

The Turn of the Tide

by H S Addison

EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED when I sat down to write, I cannot remember. I may have fallen into a doze. But I do know that as I sat there, awake or dreaming, a page from a newspaper swam into focus before my eyes. It was *The Times* 'Review of the Year for 1968'. The double-column headline over a long leading article on the left-hand side read THE TURN OF THE TIDE? I cannot be sure of the question mark at the end, but *The Times* is a cautious newspaper; so I imagine that there was one. With feverish haste I began to write down the text that followed.

The series of announcements (it read) made by the various Ministries during the last few days are nonetheless gratifying because they were not wholly unexpected. In spite of the winter season, the unemployment figures are down again, especially in the Development Areas. The Productivity Index continues to rise. It is now clear that the Government's target of 4%, which for years had seemed unattainably high, was in fact ridiculously low.

The Chairman of the Prices and Incomes Board informed us that all wage increases have been linked with genuine productivity agreements; and these, as the Index shows, have been scrupulously honoured. In several major industries, thanks to an act of rare generosity on the part of the more highly paid workers, it has been possible to award substantial increases to the more lowly paid without running the risk of another inflationary spiral. This means that there is no longer a single worker in Britain who earns less than a living wage, or who finds himself better off without work than working. A crying social injustice has at last been removed.

The number of days lost through strikes is the lowest ever recorded. The docks, the car industry and the railways, have worked without interruption. There may be no truth in the

rumour that the Minister of Labour now describes his job as a bed of roses. But in his recent speeches there has been much more of fatherly encouragement and much less of prophetic denunciation. Most important of all, the President of the Board of Trade announces that our exports continue to soar. For once we can share his confidence when he assures us that we start the New Year with a surplus.

Taken together, these facts point to something which may be described without exaggeration, as the beginning at least of a national resurgence. What is behind it? The answer is to be found, not in the realm of technology and economics, but of the nation's psychology—or rather, to use words less fashionable but more accurate, of its faith and character.

Illusion destroyed

It has been said that the Britisher's spiritual home is the last ditch. By the end of 1967 most thoughtful people had come to the conclusion that their country was in the last ditch, and it was up to them to get it out. Successive Governments had failed to do it. Monetary techniques applied by the most brilliant team of experts that had ever tackled the problem, had failed to do it. In fact they had encouraged the illusion that a modern industrial nation can both have its cake and eat it, that it can go on working less and less and prospering more and more, that there is no economic crisis that cannot be solved by some ingenious manipulation without disturbing anybody very much. Devaluation did much to destroy that illusion. It did more than that. When a step which less than six months earlier had been dismissed as an inconceivable catastrophe was hailed as an unparalleled opportunity; when, on one and the same day, the new Chancellor assured the House that there were no strings attached to the last generous loan that had been received, and the press pub-

lished the text of his predecessor's 'Letters of Intent' on the strength of which the loan had been granted—the suspicion began to dawn that something more than the nation's currency had been devalued.

General de Gaulle's 'No' helped to crystallize the issue. It was not so much the humiliation of another rebuff. It was the reasons the General gave. Was there perhaps something in them? Could it be that Britain did need to put her own house in order first? The question had been asked before; now thousands began to take it seriously.

Something began to stir in the heart of our people. To describe it as a reaction of hurt pride would be superficial, because it was accompanied by an unwonted humility. The touchiness which fiercely resented any criticism from outside was strangely absent. Self-respect—the quality which in the '30's had preserved the national character during years of corrosive unemployment so that it stood unshaken when the shock of the second world war came—this certainly was reborn. It seemed unthinkable that we should continue to live on borrowed money when we knew perfectly well that we had only to summon the will to do it and we could soon be paying our way again.

