

how, when he failed to catch something I said, he leant forward with most becoming courtesy and said, "Pardon me?" It was a question and, Americanwise, the emphasis was on the first syllable. Perhaps I recall this trifle because it was so uncharacteristic of the image of the man that had begun to circulate. He told me he was a Marxist, which was news to me, and when I related this with all the different Marxist groups and their bitter sectarian quarrels ganging up to seize power in and around that courtyard I felt sad. Sad that behind all the well-justified anger and the bold readiness for badly needed change there were these stale sectarian groups whose mentors would not hesitate

to change a student gesture for life into a bloody revolution of death. I recalled too at Ralph's words my disquiet as to who would control the peace newspaper and the 'free' radio he wanted to run under the Russell Peace Foundation. I needn't have worried. The Foundation now puts out a Marxist publication called 'The Spokesman' and a quainter exercise in the by no means neglected art of political irrelevancy it would be hard to find. Change a few names and dates and it is indistinguishable from the political claptrap of the thirties; the real concerns of the seventies are largely ignored, rather as the late Queen Mary chose to ignore the telephone. Bertie deserved better than this, so

does Ralph too for that matter.

The foregoing was sparked off by seeing a paddy wagon outside Marylebone Police Court. Since that mock heroic day when I rode in one with Bertie and Ralph, to say nothing of Robert Bolt, Christopher Logue (which the warders pronounced "Loge you"), Arnold Wesker, and a number of others, I see they have made one improvement. The top half of the frosted glass window of each 'cell' is now clear so that prisoners can see where they are going. Before, the glass was completely opaque. Travelling in what is virtually an upended coffin with no idea of your whereabouts is an eerie business, believe me □

What is the Fourth World ?

A world in which power is structured organically on the basis of human relationships, not mechanically on the basis of muddled assumptions about economic growth, national self-interest, 'defence', and the rest of it. As it develops, it will surely be seen to embody an increasing number of small, decentralised, relatively self-sufficient human communities, and, if mankind is to survive at all, these small groupings will need to replace the insanely large and highly centralised mass societies which dominate the world today.

The Fourth World Group, which publishes *Resurgence*, is only one small expression of this world-wide groundswell of opinion demanding an end to the growing menace of big government and big business tyranny, and calling for more power for local people to run their own lives in their own way. The same spirit is being voiced by the Welsh and Scottish Nationalists, the Free Cornwall Movement, by the tragic peoples of Biafra, Tibet and Nagaland, by the Basques and Bretons, the Quebecois and the American Indians, as well as by the advocates of Intermediate Technology, Workers' Control, Black Power, Student Democracy, Squatters' Rights, Gypsy Freedom, the Gramdan (Village Republic) Movement in India, the opponents of factory farming, monoculture and the drift from the land, and by hundreds of similar manifestations in every part of the world.

There is no way of joining The Fourth World, other than by getting on with it as you are and where you are . . .

RESURGENCE

Journal of the Fourth World

HOW TO CONTROL POPULATION GROWTH BY REALLY TRYING



RESURGENCE Journal of the Fourth World

24 Abercorn Place, St. John's Wood, London, N.W.8 Vol. 3, No. 4 November/December 1970

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The COVER shows women of a Turkish village in the region formerly called Cappadocia, baking bread in an oven carved, like its houses, into the rock. The photographer, Oswald Jones, says that the whole village take it in turns to do the baking (a custom not unknown in some English villages as late as the turn of the century), and life is very simple. OSWALD JONES was born in 1929 in London, of Welsh and Scottish extraction, and is now living in still unspoiled Herefordshire where he is shooting, when funds allow, a 16mm. colour film. He has made documentary films in Turkey and various African countries, and has taken photographs for many newspapers and magazines. His previous contribution to Resurgence was the striking picture of a black woman and a white woman greeting one another in a London Street (Joint issue with New Departures, P. 33).

MILES GIBSON—Born: New Forest 1947. Educated: Yes. Published: "The Guilty Bystander" collected poems (Methuen, 1970); articles for Daily Telegraph Mag. Works: yes. Married: yes. Lives: London.

LOU GLANDFIELD has been writing poetry and music since he was 14. His prime concerns are composition and poetry, the repression of violence and the preservation of people and cultures which are dying and/or subject to genocide like gypsies, American Indians, pacifists, aborigines and people in cities. He wonders if he is on the right planet. He has published in South-Western Arts Review, Genesis and Asses

Jawbone, and read all over the South West and in London with Asses Jawbone. Has a degree, but no-one wants to know, so he does what he can with no income—"the dole is a cop-out to the system we purport to be up against". Lives with his wife and others "in an attempt to fuck up the GREAT FAMILY CAPSULE TRADITION".

Continued on P. 27

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Editorial

HOW TO CONTROL POPULATION GROWTH BY REALLY TRYING

THE general import of population figures today is now so well known that the figures themselves tend to arouse yawns rather than any serious concern. Yet few would dispute that the grounds for concern are real and that before another generation has passed we are likely to see millions dying of starvation and epidemics resulting from the ensuing breakdown of social institutions, as a direct consequence of a global failure to restrict human numbers. What can be done to avert this multiple tragedy? This is rapidly becoming one of the most terrible problems confronting mankind, and in token of its urgency we now have a considerable number of institutes, foundations, research bodies and government agencies in different parts of the world.

All these bodies organise conferences, seminars and lectures, they produce an unending flow of published material, they have offices, organisations and bureaucracies, their leading members are perpetually scurrying from one part of the globe to another for observation, field studies, research, propaganda, or yet another bout of earnest confabulation with one another, and yet for all the impact their manifold activities have had on the problem itself they might have been better employed in staying at home to pick potatoes.

It is surely an instructive exercise in studying the limitations of contemporary expertise to list in detail the various 'solutions' our experts have proposed which have failed to alleviate this problem to any significant degree. There were for example, huge, centrally organised propaganda campaigns to warn people of the dangers of population excess, campaigns to be backed up by establishing clinics for the free distribution of condoms, Dutch caps, spermicides and so forth. Somehow, unaccountably, given the dangers to mankind, the campaigns did not take root; after all the talk and the films people did not want to use the means of family limitation proposed to them, deep-rooted sociological resistances became manifest, the little matter of corruption reared its head, and not a few of the enquiries received at the clinics were from barren women seeking advice on conception . . .

Then there was the wonder solution whereby the fertility cycle could be disrupted by the apparently simple means of inserting a coil in the cervix. Unfortunately, as well as unexpectedly, even when women could be persuaded to insert it, even when it remained in place, even when it did not slip out unnoticed, it tended to promote internal haemorrhages and cervical pains. The star set on this particular solution even faster, which is saying something, than it had risen.

Then, of course, there was that other seven-day wonder, 'the pill'. Nothing is more likely in our technologically dominated societies to ensure one becomes a virtual social outcast than to question any conclusion to which the experts have given their blessing. Nothing, for example, is more likely to raise a sense of unease and disquiet about one's sanity, about one's fitness to be invited to conferences or meetings, or even one's motives, to say nothing of one's morals, than to question the wisdom of industrial type farming, the Concorde aeroplane, the

viability of technology, fluoriding water supplies, the Common Market, and so on. On a strictly quantitative and logical basis the experts have worked things out so carefully, so conclusively and so competently, the objections to their proposals are so obviously silly, so clearly ignore the real problem and have been disposed of so effectively already, that to cavil at what they are proposing is merely a sign of social irresponsibility, ignorance, backward looking sentimentality, Luddism and of course, standing in the way of progress.

So that when the pill was launched and rapidly gained mass acceptance, the mere fact that it was being produced and consumed on a large scale was enough, at least in a mass society it was enough, to be heralded as an indubitable sign of progress and a ready and complete answer to the population Jeremiahs. The small niggles of doubt about possible side effects, or the wisdom of assuming that it was possible to ingest a chemical substance which would inhibit one of the body's most dynamic functions without harming the body itself, was easily dismissed. When the experts have spoken, especially through the advertising media, especially to convey a message that a gullible mass audience wants to hear, the voice of common sense is unlikely to be believed even when it is heard. And when other voices are raised to question the moral validity of the pill it is easy to see how the cries of disbelief become screams of rage and abuse. The furore within and without the Roman Catholic Church in response to the Pope's refusal to endorse the pill is not without its comic aspects, especially in retrospect, but the Pope was asserting something of import far beyond the confines of the Catholic Church, something that experts and others have been studiously ignoring, but which is central to the whole question.

MORAL DECISION

He was asserting that the matter was one that did not even come within the competence of experts of any persuasion to decide at all, and that the decision was one which only each of the members of the human family involved could decide. It is true that he sought to impose his own ruling on his followers, but ultimately it was each one of his followers who was confronted with the need to make a moral decision. It was a decision not to be made in the light of expert knowledge about contraceptive and other techniques, but in the light of individual moral beliefs.

In this the Pope was surely right, for to attempt to decide such matters simply in the light of a given field of medical knowledge is not only to beg all the major questions about the nature of man, his purpose and his destiny, but to degrade his essential nature (and quite needlessly in the event for, to repeat, none of the 'solutions' proposed by the experts has the remotest prospect of being successful) to the status of a mere piece of functional machinery the point of which no expert is either able or willing to define.

There is, of course, another aspect of the truth of this matter which experts themselves have seized upon, namely that in addition to being a moral question the population explosion is very much a

social one. Well of course it is, but if it is a social question defined in terms of human well-being, then clearly only a real appreciation of the meaning of human well-being will provide the criteria for its solution. But this in turn raises the most important question of all, who decides what constitutes human well-being? For if the people themselves are powerless to do so, then they are unlikely to be able to take any effective steps to secure it. This really is the nub of the question and it would be a gross misunderstanding of the truth to suppose that the reason why millions of people have failed to respond to the 'solutions' proposed by the experts arises from ignorance or unconcern; it might in fact be more accurate to suggest that the real reason for this vast lack of response lies in the ignorance of the experts, and their failure to take proper note of those factors which do indeed arouse a positive response in matters of population control.

DANGEROUS HALF-TRUTH

What then are these factors? For the most part they are shrouded in mystery, but we can begin by asserting that their indubitable presence renders the popular notion that the population explosion is mainly due to modern methods of hygiene and medication a very dangerous half-truth. For there is one other correlative in this question which population experts have almost entirely ignored and which indicates a practicable, but by no means automatic, key to its solution. For the ways in which the new medicine has been introduced into areas where it has led to a dramatic increase in numbers have also involved in every case a breakdown in the former structure of social patterns and the destruction of the old forms of authority. It would be foolish to assert that these older societies were model democracies, although the area of debate even on that point is far wider than is commonly supposed, but it would be equally foolish to ignore that over large areas of their lives the old colonial subjects had a far greater degree of active, decision-making power than anything they have experienced in the colonial and the post-colonial periods.

A study of pre-colonial village and tribal life points to a variety of practices where this power of decision-making had a significant bearing on numbers, such as the leather apron worn by Kikuyu girls until marriage (and upon the removal of which before marriage there were the strictest taboos), the rigid taboo in some Central African tribes on conceiving another child during the lactation period of an existing infant (a practice also common among some Indian peoples and which often led to an extended period of breast feeding), the various ways in which infertility was secured at certain periods (in one East African tribe at least this was accomplished by the women swallowing large, round stones!), the elaborate time consuming rituals of courtship and of marriage ceremonies which are still part of the fabric of community life in many parts of the world and so on and so on, bearing in mind that this is still an area where our population experts have not ventured at all.

We need to remember too, that the real causes of changes that take place in population numbers are still tantalisingly obscure. Why, for example, did the population of France decline after the French Revolution when that of Britain was rising? Why did Britain's rise so sharply anyway? Did people really beget larger families in response to the call for child labour in factories, as is sometimes averred? We don't know, but in passing it may be worth noting that rural depopulation through the enclosure

acts, and hence the breakdown of village community life was far more widespread in Britain.

Nor should it be overlooked that modern research has revealed some significant but little understood socio/biological mechanisms which result in control of numbers in the animal world, mechanisms which can be assumed to have some relevance to the human situation even if at present their precise working is little understood.

What this amounts to is that although human numbers are, as Malthus indicated, at the mercy of the bleak imperatives of war, famine and pestilence if the brake of 'moral restraint' is removed, the factor or 'moral restraint', or conscious moral choice, is buttressed by powerful forces which are integral to the very structure of genuine community. It is when community structure is broken and when men's naturally small-scale social relationships are destroyed that the individual man is robbed of precisely those elements of life that help him to acquire wisdom, and which provide him with the means to act in accordance with its behests, that the general biological situation erupts uncontrollably.

This is where we are, the mass society is now clearly the highway that human greed and insensibility, armed with technology, has created for the destruction through biological excess of the human race.

If we want 'moral restraint' to be applied to the problem of human numbers let us quickly set about creating the one means by which morals can be made socially operative, by the deliberate building of genuine human-scale communities. And let the experts of whatever persuasion be persuaded of one thing at least, that all their solutions have failed, and the only solution that stands the remotest chance of success is one that fully acknowledges the sovereign right of the individual to choose and decide his way of life within the only social grouping that has so far proved historically viable. That grouping is not the mass society, which is clearly heading for destruction, but the small-scale community, and the criteria by which the size of such communities is best measured is not the speed by which a headlong rush towards open-ended economic objectives is pursued, a rush which seems heedless of the consequences to the multiple factors of life which make up our ecosystem, rather should it be measured by the ability of its members to influence its workings and to control its destiny. There can be no guarantee that when men do have the power to decide that they will always decide wisely, why indeed should they? What else can the pathway to wisdom be paved with but mistakes?

But such power to decide is the only means to collective wisdom in these matters that we possess and if this power is usurped by experts it becomes their path, a path paved with their mistakes, and as such is remote and irrelevant to people's understanding of the world and its problems.

