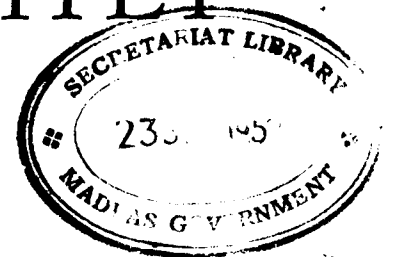


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TO the average reader of the newspapers who takes a mild interest in the progress of aviation, 1949 will stand out as a year in which the British industry has made an immense step forward to find itself well in the forefront of aeronautical developments. And generally speaking, he will be justified in his conclusion, for this year has witnessed the emergence of new types of British aircraft, both civil and military, which are in advance of any produced by our foreign competitors in the industry. Nevertheless, the idea of a single, unrelated stride between one year and the next would give a wrong picture and do an injustice to those thousands of men and women—policy makers, directors, designers and operators—whose vision and painstaking work over a period of years, has borne such magnificent fruit during the past twelve months. One of the greatest possible misconceptions about the business of producing aircraft is the notion that a new type of aeroplane or aero engine can be engendered and brought to maturity in a year or two or three. A single prototype, yes, but the prototype is but the first step in a long and often weary journey until the new type is in series production and can take its place in the squadrons or on the airlines of the world. And, thus, the material achievements of this year are but visible witnesses to the foresight and the unwavering determination not only of the producers, but of the ministries who control the production policy and, in many cases, foot the bill for all the complicated development work involved.

The aeroplanes which were to be seen for the first time at the display of the Society of Aircraft Constructors at Farnborough last September were, for the most part thought out and put on the drawing board several years ago. The appearance of some of the more sensational of them, in all their beauty of form and speed, earlier than similar aircraft of other nations is a triumphant proof of the fact that our wartime concentration on rather conventional types of military aircraft did not blunt the genius of our designers or handicap our ability to take advantage of the possibilities inherent in the jet engine and in new constructional and navigational techniques. Indeed, though, owing to the fact that their industry was able to go on producing civil types of aircraft during the war while we concentrated

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account of a searching criticism of the logical consequences of its economic theories such as Mr. Thomas offers ; but no honest critic of the Labour Party can doubt that, for it, the preservation of political democracy has the primacy even over its economic Socialism.

In fact, what the Labour Party is committed to is to discover—by trial and error—how much economic socialism is compatible with the functioning of a democratic society. That, when it is established by actual experience, can fairly be called “democratic socialism”. Nothing else has a shadow of right to the title. In so far as the Labour Party is pursuing this aim—and there is no reason to doubt it—it is justified in calling itself socialist *and* democratic, and to object to Mr. Thomas’s criticism that Socialism is incompatible with democracy : that it applies only to an abstract Socialism with which the Labour Party is not concerned.

From this point of view, the present economical and political crisis is the first phase of an effort, which will probably go on for many years to find a working compromise or synthesis between Socialism and democracy. The conflict is not between Socialism and political democracy. With an exemplary loyalty to the principles of constitutional government, the country as a whole has accepted the socialist government as the King’s government ; and the socialists, in turn, have put away all thought of maintaining themselves in power by the extra-constitutional means at which some of their theorists used to hint. The conflict is between the exigencies of Socialism and democratic rights which are not strictly political—chiefly, the right of the trade unions to negotiate freely their own terms of work, and to withdraw their labour in support of their claims, and, secondly, the right of the individual worker freely to choose his own job. The latter problem has, at the moment, fallen rather into the background, because the former has become more urgent : but they are only two aspects of a single problem.

Unfortunately, the political picture is complicated by the fact that it is not clear that the demand on the trade unions to accept a standstill on wages, which they are finding it so difficult to accept, comes from the Government because they are a socialist government. Any other government, in the present crisis, would have to make the same demand. The only line of argument which can put the blame on the socialist government as such is one which makes them solely responsible for the policy of full employment and the costly social reforms of the last few years. That is disingenuous. For the policy of full employment and the social reforms were both accepted by the coalition government. All that the opponent of the socialist government can honestly say is that they have gone too fast and too far ; and that, when it became evident that the economic situation was

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more serious than anyone had anticipated, the Government refused to slow down. But that is not enough to put the whole blame for the conflict between national necessity and trade union rights on the socialist government. Hence the obvious embarrassment of the opposition. They cannot disown the fundamental policies which the Government have operated. As Sir William Harcourt said a half-century ago : “We are all Socialists now.”

It seems therefore to be true that the conflict between the trade unions and the socialist government is not a conflict between them and Socialism, as such, but between them and any possible government of the country to-day. It is a particular form taken by the conflict between the almost universal demand for, or willingness to accept, a maximum of social justice and the brute necessities of national existence. The standard of living of the nation as a whole must be reduced, because we are consuming more than we produce. The trade unions, in effect, demand that they should be exempted from this reduction. And that is impossible. To exempt the trade unionists of the country from a reduction in the standard of living imposed on the community as a whole would only mean that the rest of the community would have an absolutely crushing burden imposed upon it, by means of a runaway inflation.

The trade unions now step into the rôle which the capitalist was reputed to perform by the socialist theory. In order that their profit-margin shall not be reduced, the wages of the rest of the community must be forced down, and social justice can go hang. If this were persisted in, the rest of the community would have no alternative but to form itself into a trade union against the new profiteers.

That makes nonsense, not merely of the Socialism of the Labour Party, but of the semi-socialism which is common ground to all political parties to-day. The attitude is retrogressive in regard to the “socialism” of the community as a whole. To the detached observer it is an extraordinary paradox that the trade unions, which have from its beginnings provided the sinews of the political Labour Party, should take up an attitude which is the sheer opposite of its professions and policies. But the most die-hard opponent of Socialism cannot be detached enough to rejoice over the contradiction. It is to the interest of nobody in Britain at the moment to prove that Socialism (of the British variety) will not work : for it is tantamount to proving that Britain and the British system of government will not work. The problem of persuading the trade unions to adopt another attitude is the problem of the country as a whole : and since there would appear to be much more chance of their being persuaded by the political leaders whom they themselves have chosen than by their political opponents, it is to be hoped that their leaders will succeed. This may be a fallacy, and it may be that in fact the

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trade unions would take the necessary "No" more easily from their political opponents than from their friends. But at any rate it is certain that unless the attitude of the trade unions is changed any further advance of democratic Socialism in this country is chimerical, and a good deal of the advance that has been made will be lost.

But the paradox of the situation compels us to ask a more fundamental question. Do the workers in the trade unions really desire all the social reforms that have been lavished on them? That there has been, all along, a discrepancy between the political leadership of labour and the trade unions is now manifest. May it not be that so long as it appeared that there was a substantial reserve, which could be tapped by taxation of the upper and middle classes, out of which grandiose social reforms could be financed, the trade unionist was content that his political leaders should demand them on his behalf; but that now that it is apparent that he himself will have to help to pay for them, he begins to be restive? Admittedly, social reforms of such magnitude involve a vast transfer of wealth to the "working class" from the other classes. Admittedly, too, a large-scale transfer of wealth is demanded by social justice, and the working class have now the political power to insist upon it. But is a grandiose programme of social reforms the form in which the workers really want the wealth transferred to themselves? Would they not like it better if tobacco and beer were half the price they are, and they were free to press up wages as far as they could get them? Perhaps they have been led into the welfare State as into a Sunday school, and they do not want to be the good boys they are required to be.

I do not know: but as an employer of labour in a small way I have been impressed by the indifference of workers to some of the most costly social reforms, both in themselves and because of the manner of administration. There is an elemental antipathy between the workers and the officials. The benefits of the welfare State, when they finally reach the worker, have lost most of their abstract glamour. And most of the workers I know would gladly swop the lot for two packets of cigarettes and two pints for the price of one, and a slightly higher wage that they could spend themselves.

The question is important. It is at least conceivable that democratic socialism, even in the form in which it is accepted by both political parties, is out of touch with the real sentiments of the working class; and that this may be the explanation of the paradoxical position of the trade unions to-day. What looks like stupidity or even an attempt to sabotage their own political leadership, may be a declaration that they do not think the welfare State worth paying for in hard cash, or extra work. In other words, State benefits may not be a valid social incentive with them.

It is easy to say that the remedy is education. But that merely

means that the workers ought to understand that the advanced welfare State is worth paying for. It is possible to be educated and still to reply "No". Social justice may take a variety of forms: the advanced welfare State is only one of them. It is at least possible that it is not the most congenial to the working class.

If that should prove to be true, then some very radical adjustments will have to be made in the political thinking not only of the Labour Party, but of its political opponents, who are obviously paralysed by what they feel is the electoral danger of offering to cut the social services. But an astute Conservatism which offered the trade unions a free hand to press wage demands as far as they could in return for the dismantlement of some of the more onerous social services might be a difficult opponent for the Labour Party to meet.

On the other hand, if the political leaders of Labour have correctly interpreted the sentiments of the working-class, and it really does want the welfare State and full employment; and yet they are unable to persuade it that it must bear its part of the cost by doing the same work for less money, it is not merely Labour Socialism but British democracy itself that has come to a dead end, which will be surmounted only under the spur of an experience most unpleasant to us all. In terms of politics the emergency will be such that it can be met only by forming a coalition government. When neither side will take the risk of telling the truth and proposing to act on it, for fear of unpopularity, the only thing to be done to save democracy is to combine for the purpose.

(The author's complementary article "Socialism and the Labour Party" was published in the December 1949 issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

INDIA AT THE CROSS ROADS

I. THE DECLINE OF CONGRESS

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

MR. DEAN ACHESON'S letter to the President on the Chinese collapse contained entire passages, which, lifted out of their Chinese context, could be applied to India.* Among the many economic and political similarities none is more relevant than the rôle of China's Kuomintang and the Indian Congress Party.

Unlike in some modern totalitarian countries, where the identification of State and Party is the result of purposeful manoeuvring, both the Kuomintang and Congress found themselves identified with the State as a heritage of their past. The Chinese story proved the perils of such identification. Whether Congress, and India with it, are bound to travel along the same road will much depend on the suppression or emergence of an opposition capable of offering an alternative government to the country.

In the India of to-day the identification of Congress with the State is probably the basic obstacle to the generation of the necessary enthusiasm for building a new State under adverse circumstances. Prime Minister Pandit Nehru seems to be conscious of this : " . . . the State of India functioned as something apart from the public . . . It may be a legacy of British rule but it is clear that the State does not easily become a part of mass activity, which it should be."† This barely conceals frustration. Paraphrased, it is the admission that an instrument successful in canalizing nationalism against alien rule is not necessarily suitable for nation-building. As the influential *Eastern Economist* summed up : "The great end disappeared with the coming of freedom . . . In the two years which have elapsed since Independence Day, the Congress organization has not found any precious ideal to replace the pillar which in 1947 had fallen to the ground".‡ The journal is the mouthpiece of the industrialist Mr. Birla, reputedly the "grey eminence" of Indian politics. Why the solution of India's monumental social and economic problems does

not offer an ideal for a popular mass-movement commanding as much loyalty as the fight for independence did in the past, the journal does not attempt to explain.

Under Gandhi's leadership Congress grew into a mass-organization based on the popular common denominator of nationalism. With an illiterate and apathetic peasantry (most of the population), the more articulate members came from the ranks of the small middle-class (grouped in the few big cities) and the thin layer of surplus-producing peasantry. These two groups being poor, Congress organization always and admittedly depended on the donations of a few large industrialists and wealthy merchants. Once independence was granted and the inevitable initial frustration had set in, the middle-classes—financially ruined by inflation—lost enthusiasm and the surplus-producing peasantry, uninspired any longer by nationalism sank back into the customary isolationism which is incompatible with national sacrifice. Thus, shorn of its mass-support, Congress emerged after Independence dominated by property and tightly controlled by a rigid party machinery detached from the masses. What hold Congress maintains over the Indian people is intimately associated with a few leading personalities whose coloured prints in the bazaar still command a certain naïve, oriental loyalty but are dangerously devoid of any social or political content.

Two years after Independence this process has eaten away the popular parts of Congress organization and to the men in the street has changed its crusading stature for an impersonal political instrument of big-business and dictatorial rule. A no less conservative organ than the *Times of India** summed up the prevailing mood thus : "In one word the Congress has lost touch with the people, their emotions and their problems, thanks to two years of office at the Centre and of a larger number of years in the Provinces. Opportunities for profiting from public positions have come the way of most Congressmen, and it will not be ungenerous to state that a larger number of these former servants of the people have benefited from them . . ." (either Congress returns to its old ideal of service, or) . . . "reconciles itself to the passing of an organization which to-day has come to be identified with government, corruption, nepotism and authoritarian rule." The scramble for positions, corruption in high and low places and nepotism on the part of Congressmen are the talk of the bus-stop and the cocktail-party all over India. Public scandals involving prominent Congressmen, accusations and proofs of bribery, are poisoning the political air and have gravely damaged the prestige of Congress organization in West Bengal, Madras, Bihar and, to a lesser extent, in a number of other

* As cautious an organ as *The Statesman of Calcutta* remarked editorially on August 10, 1949 : "Asian countries previously backward are facing new conditions, many not dissimilar to China's . . . Some may be tempted to apply the lessons of the Kuomintang's failure even nearer home . . ."
 † In his speech of October 3, 1949, in New Delhi.
 ‡ New Delhi, July 15, 1949.

* July 14, 1949, by "Candidus."

provinces. The inefficiency and corruption of rationing, shameless and largely unpunished hoarding and the reaping of huge illicit profits rapidly deepen the frustration of the population. Even the legendary figures of the heroic, fighting days find their halos paling. "The speeches of even the two biggest figures in the Congress are not now being taken at their face value; people are asking everywhere for proof"—wrote the *Eastern Economist** referring to Pandit Nehru and his deputy Sardar Patel, and lamenting the weakening of this last link of oriental hero worship that Congress had with the impatient Indian masses.

These are but a few voices in the rising anti-Congress chorus. From organs less devoted to Congress more outspoken objections might be quoted. In all fairness, however, one ought to recognize that these are merely expressions of impatience by a vocal and argumentative people untutored in the traditions of civic co-operation and largely devoid of social consciousness. The malaise of India lies deeper.

In largely illiterate and backward countries political loyalties revolve round personalities rather than any fundamental principles of political philosophy. The influence of Gandhi, two years after his death, and of the men associated with him, on the thinking of Indians could not be over-estimated. Gandhi and the Indian people united in greatness for a brief period when their mutual instincts corresponded to the political needs of the hour. One represented the other. Gandhi the vague aspirations of the Indian people and the Indians the way of thinking of the Mahatma. To quote an intelligent Indian observer: "Indians have a split personality, a psychological complex, born out of centuries of political subjugation by an alien power . . ." (there is an) " . . . emotional crisis which overtakes every cultured Indian in this struggle with an environment which is a strange mix up of the primitive and the modern, the superstitious the philosophical, the parochial and the cosmopolitan. And there was the same split in the teachings of Gandhi. What and still is, living is his great advocacy of non-violence and classic leadership against foreign oppression. The dead and regressive side of his personality and teaching was the obscure revivalism with its spinning wheel, village industries, nature-cure and the rest of the synthetic mythos of Hindu culture. Pre-Gandhian leadership of Congress was essentially secular. His leadership, beside investing the movement with moral grandeur, also threw the veil of religious mysticism around the ordinary, hard economic and political facts of 400 million people. The majority of Indians who were genuinely anxious to contribute to the liberation of their country had to

* July 15, 1949.

† S. Ramanathan : *Gandhi and the Youth*, published February 1947.

accept "the other half", the mystical and contradictory part, of their leader's teachings simply because they had no other comparable platform to express their nationalism than the Gandhian Congress. This unfortunate phenomenon—no less than a split national personality—manifests itself in every aspect of Indian national life. It led to a dualism which borders on duplicity. Under the spell of Gandhi this dual personality became a way of living and not even the effervescence of grandiloquent declarations stating the opposite can camouflage the teeming contradictions hindering India's progress as an independent nation.

Lip-service to non-violence is hardly compatible with two wars within two years, with mass-participation in massacres or with the absence of effective measures to minimize the outdated horror of the caste-system.* Reference to Hindu traditions to prove Indian indifference to material comfort is not convincing when the few Indians who could achieve wealth (more often than not Congressmen) indulge in an indecently ostentatious exhibitionism of their lavish comforts while the majority of their countrymen endure a degree of hunger, disease and filth revolting to the Western mind. Or, Gandhian teachings are unmistakably anti-technological—yet, part and parcel of the same philosophy is non-interference in the indiscriminate breeding of human beings to an extent that makes rapid industrialization imperative.† These are only a few of the salient contradictions. Intensified by Gandhian teachings they have conditioned the way of thinking of most Congressmen and exercise their paralysing influence on the daily actions of India's Government. The problems entailed in governing India after centuries of foreign rule are staggering enough to tax the ability of any government. A society that refuses change in a dramatically changing world is doomed to go down amidst the fireworks of pious slogans and phrases invoking ideals which are known to be unattainable. Surrounded by dynamic change over the borders, inertia is not curable by bureaucracy.

The chief influences on Asia in the twentieth century are nationalism, the desire to raise living standards, to secure equal opportunities and, finally, the impact of western political ideas. Of these the first is distinctly anti-Western and, with the exception of the last, all of them may be imagined among the attractions of the Asian brand of

* The legal abolition of untouchability remains largely on paper. Apart from the few big cities nothing effective is done to minimize the unspeakable degradation resulting from this system. The extreme nationalistic right-wing R.S.S. openly stands for the "revival of ancient Hindu culture" including presumably the maintenance of the caste system. R.S.S. members were recently granted the right to seek admission into Congress.

† Every ten years India's population increases by as much as the total population of Great Britain yet semi-starvation over large tracts of the country exists almost permanently. The religious sentiment encouraging large families without regard to the father's financial position, is not countered by any teaching or propaganda and the few individuals trying to introduce birth control methods find little if any governmental encouragement.