But the new temper went deeper still. Repentance is an old-fashioned word. Many of the younger generation have never even heard it. Yet the fact remains that what was beginning to happen in the hearts of our people can only be described in old-fashioned words—words which, like the currency, had become devalued, because people had gone on using them when they had forgotten the experience for which they stood. And repentance exactly describes what many British people experienced. They began to feel that they had lost their way, they had been worshipping false

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(Above) Father George, fisherman-priest on the Bishop of Tyre's staff, takes Mackie and Porter on a tour of the fishing port. (Left) Samih el-Zein, Vice-President of the Portworkers, makes a point to British trade unionists, Ron Howe and John Pate during tour of the docks

BEIRUT PORT OFFICIALS WELCOME INDIA-BOUND BRITISH WORKERS

LEBANON'S FACE has turned seaward for 4,000 years, ever since the days the ancient Phoenician sailors first launched their ships to fetch tin from the mines of Britain. Her ports are key to Syria and Jordan as well, especially since last June's war closed the Suez Canal.

Antoine Bechara, President of Beirut's Portworkers' Union and Vice-President of Lebanon's Trade Union Federation, recently invited a group of British labour leaders to visit Beirut's port. These men were on their way to India at the invitation of Rajmohan Gandhi to help in the programme of MRA. They had taken two months from work without salary to respond to this invitation.

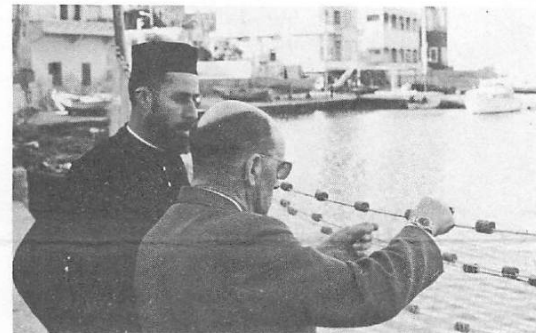
The group consisted of Jack Carroll, a Branch Chairman of the Bristol Transport and General Workers' Union; Ronald Howe, Deputy Convener of the Shop Stewards of Shell Chemicals near Manchester; David Mackie, Chairman of the Aberdeen Fish Market Porters' Committee; John Pate, City Councillor of Sheffield and a shop steward in Hadfields Steel and Alex Porter, Irish Agricultural Workers' Union.

They met the Director of the Port and various other labour and management officials during a three-hour tour of the harbour. Following this they were guests of Bechara and other union officials at luncheon.

Aberdeen Fish Porters' Chairman Mackie and Alex Porter were invited

by the Greek Catholic Bishop of Tyre, Monseigneur George Haddad, for luncheon and to meet afterwards the fishermen of Tyre and discuss ways of raising their very low standard of living.

Through these visits management and workers of Beirut's port have decided to show MRA films in the docks and in Tyre plans are being formed for a training programme for the fishermen of the area. HARRY ALMOND



Examining the nets

photos: Almond

MY LIFE IS NOT MY OWN

By MARY WILSON

*My life is not my own
So I am free,
Free from the dreary need to prove
That all that counts is me.*

*But then I think,
'My life is not my own'
And I feel bleak,
Because my own success on my own terms
Is what I seek.
I want to work it all out by myself
And not seem weak.*

*My life is not my own.
What does that mean?
Shall I be insignificant and small?
My gifts ignored, much that I do
unseen?*

*My life is not my own.
How can I care enough
To shed my all-absorbing private plans
And be aware
Of all the pain in other hearts
than mine,
Free from the desperate feeling
that I have to shine,
Free to step unfettered into the
fighting?*

*Only by letting go the pride
the pride
That keeps me permanently torn
and dead inside
And stops me being able to decide
The point of no return.*

*When I've passed that
I'll find the 'me'
That God intended all along
For me to be,
Soaring beyond the ancient hates,
Piercing the gloom despair creates
To find what all the world awaits,
Nations as God intended them to be,
United, different and free.*

The world's most important heart operation

by Alan Thornhill

Alan Thornhill, author of 'Annie', 'The Forgotten Factor' and other plays gave the following talk on Christmas Day at the World Assembly for MRA at Caux in Switzerland:

We have been following with amazed interest that bold attempt in South Africa to transplant the human heart from one body to another. We first rejoiced and then we mourned with all those people concerned. It is an amazing experience by which those men of science can prolong life for a few days, or soon, maybe, for a few years. But I want to suggest that there is a heart operation possibly

more difficult and far more important, and that is to give a person a pure heart in place of a poisonous one, a loving heart in place of a bitter one. That is one operation that needs to be performed in men and in the world on a colossal scale. To make dead people live—that's the job of Caux. To make poisonous relationships pure. That can happen. I read in the Bible the other day: 'A new heart will I give you. I will take away a stony heart out of your flesh and I will give you a heart of flesh'—in other words a truly human heart that feels, burns, cares and fights.