COMMON WISDOM

People who run their own local schools and hospitals, who determine their own local agricultural and trading policies, and who act for themselves in countless other ways can be presumed to be the first to grasp the effects of excess human numbers on these questions and to react in terms of common wisdom. But if they lack this power, what lessons about population numbers or anything else can they grasp and integrate into their common experience? And when will it dawn on the experts that one of the principal obstacles which is preventing people acquiring this wisdom is precisely those centralised forms of power which experts presume to wield? □

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF GRAMDAN

Geoffrey Ostergaard

In the West, and even in India itself the significance of the campaign for Gramdan is often ill understood. To many, Gramdan represents little more than an interesting Indian experiment in land reform. It is seen as an attempt to achieve a more equitable distribution of land by the novel method of persuading land-owners voluntarily to vest the ownership of it in village councils and to donate a small portion of their holdings to the landless labourers of the village. As such, it is a more radical extension of Bhoodan—more radical because it involves, as Bhoodan did not, communal ownership of village land. The interest centres on the method, and the success of the campaign is judged by the number of villages which declare for Gramdan and, more ultimately, by the economic effects of Gramdan on agricultural production and the alleviation of rural poverty.

If the Gramdan campaign were indeed no more than this, it would still be significant. In a land-hungry, predominantly peasant economy, the method of appealing to landowners to surrender individual rights of ownership is highly novel, not to say unprecedented. And, although the campaign has not yet achieved the targets set by its promoters and Gramdan has not always produced the desired economic effects, its success so far can only be judged—by a detached observer—as truly remarkable. To have redistributed more than one million acres of land given in Bhoodan and to have followed that up by securing (by September 1968) nearly 71,000 declarations of Gramdan is no mean achievement. If these results have not received the publicity they deserve, so much the worse for those who are responsible for providing news! If the same results had been achieved by violent and forcible methods, they would have been blazoned across the world's press.

But Gramdan is not merely a campaign for land reform in India. It is something much bigger and more important than that. It is the practical expression and part—only part—of the immediate programme of a movement for the total reconstruction of the social, economic and political order not only in India but, ultimately, throughout the world. The promoters of Gramdan see themselves, as constituting the vanguard of a universalistic movement for nonviolent social revolution, the establishment of a Sarvodaya society.

DISTINCTIVE AMALGAM

In the last eighteen years, building on the foundations laid by Gandhi, Vinoba and the few thousand active workers associated with him in Sarva Seva Sangh have been engaged not only in the practical work of Gramdan but also in developing a coherent social philosophy with a distinctive programme, a novel mode of action, and a vision of the nature and destiny of man. The philosophy of Sarvodaya is not yet fully worked out, since it is a philosophy that is revealed only in and through action. But in it may be discerned the philosophy of the future—if mankind is to have any future in the Nuclear Age.

This judgment may seem paradoxical to those who emphasise the traditional trappings of Sarvodaya thought and who regard the movement as essentially

reactionary. It is certainly true that in the Indian context Sarvodaya may appear at first glance as backward-looking, attempting a return to the (perhaps largely mythical) past of self-sufficient "village republics". Some of the values it emphasises, such as those of local community, of consensus, and of co-operative, harmonious living, are rooted in the traditional social structures of the ancient Indian village and the joint family. As a leader, Vinoba is cast in the mould of the Vedas, an ascetic, spiritual figure in the long line of Indian saints. The language he uses in making his appeals is full of allusions from the ancient scriptures. But, to see Sarvodaya as an attempt to recapture "the world we have lost," the world of tradition which is now being rapidly undermined in India by the processes of "modernization," is to miss a central feature of the philosophy. This is its synthesizing quality, its blending of the ancient and the modern, of the Indian and the Western. By investing traditional concepts with new meanings, Vinoba, like Gandhi before him, fuses the best in ancient Indian thought with insights of modern Western thought. The result is a distinctive amalgam which enables the movement to indicate a path of development for India which avoids the pitfalls of both capitalism and communism.

Vinoba's synthesizing ability is shown very clearly in his concept of Scientific Spirituality. Both science and spirituality, he insists, are valid forms of knowledge; the one concerned with the outer and the other with the inner world. But, for real progress both must advance together. Spirituality without science, he suggests, often masks a subtle selfishness, a futile quest for individual liberation from the ego. On the other hand, science without spirituality is blind and destructive. In the absence of the guiding spiritual principle of nonviolence, the rapid development of modern science and technology leads only to grosser forms of exploitation of both man and nature and threatens the very future of mankind. The synthesizing of science and spirituality results in a transcending of man's present level of consciousness and the attainment of a higher level at which it is recognised that the days of both religion and politics in their old and presently accepted sense are over. From this philosophical position, it is no surprise to find this so-called "reactionary" welcoming the discovery of atomic power and visualising its use in the factories of the decentralised agro-industrial communities of the future which the movement seeks to establish.

In its political conceptions, Sarvodaya thought is also essentially modern and forward looking. In the West today there is widespread disillusionment with the politics of the old established parties, and a profound dissatisfaction with centralised government and institutions run by vast bureaucracies remote from the ordinary citizens. Among radicals, "participatory democracy" and "community action" have lately become vogue concepts. The search is on for new institutions on a more human scale and for a new style of politics. But, by at least a decade or more, Sarvodaya thinkers have anticipated this trend and have sought to develop a new politics of the people (*Lok-niti*) as opposed to the old politics of

"... the new society is created within the shell of the old ..."

the State (*Raj-niti*). Starting from the local community in which all adults participate as equals, a new political order based on consensus and partyless democracy is envisaged. This communitarian order is seen at one and the same time as localistic and universalistic, and the man of the future will feel himself to be both a citizen of his local community and a citizen of the world. The programme of action of the movement is geared to its conception of the politics of the people. As people begin to accept the new values and to practise them in their daily lives, the power which under existing social and political arrangements they have surrendered to their rulers begins to flow back to them. The revolution takes the form of a progressive realisation by the people of their own strength and capacities which leads them to establish new self-governing institutions. As these institutions develop, the new society is created within the shell of the old, and the politics of the State withers away.

STATELESS SOCIETY

Put in this way, Sarvodaya may appear a Utopian rather than a reactionary movement. If it is Utopian to envisage the possibility of a Stateless society, then Sarvodaya is indeed Utopian, although it should be noted that it shares this ideal with both the anarchist and Marxist movements. But, fundamentally, Sarvodaya is not Utopian in any derogatory sense. What saves it from being so is its clear-sighted and resolute adherence to the Gandhian principle on ends and means. In Gandhian thought, there is no place for the means-end dichotomy which underlies most Western modes of thinking about politics. Means and ends are seen as part of a continuous process and are morally indistinguishable. This implies that means are never merely instrumental: they are always end-creating. What is regarded as the objective is conceptually only a starting point; the end can never be predicted and must necessarily be left open. All that is certain is that from immoral or amoral means no moral end can result. With truth and nonviolence as both means and ends, the Gandhian therefore, acts *now* according to these principles, as far as he is able, and thereby achieves the "goal" for which he is striving. The real Utopians are those revolutionaries who believe that a free, egalitarian, classless and co-operative society can emerge from a violent overthrow of the existing order, the pitting of class against class and brother against brother in a social war; or who, like the Marxists, imagine that a Stateless society will eventually result from the concentration of all political, economic and social power in the hands of the State—in reality, in the hands of a new ruling class. The former Marxist, Jayaprakash Narayan, *ceased* to be such a Utopian when he took the step "From Socialism to Sarvodaya" and joined Vinoba's movement. Explaining the reasons for this decision, he wrote: "I decided to withdraw from party-and-power politics not because of disgust or sense of personal frustration, but because it became clear to me that politics could not deliver the goods, the goods being the same old goals of equality, freedom, brotherhood, peace... The politics of Sarvodaya can have no party and no concern with power. Rather its aim will be to see that all centres of power are abolished. The more this new politics grows, the more the old politics shrinks. A real withering away of the State."

The Gandhian principle of the fusion of means and ends is central to the movement's mode of social action and helps to explain many of its distinctive characteristics as a social movement. It is manifested, for example, in the organisation of Sarva Seva Sangh that has been developed to carry forward the movement. The organisational "means" reflect the desired social "end": a decentralised policy and economy which recognises the essential equality of individuals and in which decisions are reached on the basis of consensus. Sarva Seva Sangh is remarkable for its relative lack of hierarchical distinctions, for the absence of clear-cut division between "leaders" and rank-and-file "members", and for the way in which it takes decisions, including election of officers, through consensus. Its role is that of a co-ordinating agency of the local Sarvodaya groups, rather than that of a central command, giving orders from above. It is an organisational expression of grass roots, communitarian democracy in action.

A MORAL ELITE

The Gandhian principle on means and ends is also manifested in the way that the movement workers, the *Lok Sevaks* or Servants of the People, conceive their role. They do not see themselves, as do many other revolutionaries, as the *instruments* of revolution. They do not constitute a revolutionary party appealing to the people for support and promising to usher in on their behalf the millennium. The non-violent social revolution is conceived as a people's revolution, a revolution to be made only from below by the people themselves, not from above. The workers' role is to help advise and serve the people, to act as the catalytic agents of social change, the people themselves must take the initiative and work out their own salvation. Of course, the *Lok Sevaks* do in one sense constitute an elite, but it is a moral and not a power elite. They are men and women who have accepted the values of Sarvodaya, have pledged commitment to them, and who have taken steps to realise these values in their own lives. They are men and women who seek to exemplify in their own being the cardinal virtues of Truth, Love and Compassion. This attitude has resulted in a remarkable degree of identification between the movement's workers and the ordinary people among whom they work. Although the movement's activists tend, as in other social movements, to be drawn from the higher social strata, they live in a way and at a standard comparable to that of the masses of India. In a country where poverty is the norm, they have voluntarily chosen the life of poverty and selfless service. From this identification the movement derives a strength and influence quite out of proportion to the number of workers. □

STOP NUCLEAR POWER PRODUCTION

A new group has been formed with this aim called 'The Campaign for Biological Sanity'. Readers wishing to help are invited to apply for details to The Convenor, 24 Abercorn Place, London, N.W.8, England.

WELSH RESURGENCE

John Seymour

WHETHER or not Wales achieves political independence before the end of this century it is surely most desirable that its inhabitants should start planning now for the revival of their countryside, and even attempt to implement their plans under the present foreign and unsympathetic government. As the failure of the Mid-Wales Development Board showed, no plan of rural revival imposed from London has a hope of succeeding: renewal must come from within, and be accomplished by native industry, initiative, brains and capital.

Father McDyer, in his parish around Glencolmille in County Donegal, Ireland, has shown how a rural revival can be brought about in a dying countryside by co-operative effort. With a minimal use of outside capital the population flow from McDyer's area has been reversed: new houses are having to be built to

McDyer's movement has become more and more apparent, and it paid everybody to climb on the band wagon. It was hard to remain in opposition when you could get five hundred pounds a year from growing a very small patch of celery, and your daughter could get a job at a good wage in the canning factory.

The valley would be looked upon as a geographical and economic entity. Starting at the top, on the watersheds all round the valley, and working right down to the sea, we could well imagine the following *kinds* of enterprises happening:

1. Liming, slagging and draining the mountain grazing. Sub-dividing the common mountain grazing so that parts of the mountain could be rested. It would not be a good thing to cut up the common grazing and allocate each commoner his share of it for this

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project on a valley is that inhabited Wales is a country of valleys. Even people living on mountain tops look upon some valley as *their* valley, and the watersheds between the valleys form natural boundaries.

The Valley Trust would consist of every man woman and child in the valley. There would probably be a handful of people with time and enthusiasm to do most of the work, but meetings of the Trust would be open to every inhabitant of the valley and would tend to vary in their make-up according to the subject that was to be discussed at the meeting. Thus if the subject was to be hill grazing you would not expect the people on the coast to bother to turn up, but probably all the hill farmers would be there. There would of course be a number of people who would be hostile to the project, and these would either absent themselves or else come to make unhelpful comments. Father McDyer has had his hard core of dissenters, but they have got fewer as the success of

sawmills would be established, either by private enterprise or by co-operative effort. Other forest products industries would also be set up.

3. One of the existing old water mills in the valley could well be turned into a trout hatchery. All suitable rivers and streams would then be stocked with fish, trout would be produced commercially, and 'amenity fishing' would be encouraged. Holidaymakers would thus be attracted to the valley.

4. In suitable places nature reserves or refuges would be established. Stretches of terrain of particular botanical or zoological interest would be protected so as to preserve an interesting flora and fauna in the valley. This too would be an attraction for holiday-makers.

5. Help would be given to anybody wanting to start a hotel or holiday camp. The existing impossibly restrictive planning laws would either be altered or

"... the new society is created within the shell of the old ..."

the State (*Raj-niti*). Starting from the local community in which all adults participate as equals, a new political order based on consensus and partyless democracy is envisaged. This communitarian order is seen at one and the same time as localistic and universalistic, and the man of the future will feel himself to be both a citizen of his local community and a citizen of the world. The programme of action of the movement is geared to its conception of the politics of the people. As people begin to accept the new values and to practise them in their daily lives, the power which under existing social and political arrangements they have surrendered to their rulers begins to flow back to them. The revolution takes the form of a progressive realisation by the people of their own strength and capacities which leads them to establish new self-governing institutions. As these institutions develop, the new society is created within the shell of the old, and the politics of the State withers away.

The Gandhian principle of the fusion of means and ends is central to the movement's mode of social action and helps to explain many of its distinctive characteristics as a social movement. It is manifested, for example, in the organisation of Sarva Seva Sangh that has been developed to carry forward the movement. The organisational "means" reflect the desired social "end": a decentralised policy and economy which recognises the essential equality of individuals and in which decisions are reached on the basis of consensus. Sarva Seva Sangh is remarkable for its relative lack of hierarchical distinctions, for the absence of clear-cut division between "leaders" and rank-and-file "members", and for the way in which it takes decisions, including election of officers, through consensus. Its role is that of a co-ordinating agency of the local Sarvodaya groups, rather than that of a central command, giving orders from above. It is an organisational expression of grass roots, communitarian democracy in action.

