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# Freedom

THE ANARCHIST WEEKLY

"Both defeat and victory are a costly business for us that haven't got much. The best thing is for politics to get kind of stuck in the mud."  
—BERTOLT BRECHT, "Mother Courage".

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Threepence

## THE BRIGHTON CONFERENCE

# Cult of Personality in TUC?

QUEER things are going on at Brighton. Some may say that queer things are always going on at Brighton, but they are rarely so public as the doings of the representatives of Britain's workers.

At the sunny (?) south coast resort this week, the Trades Union Congress has been meeting to decide policy and practicalities for another year. And the queer things that have taken place seem to justify the opinion that some of us have had for a long time that the TUC is a very unhealthy organism indeed.

### Austerity and Restraint

Ever since the war the TUC has been noted for the 'soundness' of its national policies, by the daily Press. This means that the TUC has on every occasion backed up the government of the day in its demands for greater sacrifice from the workers. Under the Labour Government, the term 'wage freeze' was first heard, and Sir Stafford Cripps, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, made himself famous as the agent of austerity—with TUC blessing.

The leaders of Britain's organised workers accepted the wage freeze policy of Cripps and did their best to keep their followers in a condition of austerity. But the followers wouldn't put up with it and resorted to direct action, to the great embarrassment of their leaders.

The same thing happened when the Tories came back. In spite of their promises of plenty of everything at prices we could all afford, it was not long before the new Chancellor, Mr. R. A. Butler found

himself re-introducing Crippsian austerity—only he called it 'restraint'. And the TUC swallowed that, and once again accepted a policy of 'wage freeze' for its members. Only, once again, to be ignored by the said members, who went ahead with their wage claims as if the TUC didn't exist.

### Change of Leaders

During all this period, the largest union in the TUC, the Transport & General Workers, was labouring under the leadership of Arthur Deakin, a good Methodist who was a government man if ever there was one. But last year Deakin died, and was quickly followed into oblivion by his successor. Now, the TGWU has a new gen. sec., Frank Cousins, who is described as 'left of centre'. And, miraculously, the policy of the TUC on restraint has changed this year, also.

Since Cousins has been top man in the Transport & General, the union has led its first official strike for years—last month in the motor industry. And this year at Brighton, for the first time, the TUC has officially rejected the Chancellor of the Exchequer's plea for wage restraint.

There has been another strange change of front as well. In a Press interview which he gave the day before Congress opened, Sir Vincent Tewson, TUC general secretary and hitherto a staunch supporter of the 'right' policies, told a reporter that the TUC was the servant, not the master, of the unions.

Asked by a reporter why the TUC did not appear to be giving the unions a lead on economic policy, Tewson replied:

"When these allegations are made about timidity and lack of leadership they are made by people who do not understand that the TUC is operating not as the master of the unions but as the servant of Congress, representing 136 affiliated bodies. It is all right being

theoretical, but it is no use leadership being so far away from the general approval and reactions of the people whom it is supposed to lead that its voice cannot be heard. It is a practical approach. We don't talk about pie in the sky . . . It (the TUC) is not some super body but is designed as the servant of the unions and not as a sort of headmaster to tell them what they should do and also do it for them."

Now this sounds all very fine. Parliament also serves the people; the Queen likewise. But our memories go back just a few years to the spectacle of the late Arthur Deakin shaking his fist at the assembled delegates and bellowing: "You don't tell us—we're telling you!" And Sir Vincent Tewson was sitting approvingly beside him.

### De-Stalinisation?

What are we witnessing in the TUC? Is it a kind of de-Stalinisation among the anti-Stalinists? Are we going to see a return to collective leadership, liberalisation and democracy now that the old dictator is dead? Was Deakin terrorising his comrades on the TUC? Were they afraid to look at him the wrong way? Did he make Tewson dance the Gopak after a dinner for Sir Winston Churchill?

We await with interest the final denunciation of their dead master.

Perhaps we shall wait in vain. Perhaps it isn't like that at all. But isn't it an odd parallel? And just as anyone can see just how undemocratic the Communist Party is, and how transparent their new liberality—so too does Tewson's new line show just how undemocratic the TUC is.

It is clear that the TUC is a power organisation, controlled by the people at the top of a few big unions. As these leaders change—so might policy change, but at no time is there any control from below. The block vote in the hands of the full-time careerists takes care of that.

