

March 16, Ahmedabad

I went to church in Delhi yesterday and it was a very large Wrenish kind of building but without the special elegance he always achieved from mass. The place was full; I don't think I have ever worshipped in such a large congregation, and it was nearly all of Anglo-Indians. Strange to think of this Anglo-Indian Christian community as being one of the legacies of British rule. Afterwards I went for a walk around the central complex and it is so obviously inspired by Paris as to be almost a joke. You know how the Assembly Nationale (or is it the Palais Royale? I forget which) forms a U-shaped grouping which is at the head of a broad avenue which leads to the Champs Elysees and the Arc de Triomphe. It is so here, on the same huge scale, but the buildings are not white and well proportioned but red and rather florid, and instead of the shops and pavement cafes there are just trees and well-tended grass lawns, flower beds and so on. I say 'just' these things, although they are lovely in themselves, but in an urban context when they go on mile after mile they achieve merely a kind of visual sterility, especially as to walk them in a hot sun is impossible for long

and they are anyway almost deserted. So one is conscious of a rather uninspired drawing board exercise which is impressive in a way, even if not impressive in the way it was intended to be. At the conscious level it was meant to impress the 'natives' with the realities of British imperial power, but one knows how desperately it was, at the unconscious level, trying to conceal a lurking awareness that the days of the British Raj were done and that nothing could prevent the dear old British fears of impotence and inadequacy (do you note how these themes are so current in Britain today, especially at the rather depressing level of morbid sexuality) from being realised. So the buildings are all brag and bluster, all empty and artificial, a mere backdrop so that the Imperial Viceroy can ride in state in his gold braid and plumed hat, escorted by lavishly uniformed horsemen, with drums and banners, pennanted lances and the blare of brass instruments (God Save the King!). There is something else missing too: the Seine, or indeed any water at all, and with those hauntingly lovely bridges of Paris. . . .

Later

Now I am with Purushottam Marlinkar, a professor of politics whose

father, since deceased, entertained me when I last was here. This is written in an old house in a residential suburb, very comfortable, and Puru has a vast range of books; I am even reading his copy of Macaulay's history from where I left off in London. His wife, Purunima, is very charming and they have three children. Odd to think the older boy and his girl were babies when I was here before; they have run the whole gamut of childhood and are now adolescent. We sit, Puru, his wife and another guest, on a first floor balcony. Really a room open on two sides to the street.

I scribble in a cane chair to my wife in London, the others talk, the men on a swinging sofa hung from the ceiling. There are trees all round, it is very hot from the after lunch sun; a monkey sits in one tree with its baby, a pigeon flutters by with red beady eyes, hoarse cries of street hawkers (onions, potatoes, groceries) float up, a school bell rings out, an ice cream cart rings a smaller tinkle, birds whistle, children call to one another. Puru's son brings in some pani on a tray, they all take one except me. I talk tomorrow to a large audience, but I have my mind really only for our meeting in Cairo. □

## New Things

(Continued from page 22)

**From The Rectory, Moor Road, Bestwood Colliery, Nottingham: The Old Mole.**

Some young anti-war people doing their thing with articles about war and poetry.

**From The Twelve Apostles, 3 Caledonian Road, London, N.1, Price £1 for 10: The Catonsville Roadrunner.**

Good, lively, radical, Christian social comment and criticism. A new non-church is clearly gestating.

**From Freedom Press, 84b, Whitechapel High Street, E.C.1; Price 3 shillings: 'Jump My Brothers Jump', by Tim Daly, edited by Adrian Mitchell.**

Tim Daly jumped all right, he set fire to the Imperial War Museum and he wrote these poems later, in prison. The concluding words of his credo are, "One cannot keep both feet on the ground and jump anywhere, at the same time."

Jump, my brothers, jump.

**From the P.P.U., 6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1, price three shillings: 'The**

**Anarchist Basis of Pacifism', by Ronald Sampson.**

The author has a kind of gritty Orwellian integrity and an Orwellian passion for the verities which makes anything he writes worth reading, but do we have to equate all government, as Sampson does, with coercion? Anarchist literature is full of such giant, unargued, and probably unarguable, premises, which is probably why applying them to the real world is such a business. Confidently recommended by the Resurgence Consumers Association's only member as a 'best buy'.

**From Housmans, 5 Caledonian Road, London, N.1, 1/6d.: 'Strategy For Non-Violent Revolution', by George Lakey.**

Oh that it were; how badly we need a strategy of N.V.R.! But it is a useful survey of possible N.V. tactics, and even manages a sound reference to Robert Michels' work on oligarchy. When peace pamphlets start doing that as a matter of course things are clearly beginning to move.

**From Housmans, 5 Caledonian Road, N.1, two shillings and sixpence: 'Direct Action', by April Carter.**

A reprint of the 1962 edition. Some

good scholarly analysis and documentation indicating numerous instances where Non-Violent Direct Action has worked in the past. But like many 'peace' manifestations it tends to duck key issues relating to the size and scale of social structures, or perhaps the author thinks they are non-issues.

**From 18 New End Square, London, N.W.3, 1/-: Working paper by Elizabeth Abraham for Radical Action Movement.**

Discussion of issues of basic democracy, decentralization, work and community with a particularly acute critique of the Maude proposals.

**From Dave Craig, Brian Richardson and Friends — all at 24 Wapping, Liverpool 1: 'Openings', Vol. 1, No. 1, June/July 1970, 2/-.**

Rejects violence and party politics, aims to live the future now. Wide range of general interest articles. Gypsies, Student Discipline, Women's Liberation, Free School, etc., with focus on Liverpool. When we have a journal like this in every centre in the country the revolution will have happened.

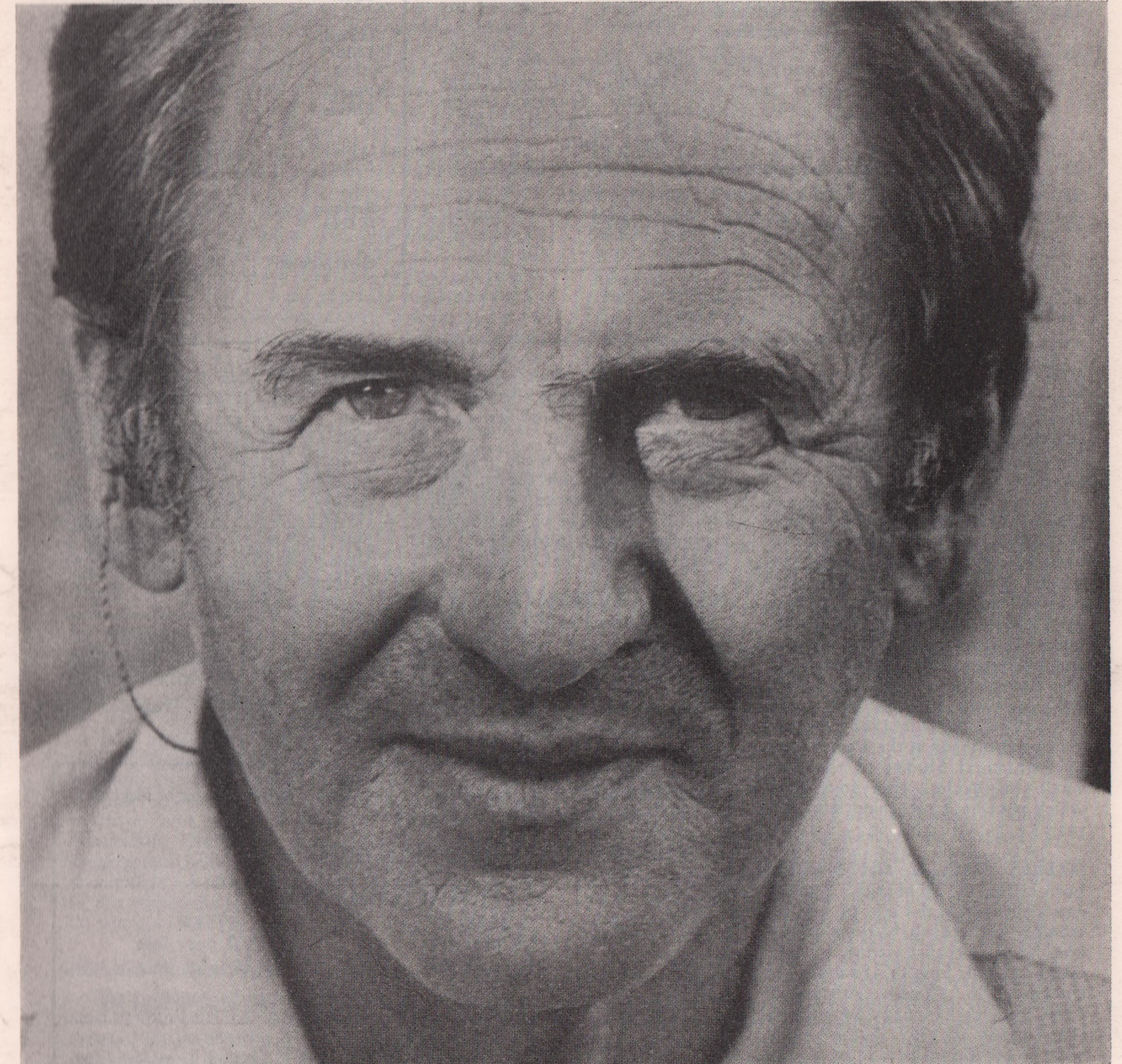
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Four Shillings and Sixpence

Vol. 3, No. 2, July/August 1970

# RESURGENCE

## Journal of the Fourth World



### Wales Free: The Politics of Permanence

Leopold Kohr



# RESURGENCE Journal of the Fourth World

24 Abercorn Place, St. John's Wood, London, N.W.8

Vol. 3, No. 2 July/August 1970

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\* \* \*

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## Editorial

## SPELL IT OUT

THE country has recently been in the throes of a ritualistic exercise, designed to confirm the hold of one section or other of our ruling elite in its grip on power. What has helped to give this exercise a rather spurious air of actuality is not the owlish, plodding solemnity with which it has been conducted, for unnatural solemnity is the natural concomitant of cant and humbug anywhere, but a somewhat sinister trend in the general tenor of life as lived in advanced industrial countries. There is a sense today in which increasing numbers of people are ceasing to live real lives, or to derive their cardinal satisfactions from primary sources in which they are directly involved or with which they are in direct communication. Work and culture, for example, two of the primary fields of human activity, and from which primary forms of fulfilment were wont to be achieved, are today increasingly set within a pre-structured framework or pattern in which the range of response available to the ordinary citizen seldom extends beyond the simple matter of acquiescence. The degree of frustration thus provoked is beyond any compute and for the most part can only be inferred from the behaviour patterns the process generates, the addiction to mass sport, to mass entertainment, mass addiction to drugs, war, violence and with it a general mass determination to seek vicariously those satisfactions that elude it directly. One minor but important source of gratification in this context, it may be noted, is the existence of a monarchy.

Millions of people are perfectly well aware that barring the unlikely event of the chips falling otherwise, the incumbents of royal thrones are likely to be no more (or less) remarkable in terms of personal gifts and attributes than their next door neighbours, yet this awareness is clearly pushed aside by more urgent emotional needs, the need perhaps above all to identify with a person or a group prominent in public life who or which enjoys widespread loyalty and esteem not by what they actually do but simply by what they are. This quest for vicarious, instant achievement has come to assume an important role in the political process. Millions of people again, are perfectly well aware that anything they may say or do, inside the polling booth or elsewhere, is unlikely to have any effect, even homeopathically, on the general trends of politics. This is not surprising; the political process did not begin yesterday, it is a struggle which in varying terms has gone on for centuries and which despite the demands of the democratic spirit, has on the whole succeeded in keeping real power either by violence or multilateral deceit (and of course frequently both) in the hands of the professionals at the centre. Modern elections do not question this process, they simply confirm it.

### REFUGE IN FANTASY

The response of the mass, however pitiful, is at least comprehensible. Denied any real opportunity to exercise its inalienable rights of decision making, it seeks refuge in fantasy. The top leaders at the centre become *its* leaders, and it follows the fortunes of the fray, with every encouragement from the mass media, as though its own interests, rather than the interests of the leaders, were at stake. It appears un-mindful that its own interests are *continuously* at

stake and that if it cannot promote those interests as a matter of course in *continuum perpetuum* then nothing that happens amid the frenzies of a quinquennial public debauch is likely to enhance them whichever way the result may go.

It follows that ordinarily, (there may well be important exceptions), no genuinely adult person would dream of expending the degree of shoelather necessary to reach a polling booth with the object of voting, and it is noticeable that the virtues of the polling booth in a mass society that are generally adduced are nearly always negative.

It is better to count heads than break them (and so it is, but it is much better to participate with heads than to delude them), without democratic votes we would not know where we were (well, and who knows now?), the ballot box is our protection against dictatorship (it could indeed be, but its sophisticated manipulation in modern societies is merely paying the way for foam rubber totalitarianism). It is noticeable too that the really serious issues of politics were pushed aside and that by and large the campaigns were conducted in terms of near frivolities. Would one trust this or that leader, (and who in his right mind would trust a stranger with many of the most important issues of his life?); which leader will preserve us from another economic crisis leading to another devaluation of the pound and other fiscal disasters? The answer of course is neither. Which leader will give us a higher standard of living? i.e. a higher standard of consumption? The answer is that both are tom fool enough to try even though the evidence proliferates like a bed of nettles that the habitat, the life cycle, and the God given, beautifully poised, balance of complex forces in nature are already succumbing to the greedy demands we are making upon them. In this connection it is sobering to reflect that a continued inability to update ourselves on this issue alone is likely to rule out the prospect of many more general elections. But around this, as around other important issues such as nuclear weapons and, to a lesser degree, the entry of Britain into the European Economic Community (bureaucrats jargon for the Common Market), there has been something akin to an involuntary conspiracy of silence which is its own mirthless comment on the notion that elections are held in order to enable people to decide.

In the case of the Common Market people *have* decided. We have now had several years of public debate on this topic accompanied on one occasion by a concerted attempt by Whitehall, the academic world, much of the press and other sections of the mass media, to say nothing of the always intrusive interests of the big money boys and their parliamentary playmates to stampede us into joining. We were assured that Britain was in the doldrums, there was a fantastic economic crisis in the offing, our survival was at stake, not to join was tantamount to suicide, we should never have another chance, it was now or never and all the rest of it. People were not so much convinced as stupefied by the sheer weight of the barrage of tendentious comment and highly selective information to which they were subjected and were only saved from the fate into which they were being so zealously pushed by a curt negative pronouncement from an elderly French General in Paris.



The French veto gave people time to reflect, and the upshot of all this propaganda and all this reflecting has been, if Dr. Gallup is to be believed, that 57% of the British people are opposed to joining the Common Market whilst only 22% can find it in their misguided hearts to favour the matter. Yet such is the power of democracy that both the rival leaders in the election strongly favoured Britain's entry and neither therefore allowed it to be more than a minor election issue!

The question of the use of nuclear weapons is altogether more complex and points to wider ills. There has been a great deal of journalistic speculation about 'life in the seventies' in recent months, but unbeknown to many of us the general tenor of life in the seventies has already been set by a junior minister of the British Government. Speaking in Munich in February of this year at the Seventh International Wehrkunde Meeting, Mr. Ivor Richards had this to say, "In the case of a major, calculated aggression, a point will be reached, sooner rather than later, at which NATO will be compelled to initiate the use of nuclear weapons."