Resurgence appears on very few bookstalls ...

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Class and brother against brother in a social war, or who, like the Marxists, imagine that a Stateless society will eventually result from the concentration of all political, economic and social power in the hands of the State—in reality, in the hands of a new ruling class. The former Marxist, Jayaprakash Narayan, ceased to be such a Utopian when he took the step "From Socialism to Sarvodaya" and joined Vinoba's movement. Explaining the reasons for this decision, he wrote: "I decided to withdraw from party-and-power politics not because of disgust or sense of personal frustration, but because it became clear to me that politics could not deliver the goods, the goods being the same old goals of equality, freedom, brotherhood, peace... The politics of Sarvodaya can have no party and no concern with power. Rather its aim will be to see that all centres of power are abolished. The more this new politics grows, the more the old politics shrinks. A real withering away of the State."

higher social strata, they live in a way and at a standard comparable to that of the masses of India. In a country where poverty is the norm, they have voluntarily chosen the life of poverty and selfless service. From this identification the movement derives a strength and influence quite out of proportion to the number of workers. □

STOP NUCLEAR POWER PRODUCTION

A new group has been formed with this aim called 'The Campaign for Biological Sanity'. Readers wishing to help are invited to apply for details to The Convenor, 24 Abercorn Place, London, N.W.8, England.

WELSH RESURGENCE

John Seymour

WHETHER or not Wales achieves political independence before the end of this century it is surely most desirable that its inhabitants should start planning now for the revival of their countryside, and even attempt to implement their plans under the present foreign and unsympathetic government. As the failure of the Mid-Wales Development Board showed, no plan of rural revival imposed from London has a hope of succeeding: renewal must come from within, and be accomplished by native industry, initiative, brains and capital.

Father McDyer, in his parish around Glencolmkillie in County Donegal, Ireland, has shown how a rural revival can be brought about in a dying countryside by co-operative effort. With a minimal use of outside capital the population flow from McDyer's area has been reversed: new houses are having to be built to accommodate the people returning to this desolate area in the far West, and the people living there have managed to raise their incomes from practically nothing to a modest sufficiency. This has been done by forming a number of co-operative enterprises: celery canning, cabbage drying, knitting and hand-loom weaving (organizing the export market to America so as to cut out a chain of middle men was what worked here), pig rearing, fishing, encouraging tourists, improving hill grazing, building village halls etcetera. The Firka Development Movement in South India achieved, during the decade following the war, a considerable degree of success in the same sort of rural revitalization; the Rural Development Movement of Ceylon and the Community Project scheme in North India both had the same aims in mind: the former was successful—the latter achieved very little because it was directed by the central government and failed to catch the imagination of the people. I made studies of all these movements, and have been giving some thought as to how the same sort of rural revival could be brought about in Wales.

NATURAL BOUNDARIES

My suggestion is that, as a pilot project, some non-industrial valley should be chosen in Wales, the interest of the inhabitants aroused, and a Valley Trust should be formed. The reason for basing the project on a valley is that inhabited Wales is a country of valleys. Even people living on mountain tops look upon some valley as *their* valley, and the watersheds between the valleys form natural boundaries.

The Valley Trust would consist of every man woman and child in the valley. There would probably be a handful of people with time and enthusiasm to do most of the work, but meetings of the Trust would be open to every inhabitant of the valley and would tend to vary in their make-up according to the subject that was to be discussed at the meeting. Thus if the subject was to be hill grazing you would not expect the people on the coast to bother to turn up, but probably all the hill farmers would be there. There would of course be a number of people who would be hostile to the project, and these would either absent themselves or else come to make unhelpful comments. Father McDyer has had his hard core of dissenters, but they have got fewer as the success of

McDyer's movement has become more and more apparent, and it paid everybody to climb on the band wagon. It was hard to remain in opposition when you could get five hundred pounds a year from growing a very small patch of celery, and your daughter could get a job at a good wage in the canning factory.

The valley would be looked upon as a geographical and economic entity. Starting at the top, on the watersheds all round the valley, and working right down to the sea, we could well imagine the following *kinds* of enterprises happening:

1. Liming, slagging and draining the mountain grazing. Sub-dividing the common mountain grazing so that parts of the mountain could be rested. It would not be a good thing to cut up the common grazing and allocate each commoner his share of it, for this would eliminate one of the strongest factors keeping men together in such areas: the necessity to work together when sheep or ponies have to be rounded up or worked with. But each parcel of common would be sub-divided into three so that it could be rotationally grazed. This, with liming and slagging and elementary draining provided by open contour ditches, would greatly improve the carrying capacity of the uplands. The work could be financed by existing government grants, a loan guaranteed by the Valley Trust, and a levy from the common owners themselves. It would be a cardinal principle that all work would be carried out by the people of the valley and not by outside contractors. Co-operatives should be formed to own the machinery.

2. The establishment of a belt of mixed forest right around a certain contour above the valley. This contour is the line at which the flood water from heavy rain, coursing down the bare uplands, begins to disappear underground. It is advantageous to have a belt of forest at this point to catch and absorb this water, and release it slowly to feed the springs lower down. The forest would be established by co-operation between the landowners concerned and the Valley Trust. The landowners would benefit by the timber, the whole valley by the beauty of the trees, the improvement in water management, and ultimately by the boost to the economy of having a forestry industry. In due course one or more small sawmills would be established, either by private enterprise or by co-operative effort. Other forest products industries would also be set up.

3. One of the existing old water mills in the valley could well be turned into a trout hatchery. All suitable rivers and streams would then be stocked with fish, trout would be produced commercially, and 'amenity fishing' would be encouraged. Holidaymakers would thus be attracted to the valley.

4. In suitable places nature reserves or refuges would be established. Stretches of terrain of particular botanical or zoological interest would be protected so as to preserve an interesting flora and fauna in the valley. This too would be an attraction for holiday-makers.

5. Help would be given to anybody wanting to start a hotel or holiday camp. The existing impossibly restrictive planning laws would either be altered or

more liberally applied. At the moment laws invented to meet 'Rachmanism' in Birmingham are being mis-applied to remote areas of Wales to make it next to impossible to save old cottages and farm houses from falling down, and only people with influence or much money and persistence can get planning permission to do any kind of building at all. The constant aim of the Valley Trust would be to attract the lost population back to the valley.

The Swiss System

Those in this country who are busily propagating the inevitability of large units in local administration would do well to examine the system which operates in Switzerland. There can hardly be another country where government is so genuinely local and local feeling is so steadfast.

Switzerland is divided into 25 cantons — the equivalent of the present English county. Much of the authority vested in the British Home Office, Board of Trade, Ministry of Agriculture, Ministry of Housing and the Department of Employment and Productivity is vested in the canton. Under delegated powers a canton has more say in the running of the Swiss army than an English county has in the administration of its police.

In Education, the Swiss central Government has no right to interfere with a canton as long as the canton provides a system of free, compulsory education without denominational bias. All the Swiss universities are cantonal institutions although they are co-ordinated by the central government.

It is the cantons which bear the brunt of governmental expenditure and they therefore have a major tax-raising function. They have almost total freedom to raise revenue. Consequently only about one tenth of their income is in grants from central government compared with 40 per cent in this country.

There are a very large number of communes within each canton—few with populations in excess of 10,000. These are responsible for primary and secondary education, "national assistance", minor highways, water supply and sewage, law and order and town and country planning. Every commune largely determines for itself which services it provides independently, which require co-operation with other communes, and which should be left to the canton.

The most remarkable feature of all is the degree of direct democracy which prevails. Every resolution of importance requires ratification by the people in what we would call a parish or town meeting. In the larger towns a referendum must be held. There are also facilities for groups of electors to put forward proposals for consideration. Efficiency? Switzerland is ahead even of Sweden in gross national product per head. Perhaps regional and community pride plays a greater part in the economic well-being of a country than we would allow.

David Evans,
'Should Britain be a federation?',
The Ecologist, Sep., 1970.

6. A 'pony trekking' centre could be set up, as could a youth hostel, a childrens' holiday camp, a hostel for naturalists and mountain climbers.

7. After research, intensive crop growing would be started in parts of the valley lowlands. It just so happened that celery was one of the few things that could be grown on the wet acid peatlands of Donegal, and so celery was chosen as the first intensive crop. The aim should be to establish the cultivation of expensive, labour-intensive crops such as this: globe artichokes grow well in most Welsh valleys, so do asparagus, soft fruit of various kinds, and many vegetables. There is at present practically no production of this kind at all in Wales. The farmers have not kept up with the influx of summer visitors, who would willingly pay high prices for such luxury goods. It is very difficult for an individual farmer with no spare capital and no spare time to pioneer a new intensive crop. If the Valley Trust took it on, did the research or had it done by government experts, researched the market, built storage and processing plants, undertook in some cases nursery work, the farmers would soon cotton on and start producing; the celery industry of West Donegal is an outstanding example of how this can be done. Every lowland farmer in the valley should be able to supplement his income by growing some supplementary labour-intensive crop. Such a crop would often mean the difference between having to send the sons and daughters of the farm off to England to earn a living, and it being possible for them to stay at home. New settlers, wishing to buy a small piece of land and build a house on it and grow some labour intensive crop, would be encouraged in every possible way.

8. If there is not one already a school would be established in the valley. The present policy of sending children miles and miles away from their homes in a bus to huge educational sausage-factories is disastrous. It is killing all local feeling and life and if persisted in will destroy the rural community (if this has not already been destroyed).

SELF-SUFFICIENCY

9. At least one of the many watermills of the valley that have fallen into disuse should be repaired and, powered probably by electricity since water power is held to be 'old fashioned', should begin grinding grist again for stock feeding, and every farmer with the welfare of the valley in mind would be urged to use the mill even if its prices were not quite competitive with the huge mills of Bristol or Liverpool. The same policy would encourage farmers to go back to some growing of grain, and thus gradually the valley would work back to self-sufficiency in this matter. It might be too much to expect to see a revival of growing of bread wheat at first, although in time people might get used to eating native bread again. A maltings too would be a good thing in those areas (such as the one I live in) where most farmers brew their own beer. The malt we now have to buy comes from God knows where (I have never been able to find out). Sometimes it is just stale. Sometimes it is terrible. If the valley could be self-sufficient in beer an enormous saving would be made immediately in 'foreign exchange'. A great deal of the income of Wales now goes to the huge English brewing combines.

10. Licencing incentives would be given to people wishing to open pubs selling home brewed beer. Within short living memory there were many such pubs in every Welsh district.

11. If the valley was one which ran down to the sea a sea fishing industry should be established. Things that spring to mind are: the establishment of a lobster tank to keep summer lobsters alive until winter and better prices, research into 'scampi' grounds, and a packing and freezing plant for these crustaceans, a fish smokery, at least one restaurant specializing in fresh, unfrozen, luxury fish and charging a lot of money, improvement of harbour and fish landing facilities, a van taking fish to sell up-country. At present there is hardly a full-time commercial fisherman between Swansea and North Wales, and the French trawlers and crayfishermen and lobster boats constantly scour the Irish Sea. If they can do it—why can't we? The Manxmen also manage to make a good living from fishing.

12. A boatbuilding industry.

ORGANIC GROWTH

13. Any craftsman—carpenter, potter, wood turner, metal worker, jeweller, weaver, artist or writer—anybody who could earn a living in the valley and help, and not be a drain on, the general valley economy, would be encouraged in every possible way by the Valley Trust. He would be helped in finding, or building, a house, buying a piece of land to grow his vegetables on, if necessary and possible in buying plant and equipment and financing his enterprise. Whether producing goods for the other valley inhabitants, or to sell to tourists, or to export to other places, such a man is contributing to the welfare of the valley as a whole and playing a part in rural reconstruction. Nowadays, with cheap communications, it is not necessary for every potter to live at Stoke on Trent, or jeweller to live in Birmingham. People are only just beginning to wake up to this fact.

14. Any small or medium sized local industry that would fit in with the surroundings, preferably using native raw materials, would be encouraged. Huge enterprises financed by City capital would not be welcome. Experience in Ireland, in the industrial complex that was planned and started around Shannon Airport for example, has amply shown that such large-scale foreign development upsets the economy of the region and almost invariably leads to unemployment. The parent company, at the first sign of a recession, closes down its far-flung off-shoot rather than run down the factory in Birmingham or

Tokyo, and the hundreds of people attracted to the remote place are flung out of work to become a burden to the community. All industrial development must be attracted back to the valley, but as individuals and slowly, not as people in mass who come because they are 'moved' there by Authority. As people come jobs will be created. As jobs are created people will come. It will be hard to know which came first—the chicken or the egg. All growth must be organic.

The Valley Trust would have no compulsive powers, at first at least. But it would be very difficult for a big landowner, for example, to abstain from selling a little corner of his estate to a young couple wanting it to build a house and workshop on, or start a market garden, if the landowner had to stand up in a meeting of the Trust and refuse to do it there and then. The social pressure on him to be generous would be very great. Later, if the movement was successful and became widespread, it is to be hoped that compulsory powers for land redistribution would be considered. In my own valley scores of old houses are crumbling into the ground because the owners don't want them and won't sell them, and in any case if anyone tried to live in them the local council would 'condemn' them, and scores of young people are forced to go away to the cities simply because they can find nowhere to live. I can think of nobody who cannot find a way of making a living here—if he really wants to.

MAKE THE VALLEYS RING

If the first Trust were successful, the movement would spread until every rural valley in Wales had its Trust. Even the industrial valleys in the South might join in, although their Trusts would be a very different thing. Each valley would develop quite differently, and Democracy to the valley inhabitant would mean his Valley Trust before anything else: he might find himself supremely indifferent as to who governed the country. If the idea caught people's imagination it might revolutionize the countryside, and bring about a real revival of Welsh life and culture. At present most Welsh valleys harbour ageing and dying communities: they should be made to ring again with the shouts and laughter of children, and the crumbling stone ruins should be built up again and lived in. It is no good waiting for political solutions, or salvation from up on high. We could shape our own destiny. □

This afternoon I whistle and think of snow.