## IN BRIEF

### The Path of Righteousness

THE responsibility of the scientist towards the community must be realised before any control is possible in the development of nuclear weapons. But control is not enough. If Governments are to be restrained in the lunatic struggle for supremacy, scientists must refuse to co-operate by not allowing their knowledge to be used for destructive purposes.

Unfortunately, the majority of scientists are also patriots, and loyal to their respective countries. In recent years those who have been condemned as traitors in one country, have given their loyalty to another. But how many have been loyal to the whole of mankind by refusing to allow their talents to be used destructively? We cannot think of one. Scientists, to quote Oppenheimer, "have known sin," but after a brief struggle with their conscience most of them in the West have come to the conclusion that the only way to avoid the fate of Hiroshima and Nagasaki is for the West to be equal in nuclear strength to the Soviet Union.

Such a view was expressed by Britain's leading scientist, Sir William Penny, in a broadcast in Sydney.

Convinced of the righteousness of the path he had chosen, Sir William said: "To claim I have never been worried about my action would be very far from the truth."

The devastation of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, made him wonder if a similar fate would some day fall on British cities.

He added: "Sadly but resolutely I came to the conclusion that the risk of this happening would be greatly reduced if Britain had an equal ability to return any such blow in equal measure . . ."

"The grim uncompromising behaviour of the Iron Curtain countries eventually drove the United Kingdom Government to their decision. I was asked to lead in weapons work."

"Since then I have repeatedly asked myself if I was right to do what I have done."

"In all humility I can say that I have never wavered in the belief that I was right."

It might be argued that at least in the Western countries conscience is involved, whereas in the Soviet Union the scientists are mere puppets who dance to the crazy jerking of strings manipulated by the Government.

An H-Bomb with a conscience label on it however, will cause just as much damage as one without.

### Tradesmen Encourage Colour-Bar

MANY publicans, café owners and dance hall managers in East Anglia are, in the interests of trade, encouraging a colour bar put up by white Americans stationed in the area.

Large number of Jamaicans have joined the R.A.F., and those who are on air stations near American bases are the chief sufferers.

According to a correspondent writing in *The People*, American servicemen picket some of the places of entertainment, and because the bulk of trade comes from white Americans the proprietors, even if unprejudiced themselves, make no protest.

It appears that only one town in the whole area is free of the colour bar—Norwich. But no doubt if American whites started frequenting the place, the owners of the amusement places would not hesitate to give them preference.

Are the coloured servicemen trouble makers? The contrary seems to be true. "Every commanding officer interviewed by *The People* spoke highly of their conduct."

This is the time for Jamaicans who have (however misguidedly), given their allegiance to the British serving forces, to make an intelligent protest against the behaviour of Americans who are in full military occupation in East Anglia.

### The Herrenvolk Riot

A STATE of emergency has been declared in the town of Clinton, Tennessee, as a result of rioting by whites over the admission of Negro children to the high school.

25-ton tanks and six hundred guardsmen were sent in by the State Governor to relieve 450 patrolmen who held off the rioting mobs at the week-end with tear-gas and guns.

The offending negroes number 12 among the 500 white pupils.

## Reflections on Shaking Hands 'Dripping With Blood'

# GOVERNMENT IS VIOLENCE

A COUPLE of years ago, a former

Minister of State in the Labour government, the late Hector McNeil, attacked those of his colleagues who had accepted to go on a trip to Red China with these words: "You don't dine with murderers". A month ago the British Premier told his T.V. audience that "our quarrel is not with Egypt. It is with Colonel Nasser" who had shown that he was not a man who can be trusted to keep an agreement and the pattern of whose actions "is familiar to many of us. We all know how Fascist governments behave and we all remember only too well what the cost can be in giving in to fascism". More recently the British government has discovered (?) that Archbishop Makarios who was exiled for being "deeply and personally implicated in the terrorist organisation" was in fact the leader of the terrorist movement in Cyprus. The Colonial Secretary who made this revelation at a specially convened Press conference added that in the circumstances it was "obvious how impossible it would be" to agree to Eoka's demand that a conference should be held on the "archbishop's terms". As some sections of the press and public put it, "We" could not shake

hands with terrorists whose hands were "dripping with blood".

