

## Resurgence affairs

With this issue we complete our first year of publication. We started from scratch, we had no contributors, no subscribers and no money; we simply had an idea that a very new and distinct approach was required if the erratic, diffused and incoherent, but none the less real and pervasive desire for peace of millions of people around the world was to be rescued from the prevailing doldrums and given a new sense of unity and purpose.

It was not to be expected that the walls of Jericho would fall at the first blast of the trumpet, especially having regard to the puny nature of the instrument and the inexperience of the blowers. But some progress has assuredly been made; our subscribers are now drawn from eleven different countries and copies are sent to peace organisations and publications in a great many more; our material is attracting increasing attention from a widening circle of interest and we have already received a number of requests for permission to reproduce different items that have appeared in our columns. Even more important, we are receiving an increasing number of offers of material for publication, a development which has done much to lighten the editorial burden after those bleak early days when each issue would clean out the contents of the copy file.

For these and other reasons we may say the first stage of our task is accomplished; as a radical pacifist journal, concerned with exploring the application of non-violent solutions to problems of war and of social institutions and other major concerns of contemporary life, Resurgence is now an established part of the British contribution to the quest for peace. We have been fortunate in the already large number of contributors who have helped us in this and a special word of gratitude is surely due to Professor Leopold Kohr and Dr. E. F. Schumacher. In different ways both are making a highly original and exciting contribution to the entire peace debate and their generosity in enabling us to publish so much of their work has helped Resurgence to define its approach with a clarity and precision which might otherwise have eluded it for a long time.

Another development, minor in the sense than an acorn is a most unassuming indication of its own potentialities, is the holding of the first policy discussion meeting. This was held in London and was the first of what we hope will become a regular feature. Subscribers outside London who would like to arrange similar meetings with a member of the editorial team are invited to write in.

With all this our major problem remains that of finding the money to pay our way. It needs little knowledge of the economics of printing to realise that a journal the size of Resurgence cannot hope to break even unless its readership runs into thousands. Until that bright day the gap must be bridged as best we may. We receive the occasional large donation which helps us to look the printer in the eye when discussing the next issue, but in the main it is the small sums donated, added to our casual sales and to the cheques of our subscribing readers which keeps our nose, if not the rest of us, above water. At the moment our print bill is our biggest headache. Are there any peace groups, or other groups whose members are sympathetic to our aims, who would help us with donations to our funds? And dare we ask readers again to help, especially when renewing their subscriptions?

At the recent launching of the second Polaris submarine, one member of the editorial team sold over forty copies of Resurgence (although one buyer insisted on having his money back on the grounds that Resurgence was fascist, anti-working class propaganda). Will other readers undertake this Gandhian approach of sandwiching theory with action by selling at other public occasions? This is especially valuable for we find a high proportion of casual buyers tend to become regular subscribers and these of course, are our life blood. Copies are available on the normal sale or return basis from the editorial office.

It would be fine to be able to report greater progress than this, but a campaign to persuade people to recast their basic assumption about the nature of their society is inevitably a slow job. This is no reason why we should not advance as fast as is possible, but to do this we need the full help of every Resurgence reader to the limit of his or her capacity. Our money situation alone is so difficult we dare not ask for less, and we are confident that the direction in which we are moving and the urgent need for clear political action that has a real effect, however small to begin with, on the war danger will yield an equal response. Despite our burdens we face our second year with high hopes and firm confidence.

Cheques should be made payable to—

**"Resurgence," and sent to 22 Nevern Road, S.W.5.**

# RESURGENCE

VOL. 1 NO. 6 MARCH/APRIL 1967 2s 6d

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*The Dangers of  
a United Europe.*

*Peace Action.*

*Who are  
the Red Guards?*

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## editorial group

Peter Allen (Circulation), Neil Collins (Money), Graham Keen (Art Work), David Kuhrt, (Poetry Editor), Brenda Jordan, Sybil Morrison.

Editor : John Papworth.

## next issue

The Economics of Intermediate Technology  
E. F. Schumacher

What Power ? To Whom ?  
Werner Pelz

'An Open Letter To Arnold Wesker'  
John Papworth

Colin Wilson's 'Beyond The Outsider'  
Reviewed by Anne Vogel

Readers' letters are welcomed; the Editor reserves the right to abbreviate correspondence when necessary and when this can be done without altering the substance.

Editorial : 22, NeVERN Road, Earls Court, London, S.W.5

Printer: Farmer & Sons Ltd., 295 Edgware Rd., London, W.2

## this issue

JOHN BARRELL is 23 years old, married and lives on the Essex coast. Is at present a research student at the University of Essex.

[“The Enclosure of Helpston” first appeared in *Stand*, to which grateful acknowledgement is made.—ED.]

JAYAPRAKASH NARAYAN was educated in the United States and in Britain. He returned to India as an avowed Marxist and for a while was active in the Indian Communist Party. He subsequently abandoned Marxism for Social Democracy, and in the early post-independence period became the Chairman of the Indian Socialist Party. Since then he has moved on to work with the Bhoodan (land gift) movement and has developed his ideas in a number of books, “Towards the New Society,” “Swaraj for The People.” A few copies of “Swaraj for The People” remain in stock, price 5/- post free from 22 NeVERN Road, London, S.W.5.

JOHN PAPWORTH, age 46, is the Editor of *Resurgence* and became a pacifist after becoming convinced that power politics, however “left wing,” are merely part of the drive to war. Was formerly a war monger for some years in the R.A.F. and later by being a member of the Labour Party.

PETER ROBINS, a former radio correspondent in Central Africa, has published a book of poems and has had 3 plays broadcast. Is in his late 30's, works for the B.B.C. and lives in South London.

HELEN FOSTER SNOW, who also writes under the pen-name of NYM WALES, lived in China and the Far East for nearly ten years and was a student at Yenching University, Peking in 1934-35. Her literary output, mostly on questions relating to Asian affairs, is tremendous and has included numerous books, articles, encyclopaedia contributions, book reviews and historical essays and researches. Is now living in the U.S.A.

## publications

Editors of journals wishing to appear in this column are invited to send details to *Resurgence*, 22 NeVERN Road, London, S.W.5, England.

*Voluntary Action* (Formerly AVARD) the journal of the Association of Voluntary Agencies for of the Association of Voluntary Agencies for Rural Development. Gives a useful and detailed picture of development work on gandhian lines in India. Available from Housmans, 3/- post free.  
*The Pacifist*. The monthly journal of the Peace Pledge Union. Price 1/- from P.P.U., 6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

*New Departures*. International Review of literature and the arts. Editor Michael Horovitz, 29 Colville Terrace, London, W.11.

*Liberation*. Monthly. Editor, Dave Dellinger, £2 p.a. from Housmans, 5 Caledonian Road, N.1.

*War Resistance*. Quarterly of the W.R.I. Price 1/6. 88 Park Avenue, Enfield, Middlesex.

## The Dangers of a United Europe

## editorial

### Spirit of Fear

It is as well to recognise that the project of a united Europe is one that is being promoted by a variety of forces for a variety of motives. Its main impetus comes from a range of industrial and commercial interests which are finding that the existing territorial divisions of Europe constitute barriers to their expansion and their development in accordance with the possibilities which new forms of technology have made possible. The development of computer systems, for example involves considerable capital investment, but these systems make feasible a scale of planning and operation which ranges far beyond that which is possible within existing national frontiers.

These considerations are buttressed by a fear of communism from the East which is now at least a decade out of date. If there is any reality behind the fear of further communist expansion it certainly does not lie in Eastern Europe, for there, as some elements of the Chinese communist hierarchy rightly diagnose, the thing is played out and what fire is left in the communist belly is in fact glowering in countries further West in Europe, in Spain, Portugal, Greece and possibly Italy, where social discontent still feeds on miserable consumption standards, and which could seek a Marxist expression in alliance with countries similarly afflicted in Latin America, North Africa, and though less likely, the Arab world.

This same spirit of fear undoubtedly informs a great deal of the political support given to the scheme, especially by the Roman Catholic hierarchy and the Catholic parties of Europe. It is also being strongly supported by elements of the old socialist parties and by a variety of individuals who regard themselves as ‘progressive’ and who share a touching and quite unfounded conviction that any increase in the size and scale of political organisation is somehow synonymous with progress.

### Full Fruits

The relationship between these forces illustrates one of the more disquieting symptoms of the intellectual malaise of our time. During the past 100 years the minority forces of large scale profit and power questing have shown an increasing efficiency in foisting upon the community at large their own values and assumptions and then persuading the generality of people that they (i.e. the people) have arrived at them independently.

At first this tendency was strongly resisted, especially by the different schools of socialist thought and by some religious leaders. Unfortunately the scale on which these socialist and labour parties came to be organised made it inevitable that the leadership groups should become more concerned with questions of power rather than of principle, and once it became clear that the capitalist animal was too doughty a beast to be vanquished—in the twentieth century at least, they did not hesitate in

the interests of their quest for power to come to a speedy accommodation with it. It then became evident that the fatal flaw in the business of securing to the worker the full fruits of his labour lay not in deciding whether the major means of production, distribution and exchange were nationalised or not, but in determining what the real nature of those full fruits was to be; this in turn was bound to be determined by whoever was establishing the norms and morality of production and, increasingly, consumption. It is this which helps to explain why all the clamour for a united Europe comes not from the base but from the apex of our societies.

Was the nature of these ‘full fruits’ to be a frenetically inspired and commercially pressurised programme of production and consumption at an ever accelerating rate which took no account of the distinctive needs of man in all aspects of his being, directed only towards titillating and emphasising the grosser needs and the creature appetites of his nature whilst ignoring or debasing his need to quest for truth, love and beauty?

Or was production, and for that matter consumption, to be directed towards the satisfaction of his essentially modest material needs in ways that left him free to seek the fulfillment of his other needs by each taking his own path towards goals whose variety and richness dazzles the imagination to contemplate? The founding fathers of socialism, men such as William Morris, Tolstoi and others urged the latter course, but even as they wrote the compass was already decisively set on the other.

Today only a few anarchists and pacifists are left urging the latter course. Almost the entire body of socialists accepts the pattern of life that now prevails, anti-socialist though it may be to its core, and has unthinkingly, come to accept its assumptions, when it is aware of them, as its own.

### Too Large

The fact remains it is wrong. These assumptions come not from any wise consideration of human needs, they come from the needs of the minority who are riding high at the expense of the majority in a quest for profit and power. The Hampstead New Statesman Liberals who fall in so readily with the proposals for a united Europe are not really thinking through the problem it is supposed to answer; they are simply participating in an intellectual fashion whose *couturiers* are as anonymous as they are powerful, and who are as powerful as they are dangerous. They are following the new fashion of adhering to the consensus of opinion, regardless whence the consensus originated or what interests it has really been fashioned to serve and in doing so they express not the demeanour of an intellectual so much as the instinct of a mole.

What in fact is the problem that European Unity is designed to solve? The answers are various. ‘We must prevent Europe tearing itself apart a third time’ says the British Prime Minister. Would Europe have been able to embark on the folly of two world wars if the people of Europe had really controlled their governments? The chief lesson



modern history points to here is not that the government of Europe was not large and united enough, but that the different governments were already too large.

We may be sure of one consequence of a united Europe. Because it will be a power structure even more remote from the control of the people than are the present national governments, (and does nobody in Fleet Street, St. James Street, Gower Street or Great Turnstile, or for that matter Printing House Square or Portland Place, think they are not in all conscience remote enough already?), it will be a wholly new war factor on the world scene. It will begin to find reasons for armed action on its borders as surely as did India after the British departure (when it proceeded to quarrel with everyone of its neighbours and still does). The prospects of war with the Russian power structure cannot fail to increase enormously and with a united European Pentagon it will not hesitate to meddle in the affairs of people far from its borders as the United States Pentagon is today involved in Vietnam, Korea, NATO and SEATO. It will seek to expand, as the U.S.A. has incorporated Alaska and Hawaii, as India has incorporated Goa, Nagaland and Kashmir, as Russia has incorporated the Baltic States and half of Poland, and as China has incorporated Tibet despite the fully articulate wishes of all these forcibly subject peoples to the contrary.

## One More

A united Europe will be immediately involved in the shifting political fortunes of the Arab world; it will inevitably dominate the affairs of the North African States and will seek to adopt the same dangerous and authoritarian role towards the unstable governments of Africa that the U.S. government is pursuing in Latin America. Its supposed interests will impel it to. The crying need of the world today is to find ways of restraining the power of overmighty governments from coming into conflict whilst urgently seeking ways in which that power can be fragmented and restored to the people from whose control it has been taken. This is the real path of progress, however 'idealistic,' 'impractical' or 'unrealistic' it may sound. Such a path earns these epithets not because there has been a genuine intellectual grappling with the problems involved, but because there is a blank refusal to question the assumptions on which the present power structures hold their sway. One more overmighty world power structure will surely be enough now to tip the balance towards catastrophe.

