporating without trace. This is patently nonsense. The driving force of sexual behaviour is surely at its optimum in puberty. The pattern of sexual behaviour is laid down at this period. If we agree that childhood traumata are unavoidable in our civilisation and repressing mechanisms are constantly at work in the maintenance of subconscious manifestations, how come that a breakthrough into overt homosexual activity, into a masturbatory fantasy-life with homosexual or similarly

displaced loading in the less courageous or more inhibited is of no consequence.

In fact, in psychiatric practice, one finds that easy heterosexual organic adjustment remains interfered, that the repetitive compulsive quality of basic neurosis colours all sexual activity in most people, and that the "passing phase" has not passed.

How far, does this homosexuality or similar compulsive deviationary sex activities, determined by sub-conscious contents from defective infancy, childhood and adolescence adjustment-mechanisms, show in our modern society. The upholding of monosexual institutions must all be placed in the category of a sub-conscious outlet for the all-pervading homosexuality and the reviewer, at least, goes as far as stating that even war-making is fundamentally an escape from the neurotic conflict situation in the average home where love-making is not achieved and the all-male company is preferred even with or perhaps spurred by the overt anxiety of danger to life.

In his opinion, homosexuality is part of a cultural mass neurosis afflicting everyone in our pattern of society. The solution of the problem of homosexuality lies not in the field of medicine, law, theology or politics, but in the basic re-adjustment of a sick society. The first step in its solution is the continuation of the sexual revolution which should free us from the moralistic fetters, especially in the field of child-rearing and the abolition of sex taboos for the child and the adolescent.

R.O.

Item for the Agenda

Continued from p. 1

long ago forgotten the real tragedy of a million Algerian refugees with no new homes to go to, tens of thousands who have died in the course of this colonial war. They have also forgotten that in the debate on Algeria at the United Nations in 1957 all the delegates did to pass a resolution expressing "hopes" of a settlement, and it was at that time that the United Nations asked France "to the hilt" (as the *Times* put it) and the bloodshed in Algeria continues, a local struggle on a scale however which makes the Congo crisis pall into insignificance.

★

LET it be this crisis—and not the French struggle in Algeria—which now looms as a "threat to world peace". And we unhesitatingly say that this is all a lot of nonsense! Without being placed under the political magnifying glass of the United Nations the Congo would hardly be of any consequence in the context of world politics. We doubt whether, apart from the problem of the white settlers, the granting of independence would have revealed internal difficulties which could not have been settled in due course, perhaps not without bloodshed but then who are the politicians in the United Nations to condemn the Congolese for not being able to solve their problems of nationhood without factional struggles, injustice and the victory of *force majeure*? Which country can claim a clean record in this respect?

★

THE internal struggles which are breaking out in various parts of the Congo were to be expected since nothing is ever done by the colonial powers to unite the native peoples over whom they rule, except in their universal hatred of the white ruler. And as we were pointing out last week the local political leaders look to the internal struggles for the realisation of their own political ambitions.

Now, to instal a United Nations force in the Congo, to fill the "vacuum" left by the Belgians sounds all very reasonable, but will such an occupation do anything to remove the tribal and other political rivalries that exist? Simply to keep them at bay might well resolve itself into a permanent occupation, colonialism in a different guise. Without the spotlight from the political beehive that is the United Nations the Congo might well set about solving its problems, perhaps in a somewhat rough and ready way, but in the course of fashioning a future all kinds of human forces, of intelligence and initiative, of skill and imagination might well be released. And only a popular movement can provide the antidote to the armful of mediocrities who are now occupying the seats of government in the Congo and who, whatever they may say or do in public, secretly must wish for a United Nations solution, for such a solution would give them the time they require to establish a new "law and order" with which to consolidate their power.

★

TO sum up: the United Nations is not a force for peace because to be such it would need to be a supra-national organisation to achieve which would require membership by nations which have abandoned all the pride and prejudice and economic interests of nationalism. In other words a United Nations could only function when nations and

HOMOSEXUALITY IN ENGLAND

BOOK REVIEWS

A *MINORITY—A Report on the life of the Male Homosexual in Gt. Britain.* Gordon Westwood, Longmans 30s.

THIS is a valid, sound and sincere survey of homosexuality in England. A searching, rational and deep going interview technique is the basis of the study of 127 overt homosexuals. During numerous interviews, the whole range of relevant data was collected and the sum total of all aspects of development, family, social environment and immediate background, were focused and brought into meaningful comparative statistics which are properly used, intelligent and revealing.