A yellow bulldozer.
I'm glad thingumbob inside me
can't see this agony of birch-uprooted.

Certainly the gang notices nothing
motorbikes looping endlessly over the grass.

My breath visible. The conkers already glow
inside their shells.

Paul Matthews.

The Unanimous Declaration of Interdependence

When in the course of evolution it becomes necessary for one species to denounce the notion of independence from all the rest, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the interdependent station to which the natural laws of the cosmos have placed them, a decent respect for the opinions of all mankind requires that they should declare the conditions which impel them to assert their interdependence.

We hold these truths to be self-evident that all species have evolved with equal and unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. — That to insure these rights, nature has instituted certain principles for the sustenance of all species, deriving these principles from the capabilities of the planet's life-support system. — That whenever any behavior by members of one species becomes destructive of these principles, it is the function of other members of that species to alter or abolish such behavior and to re-establish the theme of interdependence with all life, in such a form and in accordance with those natural principles, that will effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that cultural values long established should not be altered for light and transient causes, that mankind is more disposed to suffer from asserting a vain notion of independence than to right themselves by abolishing that culture to which they are now accustomed. — But when a long train of abuses and usurpations of these principles of interdependence, evinces a subtle design to reduce them, through absolute despoilation of the planet's fertility, to a state of ill will, bad health, and great anxiety, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such notions of independence from other species and from the life support system, and to provide new guards for the re-establishment of the security and maintenance of these principles. Such has been the quiet and patient sufferage of all species, and such is now the necessity which constrains the species Homo Sapiens to reassert the principles of interdependence. — The history of the present notion of independence is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations all having in direct effect the establishment of an absolute tyranny over life. — To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world. — 1. People have refused to recognize the roles of other species and the importance of natural principles for growth of the food they require. — 2. People have refused to recognize that they are interacting with other species in an evolutionary process. — 3. People have fouled the waters that all life partakes of. — 4. People have transformed the face of the earth to enhance their notion of independence from it and in so doing have interrupted many natural processes that they are dependent upon. — 5. People have contaminated the common household with substances that are foreign to the life process which are causing many organisms great difficulties. — 6. People have massacred and extincted fellow species for their feathers and furs, for their skins and tusks. — 7. People have persecuted most persistently those known as coyote, lion, wolf, and fox because of their dramatic role in the expression of interdependence. — 8. People are proliferating in such an irresponsible manner as to threaten the survival of all species. — 9. People have warred upon one another which has brought great sorrow to themselves and vast destruction to the homes and the food supplies of many living things. — People have denied others the right to live to completion their interdependencies to the full extent of their capabilities.

We therefore, among the mortal representatives of the eternal process of life and evolutionary principles, in mutual humbleness, explicitly stated, appealing to the ecological consciousness of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do solemnly publish and declare that all species are interdependent; that they are all free to realize these relationships to the full extent of their capabilities; that each species is subservient to the requirements of the natural processes that sustain all life. — And for the support of this declaration with a firm reliance on all other members of our species who understand their consciousness as a capability, to assist all of us and our brothers to interact in order to realize a life process that manifests its maximum potential of diversity, vitality and planetary fertility to ensure the continuity of life on earth.

Ecology Action

with acknowledgements to **Confrontation**

PROCLAMATION

TO THE PRESIDENT AND THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

In defiance of the treaties signed with Indian tribes in California and across the nation, the federal government is in the process of relinquishing its duties to the American Indian.

This process, called termination, has had a particularly devastating effect on the Indians of California. To add to the injury, the state of California has not assumed its responsibilities promised to its Indian citizens, the original owners of the land.

Therefore it is up to the Indian people themselves to run their own affairs.

This will require that Indian people have the basic tools necessary to develop their communities, the tools and resources which have been taken by the white man.

The Pit River Indian Tribe has voted unanimously to refuse the payment under the California Land Claims Case now being prepared for settlement. We believe that money cannot buy the Mother Earth. She has sheltered and clothed, nourished and protected us. We have endured. We are Indians.

We are the rightful and legal owners of the land. Therefore, we reclaim all the resourceful land that has traditionally been ours, with the exception of that "owned" by private individuals.

On this land we will set up our own economic and social structure, retaining all the values that are commensurate with Indian life. We will encourage and help other Indian tribes and groups to establish similar structures across the country, in order to establish inter-tribal economic and cultural ties, basing the economy on the barter system.

Therefore let it be known by all concerned that the Pit River Tribe makes the following demands:

1. That the U.S. Government and the large corporations, including PG&E, PT&T, Southern Pacific Railroad, Kimberly Clark, Hearst Publications, and the Los Angeles Times-Mirror Corp., among other, return all our land to us immediately. No amount of money can buy the Mother Earth; therefore, the California Land Claims Case has no meaning. The Earth is our Mother, and we cannot sell her.

2. That the U.S. Government and the large corporations pay back to us the profits they have made from the land since 1853, and that they make an accounting to us immediately. The land was taken illegally, against the principles of the Constitution.

3. That reparations be made to all California Indians for the deaths, suffering, and poverty forced on Indians for over 100 years.

4. That the federal government and the large corporations undo the damage they have done to the land, and that they make reparations to us for the damage done. Where the forest has been cut away it must be restored. Where the rivers have been dammed, they must be allowed to run freely.

5. That all Indians be allowed religious and cultural freedom, and be allowed to teach their children the Indian way of life and be proud of that life. Further, that Indian studies be instituted in schools around the country, so that all citizens will know the true story of the Indian. The stereotype of the Indian that exists must be erased.

These demands are inseparable, inter-related and must all be carried out in full force together.

PIT RIVER INDIAN COUNCIL
Mickey Gemmill, Chairman

The Pit River Indians are re-claiming title to 3 million acres of tribal lands in N. E. California. In 1956 the Indian Claims Commission, in a decision, stated that the Indian land was taken illegally. The Indians were forcefully removed from this land in 1853. 90% of the land is now held by the Government and large corporations. The tribe has never been paid for the land and do not want money; they will allow present in-

dividual owners to remain. In 1963 they rejected the Government's offer of 47-cents per acre. In June several Indians were jailed and one critically injured after an attempt to occupy the tribal lands. Charles Buckskin, the last blood-line Chief of the Pit River Indians has been charged with conspiracy. The business office of the Pit River Indians is 2485 Rosemary Lane, Redding, Calif. 96001.

Stony woman — first part of projected poem on the demise of the american indian

stony woman was tired &
brutally non-committal smiles her
mouth into Z-bends. the

men, well, they left such a
long time ago they were
straw hat okies
peach bowl spectres, no,
your people stony woman...

dust rises. come closer will you?
speak right into this bugged cactus christ where
are you? the dust is so cosmic around here...

I can't see you, woman, I don't even see the stormtrooper emerge from the
dust-metal to whisper into yr cracked neck
listen honey 6 million
six but these americans mother, I couldn't do it,
not a whole continent.

Six hours out, yellow meat manifest courses over white ties,
buffalo-range mementoes do you recall ah come
on now white child it wasn't so long ago that the
railroad gangs cursed the bloody red rags of buffalo meat day after
day & the arapaho's hair went un-
combed for they built the railroad on buffaloes & the
sioux didn't do all-that-well out of it either
(not being able to afford train fares) & they had to
WALK all the way to Wounded Knee well you KNOW all about
that too & you should have heard the language when they saw the
unhealthy old indians bleed all over the good
american snow (three hundred yr old man said) & they
didn't even put up a good show. Something to do with not knowing what was
happening, or even why.

somewhere towards the West Coast a
lone angel with a pink beard put his
hog under a deep-freeze truck &
became part of the road surface without so much as a
whimper — something to do with not having time...

dust settles a little; stony woman, I can see you, even tho you
aren't looking at me or even
listening, stony woman, I don't believe you've listened to a
word I've said or could it be that you've heard it all be-
fore?

walking away over dry gullies look
round, I can see her even tho she isn't looking at
me stony woman cooks borrowed
food over a
stolen fire.

Lou Glandfield.

D. H. LAWRENCE — A brief biographical note and assessment

S. L. Robinson

D. H. LAWRENCE was born in the year 1887, at Eastwood, Notts., which was situated in a new and developing coalfield where a yearly hundred acres of the surrounding beautiful countryside was despoiled by smoking slag-heaps, pit-head gears and ugly cottages. The contrast between the beauty of nature and the hideousness of industrialisation is often—very often—reflected throughout Lawrence's writing.

Lawrence's father was a miner with a native gaiety, having a sensuous delight in his working life. He resisted his wife's attempt to confer and share a greater measure of living. She was endowed with a censorious evangelicalism bestowed by a Primitive Methodist upbringing, and having been a school teacher, she had written some amount of verse. With this disappointment and with the advance of time, she grew gradually further away from her husband, with consequent unhappy and sordid scenes of quarrelling—shattering the nerves and security of the young children. Such was the anguish of the home discord. So, she conferred all her high hopes and desire for betterment upon her favourite confidant, her son Bertie. He was, as he describes in 'Fantasia of the Unconscious',

"forced towards consciousness and responsibility, into becoming his mother's man—what she dreamed and desired her husband might have been. What the father has failed the mother by not accepting responsibility for the next purposive step into the future" then, says D. H. Lawrence

"the unhappy woman beats about for her insatiable satisfaction seeking whom she may devour. Usually she turns to her child. Here she provokes what she wants. Here in her own son who belongs to her, she seems to find the perfect response for which she is craving—so she throws herself into a last great love for her son, a final and fatal devotion—that would have been the richness and strength of her husband and is poison to her boy. And then what? The son gets on swimmingly for a time—till he is faced with the fact of sex-necessity. He gleefully in-

herits his adolescence and the world at large, mother-supported, mother-loved. Everything comes to him in glamour, he feels and sees wonderful much, understands a whole heaven, mother stimulated. Think of the power which a mature woman thus infuses into her boy. He flares up like a flame in oxygen."

They say, geniuses mostly have great mothers. They mostly have sad fates, for to their persons is attached a label upon which is written the word tragedy. Thus was the circle of his existence determined. Because he was maimed emotionally so early in life, and because of external events, D. H. Lawrence never attained a complete and free love relationship in adult life. The consequent frustration, enhanced by circumstances, was often terrible to endure. The inward agony great—to a nature essentially loving and highly sensitive.

By dint of scholarships, Lawrence went to Nottingham University College. His reading was wide and diverse throughout his life. He had a deep and shrewd insight into human persons—clearly defining the female principle. He was free in his relationships, which were not of lasting duration, being formed from either sexual or intellectual attraction. When at Nottingham, and introduced into the Weeks family, he and the Professor's wife Frieda, soon became aware of their mutual attraction and love. He was invited to take the husband's place in bed whilst the latter was away teaching. But Lawrence's affection was true and complete: it did not permit of subterfuge. Then, leaving three small children, Frieda and Lawrence eloped abroad. Frieda went with Lawrence because she had fallen in love with him but she suffered agonies of regret for her children. The situation was charged with misery and suffering for every one concerned—the genuine human difficulties of the children involved and Frieda's subsequent yearning to be with her children rarely left her and the tragical importance of her children in their two lives could hardly be exaggerated. It was often desperate. The anguish and distraction of Frieda's husband—a kindly, enlightened English Professor, who had helped Lawrence in his

studies and early writing—is contained in his letters to her. There could be no doubt that these two persons were made for each other. From Frieda's narrative, it was certainly she who chose him and for Lawrence, after he met her—no other woman was possible and he came to depend more upon her than she him. But his fidelity was not matched. Frieda had many passionate affairs. Prussian officers, Italian peasants, Lawrence's friends and others. Loving for a season—not detracting from her basic love for Lawrence and her devotion to his genius. Lawrence was aware of the situation, which was often unbearable, and he was provoked and betrayed into violence upon a woman on two occasions. But he knew his dependence and the actions of Frieda set in a large part the mould of their life together.

Abroad, the Lawrences lived simply and travelled cheaply—coming to live in an old farm house at Pirinisco, up there in the Abruzzi. They were surrounded with snow peaks 'glittering like hell'. It was staggeringly primitive, ice-cold stone floors and iron-barred windows to a large room with a dark open hearth—the fire fed by foraged wood and upon which the food was cooked. But the cold, the 'air itself had a tang of ice'. Their income was derived from Lawrence's writing and gifts from friends, which were often generous. Poor, they were glad of small gifts from peasant neighbours—mainly vegetables and maize.

From here, Frieda went to spend a holiday with her sister—the wife of a German diplomat—in their castle home. Whilst Lawrence went to stay with the Aldingtons. Frieda's stay was prolonged and she was loth to return, but eventually receiving a promise, Lawrence, for several days, made repeated laborious descents to the tiny railway station below, meeting every train without result. Frieda was enjoying a stay in Vienna, having picked up a young Austrian lover. Eventually, a meeting was arranged in Florence, also with Frieda's two daughters—now grown girls—who were holiday-making in that city. After meeting, the party were seated around a cafe table, Frieda smoking, a cigarette dangling from her lips. Lawrence, acutely aware of the cause of Frieda's absence, suddenly—with the exclamation 'you whore'—vio-

lently slapped her face. Frieda started crying in which the girls joined their mother and though the latter was for leaving Lawrence there and then, they persuaded her that it was her duty to go with him. Later, during the 1914-18 war period, living in England, Lawrence reverted to a labourer, working in the fields. Yet he had not abandoned writing, or all intellectual pursuits. It was whilst the Lawrences were sharing a Cornish cottage with Katherine Mansfield and Middleton Murry, that an incident occurred. Katherine Mansfield had taken Kotvinsky, a visiting friend, as a lover. Murry and Frieda had become so too. Lawrence was beaten into a violent physical assault upon Frieda, in the lane outside the cottage, Frieda screaming to Murry for help. So again was trust killed.