## Economics

What then of the economic argument? Before we hear any more tediously repetitive slogans about 'rising living standards' (which is really jargon for higher consumption levels), may we remind those who talk this language of the plight today of the other united territories? At the time of writing production in China has been brought to a virtual standstill in many parts by civil commotions, if not war, and famine threatens several areas. India, spending half its budget on war, is afflicted with one of the worst famines in its history and clearly moving towards capitalist or communist dominated military government; fifty years after the revolution the Russian Government is like an elephant stricken with elephantiasis, its productive capacities are

so gummed up by bureaucratic bungling and its standards are so poor that it is having to call in capitalists to import entire factories and to buy huge stocks of surplus grain to feed its people (before the revolution it was a major grain exporter). It is true that total production levels are going up, as they are rising elsewhere, but even an age disposed to dismiss Ruskin's classic definition of wealth as so much hot air is having to face the fact that production geared to war and death, or even to power or profit, is inimical to life itself, of which he roundly declared, there was no other form of wealth at all.

We are assured that with unification Europe's problems of economic and financial stability will be solved. It is already forgotten that the greatest slump in history originated in the United States? And is there any serious dispute that such relative economic stability as the United States enjoys today stems from the seemingly insatiable demands of its war machine? Does the recent devaluation of United India's rupee encourage optimism here? Or the post-war inflation of the United Soviet Socialist Republic's rouble plus its current level of unemployment, which one Soviet academician acknowledges is as high as 20%?

In many parts of the U.S.A. problems of poverty are so acute, chronic, and endemic that a special 'poverty programme' has had to be initiated. Despite the usual bombast, this time about the 'Great Society,' there are many signs that this programme will not get off the ground. A lot of money will be spent, which is not quite the same thing, but essentially the poverty problem will not only stick it will spread—as indeed it is spreading already. The reason is simple, and it points to the solution to the problems of the other power empires too; human needs and the needs of genuine human communities are far too complex and subtle for mass, centralised, power structures to comprehend, far less to provide for.

## Human Freedom

It comes to this. There was a time when economic activity in human societies was part of a complex process involving the free play of many other factors by their members in determining the nature of their lives and how they should live. Today economic considerations are being taken as the paramount and frequently the only criteria in determining how we should live. The new and largely anonymous gentry of the call to unite Europe need to be reminded that we are not workers, producers, consumers, taxpayers and other categories with a marginal concern for questions of morals, ethics, culture and community, we are human beings whose human significance is not derived from the quantity of things we produce and consume, but from the moral and philosophical premises upon which we choose to act.

The ultimate objection to the unification of Europe does not arise from military or economic considerations, but from the simple issue of human freedom. Numerous forms of organisation today take as their starting point assumptions which are increasingly and unwarrantably authoritarian.

In order to operate this factory (or telephone system or railway or banking mechanism or health service or police force or supermarket-chain or national newspaper, etc., etc.), this and this and

this *must* be accepted.' What *must* be accepted is generally remote authoritarian control which helps to reduce the area of free choice to a series of standardised and predictable responses which the citizen is largely compelled to make in order to keep afloat.

The Fabians, the planners, the bureaucrats and the profit and power mongers appear to overlook altogether that if man is not free to choose he is not even free to choose to be free. That is why all schemes of human amelioration must begin from the assumption that it is the individual at the base who decides and if necessary, revokes, rather than the expert of one kind or another at the top, and it is because the idea of uniting Europe affronts this basic principle that the modern radical must reject it out of hand.

## Backstairs Methods

It is indicative of the whole trend to authoritarianism in public affairs that the moves towards this most fateful step have not been preceded by discussion; what public debate there has not been has tended to follow 'top level' events and it is regarded as perfectly natural that all the discussions between the leaders of different power groups have been in private.<sup>1</sup> It is in keeping with these backstairs methods that the legislative body of the Common Market, the so-called European Parliament (made up of M.P.'s from the member countries) has less control over the affairs of the Commission [i.e. the executive arm of the Common Market] than has say, the House of Lords over the

<sup>1</sup>It is wholly consistent with this approach that an official version of the Treaty of Rome in English does not yet exist. It was signed ten years ago. The unofficial translation put out by H.M. Stationery Office runs to 183 pages and at the price of 10/- per copy is clearly not intended for popular consumption—far less discussion. Yet this is the document Sir Hartley Shawcross [a spokesman for Shell Oil] and others are urging the British Government to sign without further ado.

government of Britain. According to the explanatory booklet issued by H.M. Stationery Office one learns "At its meetings, the Parliament" [i.e. of Europe.—ED.] "discusses Common Market matters and debates the Annual Report of the Commission. It can ask the Commission questions which the Commission must answer. It can in many cases suggest modifications to proposals from the Commission before they are approved by the Council. And by a two-thirds majority, it can force the resignation of the Commission."

So, even at this exalted level the people's representatives can discuss, they can debate, they can question, they can suggest and they can terminate the Commission's tenure of office, but they have no power otherwise to initiate or to determine, they do not even elect the Commission! The purpose of this elaborate façade of activity, so curiously reminiscent of a 'Parliament' convened in contemporary Moscow is simply to provide a fig leaf of moral and political sanction to the real business of high-level decision-making conducted elsewhere. The people of Britain and of Europe should be warned, the major consequence of the artificial unification of Europe on these lines may well be to rob them of most of the limited and qualified freedoms that remain to them. If the cause of liberty is lost here, then generations to come may live to mourn our folly and our unthinking acquiescence in these bromidal pressures that are making this critical measure operative at a time when we should be seeking to oppose it with all the intellectual vigour and moral force at our command.

Offprints of this Editorial are available from the Editorial office, 22 Nevern Road, London, S.W.5, at 3d each, 2/6 for 12, 4/- for 25, 5/- for 50 and 10/- for 100. Please add postage with orders.

**RESURGENCE** is published bi-monthly on the first day of January, March, May, July, September and November.

PRICE PER COPY — two shillings and sixpence.

POSTAL SUBSCRIPTIONS:

U.K. — Single numbers — three shillings each post free.

Yearly — eighteen shillings, post free.

U.S.A. — Single numbers — fifty cents each,

Yearly — \$3, post free.

Other countries: — according to sterling equivalent.

NOTE: Airmail delivery; where this is desired, please add the appropriate sum for postage when remitting.

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## Peace Action

It is frequently asserted that the Easter demonstrations for peace are a waste of time and have never had any impact on the war situation.

This is untrue. Until the Direct Action Committee began its work in the fifties there was a dangerous conspiracy of silence, none the less real for being an involuntary response by the war machine operatives to the horrors they were engineering, over the whole question of modern war weapons. This conspiracy was busted wide open by the D.A.C. and its successors, the Committee of 100, and the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, and their success in placing these issues in the forefront of public debate is an accomplishment that should not be lightly underrated.

That both these major organisations subsequently found themselves on the wrong tracks is not to be denied. C.N.D. became a mass, centrally directed organisation and quickly began to show all the faults inherent in such a structure. For a time it was dominated by a few 'big names', including a number of what used to be called 'left wing M.P.'s. It set out to 'capture' the Labour movement, or at least the Labour Party, seemingly unconscious of the extent to which it could (and can) only do so by becoming itself the same cynical top-heavy kind of organisation, equally involved in power-mongering at the expense of the abandonment of principles.

It reached its peak when an anti-nuclear resolution was carried by a slender majority at the Labour Party Conference of 1960, carried despite an earlier plea by Aneurin Bevan not to send Britain 'naked into the Conference Chamber' and provoking Hugh Gaitskell to his emphatic determination to 'fight, fight and fight again' against the decision. Since those days CND has never ceased to look back, and it has drifted aimlessly on a tide of deepening confusion about its objectives and the means to attain them, becoming steadily weaker and showing no understanding of the reasons for its increasing failure to evoke an effective popular response.

The Committee of 100 is in a similar predicament. Like CND it has discovered the original premise of its actions were wildly untenable and has been unable to hit on any new ones. It began with the curious assumption that if enough people sat down on particular occasions it could bring the work of the government to a halt and compel it to change its policies. In the nature of things, few people, even if they were eminent philosophers, could be expected to entertain this belief for very long and the support for the Committee's work declined almost as dramatically as it had arisen. In point of fact the Committee soon ceased to be a mass organisation and has reverted increasingly to the tactics of the D.A.C.

Both organisations, as well as the Peace Pledge Union, have shown a marked failure to grasp that the break-through they achieved earlier brought them hard up against a psychological barrier of resistance in countless ordinary people. "We accept all you say about the moral and physical horror of modern war" says Mr. Everyman watching a demo go by and scratching his head over a leaflet thrust into his hand, "but what is your alternative?" Until now the answer to this unavoidable question has been a resounding silence. The instinctive wisdom of ordinary people is strong enough to enable them to see what may well escape the peace pundits, that an answer to the war threat which in moral and political terms fails to match that threat in size, scope and intensity is no answer at all and not worth bothering about. In short, they are aware the answer to the threat of total war must be total peace, the spirit of which must dominate all our institutions and all our assumptions if peace is to prevail.

Millions see this quite plainly, which is why they are so sceptical about the pretensions of established peace organisations, and why they go on preoccupying themselves with their lawn mowers and their creature comforts whilst the spirit of murder, the twentieth century's own special harlot, stalks the corridors of power with an increasingly ominous arrogance.

If the morality of war is to be repudiated, then the lust for gold and power which promotes it must also be repudiated, and alternatives based on ordinary human goodness and morality must replace them. When Dr. Albert Schweitzer said, "With the prevailing spirit of the age I am in complete disagreement," he was saying what, in his heart of hearts, Mr. Everyman knows is true for himself too. Is CND, the Committee and the Peace Pledge Union and others, prepared to concert now to stop monkeying with the power machine, and to repudiate it and its institutions altogether? To seek a world of small-scale, human-dominated communities which will achieve peace as naturally as our giant, over-centralised, mass conditioned and machine-dominated societies produce war?

How such communities will be attained is now the question of the age. It cannot be resolved by the frenzied eloquence of 'leaders' at mass rallies or by 'a new party' or any such nonsense; but the existence of numerous groups in every part of the country meeting to discuss these momentous issues, producing their own literature and establishing other forms of communication at a local level is at least the beginning of a beginning. The next step may well be a simple campaign of non-cooperation with all forms of monopoly power whether political, commercial, industrial, financial or otherwise. This would mean a refusal to pay taxes to the central government and an insistence on paying them to the local administration, a boycott of all chain stores and other enterprises not locally owned and controlled, support for local traders and craftsmen, the creation of local bank-

ing, credit and insurance institutions, the taking over of railways and local public utilities by local representatives and the creation of wholly new organs of administration which may well cooperate extensively with others throughout the country, but which will in each case draw their authority to act not from a dangerously defunct Parliament at the centre, but from people in local bases of revitalised power.

Of course the reforming purist will say this does not spell perfection and therefore he can't support such moves. But the purist may well pause to ponder, if he achieves a proper perspective of the collapse of civilised values, if not of civilisation itself, which is plainly approaching, whether even at this late stage half a loaf is better than none at all.

CND members have always been far more radical than their leaders, other bodies have failed so far from ordinary confusion rather than lack of radical intent. Can we see a prospect now of a fusion of effort and will along wholly new lines which even the anarchists may be drawn to give some qualified support?

An addiction to armchair utopianism, slogan mongering and muddle headed emotionalism has dogged the effort to achieve a peaceful world for a very long period. The idea that revolutionary changes will abolish such a deep rooted malaise as war and usher in the millenium in the twinkling of an eye is not only political infantilism, it betrays a sharply totalitarian cast of mind. The language of pacifism is not that of government by newspaper headlines and brazen forms of brainwashing, but of persistent and sustained personal effort in the direction of peace, effort which may seem puny and even futile when measured against the vast forces of war and power, but which cumulatively can hope to prevail because they stem from the deepest of human needs and are a steadfast response to the highest of human aspirations.

If we try to tackle the vast crisis of today in terms that really seek to change the course of history, there is every hope that people will respond to such vision and that 1967 will be marked up not as just another wasted year of frustration, but as the start of a new road to peace.

## Transport

The idea that the unrestricted proliferation of private car ownership is somehow synonymous with progress has taken a firm grip on the twentieth century mind. This despite the fact that urban life is suffering a steady process of despoilation as a consequence, and that urban air has become a menace to ordinary health, that cars are proving as efficient as modern wars as curbs on population increase, and strangest irony of all, that the speed of transport through main urban centres is frequently slower than it was in the days when transport was dominated by the horse.

Recent technological developments have now made the private car as out of date as the horse. It is now possible to build railways that run on air cushions at speeds of 300 miles an hour or more. Such trains would have none of the rattle and

jolting of today's rail journeys, they would be smooth, silent, and make fewer demands on the human nervous system than any other form of mechanical travel. Since there is no actual contact of wheels with the track during motion, track wear would be almost non-existent, the track rails would not even need to be as highly finished as they are to-day before laying.

These, and many innovations are part of a report, 'Project Transport', by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, prepared for the U.S. Department of Commerce. The projects opened up here could do a great deal to halt and even reverse the decay of urban life in many other countries, not least in Britain. Such trains could reduce any ordinary two hour train journey to forty minutes, and almost any part of England, Scotland and Wales could be reached in less than two hours.