Recently, we had the ghastly spectacle of British Parliament coming down against progress. A Labourite Psychiatrist, Dr. Boughton, making himself the mouth-piece of reactionary prejudices; thus the very sources of sex taboos, repression, guilt, fear, secrecy which corrupts our life and are elemental to the viciousness and horrors of our time are upheld by a socialist psychiatrist, a man who represents understanding and progress. Shades of 1984!

What price psychiatry? What price socialism? Mr. Butler, the Home Secretary, used and named this study as an excuse for continuing the *status quo*, as usual, claiming the still time-honoured retreat into "more research" to block progressive thought and action.

The evidence from this book shows that, as is well known to most thinking doctors and psychiatrists, the homosexual is not a "Pansy boy" nor feminine; that there is no evidence at all of heredity, or any organic disease; that as a social human being there would be nothing ex-

ceptional or abnormal in the homosexual bar his homosexuality. In the important para 8, "The Legal Aspects", Westwood shows the very ambiguous role of the police; the direct social catastrophe following arrest; the horrifying inequality of sentences; and he shows how the indirect aspects of persecution make the overt homosexual into a secretive outcast, which, of course, has dire consequences in the homosexual's life, behaviour and adjustment. The question of blackmail has been shown to be directly produced by this most idiotic of all laws. He also rightly points out, that the overt homosexual is very rarely a child molester and this aspect which usually is used as an argument against any relaxation of the law becomes thus an approximation of the equation that any heterosexual act should be forbidden because assaults on female children may result. The proposals, which are only implied because Westwood rightly feels that in a study of that dimension it would be pretentious to propose a solution, are that the law on homosexuality between consenting adults must be abolished; that overt meeting places and clubs of homosexuals should be encouraged and that the integration into society and acceptance of homosexuality as a deviation, which in no way embarrasses society and the function of the individual in society, should be achieved.

Westwood brings out a rather shame-making point as in Chapter 4; attempts to combat the fight of some of the homosexuals against their condition have brought them in contact with priests, doctors, psychiatrists who failed them even to the extent of humane tolerance of their condition. The quotations are hair-raising, and I quote: "I told my

doctor I wanted to see a Psychiatrist. He said I was a nambly pambly. He told me to get a piece of paper and draw pictures of nude women. I thought he was off his rocker".

A further quotation: "I went to see a Psychiatrist and told him I was a homosexual. He said he did not think I was and asked me if I knew any nice girls".

A further quotation: "I went to see the M.O. and told him I was queer; I was sent to see an Army Psychiatrist. I do not think he believed me, he thought I was putting it on".

A further quotation: "I was so full of confusion and anxiety that I went to see a Psychiatrist recommended by my doctor, who was a darling. At the clinic the man was so rude that I left in tears. So my doctor sent me to see a Dr. G. This horrid man paraded his famous cases in front of me, sex murders and so on. His idea of treatment was to tell me of the dangers. "You could have got 20 years for that" he'd say, "last month a patient of mine got 10 years for doing that". I mean to say, he kept on saying cases which I knew were not true. "There is no such thing as homosexual love, it is just sex and passion."

And again: What price Psychiatry?

Although the book is an excellent one, there are some strange omissions. First Westwood is basing his studies on the anthropological evidence of Freud, Mead, MacWood, Devereaux, and he accepts the evidence of all these that homosexuality occurs in all human races and cultures. This seems to me an inadmissible mistake. The work of Malinowski and Elwin Verier shows that the Trobriand Islanders and the Muria in Central India built their life and society round the dormitory of the children with a complete absence of sex taboos of the social patterns of patriarchal authoritarianism. This has kept those societies completely free from homosexuality. In fact, the Trobriand Islanders have not even had a word for these activities. That omission, of course, is of fundamental significance on the whole discussion of homosexuality. A further absence is André Gide's "Corydon" which influenced thought and theory on homosexuality to a great extent in the 20's in France, Germany and this country. His attempt to

find a biological cause for homosexuality and proving it "normal" was a courageous enterprise. Although it is not usual for modern psychologists to be acquainted with the pioneer works of Reich and Neill, especially Reich's books on "The Sexual Revolution", and "The Mass Psychology of Fascism", and Neill's "Problem" books, would have allowed the author a much more fundamental insight into the problem he studies. Hemphill's studies, in the *British Medical Journal*, of homosexuals in prisons reaching similar conclusions to Westwood's were also not mentioned.