Subsequently, the Lawrences travelled extensively, first in Europe and then Australia and America—finally to Europe in 1929. In September of that year Lawrence's illness worsened, and becoming seriously ill, he died in Venice, a small French village, overlooking the Mediterranean, whilst Frieda held his increasingly cold feet—seeking to induce some warmth. So life ebbed slowly away . . .

Throughout Lawrence's writing can be found passages of wonderful beauty and clearness, a power and directness. Observe his wonderful descriptions of nature:—

"Now in the last week of April, the Cherry blossom is still white, but waning and passing away: it is late this year and the leaves are clustering thick and softly copper in their dark blood-filled glow. It is queer about fruit trees in this district. The peach and the pear are out together. But now, the pear is a lovely thick softness of new and glossy green, vivid with a tender fullness of apple-green

leaves, gleaming among all the other greens of the landscape, the half-high wheat, emerald and the grey olive. Half invisible, the browning green of the dark cypress, the black of the evergreen oak, the rolling, heavy green puffs of the stone-pines, the flimsy green of the small peach and almond trees, the sturdy young green of horse-chestnut. So many greens, all in flakes and shelves and tilted tables and round shoulders and plumes and shaggles and uprisen brushes of greens and greens, sometimes blindingly brilliant at evening, when the landscape looks as if it were on fire from inside, with greens and gold."

That is a descriptive passage from "Flowering Tuscany". When so describing he reflects beauty with a painter's eye, and a peace and serenity. Read his descriptions of farm life in Nottinghamshire, at the turn of the century—the method of building a hay-rick contained in "Sons and Lovers" is concise and true—perfect. See, too, the added colours of his travel scenes in Italy, Sicily, Ceylon, Australia and America. Such is the flame of his genius. His novels, "The Rainbow" and "Women in Love" are of the best novels of our time. Lawrence's poetry and essays, his sustained polemics and original short stories and tales, also his letters, show him to be a writer of genius, earning a place amongst the greatest writers of this century.

Within his novels and writing, Lawrence shows a social analysis which is deep and fundamental:

"Ugliness betrayed the spirit of man in the nineteenth century. The great crime which the moneyed classes and promoters of industry committed in the palmy Victorian days was the condemning of the workers to

ugliness, ugliness. Meanness and formless and ugly surroundings, ugly ideas, ugly religion, ugly hope, ugly love, ugly clothes, ugly furniture, ugly houses, ugly relationships between workers and employers. The human soul needs actual beauty even more than bread. The middle classes jeer at the elderly colliers trying to learn to play their pianos. See them listening with queer alert faces to their daughters' rendering of the "Maiden's Prayer", and you will see a blind unsatisfied craving for beauty. It is far more deep in the men than in the women. The women want show. The men want beauty and still want it."

That is a passage from "Nottinghamshire and the Mining Country."

Lawrence was deeply aware of the unhappiness of civilised man in whom all belief has died. No longer taking refuge from his fears—seeking shelter in the arms of a divine father-figure, which he himself has created. Gone too, has his self-imagined centrality in the Universe—to an infinitesimal position—a grain of sand—in one of many million galaxies. Men and women in our industrialised materialistic society do little but pursue the bitch-goddess, Success, mostly reaping ugliness and ousting beauty. What Lawrence wrote is prophetic. We still have the increased pursuit of success, whilst the prospect of foul Air, Earth, Rivers, Seas and eventual, possible extinction confronts mankind.

The basis of our experience are the facts of life and death. It is a rhythm that humans share with all living nature, with the animals and grass. The emergence of the new, necessitates a new man-woman relationship—the prime of which, is the confinement of sex within the orbit of Love between two persons, and which develops the whole of persons and enforces every part of them. Whose sex-life links them to the sources of creation. The important ends of human life include the creation and enjoyment of beauty—natural and man-made. The preservation of all sources of pure wonder and delight and an assured awareness and recognised participation in lasting projects and cosmic evolution.

"No great great motive, or ideal, or social principle can endure for any length of time unless based upon the love and sexual fulfilment of the vast majority of individuals concerned."

"To thine own self be true, always", observed Polonius, and to this precept D. H. Lawrence ad-

hered all his life, through believing that a man's life capital is invested in his body, whence his life's happiness comes. To be successful in life does not consist in acquiring external possessions, but in a free healthy life of the senses. Such a persuasion in no way supposes a reluctance to acquire a share of society's perquisites. Sex is the backbone upon which the fair grace of the body is built. Lawrence was always conscious of the primacy and potency of love between the sexes. He apprehended the poetical vision of life and this and imagination was his gift to the Novel as an expression of art. His work illustrates the unfolding of this personal search and discovery. He was instrumental in sweeping away suppression and the unhealthy nauseous Victorian moral attitudes. We are part of the sun as our eyes are part of us and the marvel is to be alive in the flesh. Man most passionately wants his living wholeness, his physical fulfilment first and foremost—for alive—he is in the flesh and potent. So Lawrence's influence has been considerable and far-reaching indeed. His was a lonely crusade against prudery and prurience. "It will bring me only abuse and hatred", and so it proved. His name was linked with every insultation, and slowly dying of tuberculosis in his sick bed overlooking the Mediterranean, Lawrence wrote to the very end, despite the tumult. "I always labour at the same thing", he wrote, "to make the sex-relation valid and precious, instead of shameful". When we contemplate D. H. Lawrence, we contemplate tragedy, but he transcended his own condition—he was no longer a victim of it. "There is a worse kind of tragedy than death—continued living when all that matters has been destroyed."

Truly, he was a strange mixture of bitter and sweet, for his personality had a unique magic and fascination when he was happy and gay, which he often was. He saw the beauty and strangeness of the living world most vividly, for he had an infectious delight in small things.

The years have passed. Much said and written. We have had the radio testimonies and writings of his wife Frieda, time having winnowed all the petty cruelties, quarrels and sorrows, even tragedy itself. 'He lifted me into a new existence'. So too, his old working man friend who had known 'Bert Lawrence' as a sensitive, intelligent lad. 'When he died, a light went out in my life'. He enhanced the lives of many and his death gave pain and sense of personal loss to his friends. □

hero

even before he was born
the people were waiting
his first words
were translated
in a dozen tongues
and his birthplace
laid open to visitors

every movement he made
he made for the world
every action was recorded
and applauded as news

when he turned his head
the wind changed direction
when he combed his hair
a million extra combs were sold

he rewrote every book
he refought every war
and if the laws disagreed
he changed them

when he died
they raised him a tomb
in a car park as big
as the end of the world

the people wept
the sky brightened
and somewhere a blackbird
started to sing

Miles Gibson

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Quotes . . .

"Those who attempt to impute war to man's biological nature, treating it as a manifestation of the ravenous 'struggle for existence', or as a carry-over of instinctive animal aggression, show little insight into the difference between the fantastic ritualized massacres of war and other less-organized varieties of hostility, conflict, and potentially murderous antagonism. Pugnacity and rapacity and slaughter for food are biological traits, at least among the carnivores: but war is a cultural institution."

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

"Education is a compulsory forcible action of one person upon another for the purpose of forming a man such as will appear (to society) to be good . . . Education is the tendency toward moral despotism raised to a principle . . . I am convinced that the educator undertakes with such zeal the education of the child because at the base of this tendency lies his envy of the child's purity, and his desire to make him like himself, that is, to spoil him."

Leo Tolstoy,
from *Tolstoy on Education*, translated
Leo Weiner (Univ. of Chicago Press, 1967)

"Instead of despairing of ourselves, we ought to take comfort from the fact that there is still something in us, on this deeper level where words are hard to find, that refuses to be conned by Admass. Down there is still some notion of a decent and dignified quality in our style of life, our relationships and pursuits. England is our home, not simply the headquarters of some ruthless commercial enterprise. The Producer-Consumer view of mankind, now so much in evidence, is the lowest view of itself our species has taken in all its history. Once we completely accept it, we worry ourselves into the grave trying to afford the price of Dead Sea fruit."

J. B. Priestley,
'The Truth About The English',
Sunday Times, 20 Sep. 1970

"I suspect indeed that in Britain (as distinct from the United States) one of the reasons why we find it so hard to go all out for endless economic expansion and a world of scientific bliss is that we feel it to be wrong—and in the long run impossible. Even the stubborn resistance of the trades unions to central government, muddled though it is in its purposes, clearly contains survivals from the face-to-face type of society and its sound human values. Trades unionists may not be much like Amos or Lao Tze, but they too are resisting the megamachine—and sometimes for the right reasons."

Jacquetta Hawkes,
New Statesman, 10 Nov. 1967

"Last year, doctors and hospitals prescribed more than 500 million anti-depressant pills."

Private Eye, 25 Sep. 1970

"London exceeds the right size for cities; that is what is wrong. There is an optimum dimension for the human congeries, which is roughly that of Venice, or Jerusalem, or best of all Cork. None of these has territorial ambitions. I have the recurrent nightmare of the Supercities that threaten us today, the titanic conurbations—already growing before our eyes—single vast towns from Boston to Baltimore, Pittsburgh to Chicago, London to Birmingham, each with thirty million people imprisoned in asphalt forever. Without doubt this is on our cards . . ."

James Cameron,
The Guardian, 30 Sep., 1970

"When it comes to change, I do not really like to use the words 'violence' and 'non-violence'. At times, idols must be shattered. A flower grows through a stone and breaks the stone. Is that violence?"

Ivan Illich,
New Yorker, Apr. 25, 1970

IN OUR NAME

Matthew Malowa, a Zambian citizen and journalist, about twenty-seven years old, has been imprisoned without trial for the past six years in H.M. Remand Prison, Salisbury, Rhodesia. He wrote to me and I send him books—not all of which he gets.

Defence and Aid were trying to obtain his release, but because Malowa spoke up freely when one of his fellow prisoners died, the Smith government refused to deport him to Sweden last June, and *Defence and Aid* have said they can do no more. *Amnesty International* is still trying to obtain hospitality and a permanent job in Sweden for him. Hospitality for a month or two has been guaranteed. The permanent employment is the stumbling block and the fact that Malowa hasn't any Swedish. However he's starting on *Teach Yourself Swedish*. If any *Resurgence* or *New Departures* readers know of anybody who would ensure him employment in Stockholm, or any town in Sweden, I should be so glad to hear. It seems a case in which one simply doesn't give up, though there must be many like it.

Clare Cottage,
Guilsborough,
Northants.

Anne Tibble

DISENCHANTMENT

I'm afraid we're all groaning at the Gramdan write up you gave in the first instalment of Indian Notebook (Vol. 3, No. 1). Still another bunch of misled Sarvodaya students will doubtless leave England's shores only to turn up here in utter disillusionment. We've had several visitors here like that this summer, but at least they've gained something besides complete disenchantment with Gramdan, as indeed I too have done—i.e. the strong desire to set up back home on gadget-free simple lines. It's been worth spending all my time here just to reach the realisation that this is what I want to do, and that there are several others who agree on that score.

In fact, I'm quite looking forward to returning to the U.K. and getting hands round a spade and my carpentry tools once more. This project here has now turned into an infantile farce and I'm resigning when my boss returns from his U.K.

leave in a fortnight's time. It's all quite tragic the way it's gone. Anyway the result is that I'm breaking my two-year contract 5 months before the end and shall probably bum my way homewards by degrees, hoping to arrive in U.K. in time to plant potatoes in spring 1971.

In the meantime though I look forward to seeing various Indian rural industries and the like, and travelling home with luck by dhow across the Indian Ocean and up the Persian Gulf.

Andrew Sindle

India.

MUTUAL AID

I agree with Leopold Kohr's objections to large scale industry and government. But it is not the bigness in itself that degrades and exploits an employee; a small boss can be as bad as a big one. In my experience it has been better to work for a large firm because one can organise with others to defend oneself.

I don't think a harmonious society will be created by people who are not at harmony with themselves and with their environment. Any economic system that depends on power of one person over another, either through money or any other means of coercion, generates disharmony, and the Greek view of moderation will not cure it. The only cure is for people to base their lives on equality instead of on power. This will require long and patient work

on oneself—against the natural inclinations of the ego formed in the ethos of our society: and long and patient work in building small groups for mutual aid, as Jesus did with his disciples.

I think intellectual work is also necessary because our current social ethos is based on a false 'scientific' world view. This was said by Whitehead fifty years ago and has been brought up again by certain biologists and nuclear physicists (see "Reductionism v. Organicism", *New Scientist*, 25 September 1969). Whitehead said:

"The watchwords of the nineteenth century have been struggle of existence, competition, class warfare, commercial antagonism between nations, military warfare. The struggle for existence has been construed into the gospel of hate. The full conclusion to be drawn from a philosophy of evolution is fortunately of more balanced character. Successful organisms modify their environment. Those organisms are successful which modify their environments so as to assist one another . . . Every organism requires an environment of friends, partly to shield it from violent changes, and partly to supply it with wants. The Gospel of force is incompatible with a social life. By force I mean *antagonism* in its most general sense". *Science and the Modern World* pp 256-7, Cambridge 1935.

Anne Vogel

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London, N.11

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BAD FOOD GUIDE*

FOR a generation that has specialised in messing around with its body chemistry, we seem to have been pretty slow in grasping the importance of a certain range of comparatively cheap and easily obtainable chemicals which have truly astonishing effects on consciousness.

The substances I am referring to normally come under the collective heading of 'food'.

Let's face it, we are so pre-occupied with the need to get such chemicals as alcohol, nicotine, caffeine, theine, tetrahydrocannabinol or lysergic acid inside our bodies that we tend to overlook the more obvious visceral opportunities, as well as the deadly perils, contained in something as mundane as nosh.

But now it's getting serious. Our vital organs are menaced by such an astounding variety of inimical molecules that it is no exaggeration to think of it as a creeping human meat crisis.