It has been obvious for decades that any major breakthrough in improved travel could only come through improvements and extensions of one kind or another of the rail service; it has been equally clear that the logical consequence of car ownership can only, under the crowded mass conditions prevailing in Britain, be the bringing of urban transport to a virtual standstill, and the generation of many socially retrogressive factors such as poisoned air, a high accident rate, loss of urban amenity, needless wear and tear on nerves, and so on.

In this light it is possible now to see that the advent of Dr. Beeching to the rail scene was a disaster of the first magnitude. Instead of developing the public service so as to counter the demand for private car ownership, he did the reverse. The rail service was hacked about and millions of development money was earmarked for costly road schemes which could only result in more urban congestion as millions more took to private cars and poured off the new roads, into the cities.

The M.I.T. report makes the private car in Britain virtually obsolescent; this is the real measure of the folly of Dr. Beeching's shortsighted destructiveness. There seems no reason at all why a generation from now urban transport should not be the sole province of fleets of free buses, and cheap fare (and perhaps municipally subsidised) taxis using electricity for motive power, whilst inter-urban transport is provided by trains using the hovercraft principle to run on air cushions at three (and possibly more) times their present speeds.

What will hold such prospects back is not their technical or their financial feasibility, but the fact that millions have been brainwashed by the efficient work of advertising agencies into supposing that the eldorado of high material consumption they choose to pursue would be as dust and ashes without the private ownership of a car. It is one more illustration that the conditions of modern life are being determined not by what people freely ascertain their needs to be, but by what powerful institutionalised interests which are beyond any form of community minded or democratic control, and which have access to the expensive forms of mass conditions, the newspaper, the television, and so on, can induce or bamboozle them to accept. It is one more illustration of how democracy does work unless democratic control is exercised from grass root levels over all the forces generated by the mere fact of man's existence, in society.



## the key to social revolution

I think all those who have any acquaintance with rural India are filled with a sense of frustration and failure at what has happened since independence in our villages. During our struggle for freedom Mahatma Gandhi and his co-workers such as Kumarappai, Vinobaji and others had worked out a fairly detailed plan programme for the development of rural India for the reorganisation and reconstruction of the life of our villages with Gandhiji's conception of Gram Swaraj—self-governing village communities—as its basis with decentralisation in the economic organisation striving for self-reliance and self-sufficiency. But something happened after independence and the whole train of rural development seems to have got off the track. In spite of 12 years of community development and various other kinds of rural development programmes we find that the villagers of India are as backward as they were before independence. There has been little change in their economic condition, little improvement in their life, in their outlook, in their capacity to stand on their own legs, in their ability to manage their affairs and run their government—their own self-government. And yet that is what we all as fighters for freedom dreamed of.

I should like to consider very briefly some of the reasons for this derailment of our national development since independence. I do not know how many people are acquainted with the process of constitution-making. When the Constitution of India was being written, the job was entrusted to the legal luminaries of the country some of whom had played not even a marginal role in the national revolution. It was thought, perhaps, that constitution-making was the work of legal experts. The truth is that after every great revolution it was the revolutionaries themselves who framed the new Constitution, legal experts merely helping to clothe them in appropriate terminology. The result was that the Constitution as it was emerging did not even breathe the ideals that had been cherished during the revolution. When the process of Constitution-making had gone quite far somebody discovered—Mr Santhanam or Mr. Prakasam—that nothing had been said in it about Gandhiji's Gram Raj even though Gandhiji had put forward the concept of Gram Raj as the very foundation of Swaraj. The President of the Constituent Assembly, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, realised this with a sense of shock. But all that emerged from the rather impassioned debate on the issue was a solitary article directing the States to take steps to establish gram panchayats as 'units of self-government.' That was the only concession the Constituent Assembly made to Gandhiji's political thought and to an idea that had been central to the national revolution. That, I think, was the first major derailment in the career of post-independence India.

It was many years later, in 1959, that something was done in the States to establish what was later called Panchavati Raj, though gram panchayats had come to be established earlier in most States. The motivation behind the establishment of Panch-

ayati Raj was not the desire to implement Gandhiji's ideas of decentralisation but to generate public co-operation for the better performance of the community development programme. Panchayati Raj has yet to go very far indeed before its institutions can become real instruments of local self-government. By and large, they are still instruments of the State governments, Gandhiji's Swaraj of the people is still in the far distance.

I have just mentioned the community development programme. That was another instance of serious derailment of national purpose and fulfilment. During the national movement no one had done more thinking and experimenting in the field of rural development than Gandhiji. He had created a band of thousands of devoted workers, a large number of organizations and centres of rural service. But when the C.D. programme was taken up the inspiration came not from Gandhiji's lifetime work but from Mr. Chester Bowles and the West; and the executors of that programme were not chosen from amongst the workers who had given their life to the work but from the omniscient and ubiquitous civil servants. It is difficult to imagine anything more ridiculous, but that is exactly what happened. And it was no isolated instance.

Those of us who had participated in the freedom movement had formed a class by themselves and were deeply imbued with Gandhian thought. Outside of this class in our universities, for instance, the education given and the political and economic science taught was not Gandhian politics or Gandhian economics; it was not Kumarappa's economies of peace but Western economic science. All those who managed the affairs of the government the whole apparatus of bureaucracy of State—from the Chief Secretary downwards—had hardly any contact with the movement for freedom or any national orientation in their thinking. After independence, too, it was the same people who managed the affairs of the State. They were the advisers of our Ministers. They made the policy, worked out the details and placed them before the ministries. Sometimes some changes were made, some concessions might have been given to some of the political shibboleths of the old days. Then the policies were sent down to be implemented by the same bureaucracy. It was because of these two things, the intellectual alienation of the educated elite from Gandhian thought and the de-national character of the bureaucracy, that the great derailment took place and there seems to be no hope of putting the train of India on the right track again.

In view of this situation it should be a matter of pride and satisfaction for us that such institutions as Gandhiniketan, Gandhigram and the Ramakrishna Vidyalaya, like oases in the desert, are able to do so much. Herein lies our hope for the future. Please do not think for a moment that I am being a frog in the well. Far from it. I was myself educated in America where I lived for seven years. Let us take from the West, from the East, from the North and from the South whatever is good for us,

whatever science has to give us—social science, physical science. Let us not reject knowledge and the pursuit of truth. But let us try to acclimatize what we take, assimilate it and so make it ours that it becomes Indian, a part of our organic growth and development, deeply rooted in our country. The roots of all this must be the soil of India, in the history of India, in the culture of India and in the soul of India. That is why Gandhiji had said that he wanted to keep the windows of his house open and all the winds to play around it but he did not want the house to be uprooted and blown away. This unfortunately is not the case today.

Up till now the experience of institutions such as Gandhiniketan has been that, though within the four walls of the institution, we have been able to do a great deal and may be in a few villages in which we have chosen to concentrate. But the great mass of villages have remained untouched. We have succeeded in giving employment and some education through out basic schools, our charkas and through our village-industries but we are not satisfied with all that. We do not have a base in the villages for our work. The ground had not been prepared for the seeds that we sow to take roots, to grow, to develop and to flower and to come to fruition. And here I think our great leader Vinobaji has created a situation in which it seems to have become possible for the first time for us to realise the ideal, the dream of Gram Swaraj.

Why do I say this ?

All these programmes have been there since Gandhi's time. What is new in the situation that makes me think that the base has now been created or is being created ! The Gramdan movement has brought the message of social revolution, of economic revolution, of a moral revolution to the villages of India. The community development programme failed and it was bound to fail to develop the spirit of community. Development of several kinds of course took place, but that is a different matter; in developing community life, it was a complete failure. Now we find through this Gramdan movement, through this movement of voluntary renunciation of the right to property in land and voluntary sharing of what they have, whatever wealth they produce, whatever land they possess—and if they possess no land, then sharing of their labour power—a new spirit of community, of mutual help is being created and it seems possible for the first time in the Gramdan village to erect the entire structure of Gandhian rural development.

The Gramdan movement had been going on for several years. But in this present intensive form it began from July last year. As long as we had a few Gramdans scattered all over the State it was not possible for us to do very much. In a few of them something was done and wherever good work-

*The article 'Men, Animals and Men' by Dr. David Cooper published in our last issue was based on a paper read to the Conference "Factory Farming—Facing Fundamental Issues," which was organised by the Ruth Harrison Advisory Group and the West of England Campaign Against Factory Farming. Reprints of the article can be obtained from Ruth Harrison, 34 Holland Park Road, W.14.*

ers were posted the results were very striking. Now we have intensive Gramdan areas, whole blocks where 75 to 80 per cent. of the villages have accepted Gramdan. Since this has happened our responsibilities have multiplied. The people will look to us; the Government will also hold us responsible; and everybody will ask us : 'Well, there has been this blockdan; this tulukdan: what now ?' The question of follow-up has become a matter of urgency for us. Undoubtedly the Panchayat Union will have to function. It will continue to be an agency of development. But there should be a difference otherwise blockdan will have proved to be a failure. It is for us to help in showing that difference. Now who will do this ? Here, there must be a division of labour to some extent. Going around Gandhiniketan, I saw the regional planning institute and the khadi units, and it occurred to me that here was an institution ready-made to undertake the task of providing the guidance for the development of these blocks which have come into Gramdan. I hope the Gandhiniketan will seize this opportunity.

Gandhiji talked of economic and political decentralisation not as an end in itself but as a means to the creation of a non-violent social order. Now I think some of us are inclined to make the mistake that by merely setting up decentralized industries, khadi and other village industries, we have made full preparations for non-violence. We think this work in itself prepares us for non-violence, moulds our minds and the minds of the spinners and weavers engaged in village industries. But this is not an automatic process. If the economy is decentralised there is less violence; there is less concentration of wealth and less scope for exploitation of man by man. But please remember that for ages and ages the economy of society used to be decentralised. And yet there was terrible violence in society. All the princes, kings, nawabs and sultans of those days went on fighting all the time. Non-violence did not automatically come into being because the economy was decentralised. The Greek city states were the ideal examples of decentralised political organizations. Yet they were perpetually at war among themselves. You know the history of Greece.

We uphold the concept today of 'community ownership,' as in Gramdan, and consider such ownership as conducive to non-violent social relationships. We say Gramdan points the way to world peace. Again we take too much for granted. Some years back there was a joke circulating in the coffee shops of Poland. The joke was that for the next fifty years there would be no world war, but after that there will be one and it will be a war between Russia and China ! Both Russia and China have abolished private ownership. What I am driving at is that for non-violence decentralization is not enough, common ownership is not enough. They are necessary, but not enough. The roots of violence are in the minds of men and it is there that the radical remedy has to be applied. That is the task set for the Shanti Sena. It is through the Shanti Sena programme that psychological training in non-violence, training in how to resolve conflicts and deal with situations of violence—the whole science of training in non-violence that has been developed in the West—has to be given. Not enough is being done by us today in this direction.

*(Based on the presidential address by Shri Jayaprakash Narayan at the silver jubilee celebration of Gandhiniketan on August 3, 1968.—With acknowledgements to "Voluntary Action.")*



## review

Prison Notes by Barbara Deming,  
Grossman, Publishers, New York, 1966

There can be a monotony about prison literature, a by-product perhaps of the nature of prison life. Barbara Deming's 'Prison Notes' escapes this danger, partly because she is a poet and sees things with a poet's eye and evaluates her experience with an uncommon degree of sensitivity, and partly because of the reasons for her imprisonment in the city of Albany (Georgia).

'Prison Notes' is also remarkable for its insight into the psychology of prison life; with gentle accuracy Miss Deming perceives the basic motive of her prison—of any prison, the desire to wish away the identity of the prisoner. Prisoners are not people, they are numbers, categories, delinquents; something different and apart. The moment they are acknowledged as humans they become fellow-humans, and that will never do. Again, when she is subjected to the grossest indignities on being stripped and searched, it comes to her forcibly that what they are searching for is not just drugs or notes, but her pride. Small wonder that in many cases they find it and mangle it, and that frequently a prisoner may come to accept that, almost, he does not exist, or that his existence has ceased to have any meaning.

What gives the book an interest far beyond its eloquent and perceptive recounting of the routine of prison life is that the whole episode of the imprisonment of a large group of peace walkers was part of a significant, and on the whole successful, non-violent struggle with the Albany power structure. The Walk began in Quebec in May '63 with the object of taking a message of peace and goodwill to the people of Cuba. Its members comprised both negroes and non-negroes, a fact of no great moment in its passage through the Northern States of the Atlantic seaboard of the U.S., but one which was almost bound to lead to trouble in the South. It did. Georgia's economy was developed largely by slaves, and the attitudes of white arrogance and negro subservience still prevail. The members of the Walk began to suffer arbitrary arrest, imprisonment and rather brutal treatment, (including the use of electric cattle prodders), by the police soon after they crossed the border, but it was in Albany that the real confrontation took place. It included two distinct phases of imprisonment lasting about a month each, during which most of the members in jail fasted (the women proved far tougher than the men when it came to endurance), an astonishingly formal meeting of all the members of the Walk inside the Albany jail arranged by the cops and which the cops duly bugged, and at which the determination of the group to insist on their right to leaflet through the town came close to crumbling altogether! Followed a few days later by almost total victory. It was victory for a principle rather than the Walkers, of course, but how extensive a victory it was may be judged from the complete reversal of attitude encountered by the team as it progressed through the rest of Georgia. Police harassment gave way to police protection, and even at times, co-operation.