The Reviewer feels that this would be the time for a restatement of the problem of homosexuality. The anti-sexual upbringing of children in our society is fundamental to a basic cultural neurosis which is shared by all members living in this pattern of civilisation. Hence he queried the title "A Minority". In fact, homosexuality is a direct result of patriarchal methods of child rearing, child upbringing, interference with normal sexuality and its expression in all stages of personality development. To elaborate this point a little, let us see what happens to the average child in our society. It is conceived by an anxious, sometimes frustrated, woman without orgasmic potency by neither mother nor father. During the gestation period anxiety, rigidity and substitution of primary sexual orgasm by a hum-drum world of secondary and artificial stimulation, make the mother quite ambivalent in her growing motherhood. The birth process is perceived and handled as a pathological process and not a physiological event. After the birth, the normal lustful process of breast feeding is inhibited, after all the breast is still surrounded by shame, fear, anxiety, but like the penis, is the only other tissue in the human body with an erectile quality. The normal stages of discovery of the body, the normal phenomenon of masturbatory sex-play of a baby is still surrounded by a great amount of anxiety and retrojected fear and guilt. Sexual awareness and sexual play are side-tracked until puberty when masturbation takes the place of what would be normal promiscuous play and especially in adolescence, sex on the basis of intercourse between two youngsters would still be considered as harmful, wicked, premature and is still fenced round by horrifying taboos, strengthened by the law.

Continued on p. 2

The Death of Africa?

THE DEATH OF AFRICA, by Peter Ritner (Macmillan).

ALTHOUGH few anarchists would contend that the concept of federation, organised from the bottom up, was an undesirable goal, this should not blind one to the mis-use of the word Federation in Africa. Leopold Kohr says in his book *The Breakdown of Nations*: "The one cause of social misery is bigness or over-size", and realisation of such a truth is bound to make one depressed about Africa. One hears continually of such concepts as the United States of Africa, a West African Federation, an East and Central African Federation, all concentrating on vastness and over-size. Peter Ritner calls on his fellow Americans to rebel at littleness, he is for Big Ideas. All these ideas miss the little thing, the small social unit, in-

stead it is ignored. This unit in Africa is the village and it is here we, as anarchists, should look for sanity and mutual aid, not in the Napoleonic utterances of Nkrumah and other African politicians, viewing Africa as no more than another continent ready to enter the international farce.

The author of this exhaustive sociopolitical survey of Africa is the complete living image of the Good American Citizen, educated by the United States army and faithful to the Old Capitalism of John D. Rockefeller, who, he announces with pride "believed in capitalism and in America and in God." A man, you might conclude, likely to be way off beam if he should leave the 'guts and gusto' of Henry Ford and concentrate his attentions on the continent of Africa. Yet in reading *The Death of Africa* one discovers a man with views similar to those of The Movement for Colonial Freedom. East and Central Africa, to say nothing of Southern Africa, are treated to a radical analysis of great penetration. Of the future Ritner writes: "There will be more and more people growing hungrier and hungrier as they grow increasingly less satisfied with their lot". He claims that we are now witnessing the "birth of a historical monstrosity" in Africa. He predicts in fact "The Death of Africa" as the increasing population cannot be fed, as they lose their traditional way of life and become industrialised. To prevent this Ritner suggests a United States Institute of African Affairs be established, to function as "A co-ordinating grandfather", so that Americans can help Africa with money and technical know-how. When this assistance has been given, the Institute will wither away in the best Leninist tradition!

This book is written for Americans and at Americans and attempts to stir the consciences of American people. It is written to show how inequitable the world remains while the wealthy get wealthier and the poor starve. Ritner portrays the feelings of an African when he notices our wealth, and observes that we do not share it with him. He tells us that we are doing nothing to make the world more equitable, that we lack Brotherhood. Ritner advises us that we will pay dearly for not loving or caring about the neighbours we have in Africa.

But why should a man who believes in old-fashioned capitalism do all this? What is the idea behind an American Institute for African Affairs? Is it just to prevent suffering and horror on the frightening scale predicted? Or could it be that the author sees the greatest opportunity America has ever had for greater power?

R.J.W.