It has been known for some time that we are building up to a serious ecological crisis on certain parts of the planet. It is finally dawning on the industrialised nations that they are poisoning the rivers, the seas, the land and the air, due to that incredible humanoid habit of letting the short-term gain take precedence over the all-round long-term good. This is as a result of a very erroneous understanding of the nature of the universe.

The planet is a *life system*. Every aspect of it is related to every other aspect in an evolutionary pattern which in turn is part of the larger cosmic pattern.

This holistic view of things is seeping through into public consciousness—for example, they even have ecology riots in the States, not to mention National Earth Week recently.

So the ecology fad is alerting people to the poisons silently deposited in much of the food grown on a polluted planet and rousing people to the dangers of toxic pesticides and fertilizers used to pervert nature's designs.

But what is even more alarming is the systematic desecration of our food with synthetic preservatives, flavourings, colourings and other additives which, by the time an average British meal gets metabol-

ised in your body, have deposited enough garbage in your bloodstream to make it into an internal living sewer. Remember, your bloodstream, your own personal life support system, regenerates cells in all parts of your body, including of course your brain. We all know what even the slightest chemical changes in the brain can do!

So let's look a bit more closely at some of the stuff you may be likely to eat and let's consider what it does to your body.

Perhaps the most striking nutritional absurdity in this country is *white bread*, particularly the packaged sliced variety they advertise on TV. This bread has about as much relationship to a grain of wheat as plastic has to flesh.

Every grain of whole wheat, presuming it hasn't been treated with anything, contains, among other things, sixteen minerals: carbon, chlorine, fluorine, hydrogen, iodine, iron, lime, magnesium, manganese, nitrogen, oxygen, phosphorous, potassium, silicon, sodium and silver—all finely balanced in a natural ratio. Industrial flour milling exterminates twelve of these minerals in the process of isolating the endosperm (white flour) from the bran and wheat germ. The 'idea' of the grain is thus completely destroyed.

Then the milled white flour is further adulterated with unnatural substances—sodium to kill fungi, chlorine dioxide to bleach it, polyoxyethylene-monostearate to prevent staleness and keep it soft, plus five or six other compounds like the synthetic vitamins used to 'enrich' the bread, which are often manufactured from derivatives of coal tar.

You get the pattern?—they break up nature's chemical balance and substitute an alien arrangement of molecules, of which they have just the barest theoretical understanding, without the slightest concern for the bodies that have to deal with this mess.

White flour doesn't just come in the form of bread, it also lurks in sauces, puddings, pies, pastry, biscuits, soups and gravies which you buy in almost any food place. These are unbalanced and unclean foods, and to eat them is to pollute the blood rivers of your body.

This is not to mention that too much carbohydrate is positively harmful (nearly half Britain's industrial workers suffer from obesity), which brings us to the other great public health scandal, *white sugar*.

Bradley Martin

We have all heard murmurings from time to time about this dangerous stimulant, and I am now almost convinced that it is as dangerous as amphetamine. It is 100 per cent carbohydrate and contains no proteins, vitamins or minerals. The refining process from raw sugar upsets the natural balance of nutrients with the result that white sugar is a completely debased food, a powerful habit-forming drug which can cause severe physiological damage.

Our annual sugar consumption is now well over 100 lbs. per head, compared with less than 5 lbs. 200 years ago. This mind-bending state of affairs is due to the vast quantities of packaged cereals, sweets, chocolate, soft drinks, alcoholic drinks, biscuits, puddings, jams, cakes and sugared tea and coffee that we shove/swill down our throats in the desperate belief that we are feeding ourselves.

Sugar can also cause a pretty heavy come-down. When you pile it in your stomach, your blood-sugar level rises very rapidly for a short time, then wham! it drops way below normal when your pancreas starts to oversecrete insulin. You've then got hypoglycemia, or low blood sugar, or anxiety, depression, fatigue, heart palpitation perpetual hunger, migraine, headache, nervousness, ulcers and general weakness—in other words, a comedown.

Of course, the white flour and white sugar industries are very powerful, and governments, eager to see production increase and industry thrive (after all, they get their cut of the action), exercise only minimal control over what happens to food; for example, the banning this year of monosodium glutamate from baby foods, a cynical token gesture.

There can be no doubt that these two manufactured products and everything containing them should ideally be wiped out of your diet. This may sound like a heavy trip to lay down, but that is the extent of the crisis in our bodies—we must cut down the variety and volume of

COMMUNICATE

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poisons we consume daily, and these two abominations are the easiest and most urgent to start with. This is not food faddism, it is a matter of survival.

Before turning you on to some types of organic matter worthy of the name of food, I will just mention a few other things you will have to beware of if you are interested in keeping your body/mind together.

Firstly, avoid canned goods of all types. Most canning processes are carried out at high temperatures which induce radical changes in food, and then the contaminants are chucked in. Be wary of anything that has been bleached, coloured, cured, dried, emulsified, enriched, flavoured, preserved, refined, stabilised, sweetened, tenderised, pasteurised or thickened, because these tend to be harmful processes.

Table salt is artificially made sodium chloride, and your body gets plenty of natural salt from pure food. Canned and bottled fruit juices and soft drinks are crawling with foreign bodies, especially white sugar and carbon dioxide. Come alive, drop out of the Pepsi Generation!

What, you may ask, is left when white flour, white sugar and processed foods are ruled out?

Well, here there are several differ-

ing views, some of them based on more than simple chemical considerations. The macrobiotic diet is a beautifully sound and sensible approach to body feeding developed from Japanese Zen teachings and based on the universal principles of Yin (expansion) and Yang (contraction). According to this philosophy all foods carry one or other of these polarities in varying degrees, and the secret of health is a matter of the right balance.

Many people who dig the idea find it unrealistic to apply the rules too strictly and base their eating on a free interpretation of macrobiotics. Certainly, everything on the macro menu is fine unsullied nourishment and is worth getting familiar with.

So, most essential for safe and efficient fuelling of the body are unadulterated fresh natural things, what has been called a Stone Age Diet—whole grains, vegetables, fruit, nuts, milk, eggs, meat, fish, herbs and honey. It must be stressed these foods have to be fresh—five-day-old lettuce is no good to anyone.

If you want bread, buy only the sort made from stone-ground whole-wheat or rye. Better still, grind the grains and bake the bread yourself. Make sure the rice you eat (vastly more valuable than potatoes) is brown rice i.e. unhusked. If you want to sweeten anything use

honey, carrier of many therapeutic properties, or very sparing quantities of raw (dark brown) sugar. If you must use salt, get some untreated sea salt, which is packed with sea minerals.

You get the idea? Keep away from plastic food, it was not made with your body chemistry in mind. Only natural substances can be easily assimilated and converted into energy, which is, after all, what eating is all about. Energy is what everything is about.

If you start to move with a clean diet, you can then turn yourself on with a number of wonder chemicals which have a marked impact on your body condition and consequently your state of mind.

These are live yogurt, brewer's yeast (in powder or tablet form), sea kelp (selected seaweeds ground into powder), apple cider vinegar, sunflower seeds, bone meal and soybean oil. Supplement a good basic diet with these extraordinary substances, all of them concentrated nourishment of the highest quality, and after a few weeks you will realise that you are permanently high, in a way you've never been high before.

In a poisoned environment like ours you need all the friendly chemicals you can get. □

Sometimes when I think she's asleep I become aware
of her eye ranging over the dark ceiling.

She's thinking of storms how the acorns plop
while the boys catch water-beetles.

Night swells against her ear. Its delicate ways.
The kitchen tap drips time passing.

Somewhere a man cries lonely on his balcony
for his son dead these twenty years.

Paul Matthews.

THE ACADEMIC INN

Leopold Kohr

How to preserve the independence and the integrity of scholars against the increasingly totalitarian pressures of mass governments and mammoth business corporations? This is the question Professor Kohr examines here with his usual verve and gusto, and as usual comes up with a highly original and controversial proposition. The 'Timber Cove Inn' mentioned in the text is situated 90 miles north of San Francisco and plans are already afoot to make it into a prototype Academic Inn under the inspired aegis of that remarkable American conservationist, ecologist, self-taught architect and philosopher Richard Clements. Just to keep track of origins it is worth adding that Mr. Clements, who is now planning an international chain of 'Academic Inns', received his inspiration for the project from the late Howard Gossage, the man who created the Anguilla Liberty Dollar, one time Director of the West Coast Journal Ramparts, whose untimely death last year robbed progressive humanity everywhere of a publicist and advertising innovator of genius. He survives as the guiding spirit of the new monthly magazine Scanlan, which lists as its Chairman: "The late Howard Gossage".

When the fascist regimes rose in Europe, scholars could continue their work by taking refuge in countries whose universities remained unaffected by government pressure. They could go to France, Canada, the United States.

But since then, a new and infinitely vaster danger has arisen to unfettered academic activities. This is the irresistible pressure emanating from the explosive dimensions of modern mass societies which can educationally be accommodated only by universities of vast scale.*

Though these are no less destructive to scholarship than tyrannical governments, one can no longer escape their strangulating effect, as was possible under fascism, merely by taking refuge in other countries. There are none left which do not share the mounting pressure of their increasing multitudes. Geographically, only flight to another planet could solve the problem.

Yet, there is one last way out. This is for scholarship to change its location not geographically but institutionally; to flee not from the earth to another planet but from the university to another establishment, an institution which by nature is immune to persecution (a) from mass pressure because of the intrinsic smallness of its material frame; and (b) from ideological pressure because it exerts a dissolvent effect on all solidified ideas as a result of the fragmentizing radiation to which it exposes everything. This institution—the last refuge of the humanities—is the inn.

*The reason why large-scale universities are by nature contrary to the scholar's mode of production is not difficult to understand. In the place of universality, they are bound to foster a degree of specialization which soon loses track of the other segments that make up the circle. In the place of the spontaneity of conversation, which brings forth great thoughts as a result of a given statistical frequency of intellectual chance interaction, they foster the ritual regularity of planning and organization which is necessary for carrying out ideas but often prevents them from being born. And instead of individual diversity which produces creative energy through the random movement of unassociated free particles constantly colliding with each other, they foster the formation of stifling organized gluts out of the too many members which, at a given collective size, become available to the different ideological species.

Thus if 5 per cent of the members of an academic community belong by statistical law to the species of frustrates that believes in the use of power in a scholastic environment—in which power is about as productive as it is in church when a congregation tries to wrestle a concession out of the Lord—they would number 25 in a small university of 500 students, 50 in one of 1,000, and 100 in one of 2,000, a mere sprinkling which, like salt in a soup, would actually enhance the dialectic flavor of an establishment of learning.

But in a university of 20,000, the same 5 per cent would number 1,000—a chunk which, if it becomes organized

Freedom may disappear from the town hall, the church, the theatre, the campus, under the intimidating weight of Orwellian mass-enforced conformism. But once you enter the inn—the last public house in the original sense of the term, as it was also the first—and begin to sip your drink, you also begin to feel liberated from the fear-inspiring pressures of life *extra muros*, venturing once again to utter what is really on your mind, and continuing to do so as long as you remain in the protection of its disinhibiting as well as tranquillizing walls.

And so will also the others who join you in the fellowship of "drinking associates." In this way, their spirit rendered tolerant as well as tolerable, the conditions are created for the revival of unfettered conversation which, in proper academic fashion, have as their purpose less the defense of positions held than the search for new approaches to truth, and the exploration of unknown continents beyond the horizon.

Even if one of the "drinking associates" is a secret agent joining for the sake of spying, it will make no difference. For to be a good spy, he too must have a drink; and if he drinks, he too will become disinhibited and tolerant and truthful, as was the case with the Austrian policeman during the Schuschnigg regime. Arresting a citizen in a tavern for having referred to his government as "lousy," he answers the evasive trespasser who claimed he was talking not about the Austrian but the Chinese government: "Don't tell any tall stories, friend. There is only one lousy government—ours. You go to jail."

as a band, is large enough not for flavoring but for ruining the soup, even if all the rest were lined up against it. And the laws of social gravitation will cause a number of that kind to become organized as a band of storm troopers against whom there is no legal resistance of the sort that is available against the threat of government intervention in non-dictatorial countries since, in contrast to governments, organized gangs can not be restrained by court order.

Characteristically, during the most recent riots in March 1970 at the University of Puerto Rico, it was not the government, not the police, not the administration, not capitalism, not imperialism which tampered with the freedom of teaching, learning, and research. It was the organized bands of students which, like imperialist invasion forces, occupied classrooms and barred the gates of the temple in which truth is supposed to reign, not power.

Ecologically, human glut-formation and the rise of ideological cartels which large universities foster in the place of individual scholarship under which even the most tenuous plant has a chance of survival, is therefore the primary cause leading to the ultimate destruction of academic freedom and, with it, of the very idea of the university itself which, as the name indicates, must be a haven for all intellectual pursuits, not only those backed by power and appealing to the palate of the multitude in season.

It is because of the effect the companionship of the tavern table has first on the truthfulness of the "fellows," and then on the heightened chance of coming a step nearer to truth, that the inn may not only turn out to be the last refuge of the humanities. It was, in fact, the very place in which the humanities were born.

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However, as Ortega y Gasset's revolting age of the masses has destroyed the essence of the university, it has also destroyed the essence of the good tavern. It has turned it from an extraparlimentary meeting place into a dispensary of liquid tranquilizers and a high-speed refuelling station offering television along with the mustard on hot dogs. And instead of lifting its guests from the limbo of their faceless anonymity, it returns them to the street with even less identity than they had when they entered.

So the first task in recreating what may be called the *Academic Inn* as a breeding ground of scholarly thought is to restore to it the essence of the good tavern which, to qualify, must offer not only good food, good drink, good service, and good accommodation, but also good conversation.