The fact of the matter is that history teaches us that politicians do "dine with murderers", † do "give in to fascism" and do, at the opportune moment, offer their "bloody" hand to the terrorists! Indeed, but for consideration of America's (political) feelings Red China would have long ago been welcomed into Britain's bosom: Franco and Tito are now one of us and, as we write, the front pages of the evening Press carry pictures of a smiling Menzies shaking hands with an equally radiant Colonel Nasser and reporting on the "amicable spirit" exhibited at his first meeting with the "Egyptian Hitler" (whose historic first words were: "How do you do?" followed my "I am very glad to see you"). And the Colonial Secretary, only twenty-four hours after his indictment of the terrorist leader Makarios said in an interview broadcast on the B.B.C.'s radio newsreel:

"We do not regard the Archbishop as indispensable to a negotiated settlement. We have a positive policy in this field and we do not intend to be deflected

† See "All are Murderers" (FREEDOM, Sept. 4, 1954 or in *Freedom Selections* Volume 4, p. 173).

from it by ghastly disclosures of this kind. It would still help if he (Archbishop Makarios) ordered a cessation of violence, but this undoubtedly discloses a new situation."

which might be taken to mean that negotiations with Makarios have been broken off not because his hands are dripping with blood but because the government hopes it can drive a better bargain with other elements in Cyprus. Of course we do not know what Mr. Lennox Boyd has up his sleeve though judging by reactions in Cyprus and in some "authoritative" organs of the Press here, one suspects that the Colonial Secretary is hiding no trump cards but has in readiness only an outside rag to wipe his own hands as well as the Archbishop's prior to shaking hands and letting bygones be bygones! It's all a question of time.

★ THE organisation of society is based on force. Government is violence, naked or potential. Stability of government is no proof of social progress or civilisation. At most it is the acceptance by the majority of the population of an authoritarian organisation of the nation or community with variations

determined by selections every so many years. To say that in this country we are, because of our form of government, more civilised than Spain, Cyprus, Algeria or Kenya, to quote only a few of the countries which are torn asunder by violence, is surely to assume that acquiescence and consent to the authority of government is the hallmark of civilisation. It may be objected that the degree of civilisation is measured not by government *per se* but by whether that government is "democratic" or "authoritarian", that is, by whether it recognises those variations or denies them. But this must fail as a yardstick when one takes into account the fact that the "authoritarian" government is what it is because it is maintained in power by the use of brute force, that is against the will of the people. Progress or civilisation cannot be measured by the nature of government (to say that we get the government we deserve is a meaningless cliché invented by politicians). After all, Britain, Cyprus and Kenya have the same government, yet the reactions to it in these three countries are, to put it mildly, not the same.

We have no illusions so far as the



## GOVERNMENT IS VIOLENCE

Continued from p. 1

colonial and ex-colonial countries are concerned (they will eventually be ensnared in their nationalism by their own native politicians). But compared with the apathy and acquiescence of the workers and "intellectuals" in the West, resistance, in what remains of the British and French colonial empires, is our hope for the future.

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GOVERNMENTS rely on force for asserting their authority yet are the first to protest when violence is used to shake it. In Cyprus and the colonial empire government cannot even pretend to "represent" the majority since not even the ritual of voting is allowed. A people are only fit to have a vote when they have achieved that degree of "responsibility" which will ensure that there will be no fundamental change in the power structure of the country. It is not surprising therefore that violence has appeared as a more effective weapon in the struggle for liberation than the vote (the more so since the example of British Guiana where when the voting went against the interests of the British government a communist plot was "discovered" and the leaders of the victorious party were literally removed from office by the British navy). Yet whilst every government champions those nations that labour under foreign domination and struggle for their independence, no government views the struggles of the people under their own rule in the same light. Just as "terrorism" is the evil practice of those who seek to free themselves from an authority they resent, and never that of authority which seeks to subjugate a people against their will!

It is time we in Britain recognised that the rise of the Malayan "bandits", of Mau Mau in Kenya and Eoka in Cyprus are not the *reason* for the military campaigns in those territories but the *result* of maintaining by force a régime which politically and economically disserves what the people of these countries consider to be their interests and status.

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NATIONALIST movements which seek simply to replace one form of government by another, a foreign government by one of their own, may expect in the long run to improve the physical lot of their people, in spite of the fact that at the same time they burden themselves with a new class of parasites and masters. But politically, for the mass of the people, there is no change, and struggle is their only weapon of defence and advancement. For the leaders of Nationalist movements, in spite of their sufferings at the hands of the Imperialist power and for the cause of human freedom, once in power act, cannot but act, as any government which has a plan which it is determined to put into operation. In India, for instance, Nehru, in pursuit of his policy of a united India, has resorted to measures which must surely embarrass his uncritical supporters in the anti-colonialist and pacifist movements in this country, as well as shock those who still believe that such a white blackbird as good government is possible if only the right men are in control.