Why the authorities, from an apparent position of strength, caved in and agreed to allow a modified form of leafleting and suddenly released all the prisoners when they were so near to breaking is a most instructive object lesson in the applied technique of non-violence. It is a weakness of the book that insufficient emphasis is given to this, but in this intensely personal record the lesson is there nonetheless, which is why it makes invaluable reading for anyone who is concerned with the use of such techniques for widening the area of tolerance and forbearance in a world so dangerously wracked with violence.

JOHN PAPWORTH.

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## Poem about the Enclosure of Helpston/John Barrell

Helpston is a village in Northamptonshire where John Clare was born and spent the first forty-odd years of his life. It was farmed on the open-field system until, in 1809, an Act was passed for its enclosure. Clare was then not quite 16.

The Commissioners mentioned in 4. were officers appointed in the Act, and responsible for its execution; and the lines in italics in that section are paraphrased from the Act.

The prose passage at the end of 5. is from the Board of Agriculture Report, 'The Agricultural State of the Kingdom' (1816), the chapter on Northamptonshire. The price of bread at this time was about 1/- the four-pound loaf.

1.  
Through mists on the flat  
land, through Cobbett's  
'fat land' driving  
to Helpston  
still  
in the driving mirror, my wife's  
face, there; on the map the knot  
of roads that stretch  
back — just  
one parish then  
another, the roads meet &  
the knot is tied.  
The bill in committee. The property  
of all against the measure  
thirty-four shillings; none  
could hike south  
to Westminster, & explain  
just why  
they objected  
The words, the common form  
precise — never  
particular  
then  
law — an implement — say  
a spade, that  
red-&-ochre marking scraped  
away  
reveals  
the sheer metal  
— to scour out  
widen, or repair  
brooks drains ditches  
or divert them, or command  
new ones  
to be dug.
2.  
The parish border marks  
what can be known  
without  
outstepping  
the known course  
of husbandry & tillage.
3.  
The map of  
Helpston  
open, not  
a line drawn  
is not  
road. Then  
with post & rail,  
quickset,  
ditches, the  
grass the  
trees en-  
meshed. What's  
left of  
the known  
place?
4.  
The Commissioners had full power  
to deem superfluous, to stop  
up, or destroy highways carriageways footpaths  
bridlepaths — whatever led  
outward  
from Helpston  
(— Maxey, not  
two miles north, 'a distant village').  
The parish bound  
to support whoever  
(ploughman or thresher)  
could settle within  
its edge, cut could  
not work. Who  
are they, the parish  
poor? —  
Ploughman  
thresher they are  
what  
they do. But when  
they do  
nothing what  
are they?
5.  
The parish bound  
to support whoever  
(ploughman or thresher)  
could settle within  
its edge, cut could  
not work. Who  
are they, the parish  
poor? —  
Ploughman  
thresher they are  
what  
they do. But when  
they do  
nothing what  
are they?

The magistrates order all overseers to support or allow men who apply to them, as under—a single man, 5s. per week; a man and his wife, 6s.; a man who has a wife and family, 5s. for the parents, and 2s. per head for each child. If the overseers can shew that the family earn anything, their earnings form a part of the allowance.



## who are the Red Guards in China?

The real crisis in China is this: Will China carry out the industrial revolution by establishing big industry in big cities under a "dictatorship of the proletariat" and the Communist Party—or will China continue with decentralized village communes and co-operatives with more local self-government? The army under Lin Piao, Mao's present heir-apparent, may be the deciding factor in a Napoleonic period of indecision.

It is easy to see that this crisis has been directly intensified by both the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., both of whom have refused to send heavy industrial equipment to the Chinese to build up Big Industry in Big Cities, including nuclear installations—though both nations contributed to the original nuclear installation in China, and which both now fear. At the same time, the U.S.A. has kept the pot of hatred boiling by supporting Taiwan, refusing to recognise mainland China, and stepping up the Vietnam war on China's border.

The situation is complicated by the fact that the Chinese use Marxist terms to claim authority, which are almost meaningless in the context of Chinese conditions. Of course, both sides claim to be a "proletarian revolution," of the working class, but one is more rural than urban. The traditional conflict between city and country is operative as well.

All Chinese want Big Industry and Big Power and "socialism" and China has always had and will always have Big Bureaucracy to manage what is now the over seven hundred million population; the question is one of degree. Lin Piao's army, however, sees that centralised industry is an easy target for bombing and remembers that in a few months in 1937 and 1938 the Japanese army occupied the entire modern industrial base of China, which was concentrated in a few port and river cities. It was in this desperate situation in 1938 that the idea of Gung Ho industrial co-operatives in the villages was conceived (it was my idea originally, my only claim to fame, supported by my former husband Edgar Snow, and Rewi Alley, the New Zealander, who is still in China). On the recommendation of the British Ambassador, Lord Inverchapel, Chiang Kai-shek's government sponsored the Gung Ho Industrial Co-operatives on the far Right. Edgar Snow wrote to Mao Tse-tung to suggest this idea in 1938, and when he agreed, Rewi Alley went to Yen-an and created a system of industrial co-operatives. This Indusco was the only bamboo bridge between Right and Left in China and during the war with Japan, after which it was destroyed, but later revived. By 1958, all cities and most of the towns in China had tens of thousands of small industrial co-operatives, chiefly handicraft co-operatives, but the Chinese would not allow any information to leak out that any Americans had originated the idea. Yet the Indusco idea spread to India and Japan and elsewhere. To me, it becomes more urgent every day for American and European policy to support co-operative industries in Asian and African villages, as the only feasible means of

bringing the industrial revolution to tribal, feudal or clan-commune and of building up the purchasing power and stability of such non-industrial areas.

### Mao the decentraliser

Now in 1958 I was taken by surprise when the co-operatives in China merged into big "communes" within only a few months. I do not know who invented the commune idea, but it could have been Miss Tsi Ch'ang, head of the Women's Federation of China, which had seventy-six million members in 1949. She rabidly supported the commune, as did Mao Tse-tung, her close friend since they were teenagers in Normal School in Hunan.

Today as in the past since the 1920's Mao Tsé-tung's group represents the following: children, teenagers and women fighting against Confucian "semi-feudalism," as they call it, which is a confusing misnomer to me.

To understand this, you would have to understand the nature of the old Confucian patriarchal society, which was a kind of clan-commune, and which, since the Neo-Confucian revival in the Sung dynasty of A.D. 960, kept women in bound feet for a thousand years. Foot-binding continued until the 1911 Revolution, and the grandmothers of the Red Guards, age fifty-six and over are likely to have bound or unbound feet today. A high percentage of Red Guards are girls and young women teachers. All are determined not to come under a new patriarchal dictatorship of the old Confucian family in a Communist revival nor of a new Confucian-scholar type of literati beureaucracy, which had been established already under the Communist Party since 1949 and was not under the control of Mao's group. Mao says he was pushed out of power in 1958, partly for trying to establish a big "commune" system prematurely.

Mao's side is in favour of the following: decentralized co-operatives and communes, along with Big Industry in cities, with more local self-government and less "dictatorship of the proletariat" of the cities. Mao's armies were always made up of teenagers and today not only the Red Guards are teenagers and girls but so also is the Red Army under Lin Piao made up of teenager boys, drawn from the peasant villagers rather than from the industrial proletariat—which was always true.

All Chinese are anti-Imperialist, of course, but some are more anti-foreign than others. In the confusion, it is not easy for either the U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R. to see where their own best interests lie, and in general the smartest thing for China and any foreign power, it seems to me, is to stay out of each other's hair and let China stew in its own chow mein.

Liu Shao-ch'i was in the past and now is the authority on city industrial labour in China and guide of the labour union movement of the cities. He has been President of the Republic since 1958,

when Mao is said to have been pushed out of power by Liu and by Teng Hsiao-ping, Secretary-general of the Communist Party. A Japanese report quoted Mao as saying that "Liu and Teng had been trying to 'pigeonhole' him for the past eight years . . . Mao was forced out because of the disastrous failure of the commune system." According to this, Mao said he used his mysterious disappearance last year "to plan a purge of his enemies with the aid of his young Red Guard supporters. Mao's admissions came in wall posters."

### Utopia vs. Science

Historically, since the time of Karl Marx, there have been two kinds of socialism. Marx called the old-fashioned kind "Utopian," and the modern kind "Scientific Socialism," which latter would take over Big Industry and establish a "dictatorship of the proletariat."

The model of the U.S.S.R. is Big Industry, state-owned, with Big Dictatorship of the City Proletariat. All Chinese Communists wanted to follow this example up to the time of the communes in 1958, and considered co-operatives only a stop-gap measure and temporary. The Liu Shao-ch'i side is more for "Scientific Socialism" on the U.S.S.R. model with dictatorship of the industrial working class in the cities.

These are not clear-cut issues in the propaganda war, but this is the underlying significance of the crisis in China. When both the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. refused to send Big Machinery to the Chinese, this took most of the wind out of the sails of the "Marxist Scientific Socialist side," so to speak. This may work out to the advantage of the West and toward world peace. Big state-owned industry under dictatorship is more aggressive than decentralised industry and power, as Machiavelli pointed out long ago, which latter is better for defence. The crisis in China now points to this: Vietnam has caused a trend toward decentralised defensive positions in China, which encouraged the Mao Tsé-tung side.

The key to understanding the Red Guards is this: They are destroying the most sacred objects in China, the ritual vessels of ancestor-worship, which means that patriarchal ancestor-worship is still considered a threat to the status of children and women. To understand the Chinese mind one needs to know that the mainland authorities every year officially see to it that the grave of Chiang Kai-shek's mother is swept on memorial day, which to Chiang, a Confucianist, is a matter of life and death.

### Chinese Women

The one key which opened up the mysteries of China to me was a study of the history of the status of women, combined with a study of anthropology generally. These should be compulsory courses today for anyone concerned with Asia or Africa, or any such nations. I spent a number of years doing research for my book *Women in Modern China*, which is being published in 1967 in the Netherlands, and for a companion volume, *Women in Traditional China*, which has no publisher as yet. The status of women is the most sensitive area in China and bound feet have been taboo as a subject of the public prints since 1949.

Organized women and teenagers are for Mao Tsé-tung and women are rabid for communes. Why? Ssai Ch'ang made this explanation:

"The people's communes practise a wage system based on the principle of 'to each according to his work' and at the same time practise a supply system which to some extent embodies the rudiments of the principle of 'to each according to his needs.' This means . . . the distribution of income becomes a most reliable form of social insurance, especially for women who cannot work and mothers of big families. Meanwhile, with wages paid directly to each labourer, women can completely free themselves from their subordinate status . . . In this way the feudal patriarchal system is being further demolished . . . women are determined to adhere to the people's communes."

Mao and Tsai Ch'ang supported the policy of "walking on two legs," of 1957, which she stated was "of simultaneous building of industry and agriculture, of heavy and light industries, of large and small enterprises, of modern and indigeneous methods."

Why did women, comparatively, not like land distribution and co-operatives? In 1949, women were given equal fragments of land with men, which of course was patently ridiculous to the peasants anywhere. Quickly, the peasants went into co-operatives voluntarily to increase production, but in this system women did *not* handle their own earnings or shares—these were on the basis of work points and given to the *family*, not to the individual woman. Under the wage system of the big commune of dozens of families, women for the first time were given equal wages for equal work into their own hands. The day care nurseries and canteens enabled them to work for wages.

The aim of the Communist women of China is now, and always has been, to establish the modern Western-style small conjugal family of parents and children, and the commune provided cubicles for this purpose. In the past, the big joint Confucian family had segregation of the sexes but not of the couple as such. Yet since 1949, the law provides that both men and women must provide for their old parents and many women have been put into prison for failing to do this. In other words, the key question of the future is how to provide old age security for the individual. The Confucian family provided this by rigid enforcement of filial piety. The child was enslaved to the patriarchy and the woman's security lay in having one or more sons to provide for her old age. This Confucian system encourages big families and makes birth control difficult even today.

Vital for the West and for world peace is the encouragement of birth control by the Chinese. We should support any form of economy or society which makes it possible for the Chinese to practice birth control and to encourage it. Over 200 million Chinese have been born since the Communists took power in 1949—few of them have ever seen a foreigner and these are the teenagers of the Red Guards today, brought up to fear an attack by the U.S.A. and under the shadow of the U.S. fleet at Taiwan and the Vietnam adventure.

The combination of Confucian familism and Big Industry is a frightening thought. If the Red Guards are opposed to Confucianism, that is all to the good. If the commune makes it possible for the first time for Chinese women to earn a living and to practice birth control, this can be no harm to the rest of the world. I would not myself like to live



in a commune, but I know from travelling in China that the Chinese love to be with each other in close contacts and hardly know the meaning of privacy.