To ensure the latter, three requirements must be fulfilled in an age in which unorganized spontaneity and initiative are no longer such self-generating products of conviviality as they were at the time of Samuel Johnson:

1. In the first place, the guests must have the certainty that there will always be two or three individuals present who are likely to provide the spark for thought, dialogue, and discussion. As a university catalogue announces that Professor Johnson will lecture this semester on linguistics Monday and Wednesday at 10 a.m. in classroom 17, the menu of the Academic Inn will inform that Samuel Johnson has his beer or cocktail every day at 5 p.m. at table 2.

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This will be his only duty. There will be no programme, no other routine; any guest wishing to join, can join his or the table of any other Johnsonian staff member who happens to be in residence for a few days, weeks, or a month or two. If the "star" is in no mood for talking, his table companions may be encouraged to converse by his mere presence. And if they too fail to come into the appropriate mood, they will enjoy an hour's silent musing and contemplation while watching the reflection of fire-place and setting sun in their glasses filled with a brew of Churchill's "amber liquid". From there on, the chain reaction of conversation, sparked by musing silence or animated talk, will continue into dinner and after-dinner hours.

2. The second requirement concerns the nature of the guests, who need not necessarily have an academic preparation, just as the pilgrims to a religious shrine do not necessarily have to be graduates of a theological seminary. But as it is with pilgrims, they must be attracted to the Academic Inn not only by the sizzling steaks and the excellent service they are sure to find in its halls, but by the conversational spirit of the place, the *genius loci*, which is likely to take possession of them irrespective of whether they participate actively or passively. This should be strong enough to bring them from as far away as a good bouillabaisse is able to haul a Frenchman from half across France not so much for the stimulating effect it has on his stomach as for the sparkle of conversation which good food unfailingly releases in an animated mind. What identifies the guest of the Academic Inn is thus that he is *animated*—a spirit that is academically "charged," not one that is necessarily academically "educated".

3. Finally, the Academic Inn must have the architectural frame that makes it conducive to fulfilling its special mission. A hotel such as "Timber Cove Inn", with its spacious wood-decorated hall catching the guests' activities like the hall of a medieval castle or a covered public square; its roaring fireplaces, its fascinating natural environment of majestic redwoods and the white spray of the Pacific wafting upward from the ocean and feathering over the cliffs would seem to offer an ideal enclosure for producing the numerous unplanned encounters which are statistically necessary for minds to be cross-fertilized and a given number of new thoughts to be born. This is why the foremost physical amenity of the great colleges of Oxford and Cambridge has always been the convivium of a sumptuously conceived Common Room and the companionship of a great Dining Hall where the scholars drink, and eat, and speculate together under the stimulus of a splendid piece of architecture symbolizing at the same time the university and the inn. All that "Timber Cove Inn" would need is to add the library.

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body of academic freedom (which, commanding over no armed forces, they are not equipped to withstand); it also appeals to the average person who sees in its convivial informality a compelling inducement to continued post-graduate education such as he would not seek under the more formal circumstances in which it is conventionally offered.

Indeed, so positive and instantaneous is the response to the idea that a Scottish lady reacted quite typically when, hearing of the as yet unborn Academic Inn, she immediately asked to enroll her two sons, aged 3 and 5, to secure a place for them in proper time, as is customary for Harrow and Eton, where parents enroll their children when they are conceived. And the late Howard Gossage, the genius of American advertising, actually proceeded with putting the idea into practice with a series of seminars in the magnificent frame of "Timber Cove Inn" in January 1969. Had it not been for his premature death a few months later, I have no doubt that, once the prototype was established, the idea of the Academic Inn would as rapidly have spread across the world as did the idea of music festivals once it was successfully tested in Salzburg and Bayreuth.

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Besides interesting educational foundations, it should also be possible to engage the financial support of those most closely connected with supplying the inns with their most essential raw-material—the brewers, wine growers, and liquor distillers. Suffering, as they are, from a congenital guilt complex because of their association with dealings in intoxicants, they have, instead of demanding homage from the public for relieving their daily miseries with Johnsonian joys of living, long tried to appease their bad conscience by supporting cultural activities such as the St. Louis symphony orchestra or the splendid Carlsberg museum in Copenhagen, hoping that their name will evoke Beethoven and Praxiteles rather than a wicked glass of beer.

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TALKING STARS

Finally, there is the question of finance. Well, one of the main advantages of the *Academic Inn*, protecting it from interference on the part of those furnishing the funds, is that it is an *inn*. This means that, once established, it will live not from donations but from the income gained by competent innkeeping, that is by offering, aside from conversation, the best in food, drink, service, and accommodation. If this can support the engagement of singing stars by attracting those who love music, it should be able to support also the hiring of talking stars by attracting the enormous crowd which would enjoy conversation if it discovers where it can be found.

The main financial problem concerns therefore not the running but the *setting up* of the first academic inns. And this should encounter no great difficulty either considering that the second main feature of the institution—besides being a good tavern—is that

it is also an eminently academic enterprise. As a result, it should be possible to persuade some of the foundations dedicated to the advance of learning and knowledge to make the funds available for the establishment of the first prototype of an institution in which, in this age for, of, and by the masses, the humanities are most likely to find their last refuge.

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Now if the producers of intoxicants are so ready to support orchestras and exhibitions of art which do not dispense liquor, they should be all the more willing to support a cultural establishment such as an *Academic Inn* where, in the hallowed fashion of the Symposium, "drinking together" forms part of the proceedings, being the scholar's most ancient mode of production. (This is why in the renowned Princeton Institute of Advanced Studies, the only duty of the fellows is to sip together their daily cups in the common room).

Moreover, once a first *Academic Inn* is set up with the help of a great brewer (possibly even carrying his name as the Copenhagen museum carries the name of Carlsberg), other brewers, distillers, and wine growers will be forced by the psychological laws of competition to follow suit for the same reason that, once a bar installed television, all the others had to follow suit in quick succession.

In short, the financial problem of the *Academic Inn* is not one of running but of establishing it, and of establishing not all inns but merely their first few prototypes. □

Things...

New Collage: Editor A. McA Miller, Vol. 1, No.1. Another new little mag and if it maintains the standard its survival problems should be few. Poetry, prose and graphics. Subscriptions are 'encouraged' but not specified. Submissions are also encouraged and if you include a stamped, selfaddressed envelope they are returned, often with criticism. P.O. 1898 Sarasota, Florida, 33578, U.S.A.

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mond, Surrey (Annual sub. £3, incl. postage).

Confrontation 4: Not too bad at all. Has difficulty in getting the old nineteenth century Marxist jazz out of its hair, but has the marvellous 'Unanimous Declaration of Interdependence On The Planet Earth' (cf. P 10) for a centre spread. 7/6 for 6, 15/- for 12. Confrontation Press, 63A Brick Lane, E.1.

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(More on page 26)

BY a rare chance we found ourselves at both the first and the last nights of the Promenade Concerts this year. We managed to obtain tickets for the first by the simple expedient of going to the hall and buying them; the programme had been filled with modern items in order to reduce the demand for tickets but in the event the gambit was too successful and instead of thousands clamouring vainly for tickets for a fully booked concert, there were a number of empty places. Yet those who were deterred by having never heard of Messien or his music missed a great musical occasion; we came away with our senses tingling from his 'Transfiguration de Notre Seigneur Christ' and those who think modern music is all bleakness and contrapuntal exercises on the top two notes of the xylophone should give it a try. The composer appeared at the end, a genial figure in his sixties and delighted at the *rapport* he had established with the youngsters.

Another concert left me wondering why there are not more concert hall performances of Wagner's Ring operas. We heard Das Rheingold, and with my rudimentary German I was able to follow the libretto all through. It was a revelation to hear how Wagner shapes the sounds to fit the words and to realise how in the opera house one is most of the time only half switched on, for even if one knows German the words are rarely sung intelligibly, so that a great deal of the tone colour and the descriptive power of the music is missed. Since people rarely actually move on the stage while they are singing, and since few Wagnerian singers can act with much conviction anyway, not much is lost on the platform and the gain in comprehension is tremendous. It was a wonderful evening and musically the highlight of the season.

The last night was something again. Two tickets were presented

to us out of the blue and for one of us at least, who has actually heard Sir Henry Wood conducting at the proms, this was an unexpected fulfilment of a very long-standing, if minor, ambition. I don't know what foreign visitors make of this concert, I heard of one 'au pair' girl who saw it on television and assuming it was normal concert behaviour concluded the English were musically mad. Perhaps we are; as we entered the hall the arena was crowded with young people blowing tin trumpets and whistles, waving flags (including the Welsh and Danish flags), twirling fully opened umbrellas, throwing paper streamers at the orchestra as it assembled, catching paper aeroplanes as they floated down from the gallery or singing in unison, 'Why are we waiting?'. This refrain changed to the repeated plainchant of C O L . . . I N until Colin Davis entered to conduct. He takes the applause with an easy manner, knowing that we Promenaders are not exactly famous for the discrimination with which we applaud, and that tonight even if his services were replaced by the waving arms of a railway signal we should still applaud rapturously, and sail into a chorus from Berlioz's Trojans which the audience helps to sing.

Much of the occasion is taken up with what one can only call 'tribal rituals'. 'Rule Britannia' probably began as rope pulling seaman's doggerel on 18th century sailing ships, as such it was probably a good morale booster under tough conditions. By the first world war it had joined those neurotically bombastic words of 'Land of Hope and Glory' as part of our national musical jingoism. By the thirties such words had become merely sad, today they are ludicrous, bordering on fantasy, or judging from the lusty way they are sung by the prom youngsters, perhaps just a

passing joke with no real meaning, on a par with 'Lloyd George knew my father'.

Marvellously, the programme included Blake's 'Jerusalem'. If you take a straight look at the words of this lovely hymn they may be puzzling and their drift elusive, but there is a richness of symbolic utterance and imagery here which defies time, and even geography, for although Blake (who is surely our greatest national genius after Shakespeare) was writing of 'England's green and pleasant land', his meaning has a universal validity; and an avowal of a determination to build Jerusalem, especially when armed with arrows of desire and using for transport a chariot of fire, makes as much sense if you are thinking of Chicago or Dusseldorf or Delhi or Peking as it does of Birmingham. I think this is why our Women's Institutes sing this rather than anything else at their meetings. The words radiate the capacity for vision we earthly mortals have, whereas the land of hope and glory stuff, all anti-Fourth World and rather chilling egoism, reflects the mean streak in us. So if you find yourself at an English village meeting for a lecture on how to improve the quality of your home made jam, or on organising what are called 'meals on wheels' for elderly people, or just to learn about first aid or the meaning of the latest moves by the Pathet Lao, don't be surprised if you find you are getting to your feet with the rest of the audience to sing about ancient times when the Holy Lamb of God was seen on England's pleasant pastures, it has more to do with the business in hand than you may suppose, a fact of which, I am sure, Blake was fully aware.

What are we coming to? "I am going to visit a friend who teaches at my school", said my wife, "to find out the examination results of my girls". "But don't they put them up on the notice board?" I ventured. Quoth she, "Well yes, but it's all done by computer and my friend is the only one who seems to understand it".

Further down the street is a very expensive mock Georgian residence

and every one of its windows has a steel grille behind it. The effect is gruesome, as though the owner has sentenced himself to life imprisonment in a jail of his own devising. Burglar-proofing, I supposed, concluding that surely an occasional visit from a burglar might be far preferable to a permanent domestic view of the world through a criss-cross of steel bars. But I hear on the grape-vine that he is a bookmaker and that on one occasion some enraged clients who disagreed with a race-course decision when he refused to pay up some winnings they thought were theirs, discovered where he lived and one dark night lobbed some home-made bombs through his windows.

We decided to leaflet the locality about our poetry reading by shoving a notice through every letter box. This led to a number of discoveries about the area, including the fact that nearly every front door is at the top of a flight of steps and that our postmen must be very fit if they can climb that number of steps twice a day. I can vouch for that by declaring that after a couple of hours I felt a physical wreck. St. John's Wood has a reputation for being one of the choicer parts of London and parts of it certainly are, with long leafy avenues, and delightful villas in their own secluded gardens. Peace, privacy and space—these are the real luxuries of modern urban living and they have them all. But it is also an area of large blocks of flats which range from council blocks for weekly wage earners to super luxury blocks, in one case with balconies overlooking the famous Lords Cricket Ground, the apartments of which are advertised at £95,000 (\$228,000) for a 99 year lease!

The narrow side streets of terrace houses near my own front door reflect a lot by way of social change over the decades. Some are very trim, with clean paintwork, bright windows and curtains and carefully tended gardens; others look as though they are occupied by ghosts, peeling paintwork,

broken gates, rusty iron work, crumbling plaster, unwashed windows with greyish and heavily ornate lace-type curtains which together must shut out over half the daylight. It is rare to see this close juxtaposition of bourgeois and poor wage earner homes and the explanation lies in the workings of the rent act. A 'sitting' tenant today pays a legally controlled rent which just won't enable a landlord to do more than the minimum repairs to the property. As a consequence vast areas of Britain's stock of housing are crumbling into slums. It is noticeable that where the local councils build houses they are able to (and do) charge much higher rents to their tenants. The trouble is that if private landlords could charge as much as public authority landlords there is no guarantee that they would spend it on the houses. The private landlord thus now sits back and waits for his controlled tenants to move to another part of this world or to the next, in which case his property immediately increases in value substantially and he can sell for a tidy sum.

Do other countries share the penchant for naming their refreshment houses according to some chance whim to such a degree as we English? I used regularly to pass a pub named the 'Goat in Boots' in Kensington, I have spoken at an anarchist meeting in a pub called 'The Lamb and Flag', which is a common enough name as pub names go, and now I find my nearest pub is called 'The Heroes of Alma'. Like two in the country I know called 'The Woolpack' and 'The Volunteers', it says something of local history, but what? Well Alma is a town in the Crimea; there were barracks in the neighbourhood and the soldiers used this pub before going off to fight in the Crimean War. The pub is one of the few in London graced with an open forecourt and this, in summer at least, decked with flowering pot plants and trailing ferns, makes an agreeable spot to pass a social half hour.