Communism. The last therefore is of special importance from the Western point of view. On its relative valuation may depend the choice between the implementation of Western liberalism with drastic economic reform, or the acceptance of the communist one-way street for the sake of ruthless speed and efficiency in economic transformation. It must be realized, however, that preference for Western ideas in politically thinking India is tied to a handful of personalities, only a few of whom have nation-wide appeal, and nearly all of whom are of advanced age. Most of these who, by their upbringing, are wedded to Western liberal methods and ideas are, unfortunately, associated with the leadership of the Congress Party. Should people finally turn away from Congress in frustration, they will also lose their only remaining link with Western political influence. The only alternative seems to be if the very few Western-educated potential opposition leaders receive the necessary encouragement to try their hand at government and to carry out quick and radical reforms. Otherwise, as in the case of Kuomintang or a number of other Asian countries, an outgoing and degenerating political party will remain in the eyes of the masses identified with Western methods and ideals. It is the dividend Western imperialism is paying to Asian Communism.

The present, however, should not blacken the credit side of the two-years' balance-sheet of Congress rule. The halt of communal violence which ravaged the country in 1947; the mere continuation of administration after the shock and turmoil of partition; and the gradual integration of the Princely States into the Indian Union are the chief achievements. Unfortunately the debit side is much longer. Most observers are rightly surprised that while endless debates and mountains of energy are spent on seemingly irrelevant issues, little or no advance is visible in the laying of foundations for a better health service, the training of doctors, the welfare of children or the improvement of the social condition of the population. Few people are convinced that the Indian Government has done a fraction of what was rightly expected to eliminate mass-illiteracy, the greatest obstacle to any progress. Dilettantism characterizes the half-hearted measures to cleanse the administrative system or to train experts for administrative or technical key positions. Above all, students of Asian trends must be shocked to see the absence of any serious attempt to solve the all important land question; to carry out land reforms worthy of the name or to rid the world's most exploited agricultural worker from the double curse of the money lender and the *zamindar*.

In the basic problems of food, housing, health and education there is bungling and inefficiency. "There is too much planning and too little development. While official blueprints pile thick as the fabled

leaves of Vallombrosa there is little, if any, evidence of active and co-ordinated effort."* No doubt, time is against Congress. The sands of initial enthusiasm have run out and the opportunity to turn the spirit of sacrifice into nation building energy has been wasted. There is dangerous talk that "it was better under the British." Frustration is deepening and a groping search for alternatives is in progress. In a number of by-elections the formerly automatic victory of Congress was reversed. In an increasing number of cases the combination of opposition votes, though disunited for the time being, often add up to majorities. India's new Constitution† promises general, adult franchise to some 188 million, mostly illiterate, people whose understanding of national issues must be rather limited. That the totalitarian tendency in Congress should be becoming stronger as its chances in future elections become weaker is not a surprising development. It might even be welcome should it come hand in hand with an energetic change within Congress itself, heralding higher efficiency, less corruption and more government in the interest of the majority.

Instead, under the Public Safety Act, British-inherited and now invoked against Congress opponents, more political prisoners are believed to be filling India's jails than at any time under British rule.‡ The number of public scandals of corruption, bribery and nepotism are multiplying and the centripetal tendencies in the provinces cast forward the shadow of movements which, in the long run, may threaten the unity of Congress-ruled India.

After the mid-June by-elections in Calcutta where, notwithstanding confident Congress expectations, the violent critic of Congress, Sarat Chandra Bose, had won hands down against his Nehru-backed Congress Opponent, Congress leaders were openly worried. It was regarded by commentators as "a straw in the changing wind." Pandit Nehru, with his customary candour, declared in one of his "thinking aloud" speeches: "If we cannot revitalize Congress we must dissolve it in a dignified manner rather than allow it to disintegrate by stages." Not so Mr. Birla's *Eastern Economist*. Reviewing the Calcutta shock and ruling out all political alternatives as impracticable, it declared: "The Congress must find a positive creed and, if it should fail to find it quickly, nothing, not even the tremendous prestige of Mahatmaji . . . can save it from decline." And added: ". . . whether we like it or not, there is no welcome

* *The Times of India*, October 25, 1949.

† Adopted in the Constituent Assembly, November 26, 1949.

‡ India is not the land of statistics, and estimates of the number of political prisoners range from 50,000 to 200,000. Besides communists, occasionally socialists and trade union leaders are jailed and held without trial for long periods.

alternative to Congress rule.”*

Since these soul-searchings half a year has passed and events seem to prove that the point of view of Mr. Birla's mouthpiece and not that of Pandit Nehru is winning. It is precisely this understandable conviction in one's inalienable right to rule that makes lack of real reforms coupled with growing oppressive tendencies in Congress so dangerous for India. C. R. Das and after him Subhas Chandra Bose have tried to avoid disloyalty to Congress by attempting to change it from inside. Pandit Nehru, though his sincerity and motives are beyond doubt, demonstrates with every speech he is making that he is doomed to repeat the failure of his predecessors. His sensitive idealism is too fragile a weapon to persuade men like Sardar Patel or Mr. Birla, or to grapple with the paralysing contradictions in his entourage of non-violent philosophers and opportunist traders and industrialists.

India has been low on the ladder of history for about a century. Two years are certainly not enough to rectify this tragic situation. But two years are certainly sufficient to prove whether there is regression or the groundwork for progress. This is where Congress rule stands condemned in the eyes of the Indian masses, impatient to obtain their overdue share of human progress, and in the eyes of the progressive world anxious about the future of one fifth of humanity.

(The second and third articles by the same correspondent : “ Is an opposition arising in India ? ” and “ Will India take the China Road ? ” will be published in the February and March issues of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

* July 15, 1949.

SUGAR

BY GEOFFREY NUNN

THE talks in London between representatives of Commonwealth sugar producers and Departments in Whitehall were a continuation of those which took place in August between the Ministry of Food, the Colonial Office and deputations representing West Indian producers, the Government of Jamaica and the Trade Union movement of British Guiana. There is a connection, not likely to be readily appreciated by the public in this country, between these talks and the recent reduction of our domestic sugar ration. In August the West Indian delegations asked for a guarantee that the United Kingdom would buy agreed maximum tonnages of their sugar crops in each of the next ten years. They asked also that the prices to be paid to them should be freed from the leading-strings of the Cuba-controlled “ free ” world price, of which more later, and fixed periodically by a committee on which they and the British Government would be represented. The discussions ended without achieving any firm conclusion for, while the Government let it be known that they were prepared to give Commonwealth producers a guaranteed market at reasonable prices, they would not be committed to a ten-year contract without first consulting other Commonwealth producers (notably Australia, South Africa, Fiji and Mauritius) and importers (notably Canada). We are concerned here mainly with the case for guarantee and price safeguards as seen by commercial, agricultural, political and public opinion in the Caribbean colonies. They do not, however, claim for themselves anything which they do not consider should be conceded to other Commonwealth producers.

The reduction of the sugar ration was unavoidable, since to fill our needs even on the present ration we have to buy some dollar sugar. If, however, successive British governments had taken a different course with colonial sugar producers (and particularly with those of the Caribbean area) over the last twenty years—to go no further back—they could by now have been shipping enough sugar to this country every year to make us independent of dollar sugar. The British Government has, of course, to ensure for the British housewife a regular supply of enough cheap sugar to meet her needs—including sweets and other products of the confectionery and catering trades. They have, nevertheless, a duty also to the sugar producing colonies, to which have been given pledges of economic, social and constitu-

tional advancement which must be honoured—and honoured quickly.

In the period between the two wars the price of sugar was controlled by the amount which Cuban producers were prepared to accept for that portion of their crop which was not bought by the United States of America. Cuba enjoyed a unique position in the American market, in which the prices she received were so favourable that she could afford to sell the remainder of her crop each year to other buyers at a price which was entirely uneconomic from the point of view of other sugar producing countries. This state of affairs, though advantageous for the British consumer, was disastrous for the sugar colonies, of which the chief are the British West Indies and the Caribbean area in general, whose sugar industry is their mainstay. (Sugar exports amount to 53 per cent. of the total exports of Jamaica, 62 per cent. of British Guiana, 89 per cent. of the Leeward Islands and no less than 91 per cent. of Barbados.) The advantage to the British consumer was, as things have now turned out, ephemeral. As soon as a "dollar gap" appeared the system crumbled and special measures had to be taken, involving an unnecessary drain on our limited dollar supplies, to provide this country with enough sugar to meet even the present austere ration. The disaster to the sugar colonies led directly to the West Indian riots of 1938.

Under the depressing influence of the Cuban position, in the ten years before the second war the price of sugar fell continually and ultimately was so low that the sugar industry of the Caribbean, in spite of help from imperial preference, was brought to the verge of bankruptcy and the whole area was thrown into social and economic chaos. In order to survive, the industry was forced to live at the expense of its own future and at that of its labour force. Wages were depressed to a level which amounted to a scandal. Adequate depreciation could not be provided, with the result that essential improvements in field and factory had to be deferred.

During the second war sugar prices rose, but to an extent which, after covering the increased cost of bags, fertilizers, wages and so on yielded only a modest profit, from which it was still quite impossible to make up for the long depression of the inter-war years; Government control, in the seriousness of the times, ensured this effect.

Since 1945 the system of controlled prices has been maintained, but costs have continued to rise. Stimulated by the Colonial Development and Welfare Acts, wages and welfare costs are now higher than ever, although wages are still low by any desirable standard. The cost of materials and supplies likewise continues to increase from year to year, mainly because of the lack of balance between the trade of the sterling and dollar areas. The industry is now frequently required by the British Government to obtain its supplies, and the consumer goods which its labour requires as an incentive to greater

efforts, from the United Kingdom or from other "soft" sources which are seldom the cheapest and not always the most appropriate places from which to obtain them. The result is that the prices which have been negotiated annually since the war have still left an insufficient margin for improvements in agricultural practice, for the replacement of obsolescent plant and machinery, or for expansion.

The West Indian riots of 1938 led to the appointment of the West India Royal Commission under the late Lord Moyne. They also turned the eyes of all politically conscious elements in other colonies to the West Indies, to say nothing of those of the traditional critics of British colonial policy in other parts of the world. Put thus on their mettle, the British Government produced the Colonial Development and Welfare Acts of 1940 and 1945 and, by so doing, were committed to the only social and economic policy which can make sense of their constitutional policy: the raising of the earning power of the colonial peoples, with a view to creating sound economic foundations for self-government.

The effect of all this was to commit sugar producers to higher wages and increased expenditure on the welfare of labour. It has also made it more than ever incumbent on them to reorganize so as to be able to play their essential part in restoring the economic position of the Caribbean, if the British Government's own policy both in the economic and constitutional field is not to be frustrated.

Since 1945 the British Government have taken the lead in fostering a federation of the Caribbean colonies. Local opinion sees this as the first step towards dominion status and it is mainly for that reason that the idea of federation—which only ten years ago aroused no enthusiasm anywhere but in Whitehall—now receives the support of people in power all over the region. The efficiency and—what is more important—the sincerity of British colonial administration is on trial. Sugar is not *in vacuo*; any discussion of it becomes at once a discussion of the whole sweep of British colonial policy.

In terms of practical action, the policies, represented by the Colonial Development and Welfare Acts, by the new constitutions of Jamaica and Trinidad and by federation, mean a new and a fair deal for Caribbean agriculture. There are two sets of difficulties: those which require action in the colonies themselves (anti-soil-erosion works, irrigation schemes and the like) and those which require the initiative to be taken outside the area. This initiative can only be provided by the British Government and must be directed towards stabilizing the prices to be paid to the producer so that he can plan ahead to improve his product and expand production. It involves also determined action by the British Government—if necessary internationally and certainly within the Commonwealth—to prevent fluctuations in the demand for and the prices offered for prim-

ary agricultural products, on which the stability of the level of employment in every colony—and nowhere more so than in the Caribbean—ultimately depends.

Thus, in seeking a ten-year guarantee and in asking that prices shall be safeguarded, the Caribbean colonies are thinking in terms of stability not only for the sugar industry, but for the whole region. At the same time they are arguing a case which is fundamental to all colonies whose economy is based on agriculture.

If their case rested there, it would be unassailable. But there are other considerations which strengthen it. The first of these is that nothing that is now being suggested by the West Indians runs counter to the principles of the International Trade Charter—an important point in these days of dollar deficits, the Truman doctrine and self-help by the non-dollar countries. Moreover, the principal traditional importers of West Indian sugar are Great Britain and Canada. So far as the United Kingdom is concerned the case for the guarantee and the price safeguards rests on the proposition that, given this encouragement, the West Indies alone could produce for export over 1,000,000 tons of the 1,900,000 tons which, assuming freedom from rationing, this country will require each year within the next ten years. By so doing the sugar producers of the Caribbean would be making a substantial contribution to the solution of the United Kingdom's own economic problems.

As for Canada, the producers' case for a steady share of that market is based on her predilection for a steady share of the export trade of the British Caribbean. Canada is not particularly anxious to buy Cuban sugar, for Cuba is not an important buyer of Canadian goods. Moreover, it may be assumed that Canada will not wish to risk the loss of a valuable export market merely in order to obtain sugar at a price which is uneconomic from the point of view of the producer in an area in which the greatest possible amount of goodwill was built up, largely by Canada's own efforts, during the late war.

In September 1948 Sir Stafford Cripps told Parliament that Government purchasing departments in this country would be prepared to guarantee long-term contracts for periods up to ten years for the purchase of colonial agricultural products and the raw materials of British industry. That fact alone should lead to the hope that the one point outstanding between the British Government and the West Indies—the period of the guarantee—will now be conceded. It is not as though the British taxpayer was being asked to dip into his pocket merely to subsidize an inefficient industry. It is economic conditions over which it has no control that handicap the colonial sugar industry. It is in fact in many respects the most efficient and best organized of all colonial agricultural enterprises.

COOKS AND BROTH IN MALAYA

BY DOROTHY CRISP

THE waterfront of Singapore is exactly like a film set. There is nothing behind it of what it represents. An irregular line of large Western buildings, offices, banks, town hall, cathedral and hotel, stand, almost treeless, in the swooning, wet heat. Behind them, abruptly and startlingly, presses the swarm of Chinese houses which is the vast bulk of the town of Singapore. Victoria Road reeks of joss sticks, curry, fried rice and Asiatic humanity. Lloyd Road is the home of Filipinos, Indians and Chinese. Orchard Road, which arrives eventually at Government House, is a name that hangs quaintly indeed over the Asiatic shops which line it.

And the Malays are in evidence in Singapore only as the police force, and because their language is the lingua franca of the place. One must cross the Causeway, which joins Singapore Island to the mainland, and traverse the long peninsular of Malaya if one would really learn something of the Malay, who lives in the close community of his vital Mohammedanism, closely pressed by immigrant Chinese neighbours.

Across this jumble the influence of the Japanese has recently trailed. These are its practical effects: people say to one: "Oh, you can't go to Malacca by train. You could have done before the war, but the Japanese took the railway," or, as a man said to me in Kuala Lumpur: "I'm so sorry you have had to walk up four flights of stairs in this heat. Most good of you. We had a lift, of course, but the Japanese took it and we haven't got the new one yet."

Mentally, the effects are puzzling in their contrariness. Unquestionably the Japanese made themselves completely detested, and the many post-war converts to Christianity are certainly initially accounted for by a train of thought beginning: "If life under the English is so different from life under the Japanese, there must be something in the religion the Englishman professes." It is a practical illustration of the dictum: "Religion is caught, not taught," and it is bitterly ironic that this should happen at a time when England is so largely forsaking the doctrines which have taught her so much. It was not until I attended one of the early services at Singapore Cathedral on Easter Day this year that I saw enacted something like the scrum to get into a football match to gain entry to a church.

Each communion service had multi-coloured crowds kneeling out into the porch.

But the other thing the Japanese did was to shatter the unquestioned faith in white supremacy. Malays in remote kampongs (villages or small towns) have put the inquiry to many a white man: "You did not keep the Japanese out of Malaya, Tuan. What do you think you can do if the Russians come?" So that some in the East are beginning to follow us in things spiritual at the very same time as they have all begun to scoff at our leadership in things temporal; a paradoxical reversal of what many have believed to be the qualities and functions of East and West.

Certainly in the realm of practical affairs our genius for constitution-making deserted us after the war. Malaya suffered sorely at the hands of the British Military Administration. We were all geared to invade Malaya and Japan threw in her hand just ten days before the invasion date. It is beyond the capacity of human nature to change a vast human machine in ten days from the project of conquest to that of a peaceful return.

After the B.M.A., came the almost disastrous MacMichael project, and now we have militated against the deepest need of Malaya by confusing the issue of leadership. What Malaya needs above all else at this moment is integration, and her races and their interests are so diverse that only strong English leadership can hold out even a hope of integration. In this situation, we have now set up political divisions, and made it difficult to say with which of His Majesty's representatives real leadership should lie. We have made Singapore Island, an island the size and shape of the Isle of Wight and with under a million inhabitants, a separate colony with its own Government—Governor, Colonial Secretary, Attorney General, Solicitor General, Treasury, Public Relations Office and the whole bag of tricks!

We have made the mainland into a federation. The Sultanates meet in legislative council at Kuala Lumpur under the High Commissioner for the Federation of Malaya. And we have also created a third, a new dignity, the High Commissioner for South East Asia, at present Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, a man of imagination who must, however, be careful not to infringe on the dignity of the two Governments. He is building an enormous collection of offices just outside the town of Singapore, but resides at Bukit Serene on the mainland. Fewer cooks, in my opinion, would make a clearer broth. And we should clear the broth, if only because by far the greater part of the ferment in Malaya to-day is our unintentional making.

When Sir Stamford Raffles (long before he was knighted!) broke his heart for years, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, over the project of obtaining for the British Empire what was then the

sparsely inhabited mud flats of Singapore Island, he simply had a strategic aim in view. Malaya as the chief economic prop of the British Colonial Empire, which she became in this century, could never have entered his mind, for it was not until we smuggled the rubber tree from Brazil to Kew Gardens and thence to Malaya, fifty years after Raffles, and made the vast plantations of rubber trees, that Malaya became rich.