Christmas is the greatest transplant-

ing operation there has ever been in the world. In a way we cannot fully understand, in a way all of us with our different backgrounds explain as seems best to us, God gave His living heart to a dying world. He became one of us. He actually entered into our flesh. As those doctors put a living heart of a young, vigorous person into a feeble, dying old man and made it work, anyway for a few days, God puts a great, pulsing, caring heart into us and into humanity and makes it work for ever. The world suffers from heart disease. Its heart beats feebly. It beats feverishly. It is cold

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Gods—their computers, their cars, their own intelligences, that they had turned means into ends, that they had forgotten that man shall not live by bread alone.

The young may not have understood the words. They welcomed the experience. For them it bridged two gaps. The first was between themselves and their elders and when the older generation began to be honest about themselves, the young began to see them as their real friends instead of pious frauds. The second was between the limitless possibilities opened up by technological advances and the stubborn facts of intractable human nature. If human nature could be changed, then the young could get on with the real task which they knew lay before them. Their longing to pioneer, to serve, even to face hardship and sacrifice for worthwhile aims, has begun to be satisfied. The explosive passion which had spent itself in protest, is being harnessed to cure the hates and hurts and selfishness of men.

It was as though a tide which for years had been flowing strongly and, it seemed, irresistibly, in one direction, had at last begun to turn. To begin with, swirls and eddies on the surface betrayed the struggle underneath. Then, slowly at first, but with increasing momentum, the mighty waters of our national flood began to move in the opposite direction. The change showed itself in a score of ways.

Executive Jaguars began to appear at factory gates at unusually early hours. Board room lunches as well as shop floor tea breaks became shorter. Managers, who for years had been intoning the rather obvious truth that 'the job of management is to manage', began to consult their shop stewards before rather than after making far-reaching decisions; and found in them potential partners rather than inveterate enemies. Thousands of workers, some for the first time, began to go home with a pleasurable feeling of a good day's work honestly done. Board of Trade factories in the Development Areas were snatched up. These areas have also benefited from the influx of young doctors who feel that they should go where they are really needed. Scores have followed where a few led the way. We have begun to do what we should have been doing long ago.

Already it is obvious that a radical reappraisal of our foreign policy had become not only possible but urgently necessary. The newly released energies of the nation can no longer be content with the role of an off-shore island, preoccupied with its own comfort and prosperity. For years men who travel widely have been telling us that people in many countries are disappointed and bewildered at the spectacle of a Britain steadily abdicating 'the moral leadership' which was expected of her. The phrase has got under our skin, because although

we have always expected, and half-hoped, that there was something in it, we have not known how to give it content.

Now we are beginning to learn, because thousands of ordinary Britons are giving moral leadership in the home and in the office, on the factory floor and in the classroom. The simple truth has at last begun to dawn on us that in the nuclear age, a nation's right to play a global role—its passport to the high table—no longer rests primarily on the hardware or computers or even on its currency, but with its capacity to deal with the apathy, the divisions and the hates which frustrate every effort to realise the promise of a new world

At this point the telephone bell rang. When I got back to my desk, I could no longer summon up the picture of that page in *The Times*. I recall that there was something about the role of the Commonwealth and about an idea whose time had come. I even seem to remember that the names of Mr Kosygin and Mao Tse-tung appeared somewhere as well as that of a Dr Buchman, who it seems had sowed the seeds way back in the '30's.

And as I read what I had written, I asked myself, 'Could this really happen?' And the answer came clearly. 'It can happen. It must happen. Sooner or later—sooner rather than later—if those who have learnt the secret are faithful and go all out, it will happen.'

The Bleak World of Edmund Leach

by Dr Donald Robertson FRCS Ed
Senior Lecturer at Edinburgh University

IF YOU HAVE EVER been tempted to toy with the humanist idea of driving God out of our schools and public life, read with care the recent Reith Lectures. If you cling to the idea that moral standards are unnecessary or irrelevant because Man is merely an intelligent ape, savour the searing bitterness of Dr Leach's philosophy. If, from his mechanistic world, you turn with disillusion, you may consider this quotation: 'None can love freedom heartily, save good men; the rest love not freedom but licence.'