#### CLINICALLY MAD

In all charity, and in the ordinary clinical usage of the term, Mr. Ivor Richards is clearly mad. He speaks of course for a mad government and the only reason why he was not immediately put under careful restraint and observation in Munich is that, one can only assume, most of his listeners are mad too. What other construction is it possible to put on people who use language to affirm the demise of civilisation, the destruction of millions of innocent lives and the reduction of many of the world's major cities to desert wastes of radioactive cinder as a practicable policy of defence?

We have of course, known the substance of this for a long time, yet despite all the fuss and furor of the 'ban the bomb' campaigns of the last two decades, despite the fact that the shadow of the bomb today is darker and that its continuing proliferation is making the prospect of nuclear disaster inevitable, the bomb was not an election issue at all!

Again, we are confronted by the spectacle of the genuine powerlessness of people leading them into irrational courses. If we cannot solve the problem of the bomb, if we cannot influence any serious decisions about it then, hey presto! let us assume the problem does not exist at all! Let us concentrate on comprehensive schools, more homes, adventure playgrounds, better roads, bigger hospitals, multicoloured television, the pitiful personal inadequacies of this or that leader as highlighted by the glare of the media, rather than on an issue which mocks all that men have striven to achieve through the centuries and which, from its birth could impel men to say 'from this instant there's nothing serious in mortality, all is but toys, renown and grace is dead, the wine of life is drawn and the mere lees is left, this vault to brag of', so long as it remained unresolved.

Rather than grapple with the fact that the ship is sinking, the passengers organise a party! The young look on and shrug their shoulders. If such moral abandon and such poltroonish playacting is the only response the oldsters can make in the face of such catastrophic threats to the fundamentals of life which their own wicked folly has created then, clearly, even speech is a waste of time, perhaps even considered thought, certainly any deep engagement of feeling, and if the oldsters take time off to discourse on the virtues of a career, a steady job and the rest of it, why

allow them the ego comfort of even assuming anyone is listening?

Nevertheless, let it be said, something is moving, something enormous, silent (for the most part) and deep. Any visitor to these islands of recent weeks might well be forgiven if he assumed that the people, instead of settling their affairs of politics and government for a period, had taken collective leave of their wits. But beyond the imposing lunacies of the media and the phoney factionalism of the professional pseuds a revolution is in the making; beyond the outward indifference and even apparent contempt of the young the slow painful hesitant beginnings of a new life-style is discernible which is largely of their making. Its dominant ethos appears to be a respect for individual experience and personal relationships rather than the subjection of these and other important life areas to the imperatives of large scale institutionalism, and it is significant that one fundamental assumption of the new life-style, which is so profound as to be practically a major inarticulate premise, is that *its affairs shall be conducted on a small scale.*

So we have *small* communes, *small* bookshops, *small* magazines, *small* printers, *small* music groups, *small* 'head' shops, *small* poetry meetings, *small* conferences, *small* community projects and an increasing range of *small* producer groups of many kinds.

Since a listing of these ventures does not appear in any of the standard reference works established in the reign of Queen Victoria, our dazzlingly modern and up to the minute friends in Fleet Street are still largely unaware of what is afoot. One would have thought that even in their own world of the printed word they would have begun to be, at the very least, *curious*, in noting the sudden proliferation over the last five years of dozens of *small* magazines and journals; (in the U.S.A. they already run to hundreds), and it takes no great prescience, outside Fleet Street at least, to see that not only are these journals the vanguard of a new life-style that young people are creating, but that their contents, and perhaps just as important, their mode of production, are a significant pointer as to what life-style is about.

#### EQUALITY OF POWER

Shot through all these numerous facets of activity is a concern for equality. This has little to do with the concern for mathematical economic equality which so preoccupied our socialist grandfathers, rather is it concerned with equality of *power*, or what may be called equality of the spirit, so that whilst it is of importance that a privileged few should not engage in conspicuous consumption at the expense of others well below the breadline, it is of vital importance that no person should possess the effective power to make decisions affecting huge areas of the lives of others. The new life-style assumes equality of power as a matter of course, the old is based on centralised decision making which in turn is governed by the ego trips of sick people whose inner lives are dominated by a quest for power to the exclusion of almost any other concern.

The business of life is the business of making decisions, and if we have not the power to make decisions, not only do we lack the power to make anything worthwhile, we become prisoners of the decisions of others; so that however unsound those decisions may be, however pregnant with the most terrible disasters, however shot through with irrationality, we remain prisoners and we remain helpless victims of whatever horrors may ensue.

At least two generations have struggled in politics to combat the potent totalitarian potential implicit in the social mechanics of mass production and the rampant social irresponsibility it has generated, whether ownership of the technical factors has been in private or public hands. Their failure to find an answer has been immense, and may be measured in part today by the tenor of almost any speech on any subject by any labour politician. The upsurge of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament in the fifties was almost the last radical attempt to find such an answer and it failed, as predictably, it could scarcely do otherwise, because it too ignored the fundamental truism of politics which modern young people have grasped at last: If you do not make your own decisions then, ultimately, it does not matter who makes them because modern technology, prominent among other factors, will make it inevitable that the power so usurped will be used for totalitarian and destructive ends by people you cannot control and whom you dare not trust.

The road forward then is clear. Do not waste your time starting yet another mass movement, or involving yourself in demonstrations which fail either because they are ignored or because they are 'captured' by people whose concerns are not yours, do not bother to engage in the inanities of 'elections' which change little beyond your illusions, and of course, do not get bogged down in any involvement with violence. Any form of violence today is not a solution, it merely makes a needless extra dimension to the problem. This is of course, a matter of morality, but it is also a simple recognition of the effective limitation of the options open to us. As Ronald Sampson argues, those (especially the advocates of violence) who look for sudden, total solutions do not understand the problem.

#### RIGHTS OF DECISION

In a multitude of ways it is open to every person to widen the area of freedom by widening his own freedom, by disavowing the behests of the media to conform, by repudiating in every way possible the uniform pattern of life that the enemies of freedom are seeking to create and impose, and by affirming the inviolable and sacrosanct nature of his own right and power to make his own decisions.

There is a disposition to assume that once this is understood we will have no further problems of social organisation to trouble us, that we can get on with doing our thing and if our confidence in the goodwill of others and their ability to do their thing is justified, then all will be well. It is never safe to make simple comprehensive assumptions about anything as a unilateral guide to action, far less about the complexities of modern social and political life. In terms of communication the world today is a village, and the numerous problems arising from the mutual involvement of numerous cultures at that level of intimacy will not be resolved by being ig-

nored. Somehow principles of harmony need to be discovered for the beneficial working of those inevitable monetary and trading relationships which dominate so much human activity today, somehow we must come to grips with the implications of technical, chemical, psychological and other innovations which enable small groups of people to exercise power over millions of their fellows, somehow we have to confront the problems of political and economic power, the problem of war, the increasing discord of race relations, the threats to our habitat from pollution, evil farming, the dissolution of social cohesion and so on. None of these and many other problems are going to disappear simply because a growing and perhaps enlightened minority concentrates on doing its thing.

There is a need today as never before in human history, for the utmost clarity of mind and lucidity of expression in the business of defining social goals and the means by which we reach them. It takes no great wit to perceive that the overcentralised planning and control that now afflicts us is bound to result in the destruction of such currency and economic stability as we now enjoy and that for a variety of reasons we are heading for a period of unprecedented social breakdown in which millions may well find themselves facing hardships and want on a scale which may make the days of the depression of the twenties and thirties a period of comparative prosperity. A country foolish enough not to grow its own food, and content to rest its fortunes on demands, other people's demands, for its complex and specialised factory products is a hostage to fortune at any time; but to do this with the pressures of war, racial conflict, generation alienation, excess population, the social disease of over-urbanisation and the mounting threat of ecological disruption added to this folly is to observe government degenerating into a category of social psychopathology and to become the unreflecting and unconscious manifestation of a collective wish for death.

In the numerous, *small-scale* efforts now being made, mostly by the young, to find an alternative to the politics of shipwreck we have the outlines of a new society which at present is probably the only serious alternative to the catastrophes towards which we are clearly heading. That is the measure of the urgency of what the young are doing; the need now is to spell it out, to clarify, to enlarge the area of debate and of action. Argument without action is hypocrisy, but to act without a readiness to spell out and to be explicit about our objectives and the means we are using, is to fabricate our own trip-wires. The perfectionists will argue that action is argument, and so it is, so long as men are in the kind of communication that sensible community relations make possible as a matter of course. Unfortunately genuine community nearly everywhere is being murdered by state giantism, and with it men's ordinary ability to communicate. That, after all, is what the revolution today is all about. □

### What is the 4th World ?

Well, you won't find it in the telephone directory, because it's little more at present than a far-reaching concept in which power is structured organically on the basis of human relationships—not mechanically on the basis of muddled assumptions about economic viability, national self-interest, 'defence' and the rest of it. It seeks to replace a world dominated by a few insanely large and highly centralised mass societies with a large mass of small decentralised human communities.

There is no way of joining the 4th World other than by getting on with it as you are and where you are. . .



# WALES FREE : THE POLITICS OF PERMANENCE

Leopold Kohr

When an American peace publication recently asked some leading contributors to list the three most important books for the seventies, one of them understandably included Leopold Kohr's *Breakdown of Nations*. This now out of print classic is a highly original and profoundly analytic plea for a consideration of the factor of size in terms of political and economic progress. In this article, which is taken from a forthcoming work he has written for Plaid Cymru, Professor Kohr turns from the general, to the particular argument as it affects Wales. In doing so he again illuminates the general case for a sensible size of political units with a deployment of language and imagery that helps make light work of a thesis which, of necessity, may make some demands on the reader's attention.

IN spite of the fact that the first Nobel Prize in economics was conferred on Professor Tinbergen of the Hague in 1969 on the ground that he had taken uncertainty out of economics, economics simply does not have the predictability of a journey to the moon. Ceylon could project the construction of a steel plant. But, once built, she was completely lost in the face of the economic and political consequences of technical equipment that was able to produce in six weeks all the country needed in a year.

This is not to deprecate the value of economic or statistical anticipation, any more than the prior need for architectural design demeans the work to be subsequently performed by the bricklayer erecting the structure. At its proper time it becomes, indeed, indispensable. But a state not yet born does not need statistics but meaning, not formulae but principles, not executive talent but vision. In short, what counts at this juncture is the philosophy, the architecture of the building, not the precise details of a content that will adaptably evolve from it.

There is no reason to presume that Wales could not in due course offer affluence and full employment to everyone even within the present architectural frame of an increasingly specialized economy integrated on the immense scale of Great Britain, although this might lead to the dismemberment of the last mile of Welsh railroads, and the closing down of the last local coal pit. But every worker would have a job somewhere, the man from Amanford in Sheffield and the man from Lime Regis in Fishguard. And gaps in living standards would disappear as a result of the entire countryside moving into the city. That much, the economics now flowing from the great metropolitan centres of learning may be able to offer for the time when all life will have become computerized.

But this is not the point. The point is an economic structure that not only assures affluence and employment to every Welshman, but assures it within the smaller and more human dimensions of a Wales that will offer him all he aspires to in modern material amenities faster, and yet at the same time preserve the values which integration on the enlarged scale of Britain is as bound to destroy as it has in the case of the United States and Brazil, preserve life in the village and small town as well as in the city, work in the field as well as in the factory, the jobs at home as well as those in far-off England. But above all, the point is to design an economic structure that gives meaning not to Wales as a nondescript industrial province serving the requirements of a common market, but to Wales as an independent nation and state serving the fulfilment of man.

Concentrating on economic structure and design instead of premature projections, what then are the

principles which would ensure for Wales the type of development without which political independence even if it brought affluence might prove a mirage?

The point to be discussed concerns mainly the principles governing the internal *Welsh* sector whose primary importance lies in the fact that it is here that independence will ultimately find its anchor, and national identity a source of renewed strength.

The first principle to be applied concerns the choice of system by which the internal economy of Wales can best be built up. Should the task be entrusted to private initiative or to public direction? Should the system be capitalist or should it be socialist?

The question may be thought a delicate one, for it involves philosophic as well as ideological preferences. However, we can establish ourselves on firmer ground if it is accepted that the various economic systems are merely different ways of reaching the dinner table. Their selection, therefore, requires no profound philosophic choice. When an economy is still very young and underdeveloped, it will be served best if, like a child, it is guided to the table by daddy government. When it reaches maturity, it is best to let it proceed on its own. This is why in earlier centuries the state-socialism of mercantilism and neo-mercantilism invariably gave way to free enterprise when its nation-building task was completed and the economy could stand on its own feet, or why in our own time we witness the beginnings of a similar transition in the Soviet Union. Many think that this is a sign of the failure of the government-directed economy of communism. Actually it is a sign of its success, just as the departure of the grown-up child from the household, however painful it may be to those who are left behind, is a sign not of the failure but of the fulfilment of the development mission of the parents.

If therefore one views the question of choice between a directed and a free system historically rather than ideologically, a large measure of government control is undoubtedly the best principle to follow for developing the Welsh tier of the economy during the first stages, gradually phasing it out in proportion as maturity sets in in the various sectors.

## TOUCH OF NEGATION

This does not mean that private enterprise should be rejected. Quite the contrary. As during the period of mercantilist control it could be drawn in and trained wherever possible for the earliest take-over, except in the area of so-called natural monopolies or enterprises of such scale that ownership in them would lead to greater accumulation of private power than a well balanced system could digest.

This leads to a second principle dealing with the

question not of public versus private systems, but of public versus private ownership within a given system. All systems are strengthened by an admixture with a touch of their negation. The human body is immunized by being vaccinated with a germ of the very disease against which it is to be protected. Communism in the Soviet Union increases its efficiency by permitting a fringe of private enterprise which releases part of the government's energies for tightening controls in the areas which really matter. And capitalism improves its system of free competition by socializing those industries of 'naturally' large-scale or monopolistic character which threaten, if left in private hands, the social benefits of a competitive mechanism that rests on the mobile side-by-side existence of a great multitude of production and marketing units which are relatively small in power and limited in size.

Thus, whatever system a free Wales ultimately chooses after she has reached full economic maturity, the best alternative will be to apply the principle of mixed ownership. Business of relatively limited size can profitably be left in private hands even in a socialist system. And certain businesses are best operated as public enterprises even in a capitalist private enterprise environment.

The relatively few businesses falling in this latter category are a) *natural monopolies*; b) *public utilities*, whose services, are essential to rich and poor alike and, as in the case of railroad transportation, should therefore be rendered even at a loss such as only the state can afford to carry indefinitely; c) *enterprises in the public interest* requiring such large investments that no private interest can be induced to make them available; and d) revenue enterprises, the so called *regalia* of many a former kingdom and principality whose exploitation was reserved to the sovereign for their ever reliable high yield.

The best known example of the last-named category are the production and sale of salt, a commodity so universally needed that even a quite low price can make it a valuable source of profit; or the production and sale of what might be called 'commodities of sin,' such as playing cards, liquor, tobacco, lottery and bingo tickets, whose high yield stems from the fact that the vast number of addicts will pay almost any price for their consumption. What they actually amount to is a form of taxation which, for a change, the citizen is ready to accept in return for a smoke even without representation. Since prohibition would not alter the demand inelasticity of 'sinning,' but merely hand the business over to the Mafia, it is just as well for the Government to take charge of these enormous profits and recycle them for useful public purposes such as health, education, the theatre, or the arts.