But what to do about dogs in London? Who in his right mind would want to keep even a small one in a city? A young lady arrived as a group of us were having a drink and her four-footed companion stood well above table height and was indeed as big as a small horse. She said it was a great dane, that it was only four months old and that already it cost £4 a week to feed. I daresay that sum

would have fed a good number of the heroes of Alma and probably even now represents the monthly food budget of several Indian families. As we watched it, the genial brute turned round and wagged its tail. This gentle act sent a glass of beer spinning several yards from table to ground where the glass crashed in fragments. We were unmannerly enough to laugh uproariously, in which humour, after a distinct pause, the owner of the beer was moved to join. The publican, however, like at least one Victorian antecedent of his pub, 'was not amused'.

The Poetry Reading was, as the students say, great. So well had Mike Horovitz done his work that at one time the hall seemed to contain more Children of Albion than audience. I had not heard before Bernard Kops read his poem 'Shalom Bomb', although they say he was doing it at CND rallies when *Resurgence* was still only a twinkle in *Peace News*' eye. It too was great, one of those poems which must be read aloud and which turns one on when it is. I liked too the ironic compassion of his 'Whatever Happened to Isaac Babel?', all the more moving for the mocking note of detachment with which it unfolds. The first stanza runs,

"Whatever happened to Isaac Babel?
And if it comes to that—
Whatever happened to those old men of Hackney
Who sat around a wireless,
weeping tears of pride
At weather forecasts from
Radio Moscow."*

How well that hits off some of the insanity of our time. How well it recalls a period when people had been duped into believing that the whole progress of the human race depended on the latest Soviet production figures for pig iron. I recall being deeply moved, whilst still in my teens, by a book called 'The

*'Erica I want to read you something', by Bernard Kops, Scorpion Press, 12/6 (and Walker & Co., N.Y. \$3.50).

By - Election Candidate

Dubiously, *Resurgence* Editor, John Papworth agreed to stand in the recent St. Marylebone by-election as the Fourth World Candidate. The venture had nothing to do with Parliament, but was an attempt to contact people in the area who would help promote a Fourth World approach. Individual subscribers will receive a copy of the election leaflet with the Newsletter, and a report on the by-election will appear in the next issue.

Next *Resurgence*/New Departures

POETRY READING

Friday, Dec. 4th., 1970, 7.30 p.m.
St. Mark's Hall, Abercorn Place,
(St. John's Wood or Maida Vale
Underground), London, N.W.8.

THE COMMONWEAL COLLECTION

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Socialist Sixth of The World' which extolled the virtues of sovietism in the gentle anecdotal manner of children's fairy stories. Its author was an astonishingly gullible or cold bloodedly cynical clergyman called The Dean of Canterbury, who was a kind of left-wing Cardinal Spellman. I could die a hundred deaths of shame in remembering how I believed fervently every word of this grotesque panorama of falsehood about a country where everybody was happy and nobody was hungry. It was written and published at a time when Stalin's butchers were drowning whatever moral authority state communism had ever had in rivers of blood, and much of that blood belonged to most of the great creative minds of Russia of that period, poets, artists, playwrights, philosophers . . . the mind reels with the horrible infamy

of it all, and Isaac Babel, playwright and poet of genius, was one of that unnumbered host of victims who disappeared forever in one of those grisly Siberian labour camps which 'The Red Dean' sought to extol as *avant garde*, Billy Butlinesque, prison reform innovations.

As a Christian I am not permitted to wish that the Red Dean is now in a warmer place, but I'd like to think that wherever he is he is having regular meetings with some of the millions of Stalin's murdered innocents and burdened with the task of explaining to them how and why in the guise of a Christian minister he deceived many gullible souls like myself about their fate.

I do not think I would be moved to write so bitterly about this if it were not that a new brigade of deluded deceivers is now retailing

the same terrible tripe, this time about Mao's China. The Cambridge Economics Professor, Joan Robinson, is a typical example. Her recent Penguin book on China strikes exactly the same old note of earnestly blinkered misinformation as she sweetly ignores the butchery, the bloodletting and the overcrowded prisons of what passes in China for a cultural revolution. Perhaps people today are too sophisticated to fall for this treatment; I hope so, especially as the review I wrote of this tendentious, rose-tinted rubbish was couched in such angry terms that members of our Group who saw it persuaded me not to publish it.

But to return to the Poetry Reading, it was such an enjoyable evening that I am sure by the time these words reach you we shall have held one or two more and if you are old

enough to still think of poetry readings as drawing room occasions where ethereal young men indulge a very select company of quite the most eminently respectable people with delicate little trickles of sweet nothings you've got an awful lot to learn, besides having a treat in store.

* * *

Ralph Schoenman seems to have come off badly from Bertrand Russell's posthumously published memorandum on the subject of his former Secretary. Ralph's assertion that the document is in some respects a forgery is absurd, the whole thing is pure Russell and a Russell whose great age had clearly not begun to distort his powers of expression or perception. I liked particularly Russell's confession of the effect of Ralph's capacity for skilful use of flattery as a means of gaining his ends. It had the same effect on little me; hearing I was visiting the USA, Ralph came to see me with a number of proposals that involved the setting up of an international peace newspaper, a 'free' peace radio, and a Foundation for peace study and activity. It all had the backing of such breath-taking personalities as President Tito and the Queen Mother of Holland (or was it Belgium?) and in ten minutes Ralph had banished all my doubts about who would control the people who controlled the 'free' radio,

and similar disquiets, and filled me with enthusiasm for the sagacity and practicability of the scheme, as well as the conviction that I had only to step off the boat for six figure dollar cheques to start showering upon me for the cause as they now seem to shower upon pop stars. This state of euphoria lasted almost until I had crossed the Atlantic and was only finally dispelled when I called on a very hard bitten political lady of the Marxist persuasion who lived above the clouds of New York with the support of a skyscraper. "Huh", she snorted, handing me back some of Ralph's printed matter I had been showing her, "you take me for a sucker or something?"

Russell's memorandum still leaves the extent of his dependence on Ralph undefined. When I first met Ralph he was a teacher in Hampstead and was causing the school authorities some distress by wearing grubby jeans and sneakers, and by encouraging the children to use his first name. I used occasionally to act as Russell's chauffeur when he attended demos or spoke in Trafalgar Square about this time, and it must have been soon afterwards that I sent Russell a letter about Committee of 100 policies. In it I urged that protest was unlikely to be very fruitful in stopping war and that we should turn our attention to the structure of the societies that were producing war to see if they could be restructured to

produce peace. Russell replied in a negative manner and to the effect that we should concentrate on the immediate situation and not get lost in long term considerations. Meeting Ralph some days later and wanting to sound him out, I mentioned I had received a letter from Russell. Ralph gave me an impish smile and said, "I know, I wrote it".

I don't recall a man of such persuasive personal friendliness coupled with such a degree, when the mood took him, of the nail biting aggressiveness of the infant frustrate. He once gave me a graphic description of how he had been brutally beaten up by four wardens at Pentonville Prison, and when I was in Brixton Prison with him I found myself marvelling with some reluctance at the courage of his truculence in his dealings with the wardens there and marvelling too at the passivity with which they took it. He may spoil some good causes by the way he goes at them, even when he creates them. But if there is to be any criticism let it be tempered by gratitude for the sheer vitality of his response to the nuclear bomb and other perils, perils which leave so many others passive, somnolent and only half alive.

The last time we met was in the central courtyard of the Sorbonne during the May Revolution of 1968 (do we have to date it now?). I recall little of our conversation but by a quirk of memory I do recall

Things...

The Green Revolution: Founding Editor Mildred J. Loomis. Began as a homesteading, back-to-the-land paper, but recent issues show a broadening of interest to contiguous politico-economic spheres and community building, which greatly enhances its general readability. 35 cents monthly or \$4 per year, Rt. 1, Box 129, Freeland, Maryland, 21053, U.S.A.

People's Action: Editor Radhakrishna. Indispensable for information on current developments in Gandhian thinking and Gandhian work in the Indian sub-continent. 21/- per year from Sarva Seva Sangh, 6 Rajghat Colony, New Delhi, India.

SINC: Information Service of the Catalan Nationalists. Available (in Spanish) from 68 Crest Rd., London, N.W.2.

Environment: The organ of several American environmental groups. \$10 per year (students \$7.50), 438 North Skinker Blvd., St. Louis, Missouri, 63130, U.S.A.

Celtic League Annual: Editor Frank G. Thompson. A wide ranging compendium of the affairs of the six Celtic nations (can you name them?). 21/- post free from 9 Bothar Cnoc Sion, Baile Atha Cliath 9, Eire.

Peace News: Still the liveliest, best informed and least dispensable peace journal around. 1/- weekly, 5 Caledonian Rd., London, N.1.

Your Environment: Pinpoints the main areas of concern; what every citizen ought to know about factory farming, defoliants, supersonic transports, oil pollution and the rest. 30/- per year (four issues), 10 Roderick Rd., London, N.W.3.

Africa Digest: Editor Jane Symonds. A useful monthly round-up of news from Africa. £2 per year (student £1), 2 Arundel St., London, W.C.2.

Other Scenes: Editor John Wilcox. Has now resurfaced as a national mag. after about a year underground. One of the most readable of all the counterculture productions from America, with plenty of material on the alternative society. \$6 per year from Box 8, Village P.O., New York, 10014, U.S.A.

Inter Discipline: Executive Editor H. C. Rieger. The Quarterly Journal of the Gandhian Institute of Studies. 30/- per year, Box 116, Rajghat, Varanasi-1, India.

Journal of the Soil Association: Editor Robert Waller. Devoted to exploring the vital relationships between soil, plant, animal and man. Published quarterly for members (minimum sub. £3 per year includes SPAN), Walnut Tree Manor, Haughley, Stowmarket, Sussex.

South African Outlook: "An independent journal dealing with ecumenical and racial affairs". This incredible outpost of radicalism is just 100 years old! 17/6 per year, Box 363, Cape Town, South Africa.

Voluntary Action: Editor A. C. Sen. Another Gandhian journal, this time

of the Association of Voluntary Agencies for Rural Development, and consequently of a more academic and theoretical approach. Publishes articles of considerable interest to sociologists and economists and is often a useful indication of the difficulties encountered by voluntary agencies in promoting rural development. 1/6 per bi-monthly issue, 7/6 per year, A.23 Kallach Colony, New Delhi, 48, India.

Sarvodaya: Editor N. Ramaswami. The title is Gandhi's translation of 'The Welfare of All' which in turn was his rendering of the title of Ruskin's 'Unto This Last'. Covers much the same ground as 'People's Action', but P.A. is from Delhi, whereas Sarvodaya, which is a digest and pretty wide-ranging, is published in the deep South, and if the distinction is lost on you it is not lost on India! 15/- per year (and a life subscription costs only £5!) from Thanjavur, Tamilnad, India.

Communes: Journal of the Commune Movement. Gives the practical details, and problems, of setting up communes, including a lively correspondence from individuals and groups. They also have a new, separate, one-time **Directory of Communes.** Journal 3/- bi-monthly from BIT, 141 Westbourne Park Road, London, W.11.

Global Tapestry—Peace freak issue: Editor Dave Cunliffe. Lively; do-it-yourself and vegan emphasis. 3/6 (75¢) pp or 4 issue sub. for 12/- (\$3).

(More on page 23)

Contributors

(Continued from page 2)

LEOPOLD KOHR, a frequent contributor to *Resurgence*, was born in 1909 in Austria and studied at the Universities of Innsbruck, Paris and Vienna. He has lectured and broadcast extensively in North America, and was Professor of Economics at the University of Puerto Rico until this year, when he moved to the Department of Extramural Studies at the University of Wales, Aberystwyth. His book, *The Breakdown of Nations* (1957) was reviewed in *Resurgence* of Sep/Oct. 1967. He recently delivered the Conway Memorial Lecture in London on the theme, "The Breakdown of Great Britain".

PAUL MATTHEWS has had poetry published in many places—recently in 'Children of Albion' (Penguin) and the *Michigan Quarterly Review*. Some poems are due to appear in

the new Corgi anthology, 'C'mon Everybody'. A small booklet of his poems, 'No Other Sun' obtainable from 'Exit' Publications. Another of his poems was published in *Resurgence* for March/April, 1969.

GEOFFREY OSTERGAARD spent several years in India doing research work and studying the working of the Sarvodaya Movement. He is now Senior Lecturer in Political Science at the University of Birmingham. He is co-author (with A. H. Halsey) of *Power in Co-operatives* (Blackwell, 1965). The article here is reprinted from the War Resisters International booklet on Gramdan, published for the Gandhi Centenary. Next spring his study of the Gramdan movement (co-authored with M. E. Carrell) will be published by The Clarendon Press, Oxford, under the title *The Gentle Anarchists*.

S. L. ROBINSON was born in London in 1904. He spent his childhood and youth in East Suffolk, and has lived and worked in Mid-Gloucestershire from 1920, latterly as smallholder

and land worker. He is now retired and lives on a pension.

JOHN SEYMOUR is much travelled in Africa and Asia. In India he gained first hand experience of the Khadi (handweaving) movement, and became convinced that civilisation was not possible in a world dominated by giant industry and materialism. On returning to England he took up smallholding in Suffolk and is now seeking to reclaim seventy acres of neglected land in Pembrokeshire. He is the author of numerous books on travel and on his Gandhian philosophy and he has written articles for the *Geographical Magazine* on Glencolmille, The Farka Development Movement (S. India), The Community Project Scheme (N. India) and The Rural Development Movement in Ceylon. He last contributed to *Resurgence* with "A New Kind of Man" in March/April 1968, and it was Leopold Kohr's "Wales Free: The Politics of Permanence" (*Resurgence* July/Aug., 1970) which prompted him to write the proposals published here.