\*To avoid misunderstanding we would point out that we do not equate self-defence, or even self-defence in a revolutionary struggle, with "defensive wars" on a national or international scale. On the other hand we would suggest that in the Spanish revolution, for instance, the orgy of killing was on both sides; that from the revolutionaries' point of view much of the killing was

The following B.U.P. report from New Delhi (Aug. 23) may provide these optimists with food for thought as well as underline many of the arguments we have submitted to the reader's consideration.

Mr. Kreisheng Keishang, a Naga M.P. from the Manipur district, alleged in the Indian Parliament to-day that Indian soldiers had committed rape and pillage—"an orgy of murder let loose"—in the campaign against the Naga tribesmen who are fighting for the establishment of an independent state in North-east India.

Mr. Keishang accused Mr. Nehru, the Premier, of negotiating from a position of strength in dealing with the tribesmen, and appealed to him "to use patience and the spirit of peaceful negotiation for which he is famous in the field of international relations."

As a result of military operations, Mr. Keishang said, 2,000 people were forced to stay in the jungles. Most of the villages of the Mokukchang area had been burnt by the army, between 30 and 50 villages had been burnt in the Megkukchang area, and four-fifths of the villages in other areas had been burnt. He said that 397 Nagas had been killed, and troops had also killed Dr. N. Haralu, a respected doctor of Kohima, who, had been "hunted in the streets of Kohima and shot down."

"More than five hundred Nagas are in prison, including students and children aged between 1 and 13. The Army tries to terrorise the Nagas by carrying a naked corpse, bound hand and foot, through the streets of Kohima, and bodies are burnt in spite of the fact that the Nagas never burn bodies. Is this behaviour of the Government better than that shown by the Nagas? . . . The spirit of revenge will persist for generations, even if the Nagas are defeated."

Mr. Keishang said the Government's policy would have to change unless it wanted the annihilation of the Naga population. He accused the Government of not honouring an agreement with the Naga National Council, signed by the Governor of Assam in June, 1948. The Prime Minister, he said, had carried the "five principles of coexistence" to distant lands. "Let us apply them in our own land," he added.

Mr. Keishang, who was supported by other M.P.s from tribal areas, said that there had been no organised violence until the middle of last year, and that up to that time repeated attempts had been made by the Naga National Council to meet Mr. Nehru; but Mr. Nehru had always insisted on conditions before a meeting, and a meeting was never held. He agreed with the Government that independence for the Nagas was not feasible, but there should not be any reluctance to start talks. The Government's mood should change from destruction to construction.

Mr. Nehru, winding up the debate, admitted that some mistakes had been made, but said that the attitude towards the Nagas had been human and not completely a military one. He repeated that the Government could not talk with the Nagas until they gave up their demand for an independent state.

"There is no question of prestige. India is far too big for her prestige to suffer in such dealings. We are not prepared to talk independence, and we demand that the Nagas must give up violence."

He rejected a proposal for sending a parliamentary mission into the Naga hill country. "We would have to send a battalion to protect it," he said.

—British United Press.

Note Mr. Keishang's reference to Mr. Nehru's advocacy of the "five principles of coexistence" to *distant lands* and his suggestion that he might start applying these principles *at home*. And note also Mr. Nehru's refusal to discuss with the Nagas until they "give up their demand for an independent state" and give up "violence". In view of what Mr. Keishang had to say about the violence used against the Nagas, Mr. Nehru's demands are as hypocritical as those of the British government in maintaining that the violence in Cyprus is an Eoka monopoly!

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TO the uninformed, it may seem curious that anarchists should be opposed to violence when they had always assumed that anarchism

not defensive (how could captured "enemies" be any longer dangerous?) and that even recognising the need to immobilise them so long as the struggle proceeded, if their lives had not only been spared but their treatment had been informed by tolerance and humanity, perhaps the situation in Spain to-day would be quite different.

## THEATRE

# THE BERLINER ENSEMBLE

(Mother Courage, Trumpets & Drums, and The Caucasian Chalk Circle by Bertolt Brecht, presented by the Berliner Ensemble at the Palace Theatre, London).

THE first impression left by these performances is one of perfect teamwork and timing, the fruit, one supposes, of long and careful rehearsal and a common dramatic intention. The second is that Brecht's theories of the theatre must be more subtle and supple, or less rigidly applied, than the enthusiasm of his admirers would lead us to believe.