## SMALL-SCALE PATTERN

The third principle concerns the application of small organizational scale. The common-market and special-purpose-union tiers, spilling far across the boundaries, are *per se* areas in which not only public ownership but also a large scale of operation are natural concomitants. By contrast, the natural concomitant of the geographically limited domestic tier is the much admired small-scale pattern of Switzerland whose high degree of industrialization, is distinguished by the fact that no less than 82% of all firms employ fewer than 50 workers.

Of the many advantages of small operational size which are amply documented in volumes such as *The Economic Consequences of the Size of Nations* edited by Professor Austin Robinson of Cambridge, or *The Breakdown of Nations, The Overdeveloped*

*Nations*, and some others, by myself—a few examples should here be enough for making the point. One of them is the general operational translucency of a small scale, which brings everything within the grasp of ordinary mortals. Others are the greater adaptability to different local and regional conditions; a reduction in monotony and an increase in the personal interest of workers in factories whose purposes and functioning they understand; the ease with which workers' disputes can be solved and costly strikes avoided; the stimulation to individual initiative and inventiveness; the sense of belonging; the humanity of proportions; or the generally higher sum total of the output that can be produced by several independent (or independently managed) smaller firms even in the absence of the latest in costly technological equipment, as compared with the impressive aggregate product of merged companies which may beat all records, and yet has often been shown to be collectively smaller than that produced by the component units before their merger.

## INTERMEDIATE TECHNOLOGY

Fourthly, there is the principle of intermediate technology which directly results from the third principle, and is associated with the name of Fritz Schumacher, the eminent economist of the British Coal Board.

The Schumacher principle, as it might be called, suggests as the best approach to the rapid development of underdeveloped regions the use of less complex machinery rather than of the largest units of mass-production technology whose enormous savings in manpower mean exactly that: enormous savings in manpower. And while this is *technologically* a sign of great progress, *socially* it represents a case of disastrous reaction. For, nowadays, manpower saved means unemployment created, since unlike the more measured advance of earlier times which reabsorbed the 'technologically' unemployed at more sophisticated levels of production, contemporary automated progress throws out the workers for good.

True, viewed differently, this can also be presented less as a problem than as a blessing, restoring man to the condition of paradise. But practically, it has become a principal cause of human misery. For it deprives man not so much of income—since he can now get almost any subsidy from the state precisely because of the colossal productivity of automation—as of the chance of *earning* it, which remains for most an unfortunate psychological necessity except during our few carefree years of bearded and besandaled hippiedom. After that, it is either bombs, drugs, war or work.

If I said that the Schumacher principle of intermediate technology is the direct consequence of the principle of small operational size, it is because one of the great advantages of small scale is one that is usually referred to by the *technological* rather than the *social* economists of our time as one of its main drawbacks: it makes the use of superproductive expensive labour-saving equipment unprofitable, leaving no other choice than to fall back on 'intermediate' machinery. This, of course, is also labor-saving. But being by nature less 'efficient', it does not create unemployment. Nor, however, does it imply a diminution of the national product to a level lower than is necessary for achieving the highest of desirable living standards. All it means is that in order to achieve these standards, all hands must be employed.

Intermediate technology may thus indeed mean a technological step backwards in those areas where stepping forward is not progress but insanity. As Alwyn Rees likes to say, when you have reached the edge of an abyss, the only progressive move you



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can make is to step backwards. There is no other solution to the curse of unemployment brought down on man by his pursuit of the road of 'progress' beyond the point where it makes technological but no longer social sense—which is just as bad as not carrying it far enough.

#### DEVELOPMENTAL DISTRICTS

The fifth principle is the principle of independence. This does not refer to the political independence of Wales, or the separateness of the Welsh from the other tiers of the economy. At this point, it refers to the relative independence *within* Wales of a number of developmental districts such as *Plaid Cymru* has already proposed, or as Fritz Schumacher had in mind when he pointed to the numerous cantonal development areas within the greater unity of Switzerland.

The reason for this is that not only operationally but also geographically the most flexible as well as the most economical unit for pushing development is one of relatively limited size—a size adjusted to man rather than to computers and electronic scanners, which are indispensable to integrated large entities but never a satisfactory substitute for natural vision. What Aristotle said of the state goes also for the development district: the best is the one “that can be taken in by a single view.” It is also in harmony with the *political* ideal of *Plaid Cymru* which, similar to the Swiss concept, views the state as a community of communities, rather than as a freedom and initiative destroying, centralized big brother.

This means further that the various districts should not just be administrative subdivisions carrying out complementary tasks in the context of the overall national economy, though in part they must also do this, as Wales as a whole must also carry out its sectional function as part of a Britannic common market. In this respect, they will indeed operate as mere executors of delegated central decisions, particularly as regards the *internal* Welsh communication, transportation, and railroad systems, which should not be confused with the systems serving the British common market. But in the main, their independence of initiative and local development should be akin to that of Swiss cantons if only because no one is more familiar with local desires and resources than the population of a given neighborhood, and nothing is more conducive to high personal and social productivity than the competitive oneupmanship by which small autonomous communities are forever mischievously trying to surpass one another.

After all, this was the trigger that released the tremendous development energies of the ancient and medieval city states, the likes of which the great unified states, with all their modern technology and power, have never been able to rival. And it has studded the landscape with so many thriving towns and cities, that today, when large countries are no longer able to support their railroads because of their hopeless rural depopulation, one of the most fascinating sights in villages and provincial towns in a small country such as Switzerland is the arrival and departure of swiftly moving electric trains from and to all corners of the land all day long.

In other words, provided the development districts are also given a large measure of functional autonomy (in addition to the specialized tasks assigned to them within the larger context of Wales), the sum total of regional income and wealth will add up to an infinitely more *meaningful* national aggregate, composed of a high proportion of enjoyable personal and social consumer goods, than can be achieved on an integrated scale. Though the latter is invariably capable of producing a higher *physical* aggregate, the disproportionate share of capital and service equipment needed for maintaining an unnecessarily inflated scale has actually the effect of lowering the net product available to the citizen for enjoyment. It is as in a sky-scraper: The more floors you add to its integrated structure, the more impressive it becomes. But at a height of 400 floors, the entire building would have to consist of nothing but lifts to transport people who might have lived in it if the space needed for servicing the structure had not deprived them of all space needed for flats. Thus, while the aggregate is stupendous, the enjoyable net product which is the one thing that gives meaning to everything has become nil.

#### BALANCE

Next is the principle of balance, based on the Greek idea that everything is good except if driven to excess. It is also the principle of proportions which is the basis of all combinations. Industry is good, but too much of it becomes bad. City life is excellent. But too much of it becomes a vice. Women are marvellous. But they are nothing without men.

The principle of balance or proportions takes many shapes: balance between agriculture and industry to be achieved by agricultural rehabilitation; balance *within* industry to be achieved by diversification; balance between urban and rural life to be achieved by re-seeding the countryside with village and marketing nuclei capable of condensing life around them and counteracting the gravitational pull radiating from large urban clusters; balance between the various development regions to be achieved by endowing them with similar size and a similar structure of *duplicating* economic activities which tend to keep down the size of enterprise to easily surveyable proportions, in preference to specialized integration tending to foster lopsided overdevelopment which has to seek its balancing forces beyond the region it is able to control.

Then there is the balance within given fields to be achieved by what biologists call adaptive radiation, the principles that led Darwin to his theory of evolution. For just as an original pair of groundfinches in the Galapagos Islands split into 14 species to utilize the great variety of food supplies which would otherwise have gone to waste, so can a given production area be more economically exploited by the evolutionary device of splitting it into branches, thus satisfying identical urges by different means. When television was developed, it was thought it spelled the end of radio and films. Actually it improved the position of all three. And the same can be done with transportation if, instead of strengthening the dominant branch of road travel to the breaking point, one adaptively radiates the system by encouraging once

again the withered branches of water and rail travel, and the as yet underdeveloped branch of short distance air travel. If it is said this cannot be done, well neither could a groundfinch get hold of food hidden behind the bark of a tree. So nature evolved a species which it endowed with a woodpecker beak. This permitted more groundfinches to live in spite of the fact that it proportionately limited the growth of the individual breeds.

Then there is the balance between stability, which preserves traditional values, and innovation, which permits progress by addition rather than change. When life crawled out from the oceans, it did not abandon the water, but added to it life on land and in the air. For, as Aristotle said: “Nature has created nothing in vain”. There is nothing it ever gives up as obsolete or outdated—except the things which, having burst through their ordained limits, have become too large.

Aquinas said: “The higher a thing is, the more self-sufficient it is; since whatever needs another's help is by that fact inferior. But that city (in the sense of the *polis* of a city-state) is more fully self-sufficient, which the surrounding country supplies with all its needs, than another which must obtain these supplies by trade.”

Now I hear a similar chorus of objections as the one which usually greets the plea for intermediate technology: that one cannot turn back the clock. Aside from the fact that nothing is easier than to do exactly this, as anyone knows whose clock runs too fast, self-sufficiency means no more the cutting of existing commercial ties or the weaving of new ones with other countries than intermediate technology means the rejection of the most advanced kind of machinery in the few 'naturally' large-scale enterprises in which they are most economical. In fact the very purpose of a three rather than a one-tier system for the Welsh economy is to accommodate a signifi-

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moving universe, is founded. For, as the Nobel-prize winning physicist Erwin Schrödinger explained, when he answered the question why atoms must be small: their constant collisions, rendered inevitable by the anarchic freedom of their movement, would lead to the destruction of the system of which they are part if they were too big. And they would be unable to meet with the statistical frequency necessary for enrolling themselves into orderly patterns, if they were too few. Hence the double requirement for every sound dynamic balance, be it of stars or men, that its component parts be great in number and small in size, as was the case in the flourishing small-firm period of capitalism.

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derived both from experience and the inexorable laws of *diminishing productivity* and *variable proportions*, the opposite is true. For while the smaller domestic market of small countries *does* have the effect of reducing the size of individual producing units, it neither affects efficiency, nor does it reduce the aggregate output of *consumer* goods whose amplitude, after all, is the sole purpose of all economic activity. And a reduction in the output of *producer* goods is irrelevant, considering that what we eat is Carmarthen ham, not the shiny tin in which it must be packed, or the plane in which it must be shipped, if it is served in Honolulu. Nor does the export of ham necessarily create opportunities for more employment since the larger market unfailingly makes the kind of advanced machinery economical which does not *employ* labour but *displaces* it.

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#### DOUBLE REQUIREMENT

Which brings us to the most important of all balances, the balance between growth and form. This commands that, contrary to contemporary social thought, which becomes hysterical if it fails to push it at constantly accelerating rates, growth must actually be stopped when a thing reaches the form best suited to its function. If a tooth were to be entrusted to engineers or economists, there would be no limit to its growth, and those with the longest teeth would be as insanely proud of them as are the powers which have the largest armies. But since, by contrast, nature is fortunately as great a form economist as it is a growth specialist, the end is never lost from sight which demands that growth be progressively slowed at the approach of maturity until it is finally brought to a halt altogether. After that, further expansion takes the form of duplication and variation. In this way, nature not only fills up the universe with particles which are both infinite in number and relatively small in size, but it gives it the chance of progressive evolution by enabling it to try its hand all over again from the start.

Thus we always come back to the profound philosophic significance of smallness permeating the scheme of creation. Indeed, if balance is one of the vital principles of development, smallness is one of the two indispensable pillars on which the principle of balance itself, as it affects a dynamic and forever moving universe, is founded. For, as the Nobel-prize winning physicist Erwin Schrödinger explained, when he answered the question why atoms must be small: their constant collisions, rendered inevitable by the anarchic freedom of their movement, would lead to the destruction of the system of which they are part if they were too big. And they would be unable to meet with the statistical frequency necessary for enrolling themselves into orderly patterns, if they were too few. Hence the double requirement for every sound dynamic balance, be it of stars or men, that its component parts be great in number and small in size, as was the case in the flourishing small-firm period of capitalism.

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Now I hear a similar chorus of objections as the one which usually greets the plea for intermediate technology: that one cannot turn back the clock. Aside from the fact that nothing is easier than to do exactly this, as anyone knows whose clock runs too fast, self-sufficiency means no more the cutting of existing commercial ties or the weaving of new ones with other countries than intermediate technology means the rejection of the most advanced kind of machinery in the few 'naturally' large-scale enterprises in which they are most economical. In fact the very purpose of a three rather than a one-tier system for the Welsh economy is to accommodate a significant measure of industrial and commercial interdependence where it makes sense—in the common-market and special-purpose tiers.

Self-sufficiency should therefore be one of the main targets only in the domestic sector which, of course, *will* in the end also be by far the most important sector. This will admittedly deprive the economy of some of the advantages of regional specialization. But, by the same token, it will free it of the chief *disadvantage* of such specialization: the economic as well as the political subordination to forces beyond the reach of national control. Indeed, as the countries of Latin America have so painfully discovered, such is the loss of control through specialization that the resulting 'interdependence', as it is euphemistically called, invariably means *independence* for the stronger partner in trade, within whose territory the centre of decision-making becomes located, and *dependence* for the weaker. If the stronger humbly exults in the oratorical blessings of 'interdependence', it is merely to brainwash and tenderize the weaker. And if the weaker is persuaded to exult in it too, it merely means he has become ready for being served for dinner.

#### EFFICIENCY

Self-sufficiency might be less defensible if it implied the sacrifice of otherwise attainable higher levels of living. However, as I have tried to sketch on the basis of overwhelming practical and theoretical evidence derived both from experience and the inexorable laws of *diminishing productivity* and *variable proportions*, the opposite is true. For while the smaller domestic market of small countries *does* have the effect of reducing the size of individual producing units, it neither affects efficiency, nor does it reduce the aggregate output of *consumer* goods whose amplitude, after all, is the sole purpose of all economic activity. And a reduction in the output of *producer* goods is irrelevant, considering that what we eat is Carmarthen ham, not the shiny tin in which it must be packed, or the plane in which it must be shipped, if it is served in Honolulu. Nor does the export of ham necessarily create opportunities for more employment since the larger market unflinchingly makes the kind of advanced machinery economical which does not *employ* labour but *displaces* it.

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But there is yet another reason for achieving a high degree of self-sufficiency even if it did involve all that its orthodox detractors suspect. Up till now it has been possible to maintain the complicated communication and transportation machinery necessary for the functioning of a highly integrated and interdependent trading system even in the midst of the most disruptive calamities such as two world wars. But we no longer live in that relatively retarded age. At the current level of technological 'progress', a handful of well-placed hydrogen bombs is sufficient to destroy the few strategic locations into which large-scale integration has concentrated its vital nerve centres with a single stroke. A bomb dropped on the harbour of New York may destroy Puerto Rico without a shot being fired locally. And a bomb or two on London will spell the end of Wales, or Sussex or Yorkshire for that matter, without a sheep being killed in the pastures of the Black Mountains.

#### NOAH'S ARK

The only possibility of countering our newly acquired technological super-destructiveness lies paradoxically in an antiquated (or medieval, if you wish) device similar to that used by Noah in the face of the Great Deluge: the contraction of all the essentials for survival within the small frame of a self-sufficient ark. In modern terms, this means the dissolution of the rigid interdependent large-scale economies into systems of self-contained small cells, each endowed with its own nerve centre, its own equipment, and its own captain, rendering each capable of surviving in separation, not in unity, which does nothing but furnish the weight for sinking.