LETTER

Picasso and Genius

WHEN A.M. questions the widespread use of the word "genius" as applied to the work of Picasso (*FREEDOM* Vol. 21, No. 30) and chooses a lesser label, he becomes guilty of the same categorising attitude that is the hallmark of our hack art critics that infest, for example, the Sunday papers and most weeklies. Lawrence Alloway has reminded us that "the main thing about modern art is that it exists."

If, to categorise, we say that Picasso in both subject-matter and treatment belongs to the classical tradition, we begin to understand how he has not plucked at our heart strings. By not attending to any past notions of beauty, he has created a visual idiom that makes us re-think traditional values and keep alive the language. This raises the question whether the value of art is ultimately personal or impersonal. Perhaps the reason why we find Picasso's major works devoid of warmth or feeling is to be found in the state of our society, or us; meaning this, that we cry out in our hearts for a Messiah; we seek, in all we do, to be elated and saved. My own painting, not Picasso's, will redeem me. The same goes for politics and life.

It would be rather strange if Picasso, who it seems, does not suffer as Van Gogh suffered, should even attempt to do what Van Gogh (or Brueghel, or Rembrandt) did, but pity has a human face as the "Weeping Woman" studies for "Guernica" show, and his anti-war paintings are true to the period if they are hard, mechanical and unlovely. It could be one man's valid opinion that cruelty today is not dealt out, or by individuals, but from a machine worked by automatons to affect countless millions.

Comparisons are odious at any time, but it would seem to me impossible to judge Van Gogh as "greater than Picasso" when they were not contemporary with each other, or had little else in common with each other, other than paint and canvas. Besides, Michaelangelo is dead.

A. M. may well be proved right in the future if and when Picasso becomes de-

moted. But he will only be proved right, on his own showing, by the opinions of critics and fanciers whose judgments, both aesthetic and historical, he queries. But I suggest that A.M. is playing the same game.

Is negation of the world, defiance, martyrdom or poverty the only road by which great art comes into existence; the answer is no if we care to read up our art history. My opinion would be that it is as likely to be the result of wholly engaged activity such as Picasso is famous for, given the appropriate technical mastery. It is the cry of the humanitarian that Homer, Van Gogh and Schubert had to beg bread in their own lives, so let us not begrudge that a living artist, among us still, has comfort and food enough.

As to dispute the commercial exploitation of art is only synonymous to disputing the commercial place of bread, we cannot complain of Picasso's personal ethic on this ground. He probably lives the good life as we know it, and who is to blame him?—and I gather he is a prolific worker who cannot find time enough to say all he wants to before he dies. Market prices being what they are, how else get rid of the pictures (and knick-knacks)? Does it matter who gets them so long as they are painted?

Instead of using a word like "scribbled", A.M. could equally have said "He laboured at drawing doves for his political hangers on." These are both emotional words best left out of art criticism. Or is A.M. making his art criticism also serve a political end? A worthy aim no doubt, but better not to confuse the two things.

What other living artist could have solved the problem of the UNESCO mural as well as Picasso? Who can define genius?

Obviously, the many art questions that raise themselves now would not be present in a free society when it will be true to say (as Klee put it) "Genius is an error in the system", or, as I would put it, "Every man an artist".

Somerset, July 31. GRAHAM CAREY.

Syndicalism in Sweden

S.A.C. 1910-1960, by Karl Bergkvist and Evert Arvidsson. Federativs Förlag, Stockholm. 15kr.

THIS book celebrates the fifty year jubilee of the Swedish syndicalist movement, Sveriges Arbetars Centralorganisation. The principal author was Karl Bergkvist, who died on Feb. 12th, 1960, after which the work was completed by Arvidsson and others. Twenty-five years ago, Bergkvist had written a book celebrating the first quarter century of the S.A.C., so in the present one only 100 of the 362 pages of text are devoted to that period, and the remainder to the developments since 1935.

Since the beginning of the war, the Swedish movement has been the scene of animated debate regarding the role of syndicalism in the modern welfare state. This debate had international repercussions, not always of a pleasant character, and even led to letters in FREEDOM. It led to the adoption of a new declaration of principles, in 1952, written by the advocates of a "revisionist" policy, and the S.A.C.'s withdrawal from the syndicalist international in 1958.

The book under review is entirely the work of the revisionist current of opinion, and much of its space is devoted to arguing the benefits of the revised approach.