As soon as that happened the Chinese, with their capacity for sustained hard work and their avaricious love of personal property, came down by barge and anchored in Singapore River, or filtered down through Siam. The Malay went on living his rural life, largely undisturbed. Tamils arrived from Southern India to work on the estates, but the Chinese far outstripped all other immigrants both in numbers and in ambition, and the Malay in the nineteen-forties has suddenly awakened to the fact that there are almost as many Chinese as Malays in Malaya, and that only in the State of Kedah, to the north-west of the peninsular, are there now more Malays than Chinese.

Into this situation, in 1941, came the Japanese war, and in the scramble into which the Malayan campaign degenerated on our side, the only people left behind the Japanese lines were men who knew nothing of Far Eastern politics. They got in touch with the only armed bands behind the Japanese lines—Chinese irregulars who were in fact a cross between highwaymen and ideological communists. The handful of remaining British showed these men our arms dumps and taught them to use the arms therein. When the R.A.F. dropped thousands of military packages into Malaya from Ceylon in 1945, preparatory to invasion, the Chinese gangs profited again, and therefrom sprang the armed banditry of 1948, very loosely and sporadically led by agitators who filtered down through the Siamese border or landed in small boats on the coast.

The "bandits" in Malaya are all Chinese and, in so far as the movement is intelligent, the Chinese want the British out of Malaya, because, as a Malay put it to me: "If the British left Malaya at noon, by five o'clock it would be a Chinese country and we Malays would be the bandits." That is the situation in a nut shell, and though Russia—through Harbin and at long remove—has doubtless fished in troubled waters, her direct share in the attacks on planters in Malaya has been no more than that. The attack has been confined to planters, and one of the most important of them gave me two per cent. as the number of those who have been attacked.

It must be remembered that four-fifths of Malaya is still almost unoccupied jungle. Our vast rubber plantations have changed the face of the country for miles deep beside the roads, and the padi (rice) fields of the Malays provide the contrasting cultivation, but

there are great tracts of jungle which have never been cleared and bands of secondary jungle, that is, jungle encroaching on land which has been cleared.

Before the war Government marked out land for Malay reservations and in various ways attempted to prepare order for the future, but while the Malays with their close and all-important family system, their regular religious practice, and their belief in The One God have a sense of order as well as an easy-going, tractable nature, the Chinese have been accustomed to civil wars and disorders in their own land for close on four thousand years, their religious beliefs and practices frequently defy imagination, and in China they have been accustomed to pay a form of taxation to whatever war lord was on top at the moment. This money they are accustomed to call "protection money", and the Chinese in Malaya have certainly been paying protection money to the bandits.

Another part of the Chinese problem is that of "the squatters", Chinese who have helped themselves to unoccupied land, who have built their shacks, and who simply do not understand why they cannot remain. The Government's solution to this problem is twofold; deportation of those Chinese whose connection with the bandits is proven and the slow movement of the squatters in ordered groups to ordered regions. Here again there has been by no means full co-operation from the various Malay States of the federation, each of which, naturally, wants the squatters directed to the other States.

As many squatters have co-operated with the "brigands" to the extent of shielding and supplying them, many of the squatters encampments have been destroyed and burnt by the army in its recent campaigns, and those in immediate touch with local events have had to steel their hearts, and think constantly of the larger issue, when confronted with the tragic faces of the homeless Chinese.

Their performances are incredible to Western mentality. One planter, whom I was visiting, told me that not far from his plantation was a large one owned by an English company which had not yet thought it worth while to restart and recondition its estate. My planter friend had recently observed a Chinese family living in the manager's house and some Chinese crudely at work among the rubber trees. He therefore informed the company's agent, who expressed complete disbelief but journeyed to the estate some ten days later.

The agent then found that the Chinese had simply taken possession of the plantation, in the sublime belief that he would not be disturbed, spent two thousand Straits dollars on repairing the machinery, and settled down to make his fortune.

This is the active and "get-rich-quick" mentality of the immigrant Chinese, but the Malay carries the mind straight back to the medieval

world. In many ways the parallel is close. The Malay, for instance, reads the Koran—and there are many public readings—in Arabic which he does not properly understand, very much as the Englishman of the Middle Ages said his prayers in Latin. But though Mohammed strictly forbade alcohol, Malays drink smilingly and assure one that Allah means men to be happy.

They earn five dollars, buy themselves an imitation gold ring, and then sit back. In Singapore they squat or recline on the pavement, gambling with anything from a rare pack of cards to frequent odd bits of concrete where the road is up for repairs. In the mainland they work in the padi-fields, or do nothing, with the utmost good nature. Here and there matriachy lingers to this day. In Malacca and Negri Sembilan property descends through the women.

The Malay is truly a product of his climate, with its equatorial heat and its extraordinary humidity. When I chanced to say to a Malay that my house in England was built four hundred years ago, his eyes nearly popped out of his head. "But a house only lasts twenty years," he protested. So it does in a land whose wooden huts (lacking both sanitation and water supply) rot in the damp, and whose people are too casual to keep them under repair, hard job as that would be. A woollen dress I hung in a cupboard in Singapore, and did not disturb for a month, was at the end of that time covered from neck to hem with long fronds of green fungus.

Unhappily most of the English in Malaya know more about clothes in cupboards than they know about Malays in their own houses. I believe I am right in saying that I am the only Englishwoman who has ever spent a night in a Malay hut in a kampong; certainly I am the only one who has done so with no other white person within miles. Yet such effort (and there is inevitably effort in it) is richly rewarding to oneself, which matters very little in the general scheme of things. It is also the one and only way to combat the chaos which, under the name of Communism, is so rapidly pervading the Asia of to-day, which matters very much indeed.

The welcome which the English man or woman is given in all parts of Asia to-day if he or she will go freely among its peoples, has to be seen to be believed, and those English who do so go, perform a stabilizing work, a work of integration, on which a happier century may build a new greatness.

LATIN-AMERICAN UNREST

By R. G. WALKER

DURING the past sixteen months various Latin-American governments have been overthrown by military risings, and an epidemic of revolutions has spread over Central and South America. The fundamental cause of unrest, the growing struggle between old-established minority interests and the new forces of social and administrative reform, have been aggravated by post-war difficulties which, in the case of the Caribbean countries, El Salvador excepted, have revived international jealousies and trade rivalry.

In El Salvador, the smallest and one of the two most densely peopled of the Central American republics, social conditions are less conducive to unrest than elsewhere in the Caribbean. The purely native race represents only ten per cent. of a population which is culturally well advanced. Health, sanitary and educational services have been developed during the last twenty years; communications have been improved, and the country has generally been wisely administered. Nevertheless, in December 1948, junior army officers revolted and deposed General Castaneda Castro, whose four-year term of office was due to expire in the following March. He was ineligible for re-election, and had, they alleged, convened a national assembly to alter the Constitution, and thus enable him to extend his mandate—a familiar expedient with dictators wishful to preserve a semblance of constitutional government. Another explanation, equally plausible, is that the rebellion aimed at forestalling a movement by the general staff to implant a government of extreme right elements. The new leaders dissolved Congress and formed a military-civilian pentarchy which, so far, has ruled the country without disturbance. Each of the five members is to act in turn as President.

With this exception all recent risings in the Caribbean area have had ramifications in neighbouring republics. In Guatemala, Salvador's north-western neighbour, the military rebellions of December, April and July were led by political refugees, exiled in San Domingo, and assisted, morally and materially, by the Dominican dictator, Rafael Trujillo. Dr. Juan José Areválo assumed the presidency of Guatemala in March 1945, after the resignation of dictator Jorge Ubico and the overthrow of his immediate successor, General Fredico Ponce. Dr. Areválo's leftist leanings are viewed

with disfavour by Rafael Trujillo and by General Anastacio Somoza, Nicaragua's strong man. Twenty attempts to displace him have been made by Jorge Ubico's followers in four years.

General Somoza, ex-President of Nicaragua and later Minister of War, Marine and Air, intervened openly in Costa Rica in May 1948, when he sent troops across the border to bolster up Teodoro Picado's tottering Government. The troops were withdrawn under pressure from the United States, and Teodoro Picado was deposed. In December his followers, who had found asylum in Nicaragua, invaded Costa Rica in an attempt to overthrow José Figueres, head of the military-civilian Junta. Costa Rica appealed to the Organization of American States, the O.E.A., invoking the Inter-American Defence Pact of Rio de Janeiro, and a commission of inquiry was appointed. As a result of its investigations the Nicaraguan Government was respectfully informed that it should have prevented the December movement across its frontier, while Costa Rica was requested to avoid plots within its borders against Nicaragua and other neighbouring countries.

Costa Rica, the most democratic of the Central American Republics with only 800,000 inhabitants, largely of Spanish descent, has, until recently, been remarkably free of internal strife. In April, however, another attempt was made, this time by a section of the army, to overthrow José Figueres, who was to hand over last month to Otilio Ulate, the President-elect.

Between these countries trade rivalry is intense. The small Caribbean nations live by agriculture in over-close proximity, and compete with the same products in the same international market. In each coffee is the principal source of revenue representing between 60 and 80 per cent. of the total exports, while over 70 per cent. of the trade in both directions is with the United States. Exports dropped after 1945 and the wartime demand for certain commodities practically ceased, creating economic difficulties which provoked unrest and revived international jealousies. Internal strife within this restricted area is prolonged by the ease with which defeated antagonists can escape across the frontier and continue their intrigues in a sympathetic atmosphere. Political refugees from San Domingo, Panama and Nicaragua plot against their Governments in Costa Rica and Guatemala, while Costa Ricans and Guatemalans conspire in Nicaragua and elsewhere. The International Brigade, the Caribbean Legion, which helped to raise José Figueres to power in Costa Rica, is now directing its energies against Rafael Trujillo in San Domingo, and General Somoza, the man behind the administration in Nicaragua.

The Caribbean, subject to eruptions and earthquakes, is figuratively a volcanic area too, in which many craters are maintained inactive by the restraining influence of the Inter-American Defence Pact, the

vigilance of the Organization of American States and fear of United States economic reprisals.

Haiti and San Domingo are other examples of colliding interests between small adjoining territories. These two republics, one of French the other of Spanish origin, both with a large proportion of negroid blood, inherited from slave ancestors, share the Island of Hispaniola, an area of 30,000 square miles. Prior to the American occupation of 1915-1934 in Haiti, and 1916-1924 in San Domingo, they were frequently at loggerheads and always in a state of political chaos. Comparative order has been established but mutual antagonisms persist. Like other countries of the Caribbean they export chiefly coffee, sugar and fruits, the United States being their principal client.

In February 1949 Haiti appealed to the O.E.A., alleging that President Rafael Trujillo, on the other side of the dividing line, was conspiring with Haitian refugees against his Government. Four months later, in June, members of the Dominican Revolutionary Party, refugees in Cuba, Mexico and Guatemala, sent aircraft to overthrow him. The attempt failed and President Trujillo, in his turn, protested to Washington and the O.E.A. He assumed office in 1942, was 're-elected' for five years in 1947, and has frustrated several attempts to oust him. He and General Somoza are looked upon as disturbing elements in the Caribbean. Both are alleged to have acquired immense fortunes from the exploitation of monopolies, and have many enemies within and beyond their own frontiers.

International jealousies have played little part in recent disturbances in South America. Territories are vast and interests seldom clash. The boundary questions which existed between Peru, Colombia and Ecuador have been settled, leaving only minor resentments, and the bitterness arising from the wars of the last century is almost forgotten. Political, social and economic conditions are changing, and creating problems of difficult solution in countries with limited financial resources.

Although the nations of South America became independent early in the nineteenth century no drastic alterations were made in their social and economic structures during the next hundred years. They continued, as in colonial times, to produce raw materials for exportation, and to receive manufactured goods and processed foodstuffs in exchange. Agriculture and stockbreeding remained in the hands of the big landlords. Mines and public services were exploited by foreign capital, the profits being remitted abroad. Many important commercial undertakings were also controlled by foreigners, and industry was practically non-existent. Inevitably the nation remained poor. Lack of communications and primitive method of cultivation retarded development, and the low purchasing power of

the great majority made the home market unattractive. The growing of foodstuffs was neglected, and interest concentrated on a few products of ready acceptance abroad. Good crops, coincident with a big foreign demand, produced a wave of artificial prosperity, of little benefit to the nation as a whole. Poor harvests or a drop in international prices spelt disaster in agricultural countries, while, in those dependent on mining, activity fluctuated according to the conditions ruling in other producing centres or in buying markets. Financial instability smoothed the way for political agitators.

The 1914-1918 war wrought great changes in the social and economic life of South America. Production and exports increased, and the virtual cessation of imports stimulated industrialization and weakened dependence on abroad. The dawning nationalist spirit and the demand for social and political reforms received sharp impulses. Opposition to old-established minority interests, to government by cliques, and to avowed or disguised dictatorships was strengthened.

The Popular American Revolutionary Alliance of Peru, the APRA, was formed in Paris in 1924 to create an Indian-American State, and wrest the Government from the small ruling class of Spanish descent, which represents only seven per cent. of the inhabitants. The APRA gained wide allegiance among semi-civilized Indians and mixed breeds, who comprise rather more than half the population, and a small following among the intelligentsia and ambitious politicians. Its orbit has widened steadily since the assassination of President Sanchez Cerro in April 1933 and, whatever its original aims were, it has become a disturbing force in Peruvian political and social life, an extreme left-wing totalitarian party, accused of numerous crimes.

Although considered illegal for many years the APRA obtained a majority in Parliament when Dr. José Luis Bustamante y Rivero was elected President in 1945. After the assassination of Francisco Grana Garland, conservative editor of *La Nación*, a profound reaction set in, and the old ruling class was able to regain its almost unbroken supremacy. In October 1948, following the naval revolt at Callao, President Bustamante swung ostensibly to the right and outlawed the APRA. His action failed to allay the distrust of the conservatives, however, and he was deposed a few days later by General Manuel Odria, who formed a military Junta to rule the country until order should be restored.

A few weeks later, in November, a somewhat similar movement took place in Venezuela. The President, Romulo Betancourt, leader of the rebellion which had overthrown General Medina's conservative government in 1945, was in turn deposed, and his administration replaced by a military Junta. Betancourt was charged with attempt-

ing to implant a Marxist régime and his party, the *Acción Democrática*, was outlawed.

One month after the deposal of Romulo Betancourt a fresh series of disturbances broke out in Ecuador and Colombia, where conditions have been unsettled for some time past. In Ecuador trouble has been brewing since August 1947, when Colonel Carlos Mancheno usurped the post of Dictator Velasco Ibarra and was himself thrown out ten days later. Between December and July Mancheno's followers, aided by a small section of the army, made three attempts against the Government of Galo Plaza, who assumed the presidency in June 1948. In December, also, a serious situation developed in Colombia, the aftermath of the April revolution, which began with the assassination of the liberal leader, Jorge Eliezer Gaitan. Hundreds of people were killed in the streets of Bogotá in April, and clashes between liberals and conservatives have continued intermittently ever since. In July 1949 the President, Dr. Mariano Ospina Pérez, endeavoured to conciliate the opposition by appointing prominent liberals as leaders of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies. Disturbances continued, however, and culminated in September in a riot and bloodshed in the lower house. The President then announced his intention of increasing the number of military members of his Cabinet, in order to strengthen the Government, and enable it to deal more effectively with the situation as the date of the elections approached. Serious difficulties confronted his administration after the conservatives lost the majority in both houses. Disorder and bloodshed increased in Columbia as the date of the elections drew near. A state of siege was declared on November 9. Congress was dissolved and at the elections on November 27, which the liberals boycotted, the sole candidate, the conservative Laureano Gomez, was inevitably elected. As he is reputed to be an ardent admirer of General Franco, the Spanish dictator, his election seems to promise little hope of peace. But if he continues to enjoy the support of the army leaders he is not likely to be overthrown by a revolutionary movement.

The army, in fact, is the decisive factor in all South American rebellions, and without its support none can succeed. Popular revolutions are unknown. The mestizos of the desolate Chilean pampa, the pure-blooded Indians of the Peruvian sierras, who make up 46 per cent. of the population, and their brethren in the bleak Bolivian highlands are too isolated and apathetic to revolt. Industrial workers in urban and mining centres may be roused and armed by agitators and ambitious politicians, but their intervention merely establishes confusion and does little to ensure the success of any movement.

Two factors combine to facilitate revolutions in certain countries of

South America : lack of the inherent respect for law that has been evolved in more advanced nations, and the admitted intromission of the armed forces in politics, which leads them to take sides in disputes, instead of holding aloof. Military support is invariably sought by contending politicians, and where army discipline is slack the officers are easily involved, either to restore order, suppress real or imaginary abuses, or merely to satisfy a thirst for political power, which appears to be contagious. If the army is united its action is decisive, but when divided its intervention results in prolonged struggle or civil war.

Such has been the case in Bolivia, where junior army officers formed an illegal political association, and aided the National Revolutionary Movement, the M.N.R., to depose General Enrique Peñaranda in December 1943. The nationalist right-wing Government set up by the M.N.R. was overthrown in 1946, when President Gualberto Villarroel was assassinated, and since then the 'Centrist' Administrations of Dr. Enrique Hertzog and his successor, acting President Urriolagoitia have had to face growing opposition. The M.N.R. is increasing its strength, and gaining many adherents in the army and air force, while funds and munitions are amply provided by the refugees and their sympathizers in Peru and Argentina. Rigidly repressed though it is, the M.N.R. only awaits another opportunity to rise. President Urriolagoitia's Government is supported by the liberals, social democrats and revolutionary left party but is opposed by the communists. The last took an active part in the June rebellion, when railway workers were incited to strike, and the miners were roused against the foreign mine owners, but they appear to have had little share in the more widespread, better organized rising of September.