The idea is the same as that which saved the battleship, whose most revolutionary advance in design was likewise the reactionary change-over from an impressively united hull to a mediocrally divided structure composed of numerous small self-contained compartments. Previously, a single hit caused the captain to salute the flag, the sailors to sing the anthem, and the ship to join the debris of glory and bigness on the ocean floor. Now a hit will flood a compartment. But the rest will not only remain unaffected; they will salvage the flooded compartment as well. And instead of rendering a terminal salute to life, captain and sailors can go on saying grace when sitting down to dinner for many nights to come.

The same goes for the system of small dykes with which the Dutch have mastered the unwieldy majesty of the ocean's unified water power, or for the system of self-sufficient small economies by which alone the future will be able to bring to naught the monumental destructive force of atomic fission made possible by political and economic fusion—all variants of the principle of cancerous overgrowth which nature begins to push only when it gets tired of being constantly trampled upon by its social dinosaurs. As Arnold Toynbee showed in his *Study of History*: whenever a civilization reached the stage of an all-embracing universal state, it meant the penultimate step on the road to disintegration. Or conversely, as André Gide summed it up when he said in his last words: "I love small nations. I love small numbers. The world will be saved by the few." Which, of course, does not alter the fact that the Noahs will continue to be considered romantic madmen by the experts who, with the rest of us, owe their existence to their descent from the imperturbable lunatic who saved the human species not with a giant interdependent liner but with a tiny self-sufficient ark.

Because of the very destructiveness of the bomb, many believe that an atomic war will never happen.

Even if there were such a chance, it would be folly for statesmen to rely on it. As I am writing these lines, my eyes are arrested by a headline cutting across the entire page of my paper on this first day of the new decade, which reads: *World Told: Prepare 'Right Now' For Holocaust—MAO WARNS OF A-WAR PERIL.*

While I am not generally given to quoting from the sayings of the modern Chinese sage, I do agree with him in this instance for sheer statistical reasons. As in any half century, the next 50 years are bound to produce something like ten thousand conflict situations of which half a dozen have the makings for detonating the war this time really to end all wars, and everything else along with it. It is this statistical certainty to which a responsible statesman must adjust, not to the historically wholly unsupported assumption that the world will bury its atomic arsenal.

So the only sensible policy is to expect the catastrophe to happen in this generation and, instead of wishfully hoping it away, prepare for it by applying the concept of small-scale, self-sufficient economies not only in Wales, but everywhere. Self-sufficiency would thus have meaning even if Wales did not become politically independent. In the atomic age it is the only type of economy which will henceforth be fully viable.

But this is not all. As the Romans said: *Si vis pacem, para bellum.* If you want peace, prepare for war. If our age prepares for atomic war by breaking itself up into an ark-and-dyke system of small self-sufficient units, it may actually be able not only to survive, but to avoid, atomic holocaust. For the economics of scale applies also to the economics of destruction. A weapon as costly as an atom bomb makes economic sense only if the destruction of a nerve center occupying a few square miles produces a chain reaction capable of bringing down an integrated hinterland of many thousands of square miles. But if all that can be knocked out by a giant blow is an isolated minor-sized region, leaving the other regions with a good chance of independent survival, the use of the atomic arsenal becomes as uneconomical as the use of jets has become in Vietnam. They are useful in fighting other jets. But as the might of an elephant is knocked out by a mosquito feasting inside his trunk, so the power of jets is rendered hopelessly inefficient in the face of bicyclists needing only their legs for fuel, or of guerrilla tactics through which the little eat up the big.

#### PERPETUAL TERROR

With this, we may at last answer the question as to whether *Wales*—or any similarly-sized country—is too small to be viable, by stating that this is not the question at all. The question confronting our time is whether *big* countries such as Great Britain are viable. If Russia invaded Czechoslovakia to prevent her from breaking away, it was because *Russia* thought she could not exist without her, not because Czechoslovakia thought she would be better off on her own because of the automatic lifting power contained in small dimensions.

Unwilling to reduce the ballast of their weight, it is of course the big, not the small who cannot escape the drag of their monumental problems. They, not the small, don't know from one day to the next what will happen to their trade, their currencies, their growth, their recessions, their strikes, their traffic jams, their air-pollution, their monster cities, their accident rates, their juvenile drug addiction, their aimless student demonstrations. *They* are the ones who live in perpetual terror of catastrophes only their own stupendous power can conjure out of the

## THE TRIMMERS

Round and round they go, and round

The turn of the year. Since the world's way is all

Corner, they come again — Go, being bound

To the wheel by millions. Then round time's block

Again. And as they go, clip grass

And culture roses, thin out annuals, sweep

The place before the gate where people pass —

Not doing any harm or wishing ill

To neighbours. Only concerned to fill the hole

With barbed-wire in the hedge, because the dog

Next door plays havoc with the plants — *They won't control*

*That animal* — And no-one minds the Blacks:

It's just the price of houses falls. It's no

Concern of theirs what kingdoms crash

Beyond the bent earth's corner, who starves, who go

In terror. And they mean no harm, but no

Good ever came of interfering, did it?

(Nor anything from not). It sometimes comes

That this same crash sounds for a minute

In this street here, comes home and walks the rose-beds

From beyond the bend. And this they call

Their finest hour. They rise with no ill-will

To the occasion, and as quickly fall

To make again the battered borders sound —

As did their forebears, salt of the earth and

Savourless as stones, being carried on,

Like cobbles in a cart-track, round and round.

Diana Wynne Jones



ground (which the power of Tibet, Lithuania, Mongolia, Czechoslovakia, Brittany, Scotland, or Wales cannot). They are the ones afflicted with the one problem with which man cannot cope: the blinding of his vision through excessive proportions.

Which means the question we have posed is not the question but the answer. If the real problem of our time is the blinding effect of bigness, the logical answer is the translucency of smallness. Indeed so basic a principle is smallness in the scheme of things, political as well as physical, economic as well as political, that it has crept in some form or other into all the seven principles enumerated in the preceding pages as essential to a sound Welsh economy irrespective of whether the country becomes independent or not. It is the principle Confucius may have had in mind when he answered a student admiring him for the many things he knew: "I know only one thing. But that permeates everything."

### HANDS NOT MONEY

This leaves a few final questions of a practical nature, though these are inevitably intertwined with principle too. Foremost among them is the question of financing the economic development to be undertaken by the Government of a free Wales. Where will the money come from? Where the capital? Where the investors?

To begin with: roads, factories, power plants are built with hands, not with money, and could theoretically be built quite rapidly even without costly modern equipment.

Take, for example, the case of the Mennonite communities in the United States which are to this day not only among the most self-sufficient and independent but also among the most affluent communities in the world. They are world famous as pioneers in agriculture, and the making of tools of such outstanding functional design that many of them are not only used in the fields but have found their way into museums of modern art, of all places. Their lands are the most fertile, their cattle among the best, their houses among the most sturdy in the world. They have no poverty, they are no burden on the American community, and hence are the only ones exempt from the payment of social security taxes.

Yet, they use no motor cars, no petrol, no tractors, no electric power, no telephones, with the result not that they cannot produce all they need but that all hands must be employed to produce all they want. And since all hands must be employed to secure for them a high level of prosperity, they reap the inestimable additional social bonus of Fritz Schumacher's *intermediate technology* of having no crime, no juvenile delinquency, no unemployment.

This does not mean that Wales should adopt the Mennonite way of life. What it means is that there are segments, particularly in the agricultural sector of the Welsh economy, which can be rehabilitated by Mennonite *methods of intermediate production*, as was so successfully done in Brazil, whose government had invited the Mennonites for that very purpose. And what it also means is that, as long as there is unused labour available, there exists always an alternative way to the more complicated indirect method of financing development through money. This is by financing it directly through labour which is to money what mass is to energy. It is the same thing in different shape, as anyone knows who starts work in his rock garden by willing, rather than paying, himself off his couch.

In other words, as long as a country has un-

employed labour, it is the same as if it had unused reserves of money lying idle in the bank, and what it needs for development is therefore not investment capital but a magician who knows how to withdraw it from the bank and transform it from its liquid into its final state of producer goods without the intermediary use of what we conventionally call money, money capital or capital funds. Thus as Marx defined the final state of capital as "congealed labour", we may define labour as "liquid capital."

This is somewhat difficult to "withdraw from the bank" in societies trapped in conventional patterns of thought. But it is simple under unconventional circumstances such as would arise if a group of unemployed workers on a welfare cruise would find themselves stranded on a deserted island. When rediscovered years later, we would certainly not find them waiting in a queue for their relief cheques. What we would find is their labour of years transformed from its liquid "monetary" state of capital funds into its congealed state of capital goods in the form of ships, shops, warehouses, churches, piers, villages, and what not. Indeed, the only community unable to raise the "labour" capital needed for development would be one that either has no labour, or in which all labour is so efficiently employed that no further development is either necessary or possible.

But let us also answer the question of financing development in conventional terms and with the conventional rather than the abstract concepts which view money and investment capital as instruments commanding labour, rather than as being labour themselves. This is important mainly because the public, as well as the professional, mind has come to insist on operating with them. Moreover, the magician operating with direct-labour finance in a complex modern society would have to be an autocrat of such power that he could get away with it only if his community, like the island of stranded unemployed, existed in complete isolation.

### CONVENTIONAL NECESSITIES

The idea of direct labour-finance thus being rendered useless by convention and conviction, though not by fact (except for autocrats, pioneers in the wilderness, week-end bureaucrats raising vegetables, or Mennonites tending to their bomb-proof, ark-of-Noah agriculture), how indeed could an independent Wales attract the investment funds which are *conventionally* considered necessary for development?

To answer this question, we must first answer another one: What are the conditions that must exist if investors are to be attracted from outside the country, or brought out of their holes if they are natives? There are four in particular:

1. The foremost among them is, of course, the *opportunity* to invest. This is notoriously greater in underdeveloped countries than in already developed ones, and in independent countries than in dependent ones. In fact nothing has proved quite so attractive to investors seeking profitable outlets for their capital as newly independent nations, because of the latter's natural desire to duplicate within their own boundaries enterprises now lying beyond their direct control. The tremendous investment opportunity offered by both underdeveloped and newly acquired independence is the main reason for the fact that the growth rate of young states is invariably much higher than that of the staid, saturated older societies.

2. The second vital condition which newly established government or, indeed, any government must offer, is *stability*. This is to assure the investor,

particularly if he comes from the outside, that he will be able to collect an appropriate return on his capital. In the case of an independent Wales, this stability can be threatened only by three forces: the people of Wales, the government of Wales and, most of all, the Government of England. Practically, however, only England might have a vengeful interest in endangering Welsh stability. But this, too, is most unlikely on three grounds: a) England is known for tolerance, not for vengefulness; b) England has the last reason on earth to see a revolutionary situation of instability and discontent develop at her door; and c) the bulk of development capital invested in Wales will in all likelihood come from England herself, so that far from threatening Welsh stability, the English government will itself have all interest in insuring it—if necessary at Lloyd's.

3. The third condition for attracting investment capital is the Welsh government *wanting* it. It must not only itself desire to engage in development on the scale required for attaining both a high degree of self-sufficiency and a high level of living, but must also welcome private investors from at home and outside to share the burden of development within the frame of a comprehensive national plan. And this can safely be presumed to be the case even if the new government should contemplate a largely socialist economy. Even the Soviet Union threw her doors open to private investors during the period of NEP (New Economic Policy) to speed up the early stages of her development between 1921 and 1927, without thereby surrendering her controls over the course she planned to pursue.

4. The fourth condition concerns the matter of *incentives*. Everyone has alternative opportunities for employing his resources, and therefore requires persuasion if he is to shift them from England or America to Wales rather than to India or Puerto Rico, or to a place in his own country where he can keep control of it. Some might invest for sheer *idealism*, but they are the least to be trusted when it comes to building up a country *materially*. For it is in the nature of ideals that the reality is always falling short of them and, hence, causes disillusionment and withdrawal. The most reliable incentive is therefore the chance of greater returns on capital invested in Wales than elsewhere.

Puerto Rico, which has been the world's textbook example for a phenomenally rapid development, has used as principal incentive for attracting investors exemption from taxes—10 years in relatively developed regions, 12 years outside these regions, and 17 in the most retarded places. Other incentives were that the government made itself responsible for building the plants, while all the investors had to do, was just to move in. Thus, since no one thought poor Puerto Rico attractive to tourists, the government itself built a hotel, hoping that someone would run it. No one would, except Conrad Hilton, and that was enough. Not only did the Caribe Hilton Hotel become the principal jewel in the crown of the Hilton Hotel empire, covering with its sumptuous surpluses the initial deficits of new ventures all over the world, it turned the beaches near San Juan within a period of 10 years into one of the most glamorous and sophisticated of resort areas in the world. Not that I myself am particularly enchanted by this. But the question here is not the enchantment of a romantic but the romanticism of the economics of nation building which has always proved more lucrative than that of the earth-chained realists.

Against this, one often holds that a country united with others in a common market cannot offer differ-

ential treatment such as is entailed by tax incentives since this would violate the principle of uniformity underlying all unions. But as long as uniformity in target is not uniformity in fact, the very concept of union demands differentials in advantages of development until equality is reached at all levels. This is why the agricultural politics of the Common Market countries are, after thirteen years of union, still radically different from each other, and why Puerto Rico is still permitted to use all of her substantial tax differentials and wage incentives in spite of the fact that it is part and parcel of the American common market.

Thus, there is no reason whatever to believe that an independent Wales would have difficulty in attracting investors. On the contrary! She has difficulty in attracting them now because of the four conditions required for luring capital into the country, only one is there: underdevelopment. But this cannot be exploited until also the others are present. *Independence, stability and incentives*. These, only an *independent* Wales, offering the opportunities arising from a differently structured, self-centred, and non-colonial economy, can offer.

### RURAL REHABILITATION

Another practical question concerns the way in which the countryside can be rehabilitated. This has so far defied any of the methods proposed by orthodox sociologists and economists. However, all this means is that conventional theory has also in this instance nothing to offer but the helpless raising of eyebrows at problems it has itself created.

What caused rural depopulation and decay, in Wales and elsewhere, is the progressive takeover of the countryside by the machine, the extension of the industrial revolution to agriculture. Before that, an ordinary farm hand needed for the efficient employment of his labour an average of perhaps two acres of land, so that a farm of twenty acres could support ten workers. An ordinary tractor, on the other hand, requires for efficient employment not two but twenty acres, while providing itself employment not for ten workers but only one. In other words, the industrialization of agriculture has turned nine workers into surplus products to be dumped on the cities which harbour already so many other technologically displaced persons that the marginal worth of any new arrival has practically reached zero.

One way of stemming this trend would seem to lie in the seeding of the countryside with new towns. This, however, does not rehabilitate rural life. It urbanizes it, which is the very cause of rural decay. The only effective way of resettling people on the land itself rather than in dispersed urban concentrations which offer neither the bucolic charm of rural life nor the sophistication of the city, is by reversing the trend that caused the problem. If the introduction of the most advanced technology has disemployed the bulk of the farm population, and industrialized the

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rest, the return in *some* form and in *some* areas to Fritz Schumacher's 'less advanced' intermediate technology would seem to offer the only alternative not only for repopulating once again the countryside with people rather than machines, but also for restoring the indispensable balance between healthful contrasting rural and urban forms of existence.