You may feel confused after these six lectures. You may even have doubted the scientific discipline of our speaker. If so, you are not alone. *The Times* in an editorial said: 'Dr Leach displayed a taste for generalisation that would make a journalist blush, and at times a disregard for consistency.'

Inconsistent

Men are gods. No, men are machines. There is no right and wrong. But to build an airport on Aldabra would be wrong, totally wrong. You may think that Leach is generalising wildly when he speaks of the family and morals within family life. Perhaps he should consider the words of his teacher, Bronislaw Malinowski, probably the greatest authority on social anthropology, who wrote this: 'Anthropology when it talks about marriage has a bad name and deserves it.' Also, 'Sex and freedom of sex have become important subversive forces. They have been adopted almost as the insignia of revolutionary attitudes by the new generation who spiritualise promiscuity and regard old-fashioned morality as the last entrenchment of repressive taboos and prejudices.' Many are caught up in this stream of thought who ought to know that their words will be used for subversion, whether or not that was their intention.

Any who have read the work of Ian Suttie* will have a happier and truer view of family. He sees it as the com-

munity in which the growing child learns to accept and give affection. From this comes adult poise and maturity and hence acceptance of true freedom with happiness.

Dr Leach is also aggressively derogatory towards education and medicine. He talks of the 'drudgery of schooling and not much else'. He speaks of schools, of passing on tradition and compelling conformity at a time when education in schools is changing more rapidly than ever before. Mental hospitals to him are places 'where men of unorthodox views are compelled by force to conform to the majority view', and where there is 'imposition of such discipline by force.' This at a time when nearly all inmates of such hospitals are voluntary patients.

He also criticises the objectivity of the scientist and seems wholly to misunderstand it. Because of this he fails to assess the errors of Lysenko, Soviet plant geneticist. The pursuit of truth is of the essence of science and it involves our testing and retesting of opinions to be sure they are true to the facts however inconvenient these may be. As Lister wrote once, we are duty bound to correct errors previously published if we find them to be so. All doctors, educators and scientists know and accept this. Here Lysenko failed. He forced the facts to fit his political theory which, in fact, they did not.

Cynicism repels

This does not mean caring nothing about the application of fresh truth to life. Consider Pasteur and his passionate desire to solve France's problems and save the economy. Think of Alexander Fleming who, year after year, dedicated his life to finding an effective substance to cure disease and did so. Incidentally, these are the men who inspire youth to espouse science. What repels them is cynicism.

It is in the field of value judgments that pessimism speaks most unhappily

in these lectures. We are shown youth and age, black and white, class and class, bitterly arrayed in communities of hatred. It is a materialistic view, unlovely, hopeless, bleak and empty. If we accept it, we must leave the world with the words quoted by Lord Reith on the same day as the lecture:

'On that hard pagan world
Disquiet and secret loathing fell
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.'

Is that the end? Only if God is dead and human nature cannot change. Here Leach falls into a common error that to know right from wrong involves self-righteous condemnation of others: 'Zeal to do right leads to the segregation of saints from sinners and the sinners can then be shut away out of sight and subjected to violence.' This, of course, has on occasion happened when those who claimed God's insight turned away from a life inspired by it.

Release science

The truth lies elsewhere and 'the truth shall make you free.' What is that truth?

'The truth is the choice in your
heart and mine
The choice between good and evil.'

This, then, can transform the Bleak World of Edmund Leach for we can choose to care, to accept love and give it freely, to end bitterness, to illuminate education, to inspire medicine, to release science from fear by accepting an experimental way. This is the way of listening to the inner voice or the voice of God and moving forward swiftly to create

'A wonder world of science
Built to God's command.'

This Edmund Leach has yet to find. This series of experiments he has yet to perform. He could if he so desires.

* Ian Suttie, psychologist and author of the well-known book, *The Origins of Love and Hate*.