There is no country in the western hemisphere with such fertile soil for unrest as Bolivia. The loss of her outlets to the sea in the Pacific war of 1879-1884 completed her isolation in the mountainous heart of the South American continent. Large tracts of desert in the south, and impenetrable forests in the north-east limit the area available for agriculture. Primitive processes of cultivation restrict production, and lack of inland communications hampers distribution. Home-grown foodstuffs are totally inadequate, while difficult access to the coast through neighbouring territories, across precipitous mountain ranges, inflates the cost of imports. Mining, practically the only industry, is largely in the hands of foreign companies, and minerals account for 98 per cent. of the country's exports. Bolivia is thus one of the poorest nations in South America. Indians represent approximately two-thirds of the population, and many still dwell in walled-in villages, in bitterly cold and barren regions at a height of 12,000 feet above sea level. The condition of the workers in some of the highland mines is only a little better.

Poverty is also the main cause of unrest in Paraguay, the only other

inland country of South America. The five-year war against Brazil, between 1865 and 1870, the struggle with Bolivia, which lasted from 1932 to 1935, and constant internal strife have kept the population below the million mark in an area of 161,000 square miles.

Five months after the deposing in 1948 of Dr. Higino Morinigo, who had ruled the country for eight years, his successor, Natalicio Gonzalez, was overthrown by the Colorado Party which had raised him to power. The movement was instigated by the Minister of Education, Felipe Molas, a dentist by profession, and General Rollon, Minister of Defence, who had contributed to its success by confining his troops to barracks, was appointed head of the provisional government. In February General Rollon was forced to resign, while his principal supporters, who had been decoyed to a luncheon in his honour, were placed under arrest. Felipe Molas then assumed office as President, dissolved the national congress and convened elections for April 17. As the Liberal, Communist and Febrerist Parties, suppressed by Dr. Morinigo in 1947, were still outlawed, the Colorado Party appeared alone at the polls, the few dissident votes were cancelled on technical grounds, and the jovial intrepid Felipe Molas was unanimously elected President.

Despite the unconventional methods adopted to seize power, the new President, on assuming office in May 1949, took conspicuous steps to restore democratic government. He invited the opposition parties to re-form, declared an amnesty for political offenders, announced his intention of reducing the strength of the police force and army, re-organizing the latter on a non-political basis, and appointed an all-civilian Cabinet. Either these advanced measures were considered premature in the disturbed state of the country, or other influences came into operation. Within five months of his election by the Colorado Party, led by Frederico Chavez, the same group withdrew its support, thereby forcing him to resign. The national assembly then appointed Frederico Chavez to replace Felipe Molas pending the elections which, in accordance with the Constitution, must be held within sixty days. The transfer of power was made without disturbance, by constitutional processes, and the people accepted the change of President, the fifth in thirteen months, as a matter of routine.

Frederico Chavez has been significantly described as a "Centrist Democrat", without the personal ties with Argentina which tended to bring Paraguay under the influence of General Perón. During the last year or two uneasiness has been caused by the General's interference in Paraguayan and Bolivian affairs, his uninvited backing of the latter's aspiration to obtain from Chile an outlet on the Pacific Ocean, and by the revelations of the inquiry into the plot against President Vidella of Chile in 1948. These matters are inevitably

linked in the public mind with General Perón's avowed desire to be the leader in South America.

Unrest in Latin-America has been aggravated in recent years by serious post-war difficulties. Production and exports were stimulated after 1939, and new activities were developed to meet allied needs, or to produce essential goods which could no longer be imported. Labour was diverted from its usual channels, and the shortage of workers caused an abrupt increase in wages and costs of production. When hostilities ended and normal markets re-opened many of the new activities had to be abandoned. The resumption of imports on an unprecedented scale, after six years' suspension, struck hard at new industries and quickly absorbed accumulated exchange reserves. Inflationary forces raised the cost of living between 200 and 400 per cent. and wages, although repeatedly increased, were unable to keep pace with rising prices. Economic difficulties caused general unrest, which the communists fomented.

Bolshevism expanded slowly in South America before the war, and in accordance with the programme laid down at the Montevideo Conference of 1934, continued to wear the disguise of an advanced socialist party, whose sole aim was to assist the workers. During the war, it was able to come out into the open, antagonism to its doctrines having been undermined by the Russian alliance, and its affiliation with Moscow was no longer concealed. Its adepts provoked political and social disturbances in several countries, and the growing menace of Communism aroused reactionary forces, which increased confusion and strife.

(The author, who has lived among Latin-Americans for a generation, writes from Brazil.)

FEAR AND THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION

BY H. G. NICHOLAS

ON October 14 a New York jury, through the mouthpiece of their Negro forewoman, announced that they found eleven of the leading communists of the United States guilty of conspiring "knowingly and wilfully to advocate and teach the duty and necessity of overthrowing and destroying the Government of the United States by force and violence." Thus ended one of the longest criminal trials in the history of the United States—almost nine months since it began, and over twelve months since the grand jury was impanelled to consider the indictment. Even so, to many observers, it seemed likely that the verdict marked not so much an end as a beginning. Not only did there open up an almost certain vista of appeals to the Supreme Court, but there was also evoked an issue of far more uncertain scope, namely the future policy of the Government towards the Communist Party in the United States.

To persons who resisted the facile conclusions of the Un-American Activities Committee there was good ground for doubting whether the offensive against the American Communist Party had been wisely conducted. The story of this particular prosecution almost certainly went back to the Canadian spy trials of 1944, which had understandably perturbed the American authorities and had made them anxious to ferret out any similar spy ring within the United States. With this in mind, the F.B.I. undertook a preliminary investigation. It would appear, however, that although they uncovered a great deal of circumstantial evidence, tending to implicate individual communists, they lacked confidence in their ability to prove a specific espionage charge in the courts. This at least seems the most plausible explanation of the Government's decision in the summer of 1948 to proceed against the leading members of the Communist Party's National Board, on grounds of having violated the Aliens Registration Act, and to release to the press what would appear to be a collection of miscellaneous items on communist espionage. This information, which in its timing and character would have constituted, in the stricter eyes of the English law, material for a contempt of court action, while undoubtedly damaging the Communist Party in the eyes of American readers, was certainly inadequate as a basis for prosecution. However, as events were to show, this inadequacy did not hold as a

bar to conviction under the Aliens Registration Act.

The Act in question, popularly known as the Smith Act (a deserved tribute to its most ardent advocate, Representative Howard Smith of Virginia), was enacted in June 1940, after a preliminary congressional agitation spread over the previous twelve months. Its title is misleading. It is only incidentally concerned with aliens, and registration plays only a small part in its provisions. It is primarily a federal sedition act, the first since the notorious Aliens and Sedition Act of 1798.

The United States, like any living and evolving democracy, has been continuously engaged since its inception in clarifying and re-defining the relationships between the principle of public order and the principle of freedom of speech. Indeed, owing to the explicit safeguard contained in the First Amendment to the Constitution forbidding the "abridging" of the freedom of speech or of the press, caution and a high degree of self-consciousness have characterized American legislative and judicial action in this sphere over a long period of time. Moreover, as a result of a sustained sequence of judicial endeavours, the Supreme Court has sharpened its tools of constitutional analysis and has evolved a number of tests designed to determine the precise boundaries of the legitimate exercise of free speech. The most famous and valuable of these clarifications was the famous doctrine of Mr. Justice Holmes, that before valid grounds for abridgement existed, it must be proved that the words complained of created "a clear and present danger." Thus it was not sufficient to prove that a theory logically clashed with the principles of American constitutionalism; it had to be established that it would produce *acts*, such as would constitute immediate and serious violence. But as fast as the courts sharpened their instruments of analysis, Congress was busy blunting them. The Smith Act represented, in the opinion of many Americans, a notable contribution towards blurring the distinctions established by Mr. Justice Holmes.

The criticisms of the Smith Act, apart from those who contend that it is a superfluous addition to an already adequate code, concentrate on two features. The first is its extension to peacetime of a sedition law previously confined to war, and the second is its adoption of the "Un-American" concept of guilt by association. To a European observer in the troubled times of the cold war it would seem that it is the second of these objections which carries the greatest force, and it is certainly in this connection that most of the recent apparent violations of civil rights have occurred in the United States. In the Smith Act it is made a crime for a man to be a member of an organization which is subsequently found to advocate the overthrow of the Government by force, regardless of what he himself does. With a view, no doubt, to the dissipation of any doubts about

the legality of the company a man may keep, the Attorney General has recently obliged by publishing (with appropriate reviews from time to time) a list of subversive organizations. So far the Communist Party of the United States has not made its appearance on this catalogue. One of the questions posed by the recent verdict is whether or not it is soon to appear. The judge, Mr. Medina, said that was not the point of issue. Mr. McGrath, the Attorney General, said that the verdict did not outlaw the Communist Party. At the same time many informed observers find it difficult to understand what else it could do.

A further feature of the Smith Act which its critics found objectionable was its attempt to make the mere advocacy of revolution a criminal offence even if no open *acts* were committed. It had however been hoped that this would be invalidated as contrary to the First Amendment, particularly when interpreted in the light of the "clear and present danger" principle. In instructing the jury, however, Mr. Medina addressed himself to the refutation of this line of argument, contending that it was a matter of law to be laid down by the judge whether this "clear and present danger" exists, not a matter of fact to be submitted to the jury. He contended that it was absurd to say that there must be clear and present danger of "immediate" overthrow of the Government; if it was established that a secret, Moscow-inspired conspiracy existed in the form of the Communist Party, then indisputable danger was present.

Few features of the verdict have been so criticized as this, because, it is held, Mr. Medina's interpretation overlays the "clear and present" safeguard with the "guilt by association" doctrine. Once this becomes established it is hard to see where it need stop. Whatever Mr. McGrath might say, it would naturally lead to the outlawing of the Communist Party and could easily be made a basis for prosecuting any member of any one of the Attorney General's list of "subversive" organizations. For the Communist Party as such no tears would be shed, since amongst all except its own adherents and fellow-travellers it is morally and intellectually discredited. Nevertheless, the fact that it is a political party which is being persecuted gives the average American an unhappy feeling. Without being able to define his uneasiness, he is worried at the thought that an organization, which, at any rate to outward appearance, has no more power than it can win at the polls, might be denied its constitutional right of seeking to win support from the voter. He also finds it difficult to believe that a party whose campaigns have met with no success in elections either for Congress or for the Presidency or for any State or civic office of importance should be regarded as constituting a "clear and present danger" to the Government of the United States. This doubt has been heightened by the subsequent failure of

one of the condemned men, Benjamin Davis, campaigning while on bail, to win even a sizeable minority of votes in a discontented and "under-privileged" district in Harlem. If however the menace of the Communist Party lies, not in its open assault on the affections of the electorate, but in its employment as a breeding ground and hide-out for fifth columnists, spies and saboteurs, a kind of political Alsatia, then it is hard to see what practical advantage is gained by driving it further under ground. No doubt a few of its more timid adherents will be frightened off, but one of the most characteristic features of this fanatical ideology is its capacity to attract characters who are not easily intimidated by threats of martyrdom.

And if the outlawing of the Communist Party seems a doubtful gain, the further application of the principle of "guilt by association" seems even more objectionable. Whatever may be said of the F.B.I.'s black list of subversive organizations (and in the main its catalogue is not an unreasonable one) America has been treated by its Congress, its State legislatures and its minor judicial officials to such a riot of prejudice, misinformation and ignorance approaching the bounds of criminal negligence in the application of this concept that nearly every responsible citizen feels that the time has come to call a halt. So far indeed has the concept of guilt by association gone that it is worth inquiring why it attained the ascendancy it did over the minds of a people naturally devoted to freedom of association. An obvious responsibility, of course, attaches to all the stupid and prejudiced partisans of the right who welcomed the opportunity this afforded for disposing of any of their pet enemies by fastening on them the communist label, however ludicrously inapposite it might be. But a more subtle and probably less intentional betrayal was committed on the left. Not only had it neglected, until the most recent times, to exercise a wise control over the company it kept, affirming with Gambetta (though with less excuse) "no enemies to the Left" but also, when opportunity offered, it invoked this very principle against its opponents on the right. Thus when Mr. Rogge acted as Federal Prosecutor in the 1944-1945 mass sedition trial of fascists, nazis and their American fellow-travellers he invoked a widely extended doctrine of conspiracy which now, as an ardent supporter of Mr. Wallace's "progressives", he may live to see turned against him. And it was about this time that Mr. Max Lerner, one of the ablest and most respected apologists of the American left, criticized the clear and present danger doctrine as requiring modification in the direction of an "intellectual trading with the enemy" standard. Thus groups who ordinarily might be expected to be amongst the foremost defenders of civil liberties have allowed their animosity towards the right to confuse their counsel as much as their indulgence towards Marxism has tainted their own purity. Rather belatedly a

wide band of American liberal opinion is awakening to the realization of the fact that constitutionalism is not something which can be picked up or discarded at will without seriously weakening the whole fabric of freedom.

Along with this intellectual confusion of the left has gone a steadily expanding sloppiness of language and thought throughout a wide range of American popular (and sometimes not so popular) thinking. The identification of the United States with the concepts of democracy, liberty and equality, in so far as it helped to attach to these ideas the additional appeal of patriotism may have been a good thing. No doubt, also, it helped to speed up the process by which the ignorant immigrant from the far from democratic countries of central, eastern or southern Europe learnt to lisp the syllables of the democratic way of life. But it has been bought at a price. All too often an inversion has set in by which the test of democracy, liberty or equality has been how far they could be squared with the (frequently misconceived) interests of the American State. Thus patriotism has sometimes become, as in less enlightened lands, the last refuge of the illiberal, and the adjective "un-American" has become the most damaging epithet which a new or unpopular idea can have pinned on it. Thus has occurred the substitution, all too often, of this un-analysable portmanteau concept for the ideas of democracy, constitutionalism and free expression, which have been clarified and made serviceable by a long tradition of western thought. The result has been to make it a great deal easier for both demagogues and sophists to play ducks and drakes with civil liberties. In the trial of Alger Hiss an attorney seeking to shake the evidence of a witness demanded: "Did you believe in the American way of life?" It is tempting to speculate what Blackstone or Chief Justice Marshall would have said about the introduction of such a conception into the Anglo-American system of rules of evidence. It would be tempting to carry the inquiry further, and to speculate upon the rôle of the academies in the propagation of this kind of enlightened tribalism. Without decrying in the least the importance of studying the national culture, history or literature, one sometimes wonders whether the American university, with its emphasis on courses in "American Civilization" and the like is not unwittingly fostering the same kind of inbreeding and confusion. The fact that the American tradition is a predominantly healthy, generous and democratic one does not make its inculcation an adequate substitute for the rigorous intellectual disciplines which (*fas est et ab hoste docere*) even the Marxist theology imposes on its followers. In a sense it is splendid and reassuring to the democratic world that America has this sense of mission, of being "the last best hope of earth," but unless this is permeated and refined by a constant aware-

ness of the challenges, competition and rival claims of other systems and traditions, it is liable to turn into a kind of cultural narcissism.

These are far flung, though not extravagant speculations. The immediate consequences of the communist trial will not be so long in showing themselves. An appeal has been lodged and it will probably reach the Supreme Court (though it has been pointed out that the validity of the Aliens and Sedition Act of 1798 never came before the Supreme Court at all). It would be rash to predict what the court, in its present mood, would rule upon such an appeal. It is not long since in the case of an anti-Semitic catholic priest called Terminiello, it reaffirmed the "clear and present danger" doctrine. It insisted that free speech must be guaranteed even to a speaker who "stirs the public to anger, invites dispute, brings about . . . unrest or creates a disturbance." But the court's ruling was carried by only five to four, and the minority contained some of the weightiest judicial minds on the bench. When, Mr. Justice Jackson, dissenting, warned his colleagues that: "If the court does not temper its doctrinaire logic with a little practical wisdom, it will convert the Bill of Rights into a suicide pact" he was foreshadowing the line of argument which Mr. Medina used against his communists.

In any event the Medina verdict presents the Supreme Court with a problem. Zealous as it has been in the defence of civil liberties, the court has also shown, very often, a proper modesty about intruding into the world of political decision. The communist issue is a political issue of the greatest importance, and there will be a proportionate temptation to the court to decide the question, not in its broad aspects, but on the smallest possible basis. From the Government's point of view it is hard to forecast what decision would give it the greatest satisfaction. If the verdict is upheld then it will be difficult to call a halt to the prosecution of Party members or to check the burrowing of communist moles deeper and deeper underground. If the leaders are acquitted the result is, amongst other things, a moral victory for the Communist Party of the United States, and its directors, the Cominform. Mr. Vishinsky, who lost no time in protesting against the verdict at Lake Success, will lose even less time in taunting the United States if they reverse it. It is unlikely that these considerations will find explicit mention in the judgments which a Supreme Court might pass upon the appeal. It is also unlikely that they will be entirely absent from the minds of the Justices.

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A LAMPLIGHTER IN VICTORIA STREET

BY S. L. BENSUSAN

THE Victoria Street I have in mind opened in 1819 and was a centre of vast traffic until the dawn of the twentieth century.

A little past the middle of the road I looked out on the world for the first time, a world riddled with proprieties and inhibitions. In those days near my quiet home of pleasant houses and tended gardens the lamplighter came at dusk, a striking and imposing figure who performed minor miracles with a pole that had a luminous metal top. He would walk under one of the posts, make magic passes and a moment later the lamp was shining. There was but a small area of illumination, just enough to emphasize the surrounding darkness and glow for a moment on the lean figure of the magician who, if memory serves me truly, wore the same brown ulster throughout the years. What was it he did, how did he do it? Why was he so brisk and aloof? Whence came he, how long did he labour, was it true that he returned at daybreak to extinguish the lights he had kindled before a risen sun could reveal their insignificance? These were unanswerable questions then and must so remain for time has followed in the familiar tracks and gathered up lamps and lamplighter, with all those whose ways were made bright. This was inevitable; they were grown up when I marvelled at the transformation scene for the first time and saw how dark places became luminous. For a little term a corner of my world was served and it may well be that if the old lamplighter, so dark and bearded who hurried without haste, could leave the bourn from which no traveller returns I should be the only one left to recognize and console him for the passing from service of his brass-headed pole and the oil or gas lamps that engaged his evening and early morning hours. How much he could tell me of his place in Victoria Street and of those he encountered in the dusk!