*Mother Courage* suffers as a play in that every scene relentlessly rams home the same lesson, epitomised in a couplet by the sergeant at the end of the first scene: "If from the war you'd like to borrow/Remember the debt must be paid to-morrow!" We feel that if the old woman had more than three children, the play would be longer by as many scenes as it would take to get them killed off too. But of course it is a frankly didactic play and in a programme-note Brecht writes:

"It never occurs to her that in a war one needs outside scissors in order to get one's cut. Lookers-on at catastrophes quite wrongly expect those involved to learn from them. So long as the masses are the (passive) object of politics they cannot look upon each experience as an experiment, only as Fate; they understand a catastrophe just as much as a guinea-pig understands biology. The author does not have to make *Courage* open her eyes at the end . . . his concern is with the eyes of the audience."

The production is brilliant. The vast empty revolving stage, bathed in cold light, on which the wagon trundles its way through the Thirty Years War (which halved the population of Germany in the seventeenth century), getting more battered as the war drags on, is dominated by the wonderful performance of Helene Weigel. But the other characters are equally well interpreted—Ernst Busch as the cook, and Angelika Hurwicz as the dumb and tender-hearted daughter Katrin, a part which she invests with an infinite pathos. If you saw the film *Ba Strada*, you will see her as a sort of hefty Gelsomina, compass-

ionately observed, from the scene where, while the action is continuing on the other side of the stage, our eyes stray to her corner where she is wistfully trying on the flowered hat and pretty red shoes of the prostitute Yvette, which she can't stretch on to her big peasant feet, to the end where she is killed on the roof of the barn, banging ineffectually on the drum with dumb defiance to awaken the sleeping town below. The same interpretation of character by the accumulation of detail fills out the parts of the cook, the chaplain, and, unforgettably, that of the old woman herself.

By comparison *Trumpets and Drums* is cool and sardonic. If you know the English original, *The Recruiting Officer* you will be all too aware of the way in which the plot has been manipulated, and the reasons for the changes. Perhaps we resent being deprived of the roistering comedy of Farquhar's play in order that the 'real' nature of his characters, their calculating selfishness and greed, may be exposed. The author is laughing at us, and the sort of theatre we expect. In the scene by the river Severn there is a swan which ruffles its feathers, stretches its neck to take the bread it is offered, and girates on the surface of the imaginary river so that we are teased into wondering how on earth it is done. In another scene, Justice Balance's library, there is a suspended, paper-thin representation of a book-case and we all gape in astonishment as the judge takes a real book out of it. You've been had, says Brecht, it was really an imperialist war, and these people are worthless.

*The Caucasian Chalk Circle* is a play which has everything. There are two stories, that of Grusha, the maid who when the Ironshirts depose the Governor Abashvili and his selfish wife, rescues their child and brings him up as hers; and that of Azdak the cunning peasant, elevated precariously into the seat of justice by the Ironshirts. The two stories are brought together when Azdak, after the child has been claimed by the governor's widow as heir to his property, awards him to Grusha by the test of the Chalk Circle, confirming the moral:

*That what there is shall go to those who are good for it,  
Thus: the children to the motherly, that they prosper.  
The carts to good drivers, that they are well driven.  
And the valley to the waterers, that it bring forth fruit.*

The scenes at the Governor's palace are played with stylised gestures, masks and elaborate clothes, like the Chinese theatre. The peasant scenes are crowded, and full of incident like a Breugel picture; and in the final scene in Azdak's court, the two modes are brought together in a brilliant and beautifully staged ensemble. The scene of the wedding where dozens of people are crowded into a tiny hut in the middle of the vast stage where the priest is drunk and mixes the wedding with the funeral service, understandably since the bridegroom is on his deathbed, is funnier than the Marx Brothers and reaches a climax of hilarity when the corpse emerges happily on hearing that the war is over and he no longer has to sham to avoid military service. On the other hand, the scene where Grusha is fleeing to the Northern mountains achieves a cinematic realism as she trudges along on the revolving stage and snow appears to fall, and the whole scene seems to move before our eyes in a wide panning camera shot. What other playwright would combine Chinese theatre with Cinemascope? In Grusha, played by Angelika Hurwicz, and Azdak, vividly given life in only two scenes by Ernst Busch, Brecht has added to the great characters of the theatre.

All three plays are enhanced by the subtle and subdued greys, blues and browns of the costumes, the springily used props and sets, and the astringent lightly-scored music of Paul Dessau. Obviously we are in for a Brecht boom in the English theatre, and to judge from these authoritative performances of his own plays which bear the stamp of his own techniques as a producer, his influence on the English stage cannot but be welcome and invigorating.