S.A.C. was founded mainly as a consequence of a general disillusionment with reformist trade unionism following the defeat of a widespread strike movement in 1909. Membership of the reformist Landsorganisation (L.O.) fell from 161,000 to 80,000. A committee was formed on the initiative of the forestry workers in Skaane, and in 1910 the constituting congress of S.A.C. took place in Stockholm. At the end of the first year it had 696 members.

For the first half of its existence, the syndicalist movement was characterised by its readiness to take direct action to secure higher wages and better conditions for its members. For instance in 1913, when it had only 3,709 members, they were involved in over 30 disputes. The membership jumped rapidly: 4,880 in 1915; 9,295 in 1916; 15,216 in 1917; 20,331 in 1918; 24,133 in 1919; and 32,299 in 1920. Members were involved in 80 disputes in 1916; 172 in 1917; and as many as 262 in 1918. In 1923, 9,000 of its members took part in strikes in the forestry department. Again, in 1927, S.A.C. members were involved in 127 disputes. The syndicalists refused to sign agreements with employers, and in all cases, government statistics show that wages were much higher in those areas where workers organised and fought on syndicalist lines, than in those where agreements between L.O. unions and employers were in force. Naturally, this brought on vicious attacks against the S.A.C., which even took the form of agreements between the L.O. and the employers to throw syndicalists out of work. Obviously, the strength of S.A.C. lay in its readiness to fight, and the fact that it was distinctly different from the L.O.

Social democratic government, the welfare state, and the increased standard of living took away the force of this approach, and during the 'thirties and 'forties, S.A.C. seems to be most prominent, not as a fighting industrial organisation, but as a current of progressive ideas. It played an important part in the pro-Spain and anti-Nazi movements.

After the war, the revisionist elements in S.A.C. became even more important. Bergkvist describes the changes as being from a revolutionary attitude to an evolutionary one. His concern is that syndicalism should be "a concrete alternative" to reformism and not a utopian ideal, already made superfluous by the high standard of living, and advocated only by a handful of old timers. This idea in itself is unexceptionable, but unfortunately he makes the assumption which characterises most self-styled revisionists, of assuming that the only way that syndicalist ideas can be brought up to date is by compromising with capitalism and accepting the state.

For instance, the 1952 declaration of principles says that states can be divided into three types (a) democratic, partly private capitalist and partly state-owned industry, where individual rights and freedoms are respected; (b) Totalitarian, with ownership vested in the state; (c) Totalitarian, with private capitalism. It goes on to say that S.A.C. opposes all these forms, but doesn't regard them as equivalent. It is prepared to defend democracy against dictatorship. The practical trends which are reflected in this declaration include concentration on anti-communist propaganda to such an extent that the 1950 congress of the organisation instructed the editor of its then daily paper *Arbetaren* that he should not allow it to dominate the paper's contents; and willingness to devote attention to "winning friends and influencing people" in governmental circles, rather than propagating syndicalist ideas among the workers.

In a chapter on "Syndicalism as a concrete alternative", the author describes S.A.C.'s proposals for producer's co-operation. In 1945 the question arose of nationalising the stone-quarrying industry in Bohuslan. S.A.C. proposed that it should be taken over by a producers' co-operative. This was acclaimed by the workers, a meeting of whom came out unanimously in favour of it. In 1954, the government began to consider buying a majority of shares in companies operating ore mines in Norrbotten. Here again S.A.C. suggested that the state should take over the company, then hand it over to a workers' co-operative. A statement was prepared putting this point of view, and 10,000 copies distributed among miners. Members of Parliament were also circulated. The result was that "Finance minister Sköld received S.A.C.'s delegation with great interest, and he caused surprise by taking a broad view of a very definite matter, having the same outlook in principle as the S.A.C." However "... the miners in general, at least when compared with stone industry workers in a similar situation, held a fairly passive attitude to the whole question". Now in cases such as these the S.A.C. can pride itself on having made a plausible alternative suggestion to capitalist or state ownership, and one that cannot be dismissed as utopian. In practice however, it has failed. The Bohuslan stone industry is still in private hands, and the Norrbotten mines were nationalised. To the democratic-minded person it may seem more reasonable to ask the state to hand industry over to the workers, than to urge the workers to take it themselves, it is not so in fact.

Similarly, faced with the problem of post-war inflation, S.A.C. proposed a financial solution, the kernel of which was that a certain proportion of increas-

ed wages should be paid into workers' bank accounts and temporarily frozen. This would supposedly have maintained the level of real wages, and given the workers a share in ownership of the new property being created by the high level of investment. Another plausible alternative which was ignored by the capitalists and the state!