To-day I in my turn have become a lamplighter, carrying a tiny flame of memory to forgotten byeways of Victoria Street, the place where once I met greatly gifted men and women who deserve a memorial that none paused to set up. Were there not scores of poets, artists, novelists and essayists who enriched life for us in the day when we were most receptive, when we could indulge to the full in what Swinburne so finely called the noble pleasure of praising

The poet travelled far beyond Victoria Street but a single memory of him, walking briskly, closely buttoned up and alone on Wimbledon Common, belongs to those early days. No need for my tiny lamp where the great men and women of the street are concerned, Meredith, Millais, Melba, Richter, Joachim, Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle and the rest. Their shrines are still tended though the priests are passing; my lamp is for recesses where much treasure lies neglected and forgotten.

The literary renaissance of the 'nineties was the more attractive because those who took part in it had something to say and did not use a plenitude of words to hide a paucity of thought. They were charged very often with excess of emotion, the rearguards of Victoria Street's proprieties were openly hostile, but you may find more deliberate offence in one modern novel than in all the output of the period. They may have called a spade a spade rather than an agricultural implement, but they did not talk of it as a shovel dipped in blood. As I go down Victoria Street to-day, not nearly so well equipped as the old time worker in his brown ulster, I endeavour to throw a little light if only for a moment on fading records of men and women to whom I am in debt, a debt past paying, for happy hours.

Who are these whose names are barely distinguishable? First to my mind comes John Leicester Warren, Lord de Tabley, some of whose verse "printed long ago" made up the first volume of *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical*, published by Elkin Matthews & John Lane at the Sign of the Bodley Head in the brave days when I was twenty-one. The same publishers gave us much work by William Watson, John Davidson, Ernest Dowson, Richard le Gallienne ("his very name is an offence to grammar" wrote one indignant critic who could find no beauty in *The Quest for the Golden Girl*), Norman Gale, George Egerton, Kenneth Grahame, Hubert Crackenthorpe, Henry Harland, Nora Hopper, Marriott Watson, Arthur Machen, Alice Meynell, Francis Thompson, and many another. My torch shines upon one and all however dim the gleam, however brief the moment; it brings them back in their habit as they lived for some were my friends in the brief season of their high noon and others in the season of their decline when they were pleased to be remembered for what they had been and to know that they were talking with one who would not let their memory die before he followed them into the unknown.

How far did these men and women owe the fascination that they exercised, to the youth of those who listened so eagerly to all they had to say or sing? How could a later generation recapture the first fine careless rapture? They seemed to carry life and beauty with them, surroundings did not matter. A free lance journalist in close touch with all the haunts of literary Bohemia, it was my

pleasure and privilege to meet many of those I admired when they were, so to speak, at home. Because they were free and easy in their way of life one saw and heard much that does not get into memoirs. "You've just missed Oscar," said an artist destined to achieve distinction in years to come, as I entered his studio one evening, "he was quite drunk, and just sparkled." In a Soho restaurant I saw a true poet who had given his heart to a waitress; it was no passing fancy but one that coloured his brief, brilliant and unhappy career. A man who was living from hand to mouth, in spite of a golden pen, came from an editorial sanctum in Fleet Street where he had just refused a job at twelve pounds a week, in years when the pound was worth twenty shillings and income tax was negligible, remarking indignantly: "He wanted me in the office three or four nights a week!" I knew two artists, who came to be Academicians in later days, when they were selling small attractive drawings to a popular paper at a pound a piece on condition that they went unsigned. I recall another artist of parts who came to London very hungry, his work so startling that an editor said to me "Dare I publish it?" "I'm sure you dare; it's what you're here for," I assured him and he replied: "Yes that is as I see it, but I'm glad to hear your views for I shall be shot at." He was right; novelty is never welcome.

It would be ungrateful to comment on idiosyncrasies or eccentricities or even the follies of those who left my generation in their debt; I do not return to Victoria Street to criticize the writers who meant so much to me. Few people remember them to-day, their contribution to the beauty of the years in which they flourished is well nigh forgotten. Seeking admission to a charmed circle that never existed were many charlatans whose pretensions outran achievement but they have left no more than the shadow of a name. Some of the most gifted of the men I met found the struggle for life impossible save by the aid of alcohol; who shall sit in judgment? In those days the price paid for good work was not sufficient to bring even an approach to ease. Publishers were hard to find, trifling royalties were eaten up by advances. By the side of the most brilliant of the younger writers the people who had captured the public ear, the Hall Caines and Marie Corellis for example, were as stars to rushlights. Round St. John's Wood and Holland Park the producers of anecdotes in paint might look down upon young men and their movements with all the contempt that unsuccess calls for and success is so ready to distribute. To-day many of the elaborate canvases that tickled the groundlings are unsaleable and the footprints that some prosperous authors left on the sands of time are obliterated; even a lamplighter in Victoria Street can find no clear traces. But before the shrine of men and women who woke the 'nineties to music a few lamps are still standing; lamps lit by those just old enough to enter

into the spirit of a short lived renaissance. They recall brief years in which young men dreamed dreams and saw visions and took no heed of football pools or of those forms of entertainment, 'most music-hall, most melancholy,' now popular. But the liberty of the subject must be respected. We may not care to eat draff though a highly domestic animal thrives upon it, but it is and must ever be a far cry from poetry to the food aforesaid.

The lamplighter comes to the end of Victoria Street and with it to the end of a journey among dead years and memorials that still light them for him. On his study shelves Lord de Tabley, John Davidson, Ernest Dowson, Henry Harland, Willie Mackenzie and Hubert Crackenthorpe stand as pages in waiting and these do not complete the company. Even poor neurotic Frederick Rolph may claim a place, ever since the day when an editor sent *Chronicles of the House of Borgia* for review and it joined the collection of books that might not be set with the rank and file, the company to be bought by my good friend the late Albert Myers who began in Booksellers Row and ended in Bond Street, respected at every stage of his long life journey.

There are few things in which the elderly can find unalloyed pleasure; they have lost so much that a certain awareness of loss is never far away. But for those of us who loved letters and earned a living by the pen, memory of the years when the Bodley Head could be aptly termed a nest of birds in full song, is very precious. There are few to share it, presently there will be none, but what of that? A day came when the last of those who had sat in the Mermaid Tavern through its immortal hours brought a long procession to its end. We unite in paying tribute to the illustrious dead but should we leave unhonoured those who ministered to our most impressionable hours, those who were all the more to us because they never won the public ear? The lamplighter thinks that tribute is due; his one regret is that he cannot pay a just debt in full.

The Victoria Street of my youth stretches to the Strand and Leicester Square where the light of so many promising young lives flashed, sparkled and went out. The Square and the streets round it were the happy hunting ground of the Bohemians, the gifted, careless generation that feasted, fasted, faded and made way for newcomers. My lamp shines on some well remembered figures. Here is Phil May smoking, sipping, sketching; here is Leopold Wenzel who composes the music for the Empire ballets, a man whose triumph I have just witnessed. He has a first class orchestra, nearly all old men and Hector Tenent, Director of the house, has taken offence at bald heads. "This is a playground for the young, Mr. Wenzel," he says, "you must get an orchestra to match." "But, Sir," protests the maestro, white to the lips. "Take a fortnight Mr. Wenzel and don't

let me see any more old fogies. On Monday week I'll look for something better."

Now the fatal night has arrived, the orchestra has been transformed, and Mr. Wenzel is summoned to the lounge at the close of the ballet. "I congratulate you," says Mr. Tenent, "not only young men at last but better players. All my friends notice the improvement." An agitated conductor, still white, bows to the compliment and turns away. "He knows I was right," Mr. Tenent remarks, "but he hasn't the grace to admit it."

By the entrance I meet blonde, bearded Willie Clarkson, king of wig makers. "Well," he says, "what do you think of my work?" Heartbroken to think of the dismissal of his devoted players, Mr. Wenzel has received an inspiration; we did not call it a brain wave then. He has gone to Willie Clarkson who has fitted every bald head with a wig. Mr. Tenent never learns the truth and continues to boast of his improved orchestra.

In the Leicester Square section of Victoria Street my lamp shines again on Mr. Tenent; he is with a fat, florid, friendly Frenchman. "If you're free" says the Director, "come into the house for half an hour. But first meet M. Lumière of Lyons." Then M. Lumière tells me how he has invented moving pictures that can show a continuous action. We go to the lounge and look on at the rehearsal. My lamp shows the Monte Carlo express coming to the screen so realistically that for a moment I fear the auditorium will be wrecked. On the Monday night I went to the house to see the effect on the audience. When that express train appeared on the screen the people in the stalls swayed to the right or the left as though to save themselves. In that night the cinema was born.

My lamp lights M. Massé, promoter of applause; he explains his purpose in life. "You English are so cold," he says, "great artists freeze. They send for me; I arrange to have a little company to give them welcome. Even Adelina Patti was not too proud to employ me; you can see her letter of thanks." M. Massé was not only the king of claquers he was a man overflowing with human kindness. Many a poor Frenchman in Soho was helped in hours of great need by a ticket for the gallery and eighteen pence; many an artist gathered courage from applause that was readily recognized by the *habitué*.

My lamp shines on great ballet dancers looking with amused contempt upon what were called 'skirt dancers'. The greatest of the Gaiety favourites was Letty Lind who tells me that applause does not satisfy; she has "immortal longings" on her and wants to play Ophelia. But Signorina Legnani, *prima ballerina assoluta* of the Alhambra, assures me that there was nothing in skirt dancing. "I'll show you when we produce Don Juan," she promises, and gives

the most beautiful skirt dance I had seen. The American gentleman who sits next to me chewing a big cigar remarks: "Say, Sir, I guess this makes those Gaiety dames look like three cents beside a dollar."

Across the road at the Covent Garden end of Victoria Street lamplight reveals the last performance of a great *prima donna*, summoned to sing a celebrated rôle before the King and a royal party. Alas, early in the day at a luncheon party she discovered iced melon for the first time and was so fascinated that she dined on it. Dr. Thomas, who looked after the *prima donna* and has his seat by mine in the opera house, has given first aid between the acts but he cannot fight unlimited iced melon and the King, like his august mother, is not amused, though he might have been had he known the facts.

The lamp begins to flicker—it is time to say good-night and seek Victoria Street in dreamland.

DAYBREAK ON THE MALVERNS

BY GEOFFREY JOHNSON

So magically
This weeping wet of early morning mist
Implies and yet conceals the fire that soon
Will melt the height and drench with gold the valley;

So sharply waken
The scents of yesterday; so frail a web
Now hides the jewels of the dewberry mounds
And glory-glittering presence of the bracken;

So strange this fasting,
So like my far-off childhood's daybreak feeling
That food must follow as sure as light; that Love
Within the shimmering flux is everlasting.

For life becoming
And life once having been are felt as one
When the winds lift from their eternal nests,
And the last owl bewails the first bee's humming;

Nor should I wonder
At meeting my own ghost, the child who glided
With brother ghost and father ghost and watched
The Malverns break, as now, their veils asunder.

THE INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY

BY HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

IN 1931, those of us who cared about the idea of history knew that Herbert Butterfield was one of our very few original thinkers in the subject (if not the only academic one); in 1949, thanks to the radio and to the perception of whoever arranged the broadcasts, tens of thousands of non-historians know it; and the then Fellow of Peterhouse, now Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, is at last popularly acclaimed.

"The most outstanding pronouncement on the meaning of history made by a professional historian in England since Acton's Inaugural." This description of his broadcast lectures *Christianity and History* is not exaggerated praise and now that they are published in an amplified form (corresponding more nearly to the original seven lectures delivered to the Divinity Faculty at Cambridge in 1948)* their influence will continue and mould popular historical thought no less surely than did the same author's *The Whig Interpretation of History* in the 'thirties. Although in one sense, of course, the one is implicit in the other, and the seventeen years which divide them may be considered merely the necessary time-lag for an idea to make its impact on the public.

This fact makes an examination of Professor Butterfield's thesis permissible, if not obligatory, and he himself early in the lectures issues the challenge: "Our final interpretation of history is the most sovereign decision we can take, and it is clear that every one of us as standing alone in the universe, has to take it for himself. It is our decision about religion, about our total attitude to things and about the way we will appropriate life. And it is inseparable from our decision about the rôle we are going to play ourselves in that very drama of history."

In the last sentence, Professor Butterfield exposes the Achilles heel of historians, though it is difficult to be certain whether he is always full aware of the vulnerability. Because we are a part of the process which we are observing, it is impossible for history to be reckoned among the sciences. Because we view events in a highly individual way, with preferences for those sympathetic to our own natures, true objectivity is impossible. Because any one event has

more causes than we can ever know, let alone analyse, and more consequences than we can ever trace, let alone assess, it is impossible for history to be 'true' (in the sense that it is based on a knowledge of all the relevant facts) or 'valuable' (in the sense that we can deduce from it 'lessons' for the future). All history is, as Keyserling said, necessarily mythology; and most history, one may add, is mythology's wicked sister, propaganda.

No one has done more than Professor Butterfield himself in *The Whig Interpretation* to make this clear. His demolition of the view of history current for two and a half centuries was, essentially, the exposure of the absurdity of supposing that the whole historical process led up to the time and place where the observer was standing—"the whig historian stands on the summit of the twentieth century and organizes his scheme of history from the point of view of his own day." And once this is grasped, one can never again read what is still popularly known as 'history' without a faint sense of critical amusement. In *The Whig Interpretation*, for instance, the author gave one example of a view that was not then in 1931 quite eradicated, "that the Middle Ages represented a period of darkness when man was kept tongue-tied by authority—a period against which the Renaissance was the reaction and the Reformation the great rebellion," an attitude illustrated to perfection by the street-corner-orator's pronouncement: "When the Pope ruled England them was called the Dark Ages."

Now, in *Christianity and History*, he shows the propaganda element still at work conditioning the 'popular' political outlook.

In the *British Documents on the Origins of the War* the crucial volume for July 1914 contains some interesting scraps of documents—only a few lines of them in particularly small print—belonging to a class of evidence which the editors had some difficulty in getting published, and which will not be published in the parallel series of documents now appearing for the Second World War. A person who looks hard at those half a dozen lines, and broods over them until their implications simply stare him in the face, will find them so important that he must go back to the beginning again—he must re-read hundreds of pages of documents before and after the critical point, to find what they now mean in the light of those few significant sentences.

Here the operative words are surely those I have italicized. And how many Englishmen are aware of the fact which, the Professor rightly says, all Englishmen—whether governors, citizens or students—should stare at for a long time, "that at the end of the Napoleonic wars the British were so convinced that the French always would be the aggressors and the enemies of mankind that they insisted on installing a strong Prussia in the Rhineland to fortify Germany, even though the Prussians were unwilling to be aggrandized in that region and complained that it would only bring them into conflict with France."

* *Christianity and History*, by Herbert Butterfield. Bell. 7s. 6d.

Though by implication, Professor Butterfield makes quite clear the truth of the dying Walpole's remark: "Read me anything but history, for that is bound to be false," he does not sufficiently develop the consequences. Not that one blames him, for there are things which it would be unseemly for a Professor of Modern History to state explicitly. That iconoclasm must be left to the non-academics. Yet, in stating the mythological theory, he might, perhaps, have ventured a little further than he does. "Using the word myth not to represent something untrue or something which did not happen, but to typify an essential process in history," he mentions the Marxist myth ("that history works on the principle of thesis fighting its antithesis, the conflict resulting in the discovery of a new synthesis"*) and thinks it, truly enough, "a better myth or pattern to have by us than the generally accepted view of a linear development, an ascending course of progress in history" (which is, roughly, the Whig myth). He also instances Toynbee's challenge-and-response myth and the Renaissance myth—"the idea of the phoenix rising to new life out of its own ashes." But why stop with these respectable examples? Why not the British-Israelite myth? Why not find the clue to history in vegetarianism or abstention from alcohol (the Mohammedan conquests, for example) or the Yellow Peril or anything that happens to take your fancy? Since the only criterion of propaganda is its utility, or of a myth (which is metaphysical propaganda) its empiricism, why draw an arbitrary line? For it cannot be the line of 'truth'.

It is at this point that one comes to the fundamental criticism of Professor Butterfield's thesis. He includes with the 'myths' the famous picture of the 'Suffering Servant'.

It does not matter for our particular purpose whether this suffering servant were intended to describe an individual who had actually lived, or the author's autobiographical experience, or the figure of some future Messiah. Nor does it matter if the picture of the Suffering Servant is meant to denote a collective body, like the people of Israel themselves (or the people of Israel idealized) or to mark out prophetically the ideal rôle of the Church. It does not even matter if the picture owes something to a kind of pagan ritual, or is coloured by the part ascribed to the King in a Babylonian cultus. The fact that these alternative theories have been held—sometimes a number of them concurrently by the same scholars—increases the strength of the argument that here at any rate is a pattern or representation of something which is essential, something which lies at the roots of history.

Now, if the full Christian view of history is true, this particular 'myth'—by whatever temporal process it has developed—is different in kind and not merely in degree from the other myths. It is part of eternal truth and belongs to the sphere of revelation (which, I take it, is not quite what Professor Butterfield means by "essential,

* But is not this more accurately the Hegelian myth? Is not the distinguishing feature of the Marxist interpretation—even though it may be 'Hegelianism standing on its head'—its *materialist* motive and context?

something which lies at the roots of history"). For the true Christian view of history implies much more than the fact that Christianity had its origin in certain verifiable historical events and that the whole historical process is perpetually under the judgment of God. It involves the view of the Church as the Visible Body of Christ in the world. It involves the principle of particularity—the particular choice of one nation, the Jews, as the covenant nation to which the truth was revealed in a way in which it was not revealed, for instance, to contemporary Greece or Rome or Egypt; the appearance of God-in-flesh as a particular person Who was "crucified under Pontius Pilate" on such-and-such a day in such-and-such a place; and His continuation in time and place in His Body the Church, to which the promises made to the Jews under the old covenant were transferred (after the once 'Chosen People's' rejection of Him) by the new covenant.