The women of China are not going to practice birth control if it means a form of suicide for their old age with no means of support from their children, yet the Women's Federation is now for birth control, of course. The U.S. is spending two billion a month in the Vietnam war—which makes it more necessary for China to have more manpower for army and industry in defence, in a vicious cycle. Supposing there are a hundred million old persons in China in need of old age pensions, with two billion dollars a month, we could provide each one of them a handsome pension.

The Chinese are making an effort toward birth control—the marriage age for men is 20 and for girls 18 and Communist Party members set the example by having few children. The less Confucianism in China in any form, the better for the future of China and the West.

### Mao's Red Book

There is a question in my mind as to whether or not any economic revolution has occurred in China as yet, though the attempt has been made with words and Mao's little red books. Is it possible for any nation to have a revolution intellectually before the base is laid in the industrial revolution? In any case, until the industrial revolution has actually changed the mode of production in China from that of naked manual labour to machinery, any change is largely illusory and unstable. It is because of this sense of insecurity that the Red Guard children and women are on crusade all over China.

Mao Tsê-tung was born in Hunan in 1893 and supported his mother's side against his strict Confucian father, the all but invariable pattern of Communist rebellion. Nearby in Hunan was born in 1900 Miss Tsai Ch'ang, whose brother Tsai Ho-shêng, was Mao's best friend at the Normal School in Changsha. In 1917 the three organized the New People's Study Society, with only the one girl allowed to be a member—this was the nucleus of Mao's group. Tsai Ch'ang told me her life story, which is in my book *Women in Modern China*—her mother and brothers and sisters—six of them—became Communists and all hated the Confucian system of their father. Their mother's clan was the most aristocratic great family system in China, that of Tseng Kuo-fan, who was worshipped by Chiang Kai-shek.

Tsai Ch'ang's brother married her best friend, Hsiang Chin-yü, and the three studied in France, but the couple were executed on their return around 1927, as were four others of Tsai Ch'ang's family. First, Hsiang Chin-yü dominated Communist work with women, then after her execution in 1927, Tsai Ch'ang took over and today still holds power on the side of Mao Tsê-tung as always. She is the only woman ever elected to the Central Committee of the Communist Party, though two others were alternates. Only about one in ten in this Party are women, which may explain why so many support Mao against its dictatorship.

From its early beginnings in 1927-1931, the Communist power organized non-uniformed militia Red Guards to protect the rear, together with

“partisans,” more mobile than the Red Guards based on protecting the farms locally. In 1934, the Red Army had 180,000 regular soldiers and was supported by about 200,000 Red Guards and partisans.

The present Minister of Defence, Lin Piao, has been since his twenties in command of Mao's best army, from 1927 on. He was born in 1908 and was considered the handsomest Whampoa cadet of his day. When the Red Army went on the Long March, there remained the peasant Red Guards to unsuccessfully guard the Communist regions in 1934-5, and 20% of the 300,000 men and 10,000 women in the trade unions were mobilized into these peasant Red Guards.

### Urban vs. Rural

All during the years, there were two policies in conflict and this is the general problem today. The Communists trained in the U.S.S.R. tended to want to concentrate on the city working class and to capture the cities intending to establish a dictatorship like that in the U.S.S.R. with Big Industry as a base. Mao Tsê-tung was always from before 1927 the agrarian expert and leader with a policy of encircling the cities and making a base in the villages. Mao established his leadership in 1934 and in the 1940's wrote his programme for a “New Democracy,” which won over all but a few of the extreme Rightists and resulted in a coalition type of government in Peking in 1949, which was remarkably liberal and popular.

An elite aristocracy quickly established itself in the Communist Party and the higher schools, which the Red Guards call “bourgeois royalists and revisionists.” At first the Red Guards limited membership to five categories: those whose parents were workers, poor or lower-middle peasants, Liberation Army men, party members before 1945 and revolutionary martyrs.

The “Cultural Revolution” began at Peking University in 1966 when a young woman teacher put up a poster attacking President Lu Ping for making fun of peasant and worker students and “driving them back to farms and factories,” while giving preference to the “bourgeoisie,” or upper-class individuals. Six other young teachers supported this woman and soon walls were covered with posters. Schools and colleges in the city were closed down while their students came to Peking University to learn how the revolution had been made. Some professors were made to walk around with dunce caps on their heads. This revolution spread to all parts of China, supported by Mao Tsê-tung and Lin Piao, commander of the three-million man Red Army. Students refused to allow the schools to reopen till new textbooks were written and new curricula planned. Foreign teachers thought of going home, as the Red Guards proclaimed against the “restoration of capitalism,” which China never had incidentally, except in the form of compradorism in the foreign treaty ports.

This type of youth revolution is typically in the Chinese tradition. On May 4, 1919, Peking University started the first one. The one on December 9, 1935, when I was in Peking, was one of the six landmarks of modern Chinese history and influenced Mao Tsê-tung to think up the “New Democracy” to provide for an alliance with the upper-class student aristocracy, who moved far to the Left in 1935.

### War of Succession

One needs to understand the age-old trend among Chinese toward hierarchy and seniority status to see why these youth rebellions occur against their elders and against Confucian remnants.

There are twenty-one million members of trade unions in China, trained to look upon both Liu Shao-ch'i and Mao Tsê-tung as their authorities. Logically, the top hierarchy would be opposed by the young elements in any split in the present Red Guard crisis. All Chinese are expert at establishing Big Bureaucracy in any situation and always have been, which is possibly why the attempt of Red Guards to purge trade union authorities met with resistance.

In the early period of the Red Guards, it was the army which protected them and maintained order, as the Red Guards were unarmed, of course. Factories had their own militia and it was not intended to establish Red Guard units in industry.

The Red Guards are actually Levellers. Their movement shows that China has not solved the problem of governing by law instead of personal prestige and status, or armed force. Cromwell, also, had no way of getting Parliament to dissolve itself and his Old Guard was destroyed in the Restoration of 1660, though New England remained Cromwellian. In 1937, the Old Guard Bolsheviks in the U.S.S.R. executed each other to establish Stalinism. In France, Napoleon took over the field after the Revolutionaries had guillotined each other. The Chinese have been remarkably civilized since 1949 in view of their past history, until the present struggle of the Old Guard using the youth to con-

trol the future by Mao's ideology.

One can see both sides of this conflict in China. In American terms, it could only be compared to the Jeffersonian agrarians (Mao's side) vs. the Hamiltonian elite federalism. The future character of the state and economy are not yet determined in China. The co-operative, the commune and the women's organizations are forms of local self-government and are not aggressive by nature—even though vociferous verbally as laryngeal and paper dragons, waving Mao's little red book. Mao speaks in the native voice of China and its Delphian oracle, but the meaning of his words cannot be translated into English, much less Russian, as he has put a Chinese content into Western-labelled bottles. He prefers the Renaissance type of man of all-round abilities, with both mental and manual dexterity, the Organic Man in a more primitive Utopian setting than the Scientific Socialists aim for under a proletarian dictatorship of the cities.

It is not safe to accept as true much of the reporting about China, as the technique of rule is still, as it was in past centuries, based upon secrecy and subterranean intrigue.

The present conflict is a war for the succession by means of mass youth demonstrations against the entrenched Big Bureaucracy and dictatorship of the Communist Party elite, the All-China Federation of Trade Union machinery loyal to President Liu Shao-ch'i rather than to Mao, and the aristocracy of the “cultural” world. Mao has always represented a wider democracy in all fields than his opposition, and the Red Guards today demand “extensive democracy,” but no anarchism is involved—it is organized and disciplined, but opposed to paternalism in the form of Big Dictatorship.

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## Quotes...

*"... either we are not free and God the all-powerful is responsible for evil. Or we are free and responsible but God is not all-powerful. All the scholastic subtleties have neither added anything to nor subtracted anything from the acuteness of this paradox."*

ALBERT CAMUS.

'THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS'

"We get 'em slopping around in the university for a year or two. And of course they're damned irritating. They look awful, they're both cocky and ignorant, they're lazy, won't make an effort—"

"My grandson all over. Won't look ahead. Refuses to accept any responsibility. Why? Any idea?" He caught Tom's fleeting grin. "Not really funny, is it?"

"Not really, no. But I understand what they feel. They think that kind of responsibility pushed their grandfathers—your generation—into the First World War. Then pushed their fathers into the Second World War. And now it's been assembling sufficient nuclear bombs and missiles to finish us all off. So they want no part in it. They don't like our society. For that matter, neither do I."

"Can't say I do. All this advertising and spending, pushing and shoving for money. Nasty. Cads on the make. But all these lads do is loll about, booze and copulate. Why not pull themselves together? Improve the world if they don't like it."

"Chiefly because they don't know how. It's all too big and complicated. And there's no longer a simple

programme for world-changing. So they just attend in their own way to their own little bit of life."

"Just sit about and let their hair grow."

The old man sounded so contemptuous that Tom, who really hadn't wanted to talk, accepted this as a challenge.

"No General, I won't take that. As I told you, they aren't my style. And I mistrust the way in which they shuffle out of any sustained effort. But even so, if I had to choose, I'd prefer them to the students I've had at the other extreme—those who attend every lecture, fill all their notebooks, pass all examinations neatly and nicely on their way to the right degrees, are very careful and tactful, have no real opinions of their own, and you know will always say *Yes* to anybody in authority for the rest of their lives. Those are the people I'm really afraid of, not the *beat* lads and girls—like your grandson. Don't imagine these kids have done nothing but avoid work and responsibility. In their own little corners, they've already done a hell of a lot."

"Don't see it. What?"

"Well, for instance, among themselves they've done more in ten years to destroy the power of social position and money than the rest of us have done in the last hundred years. They've really made a new kind of revolution—"

J. B. PRIESTLEY.

'IT'S AN OLD COUNTRY'

*"... it is impossible to do creative work of any kind when the goals are pre-determined by outsiders and cannot be criticized and altered by the minds that have to do the work, even if they are youngsters."*

PAUL GOODMAN.

'COMPULSORY MIS-EDUCATION'



## correspondence

### SPONTANEOUS COERCION

It is harder now than ever to obtain reliable information of current events in China, but I very much doubt if the present situation is as devastating as you draw it in your editorial (Jan./Feb. Issue); and it appears to me that you have ignored a great many positive features of the revolution that are of real significance to the future of that country, and to much of the "underdeveloped" world.

As a pacifist, I share your horror at the bloodshed that occurred in the anti-Japanese war, and in the war against Chiang Kai-shek. I wish another path had been chosen, following Gandhi's lead; but I find I cannot so strongly condemn those who resort to violence in the face of great provocation, and in support of a relatively just cause. Thus, while deploring their methods, I am also sympathetic toward the National Liberation Front in Vietnam in their struggle against a series of foreign imposed dictators, who shed blood even more brutally in an unjust cause.

I do not think we can belittle the results of the Chinese revolution. The Communists have led that tragic people from chaotic misery quite a considerable way toward a more ordered and civilised life. Certainly the people remain with very limited freedom, but, like the Russians, they probably are as free as they have ever been, and they are now on the road to eventual prosperity, which is, after all, a prime condition of freedom; freedom to starve is hardly an asset, although it has often passed for the real thing in our Western "culture."

There are some aspects of the Chinese revolution that should be of special interest to those who are seeking to solve the pressing political problems that exists all over the world. There seems to have been a peculiar combination of centralized directive—often in the form of broad general slogans, but backed up by teams of cadres bringing technical advice—and spontaneous local action arising out of urgent need. I do not think it fair (or correct) to consider this revolution as entirely the work of a centralized bureaucracy on the Russian pattern. Central leadership there was, and still may be, but much of it in the form of inspiration, rather than coercion. Coercion there was, and much still exists, but often of a very personal and local kind, arising out of local problems and grievances, and, alas, the more violent because of being spontaneous, rather than disciplined. However, the kind of communal persuasion we tend to call "brain-washing" has been used far more than physical violence. And we should be aware that our "free" culture contains mass "brain-laundries" that are probably even less healthy than pressure from a local community of peers as applied by the Chinese Communists.

It does seem important for those who are concerned to change the fearful aspects of the contemporary world—the increasing scale of violence, and the dreadful injustice of poverty amidst potential plenty—should make a close and realistic

study of the positive as well as the negative features of the Chinese revolution. Of particular interest is the unique blend of local action at the village and commune level with a degree of central planning that attempts to co-ordinate the life and work of a huge population—a population that is comparable with that of the entire earth a mere century or so ago!

If we are to supercede the coercive society of communism, and draw away its supporters, we have somehow to supply a motivation that can supercede nationalism, and that can function without the prompting of an "enemy at the gate." Is mankind mature enough to function without an enemy? If so, perhaps the building of a world community, struggling, if you like against a hostile environment, and against the social weaknesses built into our species, could become our new aim and challenge. A world community can well be a community of communities; it need not, and certainly should not be monolithic. Yet there must be some over-all co-ordination, if we are to bridge the gulf of indifference to distant suffering; and possibly the success of China in at least avoiding mass starvation can be a helpful example.