ETHIOPIAN AUTHORITIES BEGIN 12-MONTH CAMPAIGN

THIS CHRISTMAS Ethiopian authorities in Eritrea began, after careful preparation, an intensive programme of Moral Re-Armament through film shows and public speaking.

At the invitation of His Highness Prince Asrate Kassa, Governor-General of Eritrea, 500 of the leading citizens of the Province attended the official local inauguration of Moral Re-Armament in the auditorium of the Haile Selassie Secondary School. The distinguished audience included the Lord Mayor of Asmara, the Orthodox Archbishop, Moslem dignitaries, every senior administrator, all the senior military and police officers above the rank of major, industrial, business and trade union leadership, students selected from senior classes of each school in Asmara, and the Women's Association executives.

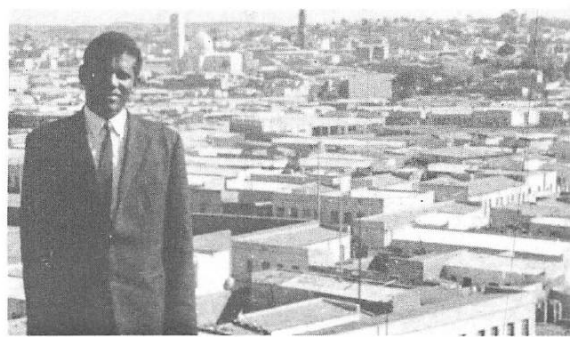
The Director-General of Education was in the chair and introduced the film *Freedom*, a full synopsis of

which had been translated into Amharic and Tigreinya for everyone to follow and take home. Outlining the twelve-month programme ahead, he appealed to everyone present to give a personal lead.

Teame Mebrahtu, on the staff of the Teachers' Training Institute, said, 'Ethiopia's rightful role is to serve as the cornerstone of African Unity. We, the youth of the world, need to transfer our loyalty from materialism to Almighty God—to stop being phoneyes and start living straight.' He went on to translate into Tigreinya the speech of James Baynard-Smith, an Englishman who has been invited to Eritrea for one year to assist in the launching of the MRA programme.

Requests for film shows and talks were afterwards made by the Army, Air Force, Rotary, Lions, City Hall and Schools.

Showings of *Give a Dog a Bone* have already included a significant occasion for a leading mixed school,



Teame Mebrahtu

both Christian and Moslem, also with a Tigreinya synopsis.

Men of Brazil showings have included one especially for industrial relations and personnel officers, initiated by the Director-General of Commerce and Industry, with a view to the film's extensive use in ports and factories. In addition a mobile film unit, with driver and projectionist, is being made permanently available for long distance work.

Conferences meet in Kenya and Swaziland

THE MAYOR OF NAIROBI, Alderman Isaac Lugonzo, earlier this month addressed the Sing-Out Harambee Africa conference in Langata. The conference's aim is to build 'a dynamic and disciplined force for continental and worldwide action in 1968.'

The Mayor recalled the three occasions when *Harambee Africa* was performed at the City Hall and said he would like this association with the City Council to continue.

Answering questions from students who had come from the three East African countries and the Sudan, Alderman Lugonzo said, 'There is a lot of jealousy and corruption. We have a lot to learn from your songs. You have a lot to do for Africa, particularly in political and public life.'

Thanking the Mayor, the conference Chairman, Fred Owino, until last week headboy at Alliance High School, said the students had 'decided not to rest until we answer hate, hun-

ger, greed and corruption and play our full part in the development of this continent.'

The 70-strong cast of *Sing-Out Africa*, the Harambee musical demonstration, gave performances over the weekend to invited guests, who included Eliud Mahihu, Provincial Commissioner, Eastern Region, whose daughter is one of the cast.

Sing-Out Uganda, before arriving for the conference in Nairobi, videotaped a 30-minute TV programme for screening during the East and Central African Heads of State meeting in Kampala.

The Director of the Uganda National Theatre is planning further performances of *Sing-Out Uganda* in the City Centre Jubilee Park when they return from Nairobi.

At another conference in Swaziland Dr William Nkomo, a founder of the African National Congress Youth League, gave the opening address. He

told the young men and women from Swaziland, Lesotho and South Africa, that the future of Swaziland lay in the application of the absolute 'standards of honesty, purity and unselfishness'. Swaziland needed material aid but the decay of civilizations had come not through the lack of material things but when men had chosen 'a decadent morality.'