For the first part of the way, the Jewish interpretation of history would agree with the Christian; the Mohammedan interpretation would agree a little further; the Protestant interpretation would go further still, not rejecting the divine rôle of the Church for a thousand years or so; but only what I have called the full Christian, but which others might call the Catholic and some the 'ecclesiastical', interpretation gives full weight to the relationship of Christianity and history. And basically, Professor Butterfield rejects this, and this rejection makes his thesis finally unsatisfactory. For he is caught in a dilemma from which he cannot extricate himself.

To say, for example, "I think that in modern centuries the unbeliever has sometimes even fought the churchman for what *we to-day would regard as the higher ethical end*, the one which most corresponds with the deeper influences of Christianity" (my italics) is to adopt the subjective 'Whig' view in its most blatant form. When he writes: "When I hear churchmen condemning Communism to-day and saying that only liberal democracy is admissible for a Christian form of society, I am faced by the fact that so far as I can see ecclesiastical authority at the critical moment once condemned democracy in the same way," he should have substituted 'Protestantism' for 'churchmen', for he must know that Catholicism has consistently condemned liberal democracy. And again the Whig voice: "Socialism itself comes down to us curiously tied up with secularism, anti-clericalism and unbelief. Many of the things *which the twentieth century now prizes so much* may have been born of Christian charity in the last resort, but they often had to fight the dominant voice in the Church and established their footing in history too often as anti-Christian movements." And "sometimes, indeed, as in the case of freedom of conscience, the Church has bitterly fought the world, and I am confronted by the anomaly that it was the world which stood for the

cause *now regarded as the right one* even by the clergy themselves."

Quotations could be multiplied, but it will be seen—nor, I think, would Professor Butterfield dispute it—that the 'Christian' interpretation of history is not really, on these assumptions, much more than an ethical version of liberal mythology. Standing within a democratic welfare State in the twentieth century, we look back and can endorse certain ethical maxims taught by the Christian Church; and we consider the Christian teaching is true because we have adopted it as a modern shibboleth.

But surely the Christian interpretation of history is something very different from this. To expound it fully would need a book the length of Professor Butterfield's, but the essence of it is that the Body of Christ is still in the world, is still proclaiming absolute truth and is part of the historical process in that it acts in, it judges, it suffers from and—in parts and on occasion—is corrupted by the secular context. When Professor Butterfield writes: "It is essential not to have faith in human nature" as one of the 'lessons' of history, he is writing theologically as a Christian, finding the doctrine of Fall illustrated in history. Similarly, he is writing as a Christian when he says: "We envisage our history in the proper light if we say that each generation—indeed each individual—exists for the glory of God; but one of the most dangerous things in life is to subordinate human personality to production, to the State, even to civilization itself, to anything but the glory of God." Here, indeed, he is epitomizing the Church's teaching, defining the touchstone by which every historical phenomenon must be—and is—judged by the Christian. But this is a truth of revelation, based on faith; not a 'historical', still less a 'scientific' truth; and if it is to be applied to the interpretation of history, it can only be done so *objectively* by that Divine Body which is its custodian.

"The claim has been made," writes the Professor, "that every man must have an attitude to the French Revolution—must make a decision about it somehow—as part of the stand that he generally takes in life." This seems to be as good a test case as any other for the Christian interpretation. And it is very simple. The French Revolution in intention and effect, was an attack on Christianity. As Newman put it in a memorable passage: "In that great and famous nation, once great for its love of Christ's Church, since memorable for deeds of blasphemy, there took place . . . an open apostasy from Christianity; not from Christianity only, but from every kind of worship which might retain any semblance or pretence of the great truths of religion. Atheism was absolutely professed. They prevailed upon an unhappy man, whom their proceedings had forced upon the Church as Archbishop, to come before them in public and declare that there was no God and that what he had

hitherto taught was a fable. They wrote up over their burial places that death was an eternal sleep. They closed the churches, they seized and desecrated the gold and silver plate belonging to them, turning these sacred instruments, like Belshazzar, to the use of their impious revellings; they formed mock processions, clad in priestly garments, and singing profane hymns. They annulled the divine ordinance of marriage, resolving it into a mere civil contract to be made and dissolved at pleasure. These things are but part of their enormities. On the other hand . . . they gave a name to the reprobate State itself into which they had thrown themselves and exalted it, that very negation of religion, or rather that real and living blasphemy, into a kind of God. They called it Liberty and they *literally* worshipped it."

Here, it seems to me, is a Christian judgment and that it is not the one generally made is due to the fact that the counter-religion of 'Liberty' has still so strong a propaganda-backing that it conditions many of our presuppositions, including those of the desirability of the 'welfare State' and 'liberal democracy'. One might even see in a 'Christianity' which has made terms with the ideals of the French Revolution, the parody which haunts Professor Butterfield's thesis and involves him in his contradictions, the 'Christianity' of liberty, democracy and toleration, instead of authority, obedience and charity.

Christianity and History, therefore, for all its persuasiveness and brilliance, one cannot but regard as an interim work—a development in certain aspects of *The Whig Interpretation*. It closes with the words: "We can do worse than remember a principle which both gives us a firm Rock and leaves us the maximum elasticity for our minds: the principle: Hold to Christ and for the rest be totally uncommitted." May one hope that Professor Butterfield's next and positive task will be to explore the true nature of the Rock?

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THE CLASSICS IN TRANSLATION

BY W. THOMSON HILL

HAVE the writers of antiquity anything to say to us—meaning by us the wide public who know little Greek or Latin? If so, it must be in translation (though translation may lead some at least to the originals). An old servant of the public, Dr. Scott Lidgett, after sixty years as Warden of the Bermondsey Settlement, spoke recently of Greek as “the greatest legacy of learning.” If that were so learning must offer its greatest treasure to the poorest.

Trivial reading is offered in greater volume on every hand. It has been said that some substantial portion of the public reads only the sensational newspapers and a percentage of these no more than the headlines. Those who cater for such tastes have their reward in large circulations. There is another public—and there are signs that it is on the increase—which is impatient of the reading provided for it. One of the signs is the popularity of reprints, or shortened versions, of English classics.

Translators of Greek and Latin authors have an opportunity here—may one say a high vocation? If they have derived refreshment of spirit, intellectual stimulus, a widening of their horizon, an increasing zest for life accompanied by a better knowledge of the past and a curiosity about the future, from their own classical reading, and have found there a training in clear thinking and a delight in noble language, can they fail to want to share it?

A new group of translations brings us in touch with Herodotus and Euripides, Demosthenes and Cicero, and with Prudentius, a writer of the fourth century A.D. who has a place in

history in bringing the pagan culture into the service of Christianity.* He belongs to the classical age of Christian literature; his Latin hymns bridge the gulf between two worlds, and in our own day have come back into favour. Nine of its hymns appear in *The English Hymnal* and one of them, “Bethlehem, of noblest cities” has long been a wide favourite, not easily recognized in its original “*O sola magnarum urbium.*”

The four other writers belong to universal culture. They hold their place there not through any pretence of pedagogy but by the royal right of speaking to the human heart. Herodotus wrote at the beginning, Euripides near the end of the period when Greek prose and verse reached their highest level. Demosthenes perfected those weapons of written eloquence which great oratory employs to this day. Cicero, sitting at the feet of Attic writers, himself both writer and orator, carried the tradition into the Augustan Age, and in this work† discusses the art of public speaking by comparison with Greek models.

What have these writers in common? It is indeed difficult to comprehend Herodotus in any generalization. He was the first great European prose writer; but his idiom was Ionic, not Attic. The maturity of history begins with Thucydides. Herodotus had no such precision of phrase and no such austere design. He wrote, as his opening paragraph says, to recount the “great and marvellous” actions of Greeks and Barbarians in order to preserve their remembrance from decay. But he was the first to bring genius to the service of history; the first moreover to give to history the

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support of geography learnt by personal travel.

The common quality in them all lay in a certain quickness of spirit, an eager apprehension assumed in the reader, communicated by the writer, and transmitted to us across 24 centuries. In the Attic writers, as in Cicero their pupil, the response of reader to writer was sharpened by all the arts of a perfected expression—by grace of word and phrase, variety of matter, contrast of strong emotion with quiet utterance. Mortal thrusts were given by irony and understatement; and all these elements were disciplined under a single command to a single purpose.

Let us remember for our own writing's sake that the Hellenic vocabulary, however warmed by the various idioms of scattered communities, was less copious than ours and more readily understood. The play of genius might give new meaning to old words; the words themselves were a common possession. Aristophanes indeed could burlesque them; his jesting coinages were minted from the common speech. There was no room, as yet, for pedantry. The words were chosen to drive straight home.

Whatever else it might be, such writing could never be dull. Herodotus is the born story-teller. His “marvels” are the decoration of his main theme. They give relief and variety to the grand procession of events: the rise of empires, the fall of thrones, the clash of ambitions, the overthrow of Babylon, the victories of Marathon and Salamis. Euripides purges the emotions with pity and terror, according to Aristotle's rule; his plot, in the *Medea*, is almost modern—the pathos of the foreign woman isolated in an alien setting and linked to a returned hero with no trace of the heroic left. Demosthenes scorches the self-esteem of his opponents with red-hot words.

In the translations before us Mr. Enoch Powell's *Herodotus* employs “in the main, the English of the Authorized Version,” supplemented by

a few words of later origin. This choice of language would be thoroughly unsuited to the purely Attic writers; in the case of Herodotus it preserves some flavour of his archaic turn of phrase. It may be a doubtful choice to some tastes for a translation of 1949; yet the recounting in Old Testament language of some Old Testament events gives it dignity and suggests comparisons. This is a scholarly work* as well as a beginner's book. The maps are inadequate.

The *Medea* and the *Ion* of Euripides are here translated into prose†. I have read both with heightened interest and I believe they would stand the test of dramatic performance. Poetry sings; prose speaks (in the definition of a French scholar). The prose medium is beyond question more easily assimilable to-day. In the dialogue passages in both these plays the cut and thrust is as lively as real conversation. English prose can sing as well as speak at need. Mr. Lucas uses it in this way in some of the longer monologues without losing touch with his reader's interest.

Neither the *Demosthenes*‡ nor the *Cicero* in these new Loeb volumes is representative of its author. The *Demosthenes* is the final volume with an index to the whole seven. The authenticity both of the Funeral Speech and the Erotic Essay has been denied; in the first complete English translation it was right to include them.

Cicero is represented in his earliest and last work on public speaking. He considers the origin of “this thing we call eloquence,” its practice and its importance. Both treatises are full of hints still valid.

* *Herodotus*. Translated by J. Enoch Powell. Oxford University Press: Geoffrey Cumberlege. 2 vols. 21s.

† The *Ion* and the *Medea* of Euripides. Translated into English prose by D. W. Lucas. Cohen and West. 5s. each.

‡ *Demosthenes*, VII. Funeral Speech, Erotic Essay, Exordia and Letters. Translated by N.W. and N.J. Dewitt. Loeb Library. Heinemann. 15s.

* *Prudentius*, I. Translated by H. J. Thompson. Loeb Library. Heinemann. 15s.

† *Cicero*. De Inventione, De optimo genere oratorum, Topica. Translated by H. M. Hubbo. Loeb Library. Heinemann. 15s.

THE ITALIAN LEFT, by W. Hilton-Young. Longmans. 15s.

This latest addition to the good books on Italian political affairs describes the uncertain beginnings of Italian Socialism in the second half of last century, its battles and its splits in the first quarter of this, the rise of Communism, the plight and unity of the left in exile during the dictatorship, and the revival at home of its activities and its rivalries after the liberation. As many Italians complain when they consider the process of disintegration, which has gone deeper since the author wrote his conclusions, Socialism appears to have returned to where it stood fifty years ago. This in itself makes a dull story, but Mr. Hilton-Young sets it against the more colourful background of Italian history and politics, and lights it with the brilliance of his pen. As a result, the reader's interest does not flag, and this is no mean achievement.

His method has, of course, its drawbacks. Though the left acquires its proper place in the national and international stage, it sometimes ceases to be the main character of the drama. Little is said, for instance, of its political programmes, and even less of its leaders, with the exception of those in the forefront. Accuracy is a sore point: Professor Toniolo becomes a Monsignore (p. 86), while former President de Nicola deserts the bar to teach constitutional law (p. 189). Bishop Bonomelli leaves his Cremona for Pisa (p. 86). The "unscholarly popularizations" of Marx by "a certain Loria" could not have been known in the "seventies" (p. 16), when that great economist was still in his teens. Other well-known people, like Graziadei and Zaniboni, share the same lack of distinction. Zanardelli's revision of the Piedmontese "legal code", which, incidentally, must be the criminal code, is no longer the basis of Italian law (p. 50), for its reform almost twenty years ago was based on very different conceptions.

These and other details apart, Mr.

Hilton-Young shows a good insight of Italy and the Italians. Portraits like those of Signor Parri and Signor Nenni (and he has praise for the former and hard things to say to the latter) are very much alive. His views on some contemporary events may be personal, but his knowledge of them is first-hand.

His final plea, that socialist leaders must pay more attention to what he calls "the problem of Italy," over-population, certainly deserves to be listened to, but one of the keys to its solution is emigration, and this lies abroad and out of their grasp.

G. E. TREVES.

FRANCE 1814-1940. A History, by J. P. T. Bury. Methuen. 18s.

Professional historians, with the obvious exception of Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, are not infrequently dull dogs, from the point of view of the ordinary educated reader. Or else the bees buzzing in their bonnets detract fatally from their reliability. Mr. Bury, however—a University Lecturer in Cambridge—has produced a study which is comprehensive, entirely objective, reliable and readable. In a modest Foreword the author disclaims any pretension to originality: but no one, surely, would wish to quarrel with a historian who, like Montaigne, "*prend son bien où il le trouve*." Each chapter, incidentally, is buttressed by an ample bibliography, and—a gift beyond price—Mr. Bury (or his publisher) has had the wit to print in the Appendices the texts of the successive Constitutions of the period.

The subject, certainly, is a grateful one. So much happened to France's internal development, as it were, during those 125 years, in comparison with other countries; and each shift of the kaleidoscope was of vital importance for the whole of Europe. First there is the majestic figure of Talleyrand to whom chief credit must be given for the restoration of the Bourbon Monarchy in 1814, as the solution which represented the 'Highest Common Factor' among Frenchmen. Louis XVIII graciously

conferred on his people a Charter patterned ostensibly on the English Constitution. "A most liberal instrument" for those times, it suffered the common fate of paper schemes when reality, in the shape of Napoleon escaped from Elba, impinged. The Royalists had a second chance, under Allied tutelage, after Waterloo, but only succeeded in discrediting the whole conception of restoration. Politically, there had to be a French equivalent of our 1688, and Louis-Philippe provided just that. Nevertheless it is pertinent that during the restoration period as in the heyday of the *bourgeois* of 1830-1848, as Mr. Bury shows, there was a notable material efflorescence which was to supply an essential element of stability in the later years. From those years of the July monarchy dates the polarization between the Party of Order (at first called Resistance) and the Party of Movement, which has

remained the salient characteristic of French political life. 1848 casts the shadow of social revolution, which, however, Louis Napoleon contrives to exorcize by the talisman of universal suffrage. The course of the Second Empire demonstrates the fundamental fact about France, in comparison with other Latin nations—that the bulk of the people are partisans of order, conservatives in fact, not least on account of the predominantly agrarian background, which has even to-day not lost its importance.

What Thiers said of 1875, "the Republic will be conservative or it will be not at all," is equally true to-day, despite all surface effervescence. A new class came to rule, the *petite bourgeoisie*, which still has its hands on the helm. During the Third Republic, it is true, relations of Church and State were about as bad as they could be in an ordered State, and for

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this both sides were to blame. In this respect, at any rate, the Fourth is an improvement on the Third. It remains only for what is essentially a sound body politic—however much this affirmation may shock the 'Anglo-Saxon' critic—to absorb the ferments from the social gains of the 1939-1945 war.

WILLIAM RYDAL.

SRI AUROBINDO, by G. H. Langley.
David Marlowe. 10s. 6d.

THE ESSENTIALS OF INDIAN PHILOSOPHY, by M. Hiriyanina.
Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

Indian philosophy and philosophers are exercising no small attraction for many Western writers and thinkers at the present time, and here are two books which afford very great help to the understanding of that thought.

Professor Langley has written his book at the request of the Royal India and Pakistan Society, and to it the Marquess of Zetland has written an admirable and judicious Introduction. It is an excellent little book and very timely, for, whilst Sri Aurobindo's text is pre-eminently the Gita and his inspiration the Vedic writings, he brings to the interpretation of Indian thought a mind that was shaped in part in the West, and the West has left an indelible mark upon him. From it he has drawn two all-important working hypotheses—the theory of evolution on the one hand, and an acute sense of the importance of the actual earthly milieu in which all philosophy has to work itself out on the other. Evolution enables him to construct an ascending hierarchy of mental states and values, so that we get a picture of a divine life which is completely unconscious in the lower forms of reality. These lower forms have implicit in them all the higher forms, and as these higher forms emerge they integrate into themselves the lower forms.

Highest of all forms is the self-conscious man, yet self-consciousness is only a prophecy of a higher consciousness still, the consciousness of the

divine. That will inevitably come to full light in the course of evolution, but if man will use the appropriate means, it is open to him here and now. It is that higher self-consciousness that is needed to create a world which will truly be a reflection of the divine. The distinction between ordinary self-consciousness and the higher spiritual consciousness is that, in the former, man stands apart from his world to discover and interpret it; in the latter, he becomes one with his world and speaks from within. Hence the descriptions of science, whilst true as far as they go, have only a limited validity, and they have in turn to be complemented and interpreted by those provided by the spiritual consciousness. Professor Langley rightly makes the point that here Sri Aurobindo's thought wavers; sometimes he speaks as though there is an effective criticism of the deliverances of the spiritual consciousness by science, but at others he seems to suggest that the coherence and harmony, the joy, the universality and the enhancement of personality which mark "spiritual" knowledge provide so sure a warrant that they are true, that the deliverances of science must yield to them.