Roger Franklin.

*The Spinney,  
Martin's End Lane,  
Gt. Missenden,  
Bucks.  
21st February, 1967.*

### A LOT TO LEARN

Although I am not a dogmatic pacifist, I am much in sympathy with your aims. (I especially liked Dr. Cooper's article). I am not quite as much in sympathy with some of your politics. I am very sad and disturbed about the latest events in China, but I have too great an admiration of their stupendous achievements, to be happy about your treatment of their difficulties as the inevitable result of tyranny. Europe once upon a time was gradually pulled together—before it again split asunder—by ruthless indoctrination and tyrannies. England had to pass through that stage. How could China avoid it? 700 million people had to be carried along in one fell swoop into a new, if not necessarily better age. How could it have been done, except by adulation and almost incredible rigour? And how many died in China every year of hunger before the revolution? Look at India with its "democracy". Is the plight of the Indian peasant in the clutches of the perennial money-lender more enviable than that of the at least no longer starving Chinese doctrinaire?

Also your remarks about Hungary seemed to me startlingly without historic perspective. Of course, Hungary '56 was a tragedy. (So was Suez, without which it might not have happened). But it was also the last of such "flings" the Russians permitted themselves. And what could they have done if the revolutionary victory then would have meant American airbases wedged right into their sphere of influence? I am not excusing their ac-

tions. But I feel that moralising does not help. Moreover, Russian policies and behaviour have changed enormously since then, just as already then they had changed enormously since Stalin's days. I am always saddened when even enlightened and "liberal, radical" students of affairs cannot see that the Russian liberation during the last 12 years or so has been more rapid than any comparable development in European or any other history. (I do not even claim this as a conscious achievement of communist virtue. It is the inevitable economic development. But it has occurred!)

Finally, your writing off of Marxism is far too facile. Of course, Marx was wrong in almost every single one of his detailed predictions. But he has changed the world, he has changed our historical and economic and political thinking radically. For better, for worse—and once again, moralising is useless and impossible. He—Marx—has given a new dignity to countless millions, not only where his distorted ideology has come to power, out also where it has not. etc. etc. One statement of personal belief: I believe that the indoctrinated, "brain-washed" communist peasant is given a greater dignity by the very fact that he is taken seriously enough to be indoctrinated, than the Western, the English or American worker, upon whom floods of trivialities, obscenities and sheer chatter are poured day in day out in the name of freedom.

Again: I am not a communist, but I am sure we have a lot to learn from them.

Werner Pelz.

*Bryn Coch,  
Llanfachreth,  
Nr. Dolgellau,  
Merioneth.*

24th February, 1967.

### DIAS

Miss Brenda Jordan appears to suggest that those who object to violence against animals by destructive artists are thereby expressing their approval of the war in Vietnam, mass slaughter on the roads, and racial prejudice of any kind.

I do not want to go into any great detail about the activities of people who find it necessary to vomit on the stage—do they, I wonder, when they have lunch with Mr. Calder?—or who work in meat. I do feel, however, that the pacifist or anarchist of the old school, who held that *all* life was sacred would be somewhat alarmed at a DIAS performance. As a keen opponent of bloodsports and of vivisection, I wonder what answer I should give when I am asked if such entirely loathsome activities might be permitted under the cloak of self-expression?

David Holbrook, on another page, compares the acceptance of schizoid philosophies by our intelligentsia as a misfortune equal to the rise of nazism before the war. Both, indeed, are aspects of the same phenomenon—the rejection of pity in favour of some allegedly greater need, whether it is a 1,000 year empire or the expression of all that is worst in us. Human beings, once more, are mere instru-

ments. No wonder, then, that there is no art left, and no poetry, except Mr. Ortiz' belchings on the stage.

PETER GORGE.

*The Hollies,  
Chalfont,  
Stroud,  
Glos.*

18th February, 1967.

### CORRECTIONS

Knowing of my interest in Hungary, someone has shown me a copy of your January/February issue.

I have been in Hungary twice recently and was there the same time as John Papworth. In many respects my impressions were quite different from his. I mention two points by which your readers may judge his powers of observation. Although I am not a cheese eater, I noticed in every food store I went into at least four or five varieties. In the supermarkets and delicatessens there were many more. Of the citrus fruits available only the grapefruit (25 a kilo) was from Israel. The Lemons were from Sicily (19), the mandarins (25) from Greece and Turkey and the oranges (25) from Spain. The nationalities of these fruits was clearly indicated by the wrappers, or by the labels on the boxes from which they were being sold.

A final point, Mr. Papworth's assertions that "the police are not normally much in evidence here" is false by comparison with London or Vienna. Indeed, the opposite is true. Not all of them are tough looking but in the winter when it's freezing they do wear enormous ankle-length great-coats. However each policeman carries **not** a revolver but a pistol.

SAM WOLFE.

*33 Trebovir Road,  
London, S.W.5.*

4th February, 1967.

### Prison Notes

Barbara Deming

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## Hungarian Notebook (2)

Budapest, December 25th, 1966

We have frequently heard here that things are much better than they were and this is surely true. Indeed they must be better and go on getting better. The Hungarian revolution of 1956 was surely the most abrupt, spontaneous and dramatic expression of mass discontent in modern times (by comparison the Russian Revolution was a long prepared and meticulously rehearsed gala performance), its major cause was economic privation and discontent plus an appalling degree of police bullying of the populace, but the rising tide of consumer expectation is a world-wide phenomena and those who cling to power with promises to meet it dare not lag too far behind the capitalist West which is setting the pace.

Back on the street we strolled about window-gazing. My wife decided to purchase a toy for a young nephew and we queued at one counter of a small shop and having indicated our preference, offered payment. This was declined: we were given instead a document containing a description and the price of the toy and referred to another counter for payment. We queued here and after the cashier had checked, signed and stamped the document and entered the figures on a machine, we returned to the first counter only to be referred to yet another counter where we queued to receive our purchase after it had been wrapped. All in all a most illuminating indication of the folly of centralised planning. I have little doubt that somewhere in a ministry numerous clerks and supervisors will be solemnly checking the tickets and dockets of Budapest's Christmas shopping for the next nine months.

We stopped at a bookstall to buy the only English newspaper on sale, the *Morning Star* as the *Daily Worker* now calls itself. It takes two or three hours to fly to Budapest from London and by rail it takes little more than 24 hours. But even the 'Worker' in its new guise is invariably three days old and other papers are scarcely ever available. A Budapest paper shop tends to look bleak and have a very scanty variety of wares—even for Hungarians. For foreigners who speak no Hungarian and have no taste for communist literature there is nothing. The larger hotels get some of the English dailies sometimes some time.

We went into one of the excellent coffee houses with which the city abounds. These places invariably have a great deal of faded gilt and crimson and dusty chandeliers hang from grimy ceilings, reminders of what must have been a thriving city of a large and opulent bourgeoisie. We found this tradition still extant in Vienna where the proprietors provide newspapers to read and raise no eyebrow if customers dawdle in the warmth for hours over a single cup of coffee. A most civilised arrangement and one of which London is poor for the lack.

Back at the hotel we decided on a meal before attending midnight mass in the Basilica. It was as well we did, for at 8 p.m. the hotel shut down its service and became eerily quiet and nearly empty. At Christmas eve everybody within reach of his family joins it, and everything else, even foreigners in hotels goes hang for a bit.

At midnight the massive Basilica which dominates the city skyline was packed to its doors, not an empty seat, not a spare floor-space in the aisles. The temperature was well below freezing, the church was without heating and a cruel draught blew in from somewhere. There was no choir, the organ playing was indifferent, the sermon long and, I judged, somewhat tedious, the business at the altar perfunctory and lacking the kind of ceremonial finesse one comes to expect from such occasions.

I would no more embrace the Catholic faith than I would take up tribal dancing or needlework, yet here was something that impressed me. I am not thinking of mere numbers and the Christmas occasion, but of the demeanour of the people who were here. This was not meant to be an act of political defiance of the government, but it was surely that nonetheless. Indeed, the fact that people of all ages came in such numbers as part of their routine as Christians impressed me far more with its political significance than if Cardinal Mindszenty, marooned in the U.S. Embassy across the way now for ten years, had sent out a clarion call urging the faithful to turn out in order to show the government who was who and what was what. There is surely a lesson for pacifists here? If I was a Communist bureaucrat and found that twenty years or more after the communist era the Christians could bring the entire works of the country to a halt for forty-eight hours and pack its churches to capacity, I think somewhere in the inner recesses of my being I should begin to feel despair.

Back at the hotel, which conceded that it was Christmas with an illuminated tree in the lobby, the young desk porter was listening to some music from a small tape recorder. I thought at first it was Bach, but he assured me fervently that it was an English song group called 'The Rolling Stones'.

Budapest, December 26th, 1966

Yesterday morning we went to a performance of Mozart's 'Magic Flute'. The performance was a routine affair and neither the singing nor the production seemed to consume talents above the average, but it was an honest effort and even through it made one realise what an awful lot we tend to take for granted at Covent Garden, the magic of Mozart came over with no lack of enchantment. This time we were at the Staatsoper, the opera house of the *ancien regime*, a fabulous place of gilt and plush, with a royal box so ornate and sumptuous one half expected to see a Dowager Empress or two, crinolined, beribboned, besashed and bewigged,

busily plying elegant fans to their aristocratic features as they acknowledged the loyal applause of an adoring audience. We seemed to be standing inside some gigantic and empty jewel casket of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and if some would complain it was vulgar, I can only say I am all for some thoroughgoing and authentic style, however misconceived.

It struck me that the nobility here of one hundred years ago, moving from royal palace or private mansion to opera, to the basilica, and dining occasionally at the Hungaria (surely the most sumptuously conceived restaurant in the world) and doing the rounds of other public buildings, must have lived in a world of gilt and glitter and roccoco extravagance which surely made their senses reel. One must not, of course, make the mistake of being so concerned with the splendour of plumage that one forgets the dying bird, but since the crimson and the glitter has departed, leaving the plaster gilt cracked and chipped, the plush in tatters, and the crystal begrimed, it is at least worth asking whether the ponderous equalisation of poverty that has ensued under a government which appears to be able to claim no greater degree of affection from the people, and which is kept in office by Russian troops up the road, is an exchange worth all the suffering involved in the making. Presumably even under the Hapsburgs, had they remained, as under the Windsors, progress would not have been retarded completely.

The opera house was packed and many parents had brought along their children, which seemed a sensible way of giving them a treat. After the performance we walked through empty streets bearing a thin layer of snow, the afternoon sun doing its best against bitter cold and a biting wind. As dark drew on people began to appear in greater numbers, as though being roused from some private Christmas coma to stumble from their houses to make sure the city was still there. We spotted two students from an underdeveloped country in a bistro and introduced ourselves. After some initial hesitation they seemed as glad to talk to us as we were to talk to them. They gave us a very full account of their student lives and although I am pretty certain they spoke sober truth, what they had to say seemed preposterous.

To begin with they were assigned to Budapest for studies, the choice not being theirs, and they did an initial year at language studies. Now they are doing economics, and this is confined almost entirely to Marxist Leninism. They are able to consult none of the ordinary standard textbooks of non-Marxist authors, discussion with their lecturers is strongly disfavoured and they are obliged to take all they are told and the views of the Marxist authors they are recommended to read in trust and without discussion. "You must accept the thesis we present you," they are told, "any apparent inconsistencies or contradictions will resolve themselves as you proceed"—Grotesque as such an approach to knowledge may be, they made it clear that this is only the framework of their studies, the way in which it is sustained is no less perverted. They do no written work whatsoever, not even for exams, not even for their finals! Their examinations consist in fact of a ten or twenty minute *viva voce*. They said they disagreed with what they were taught and that they thought even their teachers did not believe what they were teaching. They talked of people who stood near the doorways of lecture rooms to listen to what was being

said by the lecturers, of student party members who acted as 'informers' against both the lecturers and their fellow students, and of the way lecturers were compelled to submit copies of their lecture notes to an academic bureau controlled by the communist party for verification. Student life is wholly controlled by officials of the communist youth organisations, who captain sports teams and select participants, organise social events, publications and so on.

We asked what would happen if they decided to elect their own football captain who might select an independent team. This move would be baulked by the fact that only the 'official' captain and the 'official' team would obtain permission to use the playing pitches, other teams would simply be refused. Student publications were similarly controlled, they were run by student party members (some of whom might well be of middle years) and no independent material was allowed to see daylight. They recounted the fate of a publication some of the students from one of the African countries had tried to establish last year. The authorities had insisted the copy be submitted for censorship before they would grant a permit for it to be printed; the censorship had then kept it for six months, by which time the students felt the material was out of date and decided not to proceed. Now it seems a new publication called 'Black Star' is to be launched by the African Students, already the material has been with the censor for six weeks and they have received no indication when it might be released.

We asked about the views of the Hungarian students. Most of them, it seemed, were opposed to the government, despite the fact that the children of party members were given preference for university places.