'The time has come,' he said, 'for us to live as a great people in a great continent. We have tended to feel that if we are educated and have acquired the material benefits of the West, then all is well and the future of our continent is assured. But there are certain things which last beyond material things, which can make sure that our continent will exercise leadership for all time. This conference is significant, because here we learn to distinguish between the things that will last and the things that will perish, and to lay sound and lasting foundations for our continent.'

After Nkomo's address nine young Africans from Swaziland, Lesotho and South Africa said they were dedicating their lives to rebuilding Africa.

'Give a Dog a Bone' on Christmas television

PETER HOWARD'S PANTOMIME *Give a Dog a Bone* has already been viewed in 32 countries.

On 23 December it was screened by Television Malaysia in Kuala Lumpur.

This was preceded by radio broadcasts on both home and overseas services (in Chinese) containing interviews of R D Mathur and B Jonzon. Mathur was one of those responsible for bringing *India Arise* to Europe earlier this year.

Aid East of Suez

The children's radio hour had a programme of songs from the film.

Malaysia's Information Service is helping organize screenings of *Give a Dog a Bone* through its mobile film

units, adapted rolling stock on the railways and boats.

The film embodies the kind of aid that is in demand East of Suez and South of Cyprus. In Singapore, the Chief Inspector of Schools said, in introducing the film to his 600 head teachers, 'How can we give our children an ideology? We need to give them a central theme, a kind of ten commandments.' In Rhodesia the film was shown at Christmas on Salisbury TV and on Bulawayo TV.

MRA Productions announced this week the release of the film for public exhibition in Britain. The Classic Cinemas Ltd are presenting the film in the Grafton Cinema, Dublin, and the Classic Cinema, Nottingham, for six days each, starting on 1 January.

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when it ought to be warm. It rages when it ought to be calm. Now our job and the meaning of Christmas is to give that strong steady, life-giving beat to the world.

Apparently the human body can resist and reject a new heart. It can fight against the very thing that is keeping it alive. That is exactly what the world is doing now. The world is rejecting the one thing that is keeping it alive. But we can accept, and as we accept we can learn to give our hearts too. It is a great thing, we don't have to be dead before we give our hearts. In fact, to tell you the truth, we only live if we do. That is what Christmas is all about.

Supposing we could discover how to plant a new heart in management and in labour, in the black and in the white races, in North and South Vietnam, in France and Britain—all in the course of 1968. What a New Year it would be for all the world.

DELHI STUDENTS VISIT INDIAN MPs IN DOOR TO DOOR CAMPAIGN

NEWS of recent anti-English riots in Delhi has reached the world's press. The University was closed ten days before the end of term, because of student agitation. But while the students' campaign of bus and car-stoning continues, a far more revolutionary group of students is now at work in the city. These students have seen the futility of blaming the Government, or some other group, for the country's crisis. They are committed to making India clean, united and strong, starting with themselves and their colleges.

Money raised

In one of the women's colleges, the student president and others held a film-show of *Give a Dog a Bone* for over 500 girls. The money raised was used to send a copy of the *India Arise* pictorial, together with a letter signed by 17 students, to the vice-chancellors of the universities throughout India. The magazine pictures a force of Indians at work changing the living, thinking, conditions and aims of the Indian nation and the world.

In another college the film *Mr Brown Comes Down the Hill* was shown, and this time the money was put towards a distribution of the pictorial to the 800 MPs of India. The letter accompanying the magazine has been signed by 22 students.

Door to door

These same students, along with others from the Modern School, are now taking part in door-to-door-visits to MPs, selling the pictorial and discussing with these men how the stories of change described in the pages of the magazine can become the common experience of the Indian people. The MPs have responded to the students' initiative and active concern for their country. One Congress candidate suggested that the Indian Government should finance MRA in India and offered to contribute himself. Two Communist MPs have plied the students with questions and ended by buying the pictorial. A Congress MP said, 'In Gandhi's land you are the only ones who are following in his footsteps.'

GEOFFREY WILLIAMS

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London SW1**

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