

## **IDLE THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE WRITER**

**Not having posted on my website for more than a week here are some thoughts about what I might have written. It is my current list of concerns.**

My recent experience has, once again, been of the NHS. For me it is a mixture of dedicated professionalism, under funding, a clash of values between the workers and the government and patients moving from anxiety to thankfulness. I have much to be thankful for. Or have I just ended a sentence with a preposition?

I really want to write about the totally disgraceful attacks upon Corbyn by racists who seem to have imposed upon mass media a twisted meaning of the word Semitic as well as a false history, a belief that a religion is a race and the notion that the suppression and killing of indigenous people is fine by our government as long as the British arms industry makes a profit.

I want to write about the destruction of education particularly in England, by what I can only describe as a thicko government.

I want, again, to write about doing government without politics. While Ada was fighting for her life I kept relatively sane by writing 23k words on that. For me that is a fundamental issue. It is at the back of so much mishandling of government, including Brexit. We are not citizens. We are subjects! Is that what we wish to be? And I am fed up with the misunderstanding of Left and Right Wing. To be on the left means wide participation. To be on the right means that most of us are excluded from making decisions. That is why I place both Blair and Militant Tendency on the right.

I am, however, surprisingly optimistic. Why? I have no absolute answer. And of course I could easily be deceiving myself. Perhaps it is because I believe that imperfect humanity is so much more fulfilling than perfect inhumanity that it might catch on. Forgive me for repeating myself but when I stood up to speak at the dinner to mark the end of Liverpool University's work in Israel and looked around the table at, in particular, a Palestinian former student who became a key colleague the first words that came into my head were...."It was all about love, wasn't it?" I believe it was.

To love is to be human. To love means a wonderful imperfection. Who are the love objects of far too many of our politicians? Themselves! We are better than them!

**Written on the 21<sup>st</sup>. September 2018, as the Labour Party Conference is about to get underway in the fascinating City of Liverpool.**

**Cliff Jones**