However, lest the chorus of automatic objectors to this solution run away with the first prize at the next national Eisteddfod, let me stress again that the restoration of bucolic charm does not mean a return to the Middle Ages. Nor does the introduction of intermediate technology—the beneficial aspects of which modern labour unions seek to recapture with such nonsensical make-work devices as 'featherbedding'—imply a return to unnecessary hardship for the farmer, a cruder way of life, or even the abandonment of tractors. All it means is a return to a technology that assures full employment without affecting the highest standard of living which modern methods of production can offer. It will not prevent the farmer from having an electric razor, his wife from having a washing machine and a drier, the family from owning a car, refrigerator, telephone, or television. For the whole purpose of intermediate technology is, of course, to transmit the advantages of *technology* along with the benefits of *intermediacy*, which call for a halt when further 'modernization' begins to create the social curse of unwanted unemployment. What it prevents is not leisure but idleness; not the ascent up the mountain, but the rolling over its top.

#### RURAL EXCITEMENTS

However, there is another aspect to the problem. For the city is not only the last refuge of a rural population deprived of its jobs by excessive agricultural industrialization. It also exerts a fatal attractive power of its own as a result of the peculiar nature of the excitement it offers to the uprooted provincial.

Because of this, more is needed for rural rehabilitation than the mere introduction of intermediate technology. There must at the same time be a revival of the compensatory excitement which life in the countryside has traditionally provided. This does not mean the introduction of neon lights, or the sale of drugs at unlit corners. Rural excitements are of a more unsophisticated sort, though no less intense for that reason. They lie in the easy communion with nature, in the freedom engendered by the absence of crowds, in the serenity of walks through forests and fields, in the solitude of a chapel by a mumbling brook, in the thrill of an amateur performance in a local school, in the debates and conviviality of the pub and, above all, in the universality of experience which only the translucent proportions of small communities can convey in which everything that happens can also be seen, in contrast to the city dweller whose only way of broadening his specialized experience is by reading the newspapers.

However, this is not meant to be a case against the lopsided sophistication of the city to which many a universalist proceeds from the country to shape in collaboration with it the growing substance of a nation's civilization. For this, both are needed, London as much as Stratford-on-Avon.

We are going to press early (sic!) with the next issue for holiday reasons; please send your letters for publication now. Thanks . . .

But since it is the countryside which is threatened with extinction, emphasis must at this juncture of history be placed on restoring the village rather than the city. This the more so as rural rehabilitation will automatically reduce at the same time the population pressure now threatening the life of all cities.

Actually, however, there is no need to worry about this last-mentioned aspect of the problem. Once intermediate technology has repopulated the countryside, the excitement of rural existence will return by itself. Marxists will have no difficulty understanding this, since it was Marx who advanced in his famous materialistic interpretation of history the theory that all our involvements, tastes, habits, values, ideologies, as well as our sense of excitement are determined by the mode of production, the way we earn our living. As the mass-mode of production engenders the urban way of life, intermediate technology will automatically restore the more relaxed and inward-looking quality which is peculiar to the country way of existence. The only trouble with modern Marxist nation builders is that they have no real interest in restoring what the *Communist Manifesto* calls "the idiocy of rural life", giving preference to the automated mode of production which presumably produces "the idiocy of metropolitan life" instead. But this is only because the terror potential of the current degree of urbanization has been discovered so recently that it has caught up with them as little as the need of birth control has caught up with the Vatican.

A last point that is frequently raised as an obstacle to rural rehabilitation is that the countryside no longer offers any jobs. This is the same as if the pilgrims would have warned against people following them to America because they found no jobs waiting even for the first bunch. The jobs were created by their very act of arrival, and would have folded up on their departure. Every newborn baby contributes to the creation of a new job necessary for feeding, clothing, and raising him. And every Welshman returning from London, and every city resident returning to the countryside brings himself along the job he needs for survival.

So, to paraphrase David Ricardo, the point is not that people do not return because there are no jobs for them; the point is that there are no jobs for them because they do not return. Which means that they must have another incentive for returning than the prospect of a job. And, to judge from precedents, the foremost incentive which would bring great multitudes of Welshmen back to their cherished native land, would be the exciting prospect of building up their own nation.

#### NATION BUILDERS

With this the case may rest, except for a last question that returns us to professional economics. After all, the problem as to whether Wales is viable is mainly an economic one. So it may be important to ask: What will the economists say to all this? The majority will undoubtedly say: "No! An independent Wales is not viable". Indeed they have said so for some time already. But this should not worry the nation builders. The majority of the experts in the desert of Sinai said also: "No," when asked by a thirsty people whether there was any water. But instead of bowing to their verdict, the people kept on asking until they came to Moses who said: "No water? Nonsense! Of course there is". And striking at the rock with nothing but faith to give strength to this conviction, out came water. But once it bubbled forth, the experts jumped on the band wagon and

busily showed how to distribute it, how to grow food with it, and how rock-striking produces water in the desert provided it follows the appropriate diagrammatic ceremonial.

Well, the Bible does not tell the story exactly in these terms, but this does not alter its fundamental message, which is: that the Gordian knot, which cannot be untied with the hands of the professional knot-untiers, can be cut through with the sword of the nation builder at one stroke. This does not mean the experts are no good. They are invaluable *after* the event. But before the event, it is the visionary who matters, the *deus ex machina* who commands the elements, determines the direction, and lays the first stone. He alone is the architect who knows *what* to build, while economists and other experts are but the bricklayers who know *how* to proceed from there. That is why they should never be consulted *before* the event unless they welcome it on their own.

#### FACT BACKED BY THEORY

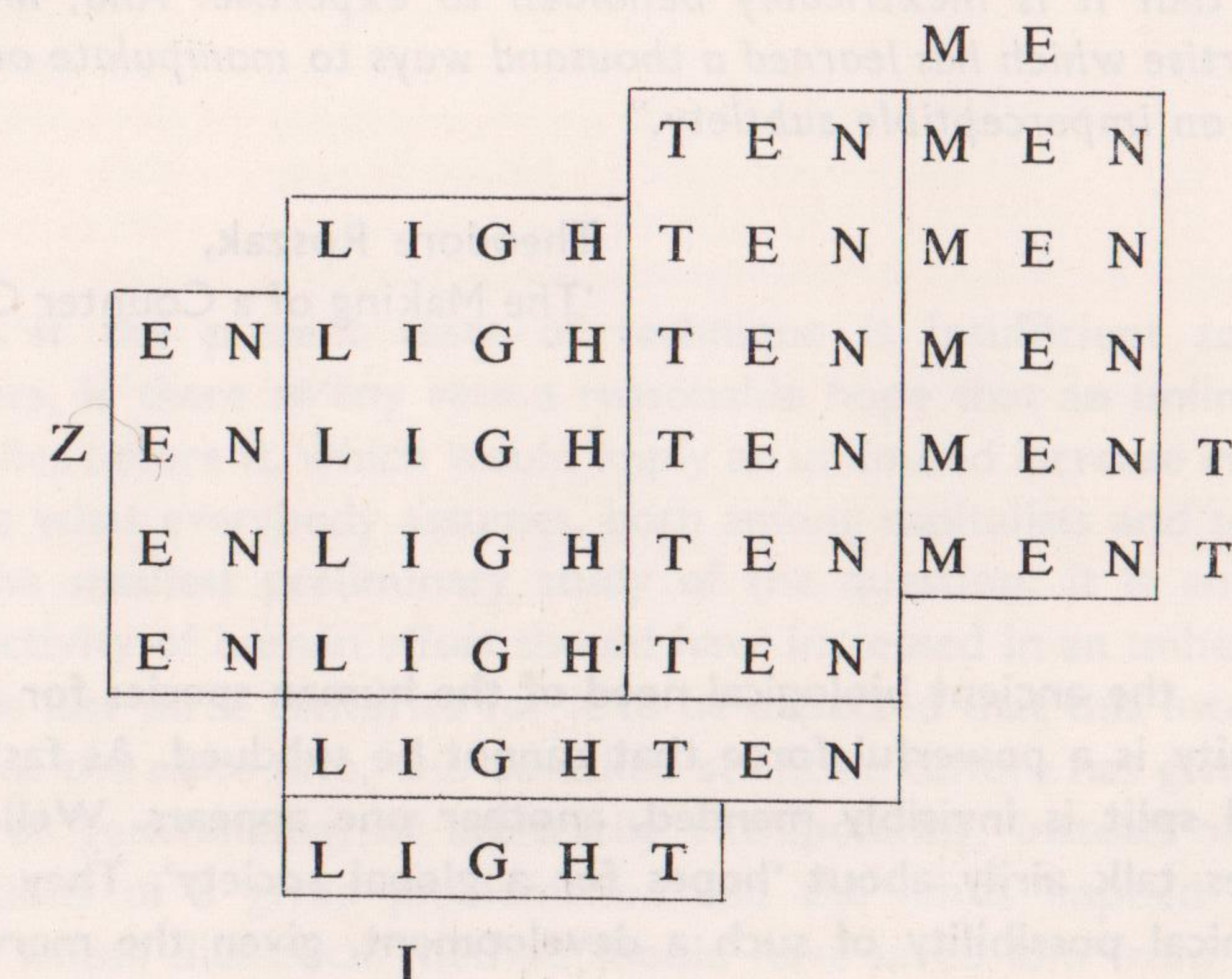
I still remember the unanimity with which the economists of all countries seemed to unite to prove that little Austria could not possibly exist, first without the Danubian empire (which itself was what turned out to be unviable) and later without the German Reich, which folded up too. But when her separation from Germany after the Second World War was effected anyway, many of the same econom-

ists used all their diagrams and mathematics to prove that what had already been established in fact, could also be backed by theory.

So there is no need for the Welsh national builders to worry at what the bricklayers say of their architectural design. When the stage is set for erecting the building, the experts will not keep sulking in corners but, as they have so loyally done on numerous other occasions, offer their services with the same conviction with which they have previously predicted disaster.

In other words, when it comes to it, there will be no scarcity of professional economic talent proclaiming that they have always said what the architects among them such as Fritz Schumacher, Lord Balogh, or Gunnar Myrdal have long maintained: that a small country the size of Wales is eminently viable, and that they will back the Celtic Moses to the hilt once the water is spouting from the rock. For the really great economist will perform with equal competence according to any script, just as the truly great actor will be able to play the role of the visionary Faust as brilliantly as the more intriguing and hence more dramatic role of the destructive Mephistopheles, whom Goethe characterizes not unlike the integration-bent orthodox theorists facing the new world of small-state nationalism: as the spirit who negates everything, "who always wills the bad, and [poor devil] always does the good." □

## TETZIM



John Sharkey.



# Quotes . . .

**"Domination takes the form always of a relationship between man and man. It has to be confronted and neutralized on the spot in the particular relationship that is involved. The objection is made again and again, however, that the mere individual is impotent. What, it is asked rhetorically, can only one person do? The implication seems to be that around the next corner there will be somebody who isn't only one person. Yet, when evil is afoot, people do not wring their hands, lamenting their impotence as 'only one person'; they get on with the bad work and do it most efficaciously."**

Ronald Sampson,  
'The Anarchist Basis of Pacifism', 1970

*"It is essential to realize that the technocracy is not the exclusive product of that old devil capitalism. Rather, it is the product of a mature and accelerating industrialism. The profiteering could be eliminated; the technocracy would remain in force. The key problem we have to deal with is the paternalism of expertise within a socioeconomic system which is so organized that it is inextricably beholden to expertise. And, moreover, to an expertise which has learned a thousand ways to manipulate our acquiescence with an imperceptible subtlety."*

Theodore Roszak,  
'The Making of a Counter Culture', 1968

**" . . . the ancient biological need of the human species for a distinct tribal identity is a powerful force that cannot be subdued. As fast as one super-tribal split is invisibly mended, another one appears. Well-meaning authorities talk airily about 'hopes for a global society'. They see clearly the technical possibility of such a development, given the marvels of modern communication, but they stubbornly overlook the biological difficulties."**

Desmond Morris,  
'The Human Zoo', 1969

**"The greater part of manufactures consist of clothing and bedding. Now, if by using a machine, we can get our coat with less labour than we got it before, the machine is a desirable thing. But, then, mind, we must have the machine at home, and we ourselves must have the profit of it; for if the machine be elsewhere; if it be worked by other hands; if other persons have the profit of it; and if, in consequence of the existence of the machine, we have hands at home who have nothing to do, and whom we must keep, then the machine is an injury to us, however advantageous it may be to those who use it, and whatever traffic it may occasion with foreign states."**

William Cobbett,  
'Rural Rides', 28 August, 1826

*"With mordant symbolism, the ultimate products of the megamachine in Egypt were colossal tombs, inhabited by mummified corpses; while later in Assyria, as repeatedly in every other expanding empire, the chief testimony to its technical efficiency was a waste of destroyed villages and cities, and poisoned soils: the prototype of similar 'civilized' atrocities today. As for the great Egyptian pyramids, what are they but the precise static equivalents of our own space rockets? Both devices for securing, at an extravagant cost, a passage to Heaven for the favoured few."*

Lewis Mumford, 'The Myth of the Machine', 1966

**" . . . if the present state of technique is insufficient to liberate the workers, is there at any rate a reasonable hope that an unlimited development lies before it, which would imply an unlimited increase in productivity? This is what everybody assumes, both among capitalists and socialists, without the smallest preliminary study of the question; it is enough that the productivity of human effort should have increased in an unheard-of manner for the last three centuries for it to be expected that this increase will continue at the same rate. Our so-called scientific culture has given us this fatal habit of generalizing, of arbitrarily extrapolating, instead of studying the conditions of a given phenomenon and the limits implied by them; and Marx, whose dialectical method should have saved him from such an error, fell into it on this point just like other people."**

Simone Weil,  
'Critique of Marxism'



## BEETHOVEN'S UNRESTRAINED AND GLORIOUS ROAR

Tina Morris

"MANY a vigorous and unconsidered word falls from my mouth, for which reason I am considered mad". Beethoven the man; the genius; the mystic. As a man he was turbulent, angry, passionate and tortured. Throughout his life he was plagued by ill-health: syphilis, recurring bouts of colic and diarrhoea and even worse—deafness. A prison of sound—for a musician the most cruel—and poetic—torture. Beethoven's deafness has been compared with the experience of yogic mystics coming out of trance-state with eyes ravaged and gory as though attacked by legions of insects: his deafness perhaps of the same order—the very intensity of his experience bringing its own cause/effect. To observers he was "poor, ill-bred and terrifyingly impulsive and self-willed". Brutally honest with himself and others, his frankness offended and made enemies. Scathing and impatient of the fake, the sham and the trivial. "Do you think I care about your wretched fiddle when I am writing?" (to a violinist complaining of the technical difficulty of his compositions).

Though in his early years his fame was as a performer rather than a composer, he refused to play the social game; revolted, insulted his hosts and the noble-folk, raged and swore, and smashed things. He was tolerated despite his atrocious 'manners' only because of his brilliance and perhaps because the rich folk of the time could not relate his protest to themselves: could not accept that he was, in fact, raging against their position and therefore threatening them, for then, open social protest was an unaccustomed thing.

Biographers have found Beethoven a difficult subject for he will not be pummelled and sculpted to fit into a neat niche, nor conform to the 'romantic artist' image. Syphilis is difficult to explain away if you are intent on showing your subject to be super-human: and all those affairs which never terminated in marriage—such a great composer cannot be allowed to offend his listeners by having indulged in illicit sex! Critics have denounced his lack of 'morals' in his dealings with music publishers and businessmen. Beethoven apparently despised those parasites who grew fat as he struggled, and his biographers are embarrassed because his moral code did not embrace the businessman's 'morals'.