C.W.

## SHAWCROSS THE CHANCER

THE national press worked up great indignation a few years back about electric meter-readers who spent some of their working day drinking tea in cafés. 'How can the nation flourish' they thundered 'if workers don't give a fair day's work for a fair day's pay?'

More recently a great deal of heat was generated following a broadcast by a bus conductress in which she exposed some of the tricks by which her fellow-workers evaded some of their tedious duties. The Press lifted her almost to the level of a heroine and sharply castigated the *lazy*, dishonest, immoral workers who run the buses.

It seems, however, that this plea for honesty is only applicable to the working

people. For representatives of the people it is a very different matter.

Take that outstanding socialist, Sir Hartley Shawcross, for example. When Labour swept to power in 1945, he proudly told the defeated Conservatives: 'We are the masters now!' and during his period of office as Attorney-General he ably represented his constituents as a prosecutor at the Nuremberg Trials and crowned his socialist achievements by prosecuting seven dockers at the Old Bailey for daring to advocate strike action.

There is no doubt that Sir Hartley worked very hard in the cause of the Labour Government (and Sir Hartley) as long as he had his seat on the Government front bench. When, however, Labour went out of office, 'Pretty Boy' Shawcross, as the dockers nick-named him, seemed to lose interest in the struggle for socialism.

He went back to his law practice, where he earns sums that make Cabinet Ministers' salaries look like peanuts. And he was seen no more in the Mother of Parliaments—although he remained a Member of Parliament, receiving his £1,000 a year plus expenses of £1 for every day that Parliament sat.

We have not heard that Sir Hartley donated this unearned income to Party funds, or to charity. Nor have we seen in the national Press any denunciation of such dishonesty. No Tory paper, quick to denounce tea-drinking meter-readers (who have done their day's stint before they repair to the café, where they do their bookwork whilst they sip their tea) no guardian of the public good has, to our knowledge, brought to the attention of Sir Hartley's constituents the fact that they are unrepresented in Parliament—that the man they voted in to guard their interests is piling up the loot for himself in his private business in the law courts.

Why do we draw attention to Shawcross at this moment? Because of the following item of news in Cross-Bencher's column in last Sunday's *Express*:

Sir Hartley Shawcross is planning a political come-back. In future expect to see him regularly in his place in the Commons. And full of zeal to join in its debates. Here is news to set all Socialists talking. It will excite a buzz of speculation right through their ranks.

For, of course, in the past three years Westminster has seen Sir Hartley little. His work at the Bar has kept him a busy absentee.

His division record in the Commons has been poor. It has earned him much criticism from the party faithful.

And some of them have been sorrowfully calling him a has-been.

But will my tidings now cause all the faithful to rejoice? Will every Socialist jump for joy over the return of Sir Hartley?

I fear not.

To two eager place-seekers on their Front Bench it will bring dismay and utter misery.

Who are these jostling fellows I refer to?

Well, there are two subjects in which Sir Hartley proposes to taken a particularly vigorous interest.

One is foreign affairs.

Which will send icy shivers down the back of Mr. Alfred Robens, Socialist Shadow Foreign Secretary.

The other is economics.

Which will do nothing to sweeten the dreams of Mr. Harold Wilson, Socialist Shadow Chancellor.

For here are some facts of which both Mr. Robens and Mr. Wilson are wretchedly aware.

Neither is in the same class as Sir Hartley as a speaker.

Neither compares with him as a parliamentarian.

Neither touches him for glamour.

So you may be sure both Mr. Robens and Mr. Wilson know very well that, if Sir Hartley sets his mind to it, either the Foreign Office or the Treasury could be his for the asking when the Socialist regain power.

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It's a pretty game that our glamorous parliamentarian plays, isn't it? When there are top-line jobs to be had, Sir Hartley is there; when his Party loses power—thanks, to a large extent, to rank-and-file disillusionment with his antics—he withdraws to more lucrative employment. Then, when it becomes clear that the Tories are losing support and the chances for a Labour return to office improve—back comes 'Pretty Boy' "full of zeal to join the debates".

How opportunistic can you get? Yet it is clear that Shawcross does not seek jobs for money. He earns so much more at the Bar. But he is fairly clearly attracted by power. ('We are the masters, now').

There is, however, one economic gimmick that serves Sir Hartley well. When a barrister gives up his practice to take