Professor Langley has written a fine and admirably lucid book, and he has added a chapter at the end on Sri Aurobindo's poetry which makes us hope that he will give us at some time or other—and the sooner the better—a much fuller study of it.

Professor Hiriyanina's book has its own but different excellences. If it lacks the sweep of Professor Radakrishnan's treatment of the same theme in his two famous volumes, and the dramatic quality of Sri Aurobindo's thought, it is nevertheless a very competent exposition and study of the organic development of Indian philosophy. Professor Hiriyanina begins by a close and careful study of the three strands which together make up the Veda—Mantras, Brahmanas and Upanishads—and goes on to trace the way

in which these gave rise to the classic systems of Indian thought. He turns aside to discuss three schools which are non-Vedic in origin—Materialism, Jainism and Buddhism—and then devotes the greater part of the remainder of his book to an elucidation of the development of the classic forms and schools themselves. It is a book mainly for students who are primarily interested to know Indian thought *per se*, and for this specific purpose the work could hardly have been better done. The author's architectonic capacity makes the book easy to read, and it is well calculated to give the student a really effective grasp of its subject.

B. C. PLOWRIGHT.

NINETEENTH CENTURY STUDIES, by Basil Willey. *Chatto & Windus. 15s.*

"In two former treatises," writes Professor Willey, "dealing with the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the argument led up to Wordsworth; I begin the present studies with Coleridge." In the word "studies" may be found the key to his new volume. Before, in the *Seventeenth Century Background* (1934) and the *Eighteenth Century Background* (1940), Professor Willey—as his titles implied—was concerned principally with the general sweep of each century and its main trends: here his approach has been re-orientated, since nineteenth century literature and philosophical thought is too voluminous and variegated to be viewed from a single aspect. Rather, therefore, than impose a fixed pattern on his work for the sake of conformity with his previous two volumes, he has preferred to present a number of separate studies; of Coleridge and George Eliot, Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, John Stuart Mill and Newman, together with some shorter essays on Bentham's *Deontology*, Hennell, Strauss and Feuerbach. In short, his decision to renounce conformity is but an indication of his integrity as a critic.

A censure which can be brought

against a good deal of academic criticism is that, while sensitive, it lacks the ability to generalize compellingly and much of the research counts for little owing to an inability to incorporate it smoothly. In contrast, Professor Willey not only summarizes other authors' arguments, but re-states them in such a way that he re-animates them. Of George Eliot's philosophy, with its replacement of faith by love and sympathy, its elevation of the natural and elimination of the supernatural, he says: "Heaven will not help us, so we must help ourselves."

At times, however, this use of direct speech is misleading. In the chapter on Newman and the Oxford Movement there are passages where one cannot be sure if Professor Willey is giving his own views or those of Newman; and this is unfortunate because he writes of Newman's saintliness with rare insight. At Oxford when scholars used to pass him in the street, they would whisper: "Look, that's Newman!" for, as Professor Willey says: "Newman had the air of one whose converse had been in Heaven, as indeed it had." Elsewhere in answer to the charge that Newman was a reactionary dreamer, he replies: "If he lacks interest in what was specifically of the nineteenth century, it was because he was a spectator of all time and existence." This is well said, especially now when so much scholarship on the nineteenth century has led to a philosophical relativism; to a belief that there are no eternal truths; to a belief that each philosophy is an expression of its own age and that there are no two ages which possess the same philosophical intentions. Against such interpretation, Professor Willey's book is an inspiring corrective.

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE.

CLOAK OF CHARITY, by Betsy Rodgers. *Methuen. 16s.*

The mood of exultation which greeted the fall of the Bastille—to which John Howard, whose work of prison reform

is described in this book, failed to gain admission—was swiftly followed in England by one of fear. The domestic political pendulum swung violently from reform to re-action; those who did not hasten to disavow former opinions were likely to be misjudged.

One of those unjustly to suffer was Hannah More, friend in earlier days of David Garrick and Dr. Johnson. She was accused, as Mrs. Rodgers describes in her book on eighteenth century philanthropists, of entertaining 'French principles' although later she composed tracts attacking them. It is hard for us now to appreciate eighteenth century ideas of charity, then regarded as a passport to heaven, and the effect upon them of events in Europe. Mrs. Rodgers' book, without being profound, takes us a long way on the road to understanding.

Hannah More's chief philanthropic interest was in Sunday schools and, like the more gentle Mrs. Trimmer, of whom the author also treats, schools of industry. Both sets of schools had much the same object, to keep poor children fully occupied and thus away from immoral and unruly pursuits. There is an obvious comparison with modern times: our concern with the decline of religion and the increase of delinquency. Mrs. Trimmer may have been nearly the first but she was certainly far from being the last to fear "that popular education, if not wisely and carefully directed, might lead to popular discontent." Others might call this discontent divine. If the philanthropists' efforts now seem futile and at best misdirected what may ours of voluntary clubs and youth organizations look like in 2100?

The prosperous Robert Raikes, whose character as revealed by Mrs. Rodgers, had little of the softness now to be expected from a founder of Sunday schools, mixed this interest with that of prison reform. Like John Wesley, he met Howard, a fearless, stubborn man whose ideas of prison as a place of punishment were harsh but instrumental

in bringing about important reforms.

On one point, the preservation of child life, we may be satisfied with progress. The figures of death given by Mrs. Rodgers in her chapter on Captain Coram and the Foundling Hospital now appal us. The hospital was doing well when less than half of the babies died. Coram and Jonas Hanway, who extended an interest in pauper children to penitent prostitutes, are two of the most attractive figures in Mrs. Rodgers' book. The final chapter is on the efforts to abolish the slave trade, featuring, as the films say, Granville Sharp, Thomas Clarkson and William Wilberforce.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

TWO MOUNTAINS AND A RIVER, by H. W. Tilman. Cambridge University Press. 21s.

MAPS AND MAP-MAKERS, by R. V. Tooley. Batsford. 30s.

As quite a number of us are not Himalayan mountaineers and care not overmuch whether one of the fraternity reaches the summit of the mountain he sets out to scale, so long as he tells us of the expedition in a prose we can admire, let me say that I utterly disagree with Mr. Tilman's last paragraph which would have us believe that he has been "conspicuously lacking in success." Let others if they wish climb to the top of Rakaposhi; but unless they describe their experiences with, say, half the charm of Mr. Tilman, they will have scant success in attracting us to their books. In the company of two Swiss companions and Mr. Campbell Secord who "although he was working in a Government office his time was not his own" we are taken to the best hotel in Abbottabad where the four resourceful Sherpa porters stayed for a week for three rupees, as they slept under a bush in the garden. If any of my readers may be inclined to attempt similar economic habits he may like to have the Kirghiz remedy for frostbite, which, says Mr. Tilman, consists in a nasty mixture of soot and butter.

As a contrast we come to Kashgar

with its bazaar like a perpetual harvest festival, the land being so fertile that a Chinese army marched through it for 4,000 miles by sending in advance troops who sowed cereals and vegetables to be reaped in due course by the main body. How delightfully Mr. Tilman has done his reaping of literature, for his quotations from every kind of source are extremely and most amusingly apt. His publishers think it is risky to say that he reminds one of Borrow—not at all, there is no risk involved. You may remember that when Borrow was taking a consignment of New Testaments into Spain, which prohibited their importation, his persuasiveness succeeded in selling some of them to the Customs officials. If you pick up Mr. Tilman's book in a shop and glance at a page or two, the salesman will require no persuasiveness at all.

"Like a great many of us," says Mr. Tilman, "some explorers wish to eat their cake and have it. They enjoy the thrill and claim the credit of traversing new country and at the same time are ungrateful enough to complain of the inadequacy of the map." No sort of complaint can follow the perusal of Mr. Tooley's superbly illustrated volume, wherein we absolutely wallow in maps of all ages, paying our tribute to the great Ptolemy who was pre-eminent from A.D. 150 down to the sixteenth century. Then the fascinating pages devoted to the portolanos, charts made by seamen for seamen, permit us to sail vicariously over the world. And for roughly a century, from 1570 to 1670, the Low Countries produced in some respects the greatest map-makers of the world. The *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum*, produced by Ortelius of Antwerp in 1570, went through four editions in that year, the famous Mercator delaying the publication of his own atlas in order that his young friend Ortelius might have the honour of being first in the field with a standardized atlas. The first manuscript showing the discovery of the New World is Juan de la Cosa's map of 1500. It displays a solid land

barrier to expansion in the West, though it must be remembered that Columbus thought he had made his landfall on the eastern shores of Asia, and la Cosa was pilot to Columbus.

Australia provides one of the most fascinating of all studies in regional geography. Alone among the continents of the world Australia was in a sense imagined centuries prior to its actual discovery. Pre-Christian cosmographers from a known land-mass in the north postulated a great southern continent to counterpoise the globe. Mercator himself, Ortelius and their successors and imitators show a continuous land-mass stretching across the base of their maps, and this cartographical figment exists in varying forms right down to the eighteenth century, and was finally dispelled by Captain Cook. Among the curiosities is Coven's and Mortier's map of the East Indies, on which New Guinea is shown twice, under its own name and farther to the west as *Terra de Papous*. And much else of intense interest both to professionals and amateurs is included in this wonderful book.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

THE DRAWINGS OF HENRY FUSELI, by Paul Ganz. With a foreword by John Piper. Max Parrish. 42s.

PRACTICAL PORTRAIT PAINTING, by Frank Slater. Seeley Service. 25s.

In the history of painting, there are only a few artists who, because of their undeniable greatness, are held in constantly high regard, century after century. For those of lesser stature, there is no final assessment. They are summoned into favour, or dismissed from it, by the current enthusiasms or prejudices of each successive generation.

The reputation of Henry Fuseli, great in his own day, has been, in the course of a hundred years, belittled and almost forgotten. This neglect may be partly due to the fervent admiration

that is felt for his younger contemporary, William Blake. A strong affinity of style and approach invites a comparison by which Fuseli suffers to the extent of being regarded as an inferior Blake. Such a judgment based on mutual similarities discounts the more significant and important aspect of individual differences and does less than justice to Fuseli. Professor Ganz supplies another reason why the artist has been disregarded in England. "Nearly all his works", he writes, "were acquired by a small group of aristocratic patrons whose descendants relegated them to the attics and servants' quarters of their country seats, holding them to be eccentric and likely to frighten the children." Nowadays, it is perhaps these eccentric and child-frightening qualities which excite contemporary interest. Much of Fuseli's work is pervaded by a supernatural atmosphere which is akin to the dreamlike settings created by Dali, Ernst, Miró and others described as surrealists. "It is not, I believe, the real point of the drawings," Mr. John Piper says in his thoughtful foreword, "but it is the reason for their present prominence."

Henry Fuseli was born in Zurich in 1741. He came to England when he was twenty-three. Five years later, acting on the advice and encouragement of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he travelled to Rome to complete his education as a painter. He turned unhesitatingly to the works of Michelangelo, for in their majesty, scale, power and in their dramatic intensity, he recognized the kind of greatness which was the very echo of his own aspirations. "Common-place figures", he asserted, "are as inadmissible in the grand style of painting as common-place sentiments or characters in poetry." In 1774 he returned to England. His reputation as a painter and illustrator grew quickly. Professor Ganz points out that in his imaginative conceptions with their mood of terror and mystery, "Fuseli was at one with the atmosphere of crisis which pervaded all classes; he knew the anxiety with which many

people looked forward to social upheavals such as had already occurred in two continents." Man and his behaviour in earthly and unearthly predicaments became the theme of his works, and drawing, rather than painting, his most direct and eloquent means of expression. To modern eyes, it is certainly true that his drawings are more acceptable than his paintings. Even his contemporary and advocate, William Blake, expressed an unmistakable preference for the former. "His oil pictures are, for the most part," he wrote in his diary, "monstrously overloaded in bulk as in style, and not less overloaded in mere slimy pigment. But his sketches in water-wash and pencil or pen and ink should yet be formed, ere too late, into a precious national collection, including, as they do, many specimens than which not the greatest Italian master could show proof of mastery."

It is largely thanks to the work and research of Professor Ganz and the Director of the Zurich Kunsthau, Dr. Wilhelm Wartmann, that a number of Fuseli's paintings and drawings may now be seen as a permanent showing in the art gallery of his native town. The "precious collection" envisaged by Blake may be seen in this handsome and well printed book.

It is a steep descent from the heights that Fuseli roamed to the pedestrian activity of a modern professional portrait painter. Mr. Albert Slater has written an encouraging book addressed to those students who "have an unquenchable desire to paint portraits, coupled with a certain gift, or flair, for doing so." The first five chapters are devoted to a history of portrait painting written in an informal discursive style; the remaining pages are filled with practical advice based on the author's wide experience. There are many illustrations, reproductions of distinguished portraits by the great masters, interspersed with examples of Mr. Slater's own work.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS.

THE CANTICLE OF THE ROSE, by Edith Sitwell. *Macmillan*. 15s.

AFTER THE BOMBING, by Edmund Blunden. *Macmillan*. 6s.

RIMBAUD: The problem of translation, by Ben Belitt. *Sylvan Press*. 7s. 6d.

The full range of Dr. Sitwell's genius has never been better displayed than in this book of selected poems. The development of her style from *Façade* to *The Shadow of Cain* is fascinating to trace. There is a continual refinement of imagery and rhythm and a continual acquisition of more power to express deepening thought and emotion. It is a progress comparable to Yeats's, and, as with Yeats, her use of recurrent symbols becomes more and more potent as these symbols reveal to the reader the increasing universality of the poet's experience. Thus the symbols need less and less poetical explanation; and consonant with this is the steadily increasing simplicity and grandeur of her rhythm: the simplicity of all great art.

True artists are of their time: but the mere cataloguing of contemporary phenomena does not make a poet contemporary. There must be a vital inner awareness of the tempo of the age—of its rhythms of thought and feeling and speech as well as of its trains and traffic lights. Dr. Sitwell's rhythms are the history of the last thirty years. Her use of language has always been original and alive. Some event, often of violence, may be needed to bring out the absolute genius of an artist. In Yeats's case it was the Irish rebellion; in Dr. Sitwell's the atomic bombings. Such an event must, however, be *imagined* in order to become poetically dynamic, and only the finest talents have the power to imagine it whole. Dr. Sitwell's *The Shadow of Cain* is a great poem, and shows her to be a great poet.

It is clear that the 1914-1918 war was an event of such appalling horror to many of those who survived it that it shrivelled or damaged irreparably their powers of continued creative imagination, for it has come between them and

the welcoming of new experience and events. This blasting of the soul is apparent in the later poetry of Edmund Blunden. In this new collection one is aware only of a ghostly kind of creativeness haunting poems which have no real life. To me, at least, by far the best poem is a sonnet which is a reminiscence of the first war: and that in itself is a sad reflection. This is the sestet of "The Halted Battalion":

Still I, as dreamer known, that morning saw
The others round me taken with a dream.
I wondered since that never one of them
Recalls it; but how should they? We who
draw
Picture and meaning are the dreamless, we
Are sentinels of time while the rest are free.

These words are simple and direct. Yet in the nature poems and others he uses a heavy literary, or a whimsical pastiche eighteenth-century, diction:

Look not thus ever, tiny wretch,
Dear child of long ago . . .

Most of the pieces in this book could have been written at any time since the death of Clare. Nevertheless in poems such as *Station Yard* or *Inter Arma* the ghost of poetry walks and is compulsive on the living.

Mr. Belitt's book (and, surely, Belitt must be a pseudonym for B. Litt.?) is American, and the Lit. Crit. jargon of America is really rather awful:

Here the attempt has been to communicate poetry as poems, with the form and afflatus of the original translated not intact, but as the character of the language has demanded their eventuation in English.

It is a curious fact that, in an epoch of methodologies, the semantics of translation has so far gone unexamined.

Is it not time that the American literary world had the courage to write 'American' and not 'English'? Mr. Belitt has provided four poems with word-for-word literal translations, and his own eventuations. There is far more poetry in the literals. Luckily it has taken about eight years to do these four pieces and by the time their methodology has been exhaustively examined we shall most likely be dead. But Rimbaud, in French, will be alive.

PATRIC DICKINSON

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

The position here of Margaret Cole's *GROWING UP INTO REVOLUTION* (Longmans, Green. 15s.) makes amends for the tardy taking of the book from the table. Reluctance to read was due to a certain distaste for the 'intellectual left' with its infinite capacity for suffering by proxy. Roedean and Girton, mentally and spiritually no less than physically, are an iron curtain still, and must so be for a generation to come. If Mrs. Cole has not the properties of an oxyacetylene lamp, she has at least disarmed a toughened reader with her picture of the twentieth century, "completely stable and solid," as for her it was at its start, which soon "began to crack and change." Her personal reactions illumine and do not distort the events to which she and her husband have been so closely linked; Fabian research and "guild Socialism" being the double harness of the Coles and the energizing of Labour in power. Two more engaging qualities in these wary eyes are her devotion to G. K. Chesterton and the small space she gives to the detective novel period of G. D. H. and M. I. Cole. Then there is her honesty: in short—one who commenced by sharing the dislike of the girls at boarding school now finishes the book with a resolve to recommend it unreservedly here, there and everywhere.