His tongue created hostilities; many found him obnoxious, but "When I must antagonise others I do no more than is necessary to protect myself against them or prevent them from doing further evil".

\* \* \*

Beethoven the musician. So much hinges on the period of his birth; his predecessors Haydn and Mozart had prepared the way musically: Beethoven thundered through their neat little gardens into the radiance and howling joy of the real world. Sentimental listeners are shocked: Beethoven despises the superficiality and selfishness of sentimentality. To the conventional mind, his power in its depths and soaring heights will always seem either incomprehensible or too violent. His early works are the most popular for these are not mystically advanced, but more exploratory. Later the work becomes more central than horizontal—radiating outwards from a dominating axis of experience. Music as a journey/journal of his spiritual life. Technically and spiritually he is constantly striving for the perfect. The impulse towards freedom is the most prominent feature of his life and work. Man, musician, mystic—his growth is organic, an unfolding development. A wild and desperate struggle.

Naked. Through his work he reveals the depths of mankind. Read Patchen's *Journal of Albion Moonlight* and you will understand something of Beethoven. Man stripped down to the bare framework which supports all the layers of his superficial selves—the suffering, agony, joy, anger, pain, bitterness, fears peeled away and the explosive energy at the heart of things allowed to burst forth in a fiery and terrible storm. Not merely personal introspection, but a social conscience. Vibrations of the French Revolution were trembling across Europe and his music echoes the awareness of the period. A new liberalism was smashing old frontiers: many came alive for the first time in their lives. But when Napoleon declared himself Emperor, Beethoven ripped the title page from the 'Eroica' Symphony (dedicated to Bonaparte) declaring "He too then, is nothing better than the rest! Now he will trample on all human rights only to honour his ambition; he will place himself above all others—become a

tyrant!"

An endless fight, also, against the constraining framework of music; he writhed within its confines, stretching the fabric of inherited traditions like the skin stretched so whitely over the bones of the world. Working endlessly at his 'sketches' he wrote out the trivial and superficial; brutally self-critical, he smashed and tore at the weak and ugly in his music, leaving an evolving towering organic framework. He did not write starting at the beginning and moving to an ending, but worked "in height, in breadth and in depth". In his later years, almost completely deaf, his imagination burst wildly through technical restrictions and some of his last works bear the fangs and toothmarks, the birdcalls and pulses which only now are finding echoes in the New Music.

Proportions in Beethoven's music are architectural, the structure and form created by the powerful brushstrokes of a vital force. Like *Albion Moonlight*, he ranges from the most poetic and lyrical intensity through impetuosity, anger, fear, protest, nightmare and violence to the deepest passion and the spiritual realms of inner illumination where few human men have trodden.

Within himself, at all levels, there was good music, but it is undoubtedly when he dredged the very depths of his being that he is most powerful. A true genius creating not only of himself but of the Universal Energy, he composed in a trance state in which his Self was lost and the music flowed from the Great Silence, using him only as its interpreter, its mouthpiece. A master of dramatic tension: as in oriental music, subconscious hypnotism and strength are built by the incessant repetition of notes—the throbbing and pulsating which becomes part of the listeners' consciousness and round which he revolves.

Totally/deeply aware of suffering, Beethoven develops, grows, blossoms. At the end he accepts suffering as an illuminating power and an integral part of life. Experiences are seen as part of one Whole; the suffering and the joy. A harmony of understanding. When his experiences "took root and grew" it was not just a mellowing or a slight shift of emphasis but an illumination, and finally, a peace. His search,

→→

## LETTERS

### RENAISSANCE

My son, Richard Ehlers, who was one of the Commonwealth Representatives at your recent Conference, has given me *The 4th World—A Manifesto for the 70's* to read.

It seems to me from a somewhat cursory consideration of your literature that what you are after is another Renaissance—and I wonder if research along two lines would be fruitful—

- (1) What were the special conditions existing at the time of the first Mediaeval Renaissance that made it so opportune and how do they compare with conditions today, and
- (2) What aspects of Modern Life could produce the sort of climate in which the ideas you propound would take root and grow. I would have thought the ecumenical movement in religion and folk-lore and pop were two of them.

Frida E. Ehlers,  
Dore House,  
Spaxton,  
Bridgwater, Somerset.

### PERMANENT AGRICULTURE

"Resurgence" seems to be as good a name as could be devised for a campaign to lead man back to reason and commonsense. I salute the Editors of *Resurgence*. Some twenty-five years after the Soil Association of England, McGarrison and Albert Howard from India and the Panel of Doctors in Cheshire and Rodale in America started or got into the campaign, it seemed that one thousand years might elapse before a dent was made in the armour of chemical fertilisers and toxic sprays. Today, with the advent of *Resurgence* the goal may be visible in one hundred years. For one thing, those valiant pioneers, Lady Eve Balfour and the Soil Association, seem, after a temporary lapse, to have made up their minds that the day of fumbling experimentation

is over and the period of faith and certitude has arrived.

Let us remind ourselves of some of the steps in the campaign: In the year 1940, "founded on the work and experience of forty years, mainly devoted to agricultural research in the West Indies, India and Great Britain", Albert Howard, in continuation of his earlier work of 1931, entitled "The Waste Products of Agriculture", brought out his "Agricultural Testament". Coincidentally (but not by coincidence) a panel of Cheshire doctors brought out their "Medical Testament". Preceding both these works, there was the work of Robert McGarrison in India. The Medical Testament linked the works of McGarrison and Howard, the one testifying to the influence of nutrition on physique and character, the latter testifying to the influence of sound agricultural methods on nutrition. The Soil Association took up the story with their experimental farms at Haughley, Suffolk. People had probably forgotten that Professor F. H. King had told the story as far back as the year 1926 in his "Farmers of Forty Centuries—or Permanent Agriculture in China, Korea and Japan". Later, Barry Commoner was to remind us in his "Science and Survival" and in his remarkable article in Volume 2, No. 10 (of November-December 1969) of *Resurgence*, entitled "Sabotaging Nature", that the question of the deleterious effect on soil fertility had been settled by the Sanborn Field experiments lasting over a period of fifty years and culminating in the Report of 1942. As Barry Commoner mentions, when the Sanborn Field studies were published, the annual U.S. consumption of chemical fertilizer amounted to somewhat less than half a million tons of nitrogen, in twenty-five years the increase had been more than tenfold. What is the reason for the apparent stupidity of man? The answer, of course, is manifold. Stupidity is not ruled out; but there

come into play the factors of: do we farm for quality or quantity? For soil fertility, or nutrition, or money?

Professor King and Sir Albert Howard established that for soil fertility one must return to the land the vegetable waste and animal excrement. McGarrison, in his experiments with white rats, established that appropriate food "makes the man and want of it the fellow. The rest is leather and prunella". The Medical Testament linked McGarrison with Howard and both with Professor King.

Of course, you and your readers know all this; but it is pleasant to turn over a delicacy on the tongue or palate or taste buds.

The irony of it all is that the Chemist Von Liebig went to a lot of trouble and expense to do precisely what the farmers of forty centuries had been doing without any chemical research or chemical expense, namely return the waste products to the soil and let the earthworms and the micro-organisms (millions of unpaid workers) do the donkey work. Truly "knowledge comes, but wisdom (haltingly) lingers"; and *homo sapiens* remains the most insipient creature on earth. If Professor Barry Commoner is correct in his premonitions, the insects (wiser than man) will in the not-too-distant future "inherit the earth".

Ansell Hart,  
Mona Hotel,  
Mona Road,  
Kingston, 6,  
Jamaica, W.I.

### WORK IN THE COUNTRY

Once again I am sending a year's subscription for your excellent magazine—it is literally the only magazine I can find time to read, and I have introduced it to a lot of people. I enclose a small donation to help it along.

For a long time now I have wanted to put an ad. in your 'The Movement' column. I think we work in the spirit of *Resurgence* with our small organic market garden. Also we struggle hard to make ends meet and yearly face the threat of closure. But for 8 years now I have struggled to live a rural life and produce wholesome food for the public and ourselves. We have 3 bed-sitters which I don't want to let for money but rather in exchange for labour. It works well usually—but seldom do we have enough labour to weed (so many weeds, as we won't use weed-killers). Maybe some *Resurgence* readers can help;

## BEETHOVEN

his insight are for us: his music will live because of the experiences it relates and, as with Blake, much of his wisdom is even yet ahead of us. A true avant-gardist, his experiences are at the same time both fundamental and in the line of human evolutionary advance beyond their time.

In the last music of his life, we

have the record of a living, developing world; superhuman ecstasy exploring new regions of consciousness. Perhaps within himself, at last understanding in depth the framed quotation which had always stood on his desk "I am that which is. I am all that was, that is, and that shall be". □



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Very best wishes,

(Miss) **Mehr Fardoonji**  
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Cross o' th' Hill,  
Malpas, Cheshire.  
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I want to thank you very much for sending me Resurgence all this time. I have appreciated it very much. The new number seems particularly good. I am half way through Yehudi Menuhin's beautiful article. I am so glad he is a reader. He is a lovely person. I have known him and followed his work since he was fourteen, a stocky little boy with a sweet face and golden eyelashes, playing like an angel, who signed the first drawing I did of him "Yours sincerely, Yehudi Menuhin"!

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With love,

**Peggy Smith,**  
30 Newington Green  
London, N.16.

(Peggy lives on a pension and her sub-reminder was probably due to an error in one of our computerised subscription processing services in either Tokyo or Istanbul. She is easily one of the most active and valuable people in the movement and we would no more dream of cutting her off our list than of producing Resurgence on stone tablets. Ed. Res.)

#### THOUGHT PROVOKING

Upon receiving the copy of your magazine, I at first expected it to be a run-of-the-mill revolutionary sounding board for frustrated journalists and intellectuals who can only express themselves in cheap polemic publications which few people read at all. To my delight, I was very impressed by the quality and content. The magazine presents many profoundly thought provoking ideas with a wide range of subject material giving all viewpoints the chance to be expressed. Magazines such as yours are certainly a rarity in Canada where we are subject to constant bombardment by the annoying pomposity of monolithic American journals.

**Konstantin Huytan,**  
48 Elgin Street, St. Thomas,  
Ontario, Canada.

#### HEAD SHOPS

We are trying to get together a list of Head Shops inside and outside London for publication in the second issue of our BITMAN journal. If you know of any that could possibly be described as Head Shops, please drop us a line giving shops' addresses and phone numbers and a rough idea of the kind of things they stock.

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Thank you for the "4th World—A Manifesto for the 70's", which I have read many times; I have always been an advocate of decentralisation, but never thought there was an organisation concerned with this; I have been pleasantly surprised. In this pamphlet you seem to have written down coherently what I have been thinking and talking about for years; it has been a great joy to read.

May I congratulate you on your magazine Vol. 2, No. 12, which is of a very high quality, well written and well produced. I liked especially the poetry . . .

**Joyce E. Pugh,**  
94 Holker Street,  
Barrow-in-Furness,  
Lancs.

#### SPINNING AND SPINSTERS

Am not quite in agreement with you on the old English spinning wheel operated by the spinster.\* As we have used them on and off for the last ten years we know something about them and it is I think a very satisfying operation, catering for the mind, amazingly productive, and spinning with raw wool knocks spots off any hand creams for giving smooth hands. The school children at Ottawa loved it and spinning together is a good social activity as, like knitting, you can talk while you work. I wonder more people don't have them, for the joy of spinning is much more fun than a car and much cheaper to run.

**Ralph Ibbot,**  
2 Sherwood Road,  
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\*Indian Notebook, Resurgence Vol. 3, No.1.

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The adjective Scottish is really the only thing Scottish about the S.N.P. A cursory glance at the party's

language, the Gàidhlig, to all of the geographical area of modern Scotland. In the extremely unlikely situation of an independent Scottish state being set up due to the efforts of the present S.N.P., this party would appear to be quite content to see this state remaining English speaking for ever. To my mind this is completely illogical. If Scotland is to continue to be English speaking and to continue to be culturally orientated towards the South-East of England, I see no point at all in working for any sort of political independence for our country. Such an independence would not be worth a single drop of sweat, far less a single drop of blood.

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I have given you rather a black picture of the contemporary Scottish scene. I am sorry to say that I cannot give you a brighter one. The awful truth of the matter is that Scotland is a defeated country with a largely brain-washed population. At the next general election I am ashamed to prophesy that the majority of the Scottish voters will even reject the milk-and-water policies of the S.N.P. and vote overwhelmingly for the two big unionist parties. They will probably give most of their votes to the Labour party who of the collaborationist parties has been the most blatant in their rejection of any sort of devolution whatsoever for Scotland.

Is there then any hope at all for Scotland? Will she ever take her place again among the nations of the earth? I personally am still optimistic enough to think that she will. The massive defeat of the S.N.P. at the next election could contribute largely to the setting up in Scotland of a new truly national independence movement. S.N.P. members who in the main are no more knowledgeable than the rest of the Scottish population as to what really constitutes Scottish nationalism and Scottish nationality will be looking around for another way to achieve Scottish

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THE Scottish National Party's success in getting their people elected to positions in local government throughout Scotland is now very much on the wane. They have lost very many seats at the recently held local elections. The general election does not seem to be very far off. I would be so bold as to prophesy that Mrs. Ewing their only M.P. in the Westminster parliament will lose her seat at Hamilton at this election.

The S.N.P. has enjoyed much success in the last few years. Not in my opinion because of an overwhelming desire by the Scottish electorate for the restoration of Scottish self-government but because the S.N.P. seemed at the time to be the only real alternative as far as Scotland as an area was concerned to the monolithic Labour and Unionist parties. There has always of course been a subconscious desire among most ordinary Scots for some form of Scottish self-determination but this was far from being the main factor in the S.N.P.'s success in the last few years.

People outside Scotland have had an entirely wrong impression of the S.N.P. They have thought of it as a traditional nationalist party in the accepted sense of the word. It is not. Well, it is not now nor has it been so for very many years. When the party was formed in 1926, however, it could be accurately described as a nationalist party. It could have hardly been otherwise having been brought into being by such genuine Scottish Celtic nationalists as Ruairidh Arasain is Mhairr, Liam Mac Gill'Iosa, Uisdean Mac Phadruig and others of that mould, men who actually risked their lives when Ireland was fighting for her independence in 1921 by running a Sinn Fein 'clearing house' in London. These real nationalists however were ousted from the party that they had been instrumental in forming only a few years later. Since that time the S.N.P. has been more or less the kind of party it is today.

The adjective Scottish is really the only thing Scottish about the S.N.P. A cursory glance at the party's weekly organ *Scots Independent* can give the uninitiated a very good idea as to what kind of organisation the S.N.P. really is. You will find nothing revolutionary in the *Scots Independent*. There is no attempt ever made within its pages to educate and to explain to the Scottish people what this agitation for self-government is all about. It only contains news parochial (in the worst sense of the word) in content. Very little different in fact from the material that would appear in any constituency paper of the big U.K. parties. Indeed it would appear from reading this paper and from reading other S.N.P. publications that as a party the S.N.P. wants no greater change for Scotland than that it should have its own version of Westminster in Edinburgh. Of course the S.N.P. want Scotland to remain under the English crown. In fact it is their policy that this part of the constitution shall not even be questioned in any way.