Quite plainly in the sense that a university is a place for the free ascertainment of knowledge, Budapest does not possess one; it is saddled instead with a conspiracy to thwart any such enquiry. It is a place not of research into truth but of the affirmation of dogma and falsehood.

But what of the vistas of the wider corruption of communist society that are here opened up? I learnt that students in the faculties of the professions (law, medicine, science, engineering, etc.) became party members simply in order to be sure of a job, and of being able to practise after having qualified. Is it this kind of cynicism that has led Mao to make a last despairing attempt to arrest the inevitable process of decay of which it is an expression by his wholesale purges of officials in China? This might well be so and it is worth asking, at what stage does belief in totalitarian dogma being an inevitable prerequisite to obtaining professional qualifications and a good job pass over to a point where the dogma is acknowledged as a matter of form simply in order to get the job? And once this point is reached, what is the next stage? Who then is able to claim the exclusive guardianship of the sacred tablets? Who can be sure, after a generation of this terrible nonsense, that what anyone professes, however high his place in the party, corresponds in any way with his private beliefs?

The nineteenth century saw many attempts to found idealistic and visionary communities on the basis of Tolstolian or Christian ideas of sharing. Almost without exception they collapsed eventually, and largely because the new generation found itself unable to accept the ideas of its parents.



Such a process is surely at work in the communist camp. Marxism was the product of the unfettered researches of a nineteenth century scholar and because of some of its aspects, especially those that we understood, seemed to fit the needs of the time, it gained a measure of free acceptance. Where is that free acceptance today? From the outset the Soviet revolution was busy using Marxism as a tool of the state machine, rather than using the state machine as a tool of Marxism. From the outset it was a conspiracy against freedom, against truth, against idealism and against progress. We have found here in Hungary a disposition to assume that the present regime is securely in the saddle and that it is unlikely to be dislodged for a long time. It seems to me that the contrary is very much the case. The Soviet Revolution was riding the crest of an enormous historical wave and it was sustained by the adherence of many of an entire generation of artists and intellectuals around the world, gifted men and women who frequently endured, obliquely, opprobrium and victimisation for their adherence to a cause they believed to be just. Where today in the non-communist world do these people exist who proudly carry their party membership cards? Where does one find the old communist groups such as Doris Lessing describes in her brilliant novel of wartime Rhodesia 'A Ripple From The Storm'?

As a basis for the unification of the world, as a body of ideas that might cement the intellectual endeavours of mankind, communism has quite plainly fizzled out. What is left in Eastern Europe is a rump of people propped up in power by Soviet arms who *must*, to retain power, proceed to shift their ideological ground to meet the real desires of the people against whose manifest wishes (or why else the Soviet troops?) they rule.

The Russians, of course, are in the same boat, which is why unless there is a general collapse, the next generation will see a restoration of at least small scale capitalism as surely as night follows day. When this does happen, we may be quite sure that there will be no lack of people in the communist hierarchy of power to explain how it corresponds exactly with what Marx wrote.<sup>1</sup>

## Budapest, December 27th, 1966

I enquired about some mail today which had been sent to me from London on the 17th—was the delay due to censorship? My informant said crisply there was no censorship of letters in Hungary. She had heard the post office had had to hire army tents in which to store Christmas mail that could not be sorted before the holiday. I wonder what students here do for extra money during the Christmas vacation!

We missed our early morning bus to a town on the Czech border we had planned to visit and since the next bus meant a wait of two hours, we took pot luck with another which was just leaving. It was going south, and after it had climbed over the hills on the Buda side of the Danube, and given us

<sup>1</sup>On returning to London I opened *The Times* (Jan. 5th) and read a lengthy report on how the apparent shortage of flowers in Moscow had been overcome. Private growers had been allowed to sell their own on street corners and suddenly the city was ablaze with blooms. Prices had fallen sharply too, and this was now leading to a demand for a similar revolution in the selling of market garden produce, of which there is a continuous and acute shortage.

some spectacular views of the river and the city below, we travelled for about an hour on fairly level terrain. There had been a fall of two or three inches of snow and this made it impossible to gauge anything very much about agriculture. The small houses in the villages through which we passed looked snug and in good repair, although a closed sentry box in many gardens suggested a lack of indoor sanitation. We alighted at a town called Dunaujavaros, which means new Danube town. Ten years ago it did not exist, today there are many rows of large blocks of 6-storey flats, several big factories of which we saw only their enormous chimneys from a distance, venting smoke clouds dramatically against a sunny winter skyline. We saw a cinema, a market, a row of shops, a park (doubtless of 'culture and rest') and a massive building topped with a red star we did not investigate and which we took to be either an administrative centre, a cultural palace which might well have been the embodiment of Arnold Wesker's dreams of bringing culture to the people, or possibly both. This was a holiday, the feast of St. Stephen, the patron saint of Hungary, and everything looked closed.

We did a quick walk around the main streets in the bitter cold and finally found an espresso coffee bar, and very good coffee it was too. We sat sipping the black liquid and wondered about the different people who came in and stared at us. The place also housed a bakery, for at intervals a pastrycook came in bearing trays of tempting-looking pastries. It was also a bar and people came in to order a generous measure of a red spirit, swallowed it in one gulp, winced, shuddered, put a lump of sugar in their mouths and departed.

I don't suppose we stayed in the town above an hour, we emerged from the coffee shop, and began walking along the road back to Budapest. Most industrial towns are dreary and depressing, which probably serves them right for allowing machines to oust the art of living, and this was certainly no exception. Perhaps in summer, with trees and flowers in bloom it might look less stark and grim, but the fact is that nearly all modern architecture is an exercise in technology at the expense of sensibility and I thought nothing could make the place look other than what it was, a bureaucrat's dream of production norms and cost accounting come true. No bureaucrat can ever recognise how misplaced and misconceived are his efforts; formally at least, he is trying to make people contented, what he never perceives is that no person can do more *for himself* than refine his own discontents, which makes the bureaucrat and his subject perpetually and tangentially at odds. I expect this town contained everything a bureaucrat would imagine a normal person as wanting, and what normal person would quarrel with being assigned to a flat on the fourth floor of block 84, a steady six day week at the local production belt and enough creature comforts to dull his inner disquiet without impairing his capacity for honest socialist toil? I don't blame the Hungarian communists for this, if this town is awful, as I believe it is, (although it is no more awful, and probably far less than many English industrial towns), it is because our civilisation is awful.

As we left the town we saw some children snow-balling and the sight was such a relief I was sorely tempted to join them. Our plan was to walk to an old village on the approach to the town to look at the church. As we approached we saw what seemed

the entire population of the village leaving at the end of a service. Most of them wore black and they eyed us curiously as we made our way inside. It was quite large, and although built in the 1860's, it seemed unaffected by the blight that had descended on Western architecture by that date. Outside we saw another church on a hillock about half a mile away and decided to explore. It was locked, but from the exterior it was obviously a delightful baroque gem far gone in decay. In England John Betjeman would have founded a society to preserve it. It stood on a hillock and when we explored the back we were surprised to find we had a fine view of broad expanse of the Danube. (It was only later we learnt the meaning of the name of the new town). It occurred to us we had not seen a church of any kind in Dunaujvaros, and I wondered what stresses and strains this lack created in the town if appearances were correct.

Surveying the comfortable village houses from that hillock, and the wide, swift flowing river, I wondered some more about the new town, so much larger, more modern and inhuman than this scattered cluster of riverside houses. It occurred to me that if more than two centuries of proletarian privation in the interests of capital accumulation, decades of fascist and communist, as well as police and state persecution, and all the grievous suffering of the most evil and destructive wars in history had resulted in Dunaujvaros as the intentional expression of a modern way of life, then the game was simply not worth the candle.

We decided to walk on, for it was freezing hard and beginning to snow and in our folly we supposed we could stop the bus when it caught us up. Some way along we saw a large double gate, behind which were posted notices in Russian. Peering through we saw a lengthy column of Russian soldiers marching away from us. It was a large barracks, capable I should guess, of housing several thousand troops, none of whom apparently knows any better.

After walking a little more than six miles, part of it in a snowstorm, we came to another village, and waited at a bus-stop. The Budapest express bus appeared in the distance, approached at high speed and rushed by without stopping. Half an hour later, feeling all but frozen, despite some unexpected refreshment from another traveller who hospitably encouraged us to drink wine from a large glass jar in a wickerwork basket he was carrying, a local bus drew up which proceeded to take us on a tour of the villages in the neighbourhood of the highway to Budapest.

In view of the criticisms made in these notes, many of which can be levelled with equal justice at the West, it ought perhaps to be stressed that in its preliminary objective, Hungarian communism is a triumphant success. I have gained the impression that everybody has enough to eat, everybody has a roof over his head and everybody has enough clothing and footwear. The food may be monotonous and expensive, the housing may be cramped and overcrowded, the clothing may be drab and conventional and the shoes may be highly priced, but my impression is that everybody has at least a bare minimum and in two respects at least, standards compare favourably with the West. First rent is a very low item indeed in the average budget; most London families pay as much weekly rent as in Hungary they pay monthly or even quarterly, a fact to remember when wages and prices

are contrasted. Secondly, everybody seems extremely well shod. Not once did I see a badly shod person anywhere. These matters are mundane enough when set against the wider issues of freedom which communist governments, no less than capitalist ones, pose; but when countries can claim as much, it marks a stage in human advancement which is surely significant and which merits note as such.

There are several reasons, however, why I do not think the future is going to be quite so easy as the official line suggests. If I read its propaganda correctly it is saying "All right, we had semi-fascism before and during much of the Hitler war, the Germans and Russians between them stripped us bare of our factories and industries, and in 1944 we had to start from scratch, with nothing in the kitty. Despite the 'mistakes' which led to an unfortunate event in 1956 we have now laid the foundations for a new way of life and we can now look forward to progress." As an Englishman I took to be Communist said to me in a coffee bar, "Come back in five years, then you will see a change."

I doubt this, not only because centralised planning is itself, for reasons at present not always clearly understood, in conflict with qualitative (as distinct from quantitative) improvement in human society, not only because a bureaucracy such as this comes to consume an ever greater proportion of the wealth it is supposed to be producing, but for a far simpler reason. Under communism people do not appear to care about helping to make things better. Why should they? There is only the faintest moral drive for them to do so, because they do not enjoy the kind of relationship with each other that can be significantly affected by morality. The party boss for example, can override such drives with impunity, and confronted with this frequently exercised form of impunity, I repeat, why should people care? It is this factor which helps to explain the lack of finish, of finesse and polish in a communist society, and why Budapest, despite its natural endowments of a beautiful setting and its historic legacy of numerous wide, tree-lined boulevards of good buildings, still has an air of drabness and bleakness which Vienna or Paris shared after the war, but which the latter have long since discarded. One ought to add too the extent to which so much first rate ability has been driven away (or felt impelled to leave) because of the nature of the government. Hungarian names are so commonplace in the front rank of different fields in the West, not least in art, journalism, music, economics and films that we are apt to overlook the extent to which their absence must impoverish Hungary itself.

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## Budapest, December 28th, 1966

Some mail has finally arrived. Some of it has clearly been opened by slitting the top and resealing with a narrow band of transparent plastic tape. I note the width of tape in standard use here in the shops and elsewhere is the same. What a futile job mail censors have, and what I wonder, do they ever hope to find which would justify a fraction of the trouble involved in finding it? We are nourished so much on secret service adventure fiction which invariably accepts the *bona fides* of the whole concept of spying and 'intelligence' work that we are apt to overlook its inherent absurdity. Even when Malcolm Muggeridge, who worked in 'intelligence' for years, says it is all nonsense, we are apt to disbelieve him and to assume he is exaggerating.

On the last day we took a bus to a town on the Czech border called Esterom. The journey is through pleasant hilly country and I was interested to note, indeed a Hungarian fellow passenger pointed them out, no less than five groupings of barracks of Russian troops—I saw some marching, others doing their domestic chores and in the final one, not far from our destination, some women's garments fluttering on a clothes line suggested that wives, too, were part of the garrison. In the town there were several groups walking about and I was surprised to note how young and fresh-faced they looked. I suppose they were 18-year-old conscripts, and I daresay they were as bored with the essential squalor and futility of the military machine as their counterparts anywhere in the world. The mere idea of conscription presupposes unwillingness to soldier anyway, and the business of compelling young people into uniforms and drills so that they may confront each other with guns when they would infinitely prefer to get together over a pint of beer and a 'Beatles' record, is as monstrous a perversion of youth as anything that may be imagined.

I was told these soldiers do not come into the town very much, and that they are rarely seen in cafes and restaurants. I wondered how they fared with the local girls but my informant told me the Hungarian girls would have nothing to do with them. This seemed to be confirmed when later on, back in Budapest, I saw a Russian officer trying to make a pass at a Hungarian woman on a tram. There was something about her which suggested she might be the sort of woman who might welcome such easy-going overtures, but she walked to the other end of the tram.

Esterom is a curious place, a pint-sized border town with a Basilica of the size one might expect to find in the heart of a large city. Its proportions are fine and imposing and it is only about a century old, but it was cold, bare, empty and, like so many churches one enters, it had about it an air of death. Despite all the formal signs of witness to the message of Christ, one felt here no glow of the adventure of love and truth. I wonder if the priests ever notice this?