These revisionist views are argued cogently by the author, and are a challenge to those who want to bring syndicalist ideas up to date without giving up their libertarian basis. It is unfortunate that in such a jubilee book no attempt has been made to describe the arguments of the current in the Swedish movement which did try to do this. In fact the author only mentions them twice in a disdainful way, and does not mention either the *Syndicalistiska Förbundet*, an organisation of S.A.C. members holding distinctly syndicalist views, or the journal *Solidaritet*, published in Oslo, which has the support of members of the S.A.C. who advocate a revolutionary policy. The book discusses many other topics, usually in a controversial way. It describes the struggle which the syndicalists had against the L.O.'s attempts to crush them and get them locked out, both during the 'thirties and since the war; the movement's attitude to nazism, which led to the paper being frequently seized as a risk to Swedish neutrality; the dispute between the organisation and the International Working Men's Association; the founding of an unemployment fund, eligible for state subsidy; the history of its papers, and the work of its publishing department, Federativs Förlag.

The book is well produced on good paper, and illustrated with masses of individual and group photographs.

P.H.

Art Criticism

EDITOR, FREEDOM.

I suppose I should wait—till the hysterical abuse of Arthur Moyses pours in for his daring to assert that Picasso is not a sacred cow but an artist with rather modest talent. One with a flair—as Roger Fry pointed out almost fifty years ago—of 'borrowing' from any source he could lay hands on. To be influenced by the great ones of the past—that is one thing. But to pervert, fail to master, absorb, and carry forward to new heights—that is something else.

There they stand, Picasso's creations, for a blind man to see. Caricatures of that simplicity which draws us to primitive art, even as we look with wonder at a child. But I will leave my views on Picasso, save to point out that the worker, Arthur Moyses, has accomplished in one short review what the writers of the Soviet Union, who pride themselves on their realist approach to phenomenon, have failed to do in forty years.

I said I should wait but your Roy Sackman sickens me in the belly. Art is an expression of a particular day and age, that is why we can 'date' it. We date it by what means? Among others, by technique. Perspective, volume, plasticity, these things can be historically traced and their laws of development followed. And what is true of painting is true of any form of art, all have equally ascended from primitive levels. Hence Arthur Moyses has every right to analyse Nolan's technique, and pass on his specialised knowledge to the rest of us.

Ned Kelly was a historical personage, so was Buffalo Bill. But are the myths less real for that?

According to Sackman the greater the money-value of a painting the greater the artist. Could anything be more daft? More hideously daft? For by that stan-

dard you reduce art to the level of a commodity, which is precisely what capitalism has done. It has befouled as it has befooled everything it has touched.

Finally, Sackman's reliance on 'able' critics. Visit the Tate, go down stairs and examine Burn-Jones and rest. Then remember that every great British art critic of that day had praise on what you are looking at, the most successful painter of yesterday (in money terms) was J. S. Sargent. No one exception he was hailed by the critics as a genius. The exception was Roger Fry whose piece on Sargent makes Arthur Moyses's comments on certain of the contemporaries mild indeed. Some I despair of people and think of the clever old Tailor in the fable. How clothed the Emperor in such astonishing nakedness. Arthur Moyses has the seeing eyes of the Child who put the Tailor in a bit of a spot—as well as the Emperor, of course.

Yours fraternally,
London, Aug. 2. ARTHUR EVANS

ANTI-ARTY ARTICLES

DEAR FRIENDS,
I note the criticism of Arthur Moyses's arty articles. As far as I'm concerned what Arty Moyses writes goes right in my head and any lengthy criticism of his musings prolongs the agony. My criticism is "Who wants to read Arty the Galleries anyway? Is there a demand for such a constant demand of FREEDOM space?"

Best wishes,
Slough, Aug. 2. ERNIE CROSSWELL

Nature Cure—'A Factual Reply'

D.B. (FREEDOM, July 30th, 1960) finds my criticism of Nature Cure "not very convincing". Presumably he means not very convincing to him. If I had been criticising Roman Catholicism, exactly the same reply could well come from a Catholic. The object of my comments was not to reconvert nature cure fanatics to orthodox ways; I certainly could not hope to succeed. However, there must be a large number of readers of FREEDOM who are uncommitted in these matters, and the purely factual statements I wish to make, in reply to D.B., may be of interest to them at least. I like to think than an honest statement of actual experience may in some way help to forward the cause of freedom and human happiness, and so, at the outset, I think it highly relevant to make it abundantly clear that I have no axe to grind, and that, should I be reasonably contradicted, I will only be too glad to admit my error in the cause of truth. It is precisely because of this attitude of mind, that I have abandoned Nature Cure, when, after several years, I found it wanting, when its "benefits" were most urgently wanted. Now for the facts.