Officially the S.N.P. seems to be quite satisfied with the *status quo*. They have no plans to change the Scottish education system for instance; a system which has been the most efficient weapon in the armoury of those who wished to see Scotland as a distinct nation destroyed for ever. The party has no plans either to nationalize the great estates in the north of Scotland and to return them to their real owners, the people of Scotland. One is forced to believe that these huge now uninhabited areas will continue after so-called independence to remain in the hands of a few alien and absentee parasites. The party has no plans either to nationalize foreign owned factories in Scotland and to turn them over to the people who work them.

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self-government. Of course the great majority of members will probably give up politics entirely or go over to the collaborationist parties but there will be a few stubborn ones left.

Fortunately in Scotland today there are some Scots around who really know what all this nationalism and nationality business is about. After the debacle of the next general election they might get a hearing, not from the broad mass of the Scottish people who, due to many factors, they have difficulty in reaching but from the shaken and disillusioned remaining members of the S.N.P.

#### TRADITIONAL

I prophesy that the new Scottish national movement will be far more

'traditional' than we hitherto have seen in Scotland. It will model itself on national movements which have been successful abroad. National movements which have won political, economic and linguistic freedom for countries such as Denmark, Norway, Finland, Hungary, etc. The new nationalists will realize that the Scottish cannot exist if the national language, the Gàidhlig, is not restored to all the people of the country. Already there are some in Scotland who can see the right road to travel. The launching of *Comunn Na Cànan Albannaich* (The Scottish Language Society) is a case in point. This is a militant non-violent association pledged to work for the restoration of Gàidhlig to the whole of the geographic area of modern Scotland. Students of Celtic history will know that the modern Irish nation-

alism grew out of *Connradh na Gaelige* (the Irish Gaelic League) and the impact of *Cymdeithas ar Iath Gymraeg* (the Welsh Language Society) cannot have gone unnoticed.

Finally I doubt very much if Scottish independence will be won entirely by strictly constitutional means. I cannot honestly see the English establishment standing quietly aside and allowing their last colonies the five Celtic countries in these islands to go their own way. The complete destruction of the United Kingdom set-up would be more than this band of smooth-tongued robbers could stomach. They would strike back violently at the Celtic freedom movements however peaceful and non-violent they may be. □

**From National Peace Council, 29 Great James St., W.C.1., price one shilling: 'Nuclear "Defence" Is Suicide', by Gordon Schaffer.**

Written in response to the Govt. White Paper (Feb. 1970) on what some still persuade themselves is 'defence'. There is no language in-temperate enough to indicate the depth of moral squalor of nuclear weapons, and they are likely to destroy most of the achievements of civilised man. So why has the steam gone out of the anti bomb campaign? The author puts his shirt on a drive to make Europe a Nuclear Free Zone...

**From Laurens Otter, 35 Natal Road, Thornton Heath, Croydon: λ OYOS, Bulletin of the London Anarchist Christians—of Koinonia.**

Mostly rather lively minutes, which only occasionally descend to minutiae, of Anarcho-Christian group discussions held in London. A recent issue contained 'The Thirty Eight Articles'—a manifesto issued by 18 Liverpool priests.

**From Pádraig O Conchúir, 84 Pulleyns Avenue, London, E. 6: No. 25. Celtic News.**

Manx Radio, Plaid Cymru, language fights, economic trouble in Breizh (Brittany), Inter Celtic Solidarity, Annual Conference of Celtic League in Kernow (Cornwall) for the first time, migration, Eire and the troubles, Alba (Scotland) and the Common Market...

ments and views from primary sources, sorry from politicians, journalists and others, on the leading issues of the day, the leading war issues that is, has everything to commend it. The result is not so much a journal as a reference book. Nobody reads reference books, they consult them, but for some reason even consulting this Bulletin induces a kind of Sunday supplement torpor; there is no lack of interesting knowledge, of facts, of information and of expertise here. What is wanting is that dance of the mind which spells an imagination at work. Like our Sunday supplement boys, the authors want peace all right, but they also want the safe, cosy world of bourgeois respectability, of careers, of government grants for peace projects, influential supporters in parliament (in both parties of course), full reports on top level negotiations, a world where collars and ties matter and so on, without once seriously questioning the basic ethos, the values or the major institutional structures of modern governments.

Problem: Spot the flaw.

Despite its shortcomings it really is a useful collation, packed with a mass of material unlikely to be found between two covers elsewhere and which one would not ordinarily find in our remaining newspapers.

**From P.O. Box 9219, Eros, Windhoek, South West Africa: Church Pink Press.**

The South African cops have probably got this broadsheet under very careful surveillance and that's only one of several good good reasons why beautiful people should have it under theirs.

## New Things...

**From the Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.: 'Community Action', 6s. (6s. 4d. post free).**

Edited by Anne Lapping and with contributions from Ray Gosling (Nottingham), Jan O'Malley (Nottingham), Jim Radford (King Hill and Squatters Ass.) and others. The 'Is Community Action a good thing', approach surely went out with spats and penny bus rides. It hangs over some of the contributions here, but Jan O'Malley and more indirectly, Ray Gosling, bring things up to date and Jan O'Malley's conclusions especially—relating to her suggestion for "an entirely different type of political system — a people's Council that is truly democratic..." is one that is likely to be pursued at many levels.

Is there a lesson to be drawn from the fact that the nearer to personal involvement in community action the writers get the better their prose?

**From Universitetsforlaget, Box 307 Blindern, Oslo 3, Norway, price \$2.90 singles and \$10 annually. (About 24/- and £4 respectively) inc. postage: 'Bulletin of Peace Proposals'.**

Well now! These good people want to 'motivate research, to inspire future oriented thinking and to promote activities for peace'. And if you think from the way it is expressed it is not your package deal at least have a look at it. It really is an ambitious project and the basic idea, of collating summaries of state-

## INDIAN NOTEBOOK—2

John Papworth

THE population explosion in Bihar does not centre on human beings so much as on goats. Father does not own a goat, he owns a herd of goats, and when his six sons grow up they too, each one of them, wants his own herd. So one of the commonest sights of rural Bihar is of small boys everywhere shepherd-ing their father's herd in a constant quest for forage across the bare brown and often barren landscape. I recall one evening walking with a young Oxfam worker and we clambered to the top of a hill near the ashram at which we were staying. It was a wonderful vantage point, the countryside was visible for miles in every direction and the setting sun, which looked like a crazy jaffa orange in a vast inverted aquamarine bowl, needed the brush of a Van Gogh to do it justice. But this rich scene of poetic splendour was full of a silent but stupendous tragedy. "See", said my companion, "when I first came here a few years ago the tree line was there; look where it is now!" And he indicated a gap of many miles. It was frightening and almost unbelievable that in so few years men and their goats could transform so much forest and verdant coverage into a barren waste. Yet, indubitably, they had done so, and my informant told me the same retreat of the tree line before the insatiable demands of villagers for firewood, and of their goats for forage, was taking place in many parts of Bihar. With the disappearance of the coverage there comes, of course, another problem, indeed a whole series of problems, for monsoon rains assail the now defenceless topsoil, washing it into the river. The rain itself, instead of being absorbed by vegetation into the earth's surface, causes phenomenal flood conditions as it rushes unhindered riverwards; worst of all, the water level below the surface of the land drops, so that wells dry up and it becomes necessary to dig double or treble depths to reach it. In terms of village life and economy the consequences are calamitous. A well of thirty feet is one thing, but to dig to sixty or even a hundred feet puts a cruel strain on village resources, especially as much of the digging (sic!) may be through solid rock.

What can be done to arrest this frightening destruction of all those factors of the habitat which make

any kind of civilisation possible? There is a little understood connection between vegetation and precipitation but already there are ominous signs that the monsoon rains are beginning to fail more frequently than in former times. One agriculturist I spoke with said they seemed to be failing every four years and that if the forest destruction was not halted a monsoon failure, and hence the spectre of famine and mass starvation, such as confronted Bihar in 1968, might soon occur every other year.

The Government does what it can and unlicensed tree felling is illegal, but I recall the chop chop of wood axes almost the whole night through at the edge of one ashram in which I stayed, and the venality of underpaid forest officers has also to be reckoned with.

I suggested to one politician that the government should put a complete ban on goats (as I am told has happened in Pakistan). He laughed outright at my naivety. "What villagers would vote for a candidate advocating such measures?", he riposted and I pondered the virtues of democracy that they could be put so heavily in the scales against survival. Everybody, not simply Indian villagers, wants the goodies now, yet whilst generally we have enough sense not to consume the seed corn there is a principle at stake in this matter of consumption involving a longer time span which is being universally abrogated. It is our posterity which will pay, and heavily too I expect, for this. We can only stop the rape of the world's resources, and the consequent impoverishment of our children's children, if we take a far more modest appraisal of our needs, especially of those needs which involve the consumption of non-self-regenerating resources such as the fossil fuels, or the sustained inroads on natural soil fertility implicit in the wanton immorality of factory farming. Yet in this context what is enough? A London postman earns £1,000 per year; to an Indian villager this is the standard of living of a maharajah, a standard beyond his wildest dreams of avarice, yet London's democratic and sometimes 'socialist' politicians vie with each other in offering the electorate more and more of the whole circus of consumption. The fact that auto-crat Pakistan has banned the goat

whilst democratic India retains it points to a truism of politics which many progressives, especially of the anarchist school, must find pretty unpalatable. Short of a wholesale reversal of values by a substantial majority of people, it is unlikely, to put it mildly, that the world will escape the thralldom of its present unwisdom except by authoritarian means. At present the only ones who seem to be showing the slightest element of sanity in our predicament are the hippies and the drop-outs.

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The airport office at Wharda is some distance from the town centre but I had plenty of time before the bus left for the airport to walk in and eat a meal. On returning, I lost my way and in despair, for it is horrible to be pulled along by the sweat and labour of another man's muscle power, I signalled a rickshaw cyclist. In Madras I had done this with my luggage and, as luck would have it, the rickshaw cyclist who carried me proved to be a cripple whose right foot had succumbed, I think, to leprosy. To make matters worse the cycle developed a puncture and every few hundred yards he dismounted to re-pump the front tyre. I tried to help him by pumping, or by just walking alongside, but he was in an agony of apprehension that I would desert him for another rickshaw. Finally I clambered back into my seat, a prisoner there of his distress and the language barrier.

This time I was not to be caught. As we approached a hill, I walked alongside, and for the final stage I insisted on changing places with the driver. He was a timid sort of fellow and when I glanced back as I pedalled I was disappointed to see that instead of enjoying his unexpected ride he was looking as glum as a camel. There were several passengers and officials in the forecourt of the airline office, and their consternation at seeing me arrive with my passenger was immense. They gathered round him as I dismounted and began to plague him with anxious, probing questions. Was he ill? Was I mad? and so on. There is no moral to this tale at all, unless one happens to occur to you.

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Continued on back page



. . . Life here just seems a seething, unending flow of people, bullock carts, bicycle taxis, buses, lorries, cows, goats, horses and heaven knows what. The taxis drive on the horn since nobody moves off the narrow street unless they do, but the screech, the smells, the strange, mobile pattern of things in constant motion against a chronic background of squalor, dirt, poverty and endless rickety gimcrack arrangements for retailing miniscule stocks of food and grains (in season just now are peas, potatoes, and large leathery tomatoes), the dust of unpaved roads and pavements and the incredible number of dogs lying around everywhere, the notices in a strange script which looks like lines of miniature washing is all very Indian . . .

Feb. 9th 8.15 p.m. Varnassi Railway Station

We arrived here to find the train is delayed for 1½ hours. I am here with JP and Prabhati on the way to their village. We are due to arrive at their nearest station at 5 a.m., then a ferry across the river after a journey by bullock cart and on the other side of the river, JP just casually informs me, we will finish the journey on an elephant! Had to break off here as JP introduced me to a young man of about 35 who was the former Prime Minister of Nepal. He had a 75% electoral majority but the king and the military deposed him and put him in detention for eight years. Six months ago the military killed about 300 peasants who were demonstrating non-violently. I suggest to him he should seek non-violent methods for a counter coup, he smiles and says JP has been urging the same, but he is not at all convinced it would work. His name is Koriala and I have invited him and his wife (a beautiful and sophisticated woman) to stay with us in London.

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We have arrived in JP's village (on an elephant!). At first the lurching of the beast, made one queasy, but I soon became used to it. But the ferry journey across the wide, placid-surfaced river, a pink, dawn sun in the sky, on a boat so old and made of so many pieces it seemed a miracle it held together, was a wonder. We sat in the prow, JP, Prabhati and myself, on a specially laid out covering of thick green material on the bench, the steersman stood at the other end pushing the

boat gently along with a lengthy bamboo pole, holding the tiller between his knees. From our view he was silhouetted against the pearly, grey-blue sky, a wild face and a lithe body robed in rags. Between us was a huddle of passengers and servants, as well as our many bags of luggage. (People travel with their bedrolls here and since JP only comes here once or twice a year the luggage is not light). We scarcely rippled the water with our passing, and I suppose we traversed about a mile. The rivers here meander greatly, and frequently change course altogether. JP's grandfather was flooded out and moved 1½ miles. Then his father was flooded out, so they moved another couple of miles; the river thus has wide dry islands of silt, as well as very wide banks, so that the scene is rather like a featureless desert into which a great river has unaccountably strayed. The bird life was abundant though; we saw a V-shaped formation of heron (?), wild duck, some large, brilliantly crested birds like cardinals in conference and numerous others. The space, the enormous sky and river, the silence, the cold, the river mist and the glowing ball of the new risen sun was like a rare dream of great beauty.

I find I am lecturing well although audiences are small; I was disappointed by Benares University where only thirty people or so came from a student population of 10,000. Benares itself is like a drug addict's nightmare, with its crowded, narrow, slummy streets, its shouting, car honking and its smells . . . The railway station was like a madhouse without bars.

Feb. 12 Sitabdiara (JP's ancestral village)

Here the days rapidly warm up, there are many flowers; hollyhocks are already in leaf and beginning to shoot up, but the evenings turn quite cool so that I put on coat and sweater and even my large woollen kadhi shawl. There is no sense of 'indoors' here. The windows of the rooms have no glass, just wire to keep out birds, and wooden shutters for night time. It is now quite dark and I write this by an electric light on the verandah which runs round the open courtyard. In the morning, when the fresh sun pours in, the verandah is delightful, and many sparrows, which are very tame and unafraid of humans, cheep and twitter around as they build their nests in the roof—to JP's disquiet. My tummy begins to rebel against Indian vegetarian food; now I stick to plain things like rice, chapatis, yoghurt and fruit. My bed is very

hard, a wooden base with a one inch thick mattress, but I sleep and sleep. Bed around ten, up at eight and then one or two hours again after lunch! Tomorrow I leave this lovely spot for Patna and begin a five-day tour of Bihar. I have spent much of today writing the enclosed, and attending a big meeting at which I spoke. It was about a Gandhi kadhi festival, where the spinners all donate one hank of spun thread to a Gandhi fund. The people have such patient faces.