As we left the Basilica we met a young Hungarian student who was showing a fellow student from one of the underdeveloped countries the sights of the place. This was fortunate for after some conversation, the Hungarian proceeded to invite us to his home for lunch and we were thus, for the first time, able to enjoy the hospitality of a Hungarian household and also learn a great deal more about

life in the capital as seen through a foreign student's eyes.

The Hungarian student, who had better be Georg, was really a boon to us. During our stay here we have had many casual chats with different people, but they have always been in public, in restaurants, on trams and so on, with the inevitable interruptions of public occasions. I should add that people tended to keep their voices down in talking although they spoke freely enough and there was none of the cautious and repeated looking around I met so frequently during a short stay in Cuba a couple of years ago. I should add too that with the sole exception of the Sudanese students we met, who had told us they had been ardent communists before they left the Sudan, we have not met a single individual outside the few official contacts we have had, who was favourably disposed to the government. All indeed, have been uniformly hostile, but nowhere have we seen a spark of anything that might be called revolutionary opposition, merely varying degrees of resignation and a 'well, what can we do about it?' attitude, especially among the oldsters, implying very clearly they think there is nothing they can do but stick it out.

Georg, not yet twenty, corrected an earlier impression we had had that party membership was necessary for getting a job after qualification, or that party membership was necessary for parents to get their children into university. When we entered the flat, after Georg had gone ahead for his parent's permission, we were surprised to see the main room largely taken up with a profusely decorated and illuminated Christmas tree. Georg had done this himself and it must have taken him several hours. It was a three-roomed flat, the rooms intercommunicating from a central lobby-cum-dining room, and the rent was less than twenty-five shillings *per month*.

It was cosily furnished in a mixture of bourgeois prewar and Edgware Road modern, and its casual mixture of styles, but very clean and neat homeliness, suggested it was nothing out of the ordinary of many a semi-professional couple's home here. Father was an executive of some kind and mother also did a professional job which in London would enable her to earn about £20 per week. But this sum exceeded the couple's *joint* earnings here, which in fact are around £20 less approximately 3% tax.

We enquired about university life. Georg said most students disliked the communist set-up but that there was a general tendency to concentrate on academic work and eschew politics. Political

*Cont. P. 26*

RESURGENCE. Articles, poems, short stories and other items for publication in Resurgence are welcomed. A "Statement of Intent" appeared in the May/June 1966 issue (Resurgence 1), obtainable from 22 Nevern Road, S.W.5, price three shillings, post free.

## gardening for beginners

Knowing some urgency, I school my hands  
to unaccustomed work. Soon fingers thaw  
and I'm baptised by sweat. Today demands  
a prising open of long disused doors—  
then as impatient breezes cleanse my floors  
I, outside, turn and trench the sullen soil.  
Glad of a cigarette, I learn at least  
my neighbour's name across our broken wall.  
Now, necessarily, I root out weeds,  
lop apple branches back, examine seeds.  
Because my renovation must include  
burning of that litter which accrues  
through winters of neglect, I stack dry wood  
together with a hobby horse, some doctor's bill,  
a blood-smeared uniform, an eagle's wing :  
all garbage that, reduced to ash, soon will  
enrich the earth it was disfiguring.

Peter Robins



attitudes were expressed 'sideways,' people liked western pop music, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and other groups, and taped recordings (disc records were scarce and expensive) were popular.

One frequently sees young people here carrying small pocket-sized tape recorders with pop music emanating from them, a reminder of the sad note of resignation in a woman official's voice when she said to us a day or so ago: "All our young people seem to look to the West for everything."

Over lunch, which Georg's mother, a lively, smiling lady approaching middle years, produced with a speed and lavishness which surprised us, we asked him about religion. The topic doubtless arose as a consequence of the fact that grace preceded the meal, and that both Georg and his student friend had crossed themselves before sitting down, and being neither Catholic nor communist, we were still new enough in the country to find the contrast between official and private orthodoxy somewhat piquant.

We learnt that whilst religion was officially tolerated, in practice there was a strong feeling against it. People who had good jobs in the cities especially, would travel outside their own neighbourhood to attend mass in churches where they might not be recognised. Why then were top jobs not confined to Communist party members? It seemed there were just not enough of them. I asked about party membership and Georg hazarded there were no more than around 250,000 in the whole country (population 10 million). What proportion of the people supported the government? He thought no more than 25%. This figure surprised us in view of the fact we have personally met an almost total lack of sympathy for the Government in our casual encounters, but Georg insisted that 25% was a realistic figure and I wondered if its discrepancy with our experience arose from the fact that our contacts had been mainly urban and whether the rural population had more cause to be grateful to the Communist administration. The figures do not support this. In most countries agricultural wage levels are generally lower than those prevailing in industry and Hungary is no exception here.

It may be argued that agricultural workers on state farms are better off than they were on the large estates of the landed aristocracy of pre-war Hungary. I don't know. But British experience suggests that memories of bad conditions are short-lived. The terrible suffering of the depression of the inter-war years when at times nearly two million were officially unemployed, (the actual number must have been much greater and to the numbers involved must also be added wage earners' families), did not prevent the workers voting for Conservative governments then, nor turning out the post-war Labour government in 1951 for thirteen years.

One must conclude the obvious, that people's present discontents determine their attitudes far more than their memories, if any, of past ones. I conclude from this that rural support for the present Hungarian Government is no greater, and may well be less, than it is in the towns.

We drank some excellent wine with our lunch which Georg informed us had been made by his grandmother. This incidentally may be taken as a reminder that real earnings in the countryside may not be so low as wage statistics indicate.

During the meal some banter arose over the length of my hair, which reaches my collar and which in London arouses no comment. Georg's

mother said Georg had worn his nearly as long but he had cut it the day before one of his university examinations because he did not wish to jeopardise his chances with the examiners. I enquired in mock bewilderment if the examination had been for hairdressing. One often meets a need for conformity in these small personal matters, precisely the kind of matters in which a genuine revolution would liberate the young to act as they wished, at every turn. It emphasises that all power structures are conservative and that they all loathe the ordinary idiosyncracies of individuality.

We asked Georg if he or any members of his family were party members, he indicated very firmly that none of them were and neither were any of his friends. I then asked if he would join the party in order perhaps to obtain a better job. He said on no account would he ever join the party. There was no excess of affirmation here, no anger or bitterness. We might have been discussing whether he would take up smoking. I found this attitude noteworthy since Georg did not seem to have any deeply developed political attitudes. In England I don't suppose he would have gone beyond a transient season with the Young Liberals at the height of an election campaign. We enquired of both Georg and his friend about psychoanalysis in Hungary. Georg's reply had all the crisp, innocent certainty of youth. "No one needs it" he said.

On the way to the bus station we stopped to admire the doorway to a courtyard. It was an elaborate, sun-ray design and although the idea may sound banal, both the design and execution were masterly. It must have taken a craftsman several months to complete and given him, a century or more ago, as it gave us now, enormous pleasure, even if he was paid only a shilling a week. Looking at the door was a reminder of what was wrong with Dunaujvaros, and what is wrong with similar industrial towns in many other countries when men labour with no creative effort and leave seldom any mark of themselves.

In the evening, back in Budapest, we met an African student who seemed very unhappy with his lot. He felt he had been lured to Hungary on false pretences, he complained that twelve students sleeping in six two-tier bunks and in a small room was unhygienic; it also made it impossible to enjoy the least degree of privacy. He used to borrow books from the library of the British Embassy, but other students had reported this to the authorities and his tutor had 'advised' him to concentrate on 'non-imperialist' books. He mentioned he had recently been in hospital; conditions, he said, were very rough and patients were not treated properly as people, although the medical side of the treatment was 'fairly competent.' We were puzzled by this and pressed him to be more explicit. He said injections were given without regard to patients' feelings, as though they were cattle and that in giving dressings or medicines there seemed no perception of the differences between people in their responsiveness to pain.

### Paris, January 1st, 1967

We can only attempt a summary here. We went to Hungary mainly to see for ourselves what things were like in a country that had known a generation of communist governments. We had virtually no personal contacts, we stayed in hotels, it was winter

and Christmas, and there were many aspects of Hungarian life, schools, hospitals, farms, prisons, religious and cultural centres and so on that we did not see. Hence we cannot claim to have seen a full picture. On the other hand we were in the country, we made a point of engaging people in conversation wherever we could in either French, German or English (we do not speak Hungarian); We did our best to take part in the cultural life of Budapest; we used our eyes, we took careful notes and we read innumerable official publications.

My main conclusion is that the present system is a temporary one. Its unpopularity is so pronounced, the country is so near the West, there are such emphatic differences of quality in nearly all consumer goods between what comes across the Austrian border and what is locally produced, that any attempt to come to terms with these factors would itself involve a major change.

It is part of an extraordinary American misconception of the contemporary world to suppose that there is an international communist conspiracy which threatens 'freedom'—there is no such conspiracy. Whatever may exist in other continents, in Eastern Europe there are groups of bewildered and insecure little men who are desperately seeking to get the wheels of production turning on the basis of an ideology which is itself a major brake, but who otherwise appear to be quite lost and to have no sense of direction, and certainly not one they can communicate downwards at all.

"Any fool" wrote Burke, "can govern in a seige," and it is seige conditions that prevail in Eastern Europe. This manifests itself not only in the absence of any organised opposition (for as Laski rightly argued, 'The real strength of any government may be measured by the amount of opposition it allows'), by the absence of any but official newspapers, official views on the radio, officially approved books, and of officially approved cultural, sports, student, youth and social 'groups' of any kind; as well as in the everyday appearance of the capital itself, which I found myself repeatedly comparing with wartime London. Ah yes, says orthodoxy, but come back next year, in five years or ten, things will be so much better. Will they? One ventures to refer to Austria and Western Germany, where war devastation and occupation-pillaging was of a similar order to Hungary's, and where materially, life shows so many improvements. All the work of American Imperialist dollars, sneers orthodoxy untruthfully, omitting to grasp that **however** the job was done, it was at least done.

But behind the sneer there is both envy and a paradoxical determination to do the job better. There is no questioning at all of the validity of the goals capitalism has reached or is confronting, no awareness of the inroads the achievement of such goals makes on the human spirit, no insight at all into their transitoriness and unworthiness, simply a determination, which may well never be realised, to exceed them.

And this is surely the basic tragedy of contemporary communism. It is seeking formally at least, moral goals which its own scale of operations ensures will always be repudiated by its own bureaucracy, for it can never be emphasised too much, and ninety per. cent. of the humbug of modern political life would evaporate if there were an adequate grasp of the principle, morality is a

matter of relationships between people, it can never be a matter of people's relationships with machines, power structures or governments, for such relationships can only reflect the morality in people's hearts, they can never determine it.

At the same time, communism is pursuing material goals which its own methods preclude it from achieving or even determining. How can it indeed pursue capitalist goals without adopting capitalist methods? Statistics are faulty approximations of consumption levels. The grandiose concept of a 'standard of living' is too vast and complex, merging far too much towards intangible things to be measurable by figures at all. But even on such bleak evidence as figures provide, figures of the gross national product and the share of it reaching the workers, in the rate at which production of capital goods is expanding, and so on, there is not a single communist country that can hold a candle to Japan's record. Was Japan more advanced in 1930 than Hungary? Or less devastated by war in 1945?

Why Hungary should pursue these goals anyway rather than determine its own, is of course a product of one of the major Marxist misconceptions of our time. The present generation which has seen communist government since its inception has memories raw enough to make it hostile. The younger generation does not grant the government that much significance; it is almost totally indifferent to the government and its aims, for its eyes—heaven help it—are fixed firmly on the teenage wonderland of the affluent West.

We left bullet and shell scarred Budapest on a cold and sunny afternoon, a sun which seemed powerless to dispel the gloom of the station. We had been for a last walk around the city, conscious that we had become very attached to it and wishing we could return in the summer when the trees were out, the pavement cafés alive, and the parks and the river showing more signs of life. It was the last day but one of the old year, and in the restaurants and hotels we saw many decorations being put up for the new year festivities. It seemed odd to me that they had not been put up for Christmas; but of course, all such places are state, or municipal enterprises . . .

In the dwindling daylight we saw something of the pleasant rolling hillside country of this part of North Western Hungary, Cotswold scenery, but on a somewhat grander scale, which continued until darkness blotted it out. The passport officer examined our passports in the carriage whilst a soldier of lower rank carefully removed his peaked cap, hitched up his trousers at the knees, knelt down, went down on all fours, and peered searchingly beneath each seat. Of course his face was flushed from stooping when he rose, but he looked embarrassed too.

At the frontier it was quite dark and the border station bleak and forlorn. Armed soldiers guarded the main exits from the train and a ganger walked along tapping the wheels. Shortly afterwards there appeared a small procession armed with torches and sticks. It divided into two groups which, working together from either side of the track, began a minute search of the underpart of the train. They worked slowly and methodically towards our carriage and then past us towards the other end. It all looked pretty routine. They didn't find anyone.