I did not use Nature Cure as a do-it-yourself régime, although it does frequently take on that aspect, especially in popular advertisements for it.

Five years ago I suffered from an acute attack of T.B. I had been a follower of Nature Cure for several years, and even prior to that had always lived sensibly and rationally. During the course of my illness I was under the care of a qualified Nature Cure Practitioner of the *Edinburgh School*. This person had not only studied under the late Mr. Thomson, but had spent the first period of his activities under the wing of one of the best-known women practitioners in the movement. By nature, I am a conscientious person, and, since it is my firm conviction that happiness is the greatest good, I looked to Nature Cure as a means of ensuring that I could have the best possible health (this, even before I was ill). I was not a dabbler.

Nonetheless, the one very striking thing was that I never at any time felt any sense of alleviation of my condition, whilst under the supervision of the Nature Cure expert. In fact I visibly degenerated at an appalling rate to a stage at which I was declared, by an orthodox consultant physician, to be desperate. Any person whatsoever who knew me at that time, could only agree that this was a perfectly sober estimate. When I then turned to orthodox treatment I steadily recovered to an excellent state of general health, and now feel as if I had never suffered anything at all. This is not all, however, for the real irony is to come.

During the two years following my magnificent recovery, the Nature Cure practitioner who had so unsuccessfully attended me, began to have psychological difficulties of his own. He even came to consult both my wife and myself for advice! In the long run, he had a nervous breakdown, and... he went to a local mental hospital and submitted to ORTHODOX MEDICAL TREATMENT of his own free will, and was eventually discharged CURED.

So, perhaps, you may think that he went out of business as a Nature Cure man. That is just what he did not do. He went back to his profession and is still practising! What answer does he give, one wonders to those suffering from either T.B. or nervous troubles?

Relevant to the above is the fact that I was once personally informed that mental troubles were caused by toxins, and that Nature Cure could therefore do a great deal towards banishing them. My informant: the female expert under whose guidance the Nature Cure practitioner just mentioned began his career!

Let me say, most emphatically, that I consider the practitioner I have criticised to be an excellent person which qualities as a father are greatly to be admired. The real target is Nature Cure.

I foresee that D.B. or others of like opinions may now assume that I think that orthodox medicine can do no wrong. Such is far from the case. I would remind D.B. in particular, that I was the person who wrote some years ago, to every Regional Hospital Board in this country, to discover which of them was in favour of demand feeding (self-regulation feeding) of infants, so that people wanting to have their children in enlightened hospitals would know where these were to be found. The replies, which I unreservedly placed at the disposal of the editor of *Organic Functionalism* were not encouraging, nor were many of them even remotely polite or intelligent!

In conclusion, let me say that Nature Cure considers its failures to be the responsibility of the patient, and its successes to be the result of the system; in other words, heads I win, tails you lose. Nature Cure claims to be the only valid method of therapy; certain schools of it even go so far as to claim to be the only true ones within the movement itself. Those who doubt this, will find all the necessary evidence in Nature Cure papers and journals, which make the point much plainer than a simple "heretic" like myself can ever hope to do. Those who have insight into the psychology of Catholicism and Communism will have no difficulty in seeing the parallel here. Durham, July 30. J. H. GOUNDRY.

Meetings and Announcements

LONDON ANARCHIST GROUP and MALATESTA DEBATING SOCIETY

IMPORTANT

MEETINGS WILL BE HELD in basement, 5, Caledonian Road, N.1 (near King's Cross Station) at 7.30 p.m.

All Welcome.

AUG. 14.—To be Announced

ANG. 21.—Hem Day (Brussels) in French with translation NON-VIOLENT RESISTANCE AND DIRECT ACTION

AUG. 28.—Ian Dixon on THE CONQUEST OF VIOLENCE

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At Dorothy Barasi's, 45 Twyford Avenue, Fortis Green, N.2

1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p.m.

At Colin Ward's, 33 Ellerby Street, Fulham, S.W.6.

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