Sun. 15 Feb. 1970—on the train from Patna

Incredible to think you are cold; here the days get steadily hotter and even the nights are beginning to warm up. This is a first class carriage on a branch line and reflects the unbelievable squalor of the life of the ordinary people. It is very roomy, about double the size of an English compartment, for the trains here are wide and heavy. But after only an hour I am very dirty; everything here is filthy and dust-smearred, or faded and grimy. The mirror was so caked with dirt it had ceased to serve its function and in a mood of exasperation (that pen slip was to swat a mosquito) I took a dampened newspaper and cleaned it up, so it now shines down benevolently as I write. But the carriage is a wreck, the windows so dirty as to be merely grubbily opaque surfaces, the seats ripped (but stitched) and essential fittings such as fan switches and ventilator levers torn away from the woodwork, stolen doubtless. Half a century ago this was a flourishing concern; now it does not pay its way, many people gatecrash the stations and jump free rides, and minor banditry against passengers is frequent. First class carriages can be bolted from the inside and just as the train was moving out of Patna and I was waving goodbye to friends who had come to see me off, a young bearded ruffian clad in rags, carrying a bundle of rags and various pots for cooking, tried to swing from the 3rd class carriage into mine. I shooed him off and hurriedly bolted the door. The idea of having to cope with him in the carriage scared me out of my wits.

I have just noticed one light fitting has been ripped clean off the ceiling, leaving only a round placemark and empty screw holes. The other lights are simply bulbs fastened direct to wires, with no fittings in the ordinary sense and just covered by a crude glass bowl. India is really sliding into a kind of torpor of chaos; people lavatory anywhere by just squatting and although big,

modern, air-conditioned buildings go up everywhere in the cities they collapse visually at pavement level into squalor, dirt, smells and forgotten humanity. But the sunset was a dream over these flat fields of the Ganges valley. There are stagnant water pools everywhere, which reflect the sky and trees with a kind of careless, abundant rapture of loveliness. At every stop, for this is a local train, we are besieged by numerous vendors of different wares, mostly foodstuffs and mostly fried. They walk up and down the platform carrying their wares in broad baskets except one who carries a teapot and numerous earthenware cups. He shouts continuously 'Chai' and it is at least one Hindi word (for tea) which English soldiers have passed into our language. This is a three hour journey and now I see I have an enormous red beetle scurrying around the floor for company! JP told me those earthenware cups are thrown away after use because Hindus believe that such articles (including our china plates!) are in some way 'defiled' (he said the Hindi word was untranslatable) once they have been used. Odd to find such finickiness amidst so much filth. Now I must stop as the train jolts so.

Feb. 17, JP's Ashram, Sokhodeora, Bihar

This must be a rush note as I am on the move a great deal. Tomorrow and the following day I visit more villages (Gramdan) and development projects. Then I go on to Calcutta to address a student meeting. Yesterday I was at Boodh Gaya in an ashram just opposite the magnificent shrine which is the central focus of the Buddhist faith. It was under a tree adjoining that the Lord Buddha first received his inspiration to preach God's word and pilgrims visit from all over the world. I met a very fine American chap named Larry at a development school, and in the evening he took me to a Buddhist restaurant. It proved to be a large tent on a patch of wasteland, and from the gestures and demeanour of the almost regal woman who cooked and served, I judge Tibet to be a matriarchal society. I am writing whilst waiting for food, which reminds me we ate our fill in that tent of meat dumplings and a big bowl of spaghetti in a gravy with garnishings — with chopsticks — and the price for both of us was 1½ rupees — about 1s. 7d.!

I am deeply moved by the dedicated efforts of volunteers from Oxfam here. I am staying at present in a house with three young English-

## in time

they say the sun is going out  
but as a guttering candle  
flares at the last  
so will the sun get hotter first  
and sometime  
when international nudity  
has been established  
and we can really see  
what our politicians  
are made of  
it will grow cooler again  
and we shall dress  
for the last  
long winter

they say the universe  
is expanding  
they say the stars  
are flinging  
farther out in space  
they say that after the moon  
they'll take a trip  
to mars  
better look slippy  
the journey's getting longer  
we may never catch up

they say there are  
no mysteries  
that science cannot solve  
they say that all  
will be revealed  
in time  
but i see  
a freezing astronaut  
in sunless space  
chasing a planet  
and losing the race.

Jeff Cloves.



men and they all work so hard and are so immersed in the problems of development it seems impossible they will not achieve something. Anyway I tell them all to look me up (meaning us!) when they pass through London. The people at the Boodh Gaya Ashram were so lovely but rather strange. Not the leader, Dwarkobhai, and his younger brother, who are such fine people, but an elderly Buddhist nun from England—with a shaved head—and another of about 25 years (also with a shaved head!) with whom I had a row. She has decided to become a Christian and is leaving her nunnery. But they have Hindi prayers at the Ashram, plus meditation under a Japanese teacher. Their day starts at 4 a.m.! (actually not so wild in the summer heat when it is the only cool period — 118° in the shade!). The ashram here is beautiful and for the first time we are in country with hills around. Such a change from the flat valley of the Ganges.

23 Feb., Cuttack

I don't even know where this place is on the map, I have just arrived, it is 6.45 a.m. with the sun just up; there is no one to meet me, the address I have has no telephone, there is a horde of cycle rickshaw people and leprosy beggars outside imploring custom and alms, and I have retired into this refreshment room to have some breakfast and to take stock. The scrambled eggs proved to be a weird paste on toast and the bread, universally here, has sugar in it. I made the mistake of leaving the station by the 3rd class exit; there was a concrete gully outside the door being used by everyone for a lavatory. Somehow one feels that 500 years from now India will still be full of beggars, lepers, stink and millions of people tumbling over each other to scrape an existence, whatever government or Gramdan does. I have been thinking a great deal of how G impinges on us and I wonder if we allow enough for India? I think of millions and millions of people cliff-hanging for a bare economic existence; if once they let go they are down among the beggars and the outcastes who swarm like living clay in every street and alley of this sub-continent. At least I suppose they do, for nothing I have seen in my travels leads me to suppose other parts are different.

Something always turns up. A man at the next table asks if I am Mr. Papworth; I rather venture to suppose I am; he has been reading an account of an interview I gave to the Calcutta Statesman and recog-

nised me from my photograph. He is the brother-in-law of the man I am supposed to be seeing here. He phones a friend; they are not expecting me (waiter has just knocked a glass of water all over the table and me!) but they will send somebody to enquire; and so the wheels begin to turn. Now my new found friend has had to catch his train.

The station scene here, as everywhere in India, pulsates with life; swarming crowds, numerous vendors and beggars, people lying asleep on parts of the platform, luggage bearers carrying heavy loads on their heads, and continual cries of people selling Chai—the tea is very milky and as sweet as syrup. Most vendors carry their wares on their heads like the muffin man of my childhood. Some carry a heavy glass case full of different fried foods, almost like a portable restaurant, and they also carry under one arm a kind of bamboo stand on which they place the tray when they do a deal. I do not know how you would take to India; whether its squalor would repel you completely, or whether you would, wisely perhaps, accept even that as part of a much wider and endlessly interesting picture which somehow holds me spell-bound. I think really the heat, of high summer especially, is the key here to everything. It is only February and already it is hotter than an English high summer, with fans and air-conditioning everywhere in full swing. One just has no energy to put those finishing touches to things and very quickly one comes to accept peeling paint, unpaved roads and pavements, or a cow being milked in a main Calcutta street (our Oxford St.); and the sun and heavy rain are cruel to buildings and their finish in a way we do not know.

This is finished at an ashram in Cuttack. The man who was to have met me is in Bombay. . . . So tonight I leave for Madras—600 miles, over 24 hours on the train leaving 2.15 in the morning, arriving 5 something the next morning. The day is warming up, for the first time I begin to feel uncomfortable, for the first time I want to stand under a cold shower, but the water is lukewarm anyway.

We have just had lunch, a mildly spiced cabbage, some tomato soup, tomato and onion salad, chapatis and youghourt all, as is customary, on a large brass tray (the soup and cabbage being in small brass bowls). While I ate this delicious food, sitting crosslegged on a thick square of wood, a lady sat in front of me and with great dignity and deliberation peeled a tangerine, took off all the pith, broke it into individual segments and placed them on my tray. I mention this because I have

never seen women eat with men in India! They may wait on the men, but they have their food afterwards. Clearly you will have to change your ways when I return, but cheer up, this incredible country has a woman prime minister.

Feb. 25, Hotel Dasaprakash, Madras

After I wrote you this morning I was taken by my guide to see a co-op palm tree enterprise. Incredible place, they produce from just the one tree, jam, squash, sugar, sweets, molasses, palm fruit, all kinds of brushes, chairs, beds, roofing (thatch), shopping baskets, hand bags, mats, soap, walking sticks and 'nehru' sticks (a military-like stick one tucks under one's arm—don't ask me why), as well as many articles of solid furniture. They presented me with a nehru stick which I don't know what to do with and also a tin of palm fruit for my wife. We had a vegetarian lunch, so hot I despaired. The further south one goes here the hotter the curry. Everything is spiced or sugared and at last my bowels have given way—but due I think to water I drank on the train. Madras is a spread-out city with very wide main streets on the Parisian scale. I like it better than any city I have visited in this subcontinent. The train journey here gave onto an almost continuous succession of rice paddy fields. Each field is none too large, with a two foot high 'bund' enclosing it completely (there are no hedgerows); people pump or channel water in so the rice is half in water. At night with a full moon reflected on these endlessly static square pools the effect is very Indian and bewitching. . . .

Feb. 27, Trichinappalli

I write this in the cooling shade of a thatched porch outside the room I have been given in the ashram. Nearby are banana plantations and coconut palms, not far off are rice paddies, for this is the granary of Madras State of Southern India, and there is sugar cane plus enormous creepers of squash or melon plants trailing around. My room is isolated at one end of the porch, it contains a bed, a chair and a table. It is whitewashed and, in the tropical heat, the pattern of vent holes in the brickwork, and the high ceiling which follows the thatched gable of the roof, give it a sense of coolness, simplicity and repose which I find attractive and restful. Dom Bede Griffiths, whose book *Diana* gave me to read (on Christian-Hindu unity, among other things) and whose address was given me by Sylvester, is a fine man, tall, silver-cropped hair, with a long but open

and attractive face burnt a deep red from the sun. I told him there was no need for him to go to heaven for in this verdant, luxuriant place he had already arrived! And indeed it is a kind of paradise: warm, a mile-wide river just by the small and beautiful church, abundant if simple food, peace. No cars, no telephone and just a lovely sense of peace which makes me wonder if I could entice you here so that we could live here forever. What a dream.

After shopping in Madras I went for a visit to the beach for a swim. It was exhilarating in the fresh but not cold water and I plunged about for an hour, surprised there were so few people in the water besides myself. Later I read a tourist leaflet which said that sea bathing was not recommended as the Bay of Bengal is infested with sharks. Oh my, oh my. This afternoon I went swimming (in the nude this time) in the broad river here, but it was too shallow to do more than wallow, and after a while I came out, the hot sun drying my body, almost before I reached my clothes as I walked across the hot sand of the river bed.

Later

A service, a combined Hindu-Christian operation, which ended with the Priest taking each person an oil lamp and a bowl of sandalwood dust. Copying the others, when he reached me I passed my hand over the flame, then dipped a forefinger in the sandalwood dust and smeared my forehead with it. At last I feel initiated into India!

How easy life becomes in an equable climate; I wear two garments in place of the dozen or more of London. One stands under a tepid shower and feels refreshed and if one feels like it just sleeps on a rug

on the floor. Every railway station here is littered with bundles of washing which prove on examination to be people asleep.

After service we had dinner, which, since I passed up the curried relish, consisted of plain, rather watery boiled rice, a cup of hot milk and a banana; simple but enjoyable, how easily, with absence, the Western complexities in these things cease to be missed. After dinner, during which someone read the life of one of the saints (we were twelve sitting on the floor, Dom Bede and I being the only Europeans), with one of the Hindus fasting rather ostentatiously by sitting there with his plate upside down, a telegram came to say I have to address a meeting tomorrow at a college at 11 a.m. — which means leaving this lovely place at about 10. Afterwards there was talk and Dom Bede urges me to read Mumford's "Technics and Civilisation."

Next week I meet Vinoba and for once in my life I am afraid and know not what I shall say.

March 11, Wharda

The days crawl by and our reunion in Cairo actually seems to recede; I swear some evil hand has put a brake on the progression of the planets, and since we take our time from them how else can we judge except by our feelings? I am having a lazy couple of days at this ashram where Vinoba lives. I have met him twice but feel too oppressed with the heat to write about him much, which is criminal almost since later the detail which makes writing live will have faded. I think Vinoba is a greater man than Gandhi and already the legend of Mahatma begins to grow around him; secretaries take down every word he utters, he holds court twice daily,

eats and sleeps publicly on a verandah whilst visitors like me trickle in daily from all over the world.

. . . His English is perfect, especially his pronunciation. I think he is the only Indian ever to have pronounced our name right first time. Time goes slowly partly because we get up so early. I rise at six (but most people are up at 4!). I brush my teeth and go for a walk and watch the visual symphony of sunrise. At 7 we breakfast; just a cup of milk and (for me, as a special privilege to the visiting European) a cup of nescafé. But Indians love sugar so much one is liable to end up with a cup of coffee-flavoured syrup. I read half naked in the sun on the doorstep of my room, or I write. Around nine, with the sun well up, I go to the wash-room with a bucket and some Tide. It is ¼-mile away. I wash my khadi clothes. Shall I wash my towel too and just dress myself in the clean clothes I have brought with me? Why not? I shall be dry before I get back to my room. So I wash that too, naked, with cold water and standing on a concrete floor with no sense of discomfort at all. Then a shave and a wash, with that delicious shock one gets from cold water pouring down one's back in the heat.

When I first came here I was doing a big pile of accumulated washing when two boys gathered round to watch; they were soon joined by about six others who ended up doing my washing for me! There is no such thing as a private exchange between people here; stop to ask a man the way and twenty people will surround you, either to watch or to offer advice. Food here is just vegetables and chapatis—fortunately chillies are taboo in ashrams.

## PROGRESS REPORT FROM THE COMMUNE MOVEMENT

90 million or so people in China live in Communes. 90 or so people in Great Britain live in Communes—that is, if there really are no more Communes than the half dozen that have affiliated to this country's Commune Movement. The Commune Movement is beginning to suspect that there are many Communes of which it has never heard; so if you are involved in any kind of tribe, commune or commune project and if you are in agreement with the C.M.'s object—"to create a federal society of communities wherein everyone shall be free to do whatever he wishes provided only that he doesn't transgress the freedom of another"—please make contact with them c/o Nicholas (the London secretary) at BIT Information Service, 141 Westbourne Park Road, London, W.11 (tel 01-229 8219)—before SUNDAY, AUGUST 2nd if possible, because on that day, from Mid-day to 3 pm, there will be a FESTIVAL OF COMMUNES at the Roundhouse, Chalk Farm, London, N.W.1—a big informal Communal Meal & Meeting for Communes and people interested in Communes plus (perhaps) chanting from the Eel Pie Island Commune plus God knows what other freaky signs of togetherness—to be followed from 3 pm till 11.30 pm by an Implosion Benefit Concert for the Commune Movement (admission 8/-)—during which concert Communes can set up stalls all over the Roundhouse and flog their wares. So come out of hiding Communards wherever you are! And if you want more details send 3/6 (p.p.) to BIT for the latest ISSUE NO. 33 OF 'COMMUNES', 'the journal of the Commune Movement' which besides details of Meetings has news from Communes in this country, Europe, U.S.S.R., U.S.A., Tanzania, etc.