Keeping calm

Mrs. Cole impresses not least by her level-headed attitude towards Russia. Vernon Bartlett, who has recently been *EAST OF THE IRON CURTAIN* (Latimer House. 8s. 6d.), strives valiantly to keep his sorely-tried sense of proportion as he journeys from Trieste through Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Hungary, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania, Albania and Finland. He too makes free use of his personal experience to fortify his belief that "there won't be war," his plea for tolerance and his warnings on "why

Communism might win." But he believes, "with patience, with understanding of the injustices that have made the communist leaders so intolerant, with appreciation of the good that is interwoven with the evil, men will prevent the ultimate success of a political machine designed to convert them into masses."—Walter Duranty in *STALIN & Co.* (Secker & Warburg. 12s. 6d.) was not expected to exhibit signs of the current hysteria tainting the utterances of so many American spokesmen. And his resistance adds enormously to the authority that emanates from twenty years as the Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times*, fluent Russian and first-hand acquaintance with Soviet leaders, newspapers and speeches. He traces the Politburo from its "insignificant origin" to its position as Marshal Stalin's "chosen instrument, the absolute master of Russia." The delineation of character plays a prominent part in the biographies of the thirteen members, with their converging activities and their dedication to Communism.—"The sudden row in the summer of 1948 between the Cominform majority and Marshal Tito's Yugoslav Communist Party... made gay reading for the non-communist world," says Walter Duranty. In *TITO*, George Bilainkin (*Williams & Norgate*. 10s. 6d.) tells how it all came about. The author, who in 1948 toured four of the Iron Curtain countries as special correspondent of the *Daily Mail* begins before that bewildering time when, as he says, "General Michailovic lost his place as favourite in the B.B.C. bulletins," and brings a story which is not yet closed up to date with the present popularity, outside Russia, of Marshal Tito. He sensibly adds the actual correspondence of the quarrel and other pertinent pronouncements upon it. Mr. Bilainkin's style lends itself to a too frequent asking and answering of questions, but if the first smacks of rhetoric, the answers are

given soberly and plainly enough to inspire confidence of their trustworthiness.

From China to Button Snap

It is a relief to retreat from muddy ideologies into Edward Hume's uncomplicated China in *DOCTORS EAST AND DOCTORS WEST* (George Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.). Here is the record of an American's success in founding a medical school there, regardless of political trends and in the face of tradition, in the early years of this century. As has happened in the case of other and more famous medical men, this tally of hazard, of incredible courage and patience, would have come better as biography. In commending the book then to all who enjoy adventure stories, there is one honourable reservation; the more unconsciously heroic the deeds the less fitted is the hero to talk of them himself.—Who shall say that Elia, burdened and bludgeoned, does not come within this category? The lately dead Reginald L. Hine pays tribute to *CHARLES LAMB AND HIS HERTFORDSHIRE* (Dent. 18s.) in about equal parts. Hine's style is sometimes too guilty of the sincerest form of flattery—compare, for example: "From sheep, by a not unnatural transition, we must pass to mutton" with Lamb tiresomely designating the French man of letters as Chatty Briant—but he triumphantly achieves the purpose of his laborious research by establishing "how deep were Lamb's roots" in the country. This sumptuous volume, thick and glossy uncut pages, gold sprinkled spine and cover, half-tone illustrations and lavishly scattered drawings and all, will be cherished by members of the Charles Lamb Society and Elia lovers generally, and is a gracious memorial of Hine himself.

Women's corner

The clothes that Mary Lamb might have worn are depicted in *GALLERY OF FASHION* (Batsford. 6s. 6d.), with the reproduced plates of Heideloff and Ackermann made between 1790 and

1822. Sacheverell Sitwell's Introduction meanders pleasantly, that is without pedantry, through many aspects of social history, even as it does among the illustrations in the book, and Doris Langley Moore adds her considerable quota of dress lore in her "Notes on the Plates." The execution of the detail of these calls for attentive admiration, the styles—with headgear no sillier than this decade's hats—for something like awe.—Another social phenomenon of the period inspires Katharine West's *CHAPTER OF GOVERNESSES* (Cohen & West. 12s. 6d.) which she subtitled "A Study of the Governess in English Fiction 1800-1949." From Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, Mrs. Craik and Lady Blessington, through early and mid-Victorian giants like Dickens, the Brontës, Thackeray, George Eliot and Trollope, and the later Samuel Butler, Conan Doyle, Conrad and Henry James, she comes to V. Sackville-West, Rosamund Lehmann, E. M. Delafield, Angela Thirkell and I. Compton-Burnett. Nor are the lesser novelists forgotten. Most readers therefore will be able to find at least one of their favourites. This is a book which, in the overworked idiom of the screen, "every woman will love."

Vital "decadence"

Still hovering, as moth to flame, around the nineteenth century, Edwardians who regard its second half as the "time to be born" will delight in a shelf companion for *The Best of Beardsley*, published by The Bodley Head just over a year ago. The next best thing to being able to browse among the 13 numbers of the *Yellow Book* is to read straight through *THE YELLOW BOOK: A Selection*, compiled by Norman Denny (*The Bodley Head*. 15s.). The compiler has wisely omitted familiar highlights and made a truly representative selection. As well as "A Defence of Cosmetics" by Max Beerbohm at his most urbane, there is Ernest Dowson's unconvincing trifle about a guardian and his ward. Then Richard le Gallienne, Baron Corvo and

Arthur Symons are obvious inclusions, but John Buchan, Arnold Bennett and Kenneth Grahame are also here. The art section, too, without neglecting Beardsley, Beerbohm and Sickert, has Leighton, Laurence Housman and Muirhead Bone. And, as a final inducement, "the original format has been exactly followed" with "the bulk of the pages printed from the original plates."

Mithraic beginnings

Brooding over the reproductions of Beardsley's "Mrs. Patrick Campbell" and his "La Dame aux Camélias", of Sickert's "Old Bedford Music Hall" and his "Charley's Aunt", prepares the way for a welcome addition to the histories of the British stage. *THEATRE TAPESTRY* by Henry Gibbs (*Jarrolds*. 21s.) is a voluminous piece of needlework, for it stretches from A.D. 45 to A.D. 1950, with chapters on Egyptian and Graeco-Roman play-acting. His 13 close-packed double-columned pages of index and the lists of sources are thus seen to be no more than needful. They also prove how wide has been the reading on the subject of an "outsider", as he calls himself, and how firmly based is the urge of "a labour of love for the theatre." This shines as brightly as do the numerous illustrations (many of which might have been placed more effectively in the appropriate text, and one, a portrait of the author, omitted) and justifies, if for no other reason, the writing of a book which so easily communicates its enjoyment.

The words

It was a happy thought of Frederick S. Boas to collect and edit *SONGS AND LYRICS FROM THE ENGLISH MASQUES AND LIGHT OPERAS* (*Harrap*. 8s. 6d.) as a sequel to his *Songs and Lyrics from the English Playbooks*. Again 1900 is the latest date, but in the other direction there are extracts from Jacobean and Caroline masques, with a whole section

for Ben Jonson. Then from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries there are many examples from light opera. Gay and Gilbert are the blazing stars in this firmament. Seen, for once, apart from the music, the conviction of how nearly these two came to writing poetry returns overwhelmingly. This applies especially to W. S. Gilbert who must often have deliberately used his extraordinary gift for intricate rhyme to avoid the deeps.

A playwright named Tennessee

From

Is Life a boon?
If so, it must befall
That Death, when'er he call,
Must call too soon.

to Tennessee Williams is a world away. Yet some of the one act plays of this ex-lift boy, shoe clerk, telephone operator and waiter, among them *The Last of my Solid Gold Watches*, *Lord Byron's Love Letter* and *The Purification*, do take life and develop from a poet's insight into human nature. In *27 WAGONS FULL OF COTTON*—what titles he thinks up!—(*John Lehmann*. 8s. 6d.) there are 11 of these plays which, chronologically or not, are curtain raisers to *The Glass Menagerie* that ought to have had a longer run in London. No such disability will afflict Tennessee Williams's *A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE* which is now published (also by *John Lehmann*. 7s. 6d.) for the solace of those who have no hope of attaining to the Aldwych theatre. Here is one of them, an ardent theatregoer who, having read the play, could not now care less, even for Vivien Leigh's distinguished sake. Sordid, grim and pathetic as is the theme, theatrical potentialities have been wrung out of it by the author, and horrified pity out of the reader. Was this the playwright's intention, or does he want us to love his characters?

GRACE BANYARD

THE FORTNIGHTLY

FEBRUARY, 1950

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S POINT 4

BY PEARL S. BUCK

NEVER before in history has the whole world, at one time, come within range of the potentiality of to-day. Throughout centuries there have been interchange and mutual stimulation between sections, regional responses which brought Chinese ideas as well as goods to Greece, and Greek ideals and art to China. The similarity between the philosophies of a Jewish Jesus and a Chinese Confucius are not accidental. Greece had her day in India, and Persia made the amalgam. Roman conquerors looked eastward, and might have marched there, had not their own successes produced decadence and so downfall. Europe admired the Orient, and when England saw the richness of India, it was with envy and desire, and not with superiority. Whatever the cause of contact, whether peaceful or warlike, the result brought new life to the participants.

Perhaps any age seems unique to those who live in it, but I think that we who live now have a peculiar right to use the word. Never before has the earth been a whole, as it is to-day, nor has it appeared so to as many people. Slowly everywhere men and women, often unwillingly it is true, are coming to understand that peoples cannot be free of one another. The self-sufficient farmer in the United States is realizing that even he cannot maintain his way of living unless he sells his surplus harvests to people hungrier than he is. When the hungry are unable to buy, as in India and England, not from lack of money but from a disjointed currency, the American farmer begins to rebel as well as the hungry. Necessity is forcing upon us all a simplification of our complex international life. Nationalism is becoming a nuisance. Unless it is made flexible, it may even damage patriotism, by which it is maintained.

It is this demand for commonsense in practical international relationships which is forcing governments to take such steps as President Truman's Point 4. However adequately his plans are carried out, the fact remains that its mere announcement constitutes a recognition that the world is one. Sooner or later, depending upon economic pressure from peoples, the world will function as one. The first step, of course, will be economic. A flowing interchange of trade whereby people can be fed and clothed and sheltered is now inevitable, whatever the obstacles that will be placed by those

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who have prospered by old conditions. Their day is gone, whether they know it or not. Tomorrow is only a brief space away.

Reluctantly even the prosperous are beginning to understand that "backward" peoples must be educated, and the undeveloped areas developed, if not for their own sake then for the sake of those who wish to maintain their present standards of living. Countries such as the United States, which produce more than their people can buy, at least at present prices, must be able to sell to outside peoples, and those peoples must be educated to the point of wanting the new goods and developed to the degree of being able to buy them. Crudely put, this is the vague idea behind much of the planning to-day. One may denounce the motives as selfish and short-sighted, but the human creature, at least in aggregate, is selfish and the rich and the powerful are of course selfish. Putting denunciation aside, the cheerful fact is that whatever the reasons for the determination to educate the illiterate peoples and develop the undeveloped areas, the process begins. Once begun, we may trust to the peoples, however backward they may be considered, to shape the process as it goes on, and in that shaping we shall all be modified. It will be impossible to have the Chinese peasant educated without his also educating us. The Chinese have educated more people than have ever educated them. India has already shown the unconquerable independence of her mind and spirit. In the contact that is now inevitable between the peoples of Occident and Orient the greatest change will come in the Occident. It will not be so visible, at first, as the change in the Orient. A refrigerator is a monstrously visible thing but the change in a man's attitude toward life is far more important and powerful.

The peoples who are lumped together into "the backward" are primarily those of Asia and Africa and secondarily some of the peoples of South America. True, it is conceded that in all countries there are spots of modern civilization, individuals of profound culture. There is no lack of admiration for these, no unwillingness to grant their superiority. In the average American, for example, there is to-day a humility almost touching toward such figures as Gandhi and Pandit Nehru, as formerly there was toward President and Madame Chiang Kai-Shek. There is a consciousness, almost endemic in Western peoples, that the great men and saints of the East "have something". We can be quite wistful about this something, feeling it is a wisdom beyond us. Humility and wistfulness promptly disappear, however, when we contemplate the hut of the Indian peasant, the dusty village home of the Chinese. His instruments of living seem to us primitive to the point of absurdity. We do not understand that one reason why we are unable to grasp the greatness of the saint or sage is that we can consider the instruments of his life absurd. When Gandhi drank goats' milk and ate boiled spinach

and a handful of beans few of us understood or believed that he really preferred to do this, and that to him it was a better way of life than roasted meats upon a silver spread table.

We must not think that the people we consider backward consider themselves so for one moment. The Chinese, while pleased to observe our machines, will not want to complicate his life with most of them, except perhaps in extreme city conditions. A gas range may be as useful in a small two-room apartment in Shanghai as it is in New York. It cannot compare, as a means of cooking good food in the Chinese fashion—which let us admit is the best in the world—with an earthen oven, a couple of cauldrons, and plenty of quick firing grass, or for that matter a brazier of charcoals. Having achieved the height of sophistication, which is the ultimate in simplicity, it is not likely that the ancient peoples of the East will allow their ordered lives to become confused by much machinery. Any American woman who has too many gadgets in her kitchen will know what I mean. Simple instruments are the most efficient. The Chinese woman has them. If she takes to using cans she will, of course, need an American can opener, but she will probably prefer fresh food to canned, and a newly killed fowl to one from a freezer. On the other hand, the woman in India will doubtless welcome a refrigerator, because of the climate. But it must be within her economy, and she will not want to wait until her income reaches the figure sufficient to buy an American one, lest that be never. The firm who first puts on the Indian market a refrigerator which needs no electricity will make an immense profit.

To educate the backward peoples to the point of adopting American or European goods at current prices is therefore a dream that may never come to pass. In the first place, the backward peoples are, unfortunately for dreamers, not backward at all. Being old, they are clever and intelligent and worldly wise folk, whether or not they read and write. Literacy has not been a necessity for developing the mind, among most of the earth's peoples. The mind develops itself, if it is there.

I believe in universal literacy and consider it the primary duty of such bodies as UNESCO to bring it about, for only when the world's peoples are all literate can there be world communication through literature and news. Universal literacy is essential for peace and understanding. To the individual mind it adds resources, but it is not an essential. Some of the wisest and most sophisticated minds I have known belonged to persons who could not read and write and were far less backward actually than I was myself. True, if people can read, they can read advertisements, and advertisements, it is said, stir the desire to possess goods. It may be so. But wise people are usually without the desire to possess more than they can use.

Simplicity is part of the religion and philosophy of the very countries which to-day are called backward. Since these religions and philosophies have existed for thousands of years and have grown out of the life of the people who possess them, it is not likely that pictures of electric apparatus and beauty-rest mattresses will soon disturb them.

Yet there is a real soundness in the slowly forming desire of President Truman to increase the material benefits of life for peoples in the undeveloped areas. It would not be wise, however, to forward such action purely upon selfish premises. China, for example, needs food but only temporarily. It is a widespread myth, repeated in the highest places, that the chief problem of the Chinese people is hunger. This is not true. The primary need is not for food, but first for peace and then for better roads. China has or can have plenty of food. Generally speaking, she has the richest soil in the world. Over forty centuries of farming her soil has been maintained. True, she has allowed her land to become eroded in some sections, but it is a relatively small area in proportion to her total farm land. Anyone who lived in China before the late war must have been impressed daily with the wonder and the variety of the food markets. The variety in vegetables alone was far greater than in an average American market, or even indeed in our so-called super-markets. Of water and land tubers the Chinese eat a score and more, of nuts and fruits and leafy plants several times as many as Americans eat. Of fish and meats they know as palatable many that we reject, and they find proteins where we do not suspect them. Food is not only an essential to the Chinese, it is a pleasure, and fine cookery, even among the lowly, is a tradition. When I look at the poor pasty product which Americans call our daily bread and remember the many kinds of Chinese bread, dark and light, baked and steamed and browned in deep fat, I wonder which is the backward people. China is a land rich in food and the Chinese are generous feeders. Their famines have always come not from an actual shortage of food but from disasters such as flood, drought, or war. Communications are so poor that food cannot be supplied from another region quickly enough or easily enough to mend local damage, and this accounts for the refugees who pour from one part into another in a famine. It was actually cheaper, in the last famine in which I took part in relieving, to ship grain across the Pacific Ocean from the United States than it was to carry it on donkey and man back from another province three hundred miles away, where there was plenty of food for sale.

China needs roads. A network of good motor roads and the vehicles to use on them in addition to a few vital railways and airlines would solve her food problems. Her agriculture is highly developed.

Modern agriculture has not much to teach the Chinese farmer beyond some methods in seed selection and insect and disease control. In fertilization he is a master, but he needs to be taught that human manure cannot be applied direct to soil from which food is taken. There must be an intermediary step to prevent the carrying of germs. In north China this lesson has already been learned.

Nor is land distribution a primary problem in China. In spite of much talk to the contrary, comparatively little of China's land is in the hands of big owners. The average farm is small and intensely cultivated. Primogeniture is not the rule. A man's land at his death is divided between all his sons, but it is recognized that at least five acres is needed to maintain a family, and sons scatter to other jobs than farming, maintaining the home nevertheless upon the land.

China does need material development of a few vast but simple sorts. Industrially she ought not to allow herself to make plans for highly centralized industries. Her people will be happier and richer if they develop many small decentralized plants. It is always dangerous for an agricultural people to pass quickly into industry. They have not the weapons wherewith to defend themselves against exploitation. They must not allow themselves to become merely cheap labour, either to their own kind or to foreigners, and it should be the concern of all of us that this does not happen.

India is very different indeed from China. There the agriculture is really undeveloped, and the soil has not been made to adapt itself to the difficult climatic conditions. I shall never forget my dismay once when visiting India in February to discover that in spite of heat, in which crops could certainly grow and mature, vast areas were dry and useless, supporting not even the bone-thin cattle that wandered upon their surfaces. Water was the lack. Yet to-day there need not be lack of water anywhere. Science can and should work to produce water from reservoirs and seas, and deep wells can be driven by co-operative means. The firm that first devises a way to drive deep wells cheaply and co-operatively in an Indian village and provides pipes cheaply enough for irrigation will make a fortune.

Medical service is of course needed everywhere. It is a problem not yet solved even in the United States, where medical research strides ahead with its astounding and comforting discoveries for human ills, although much of what is discovered is still beyond the power of the average citizen to buy without mortgaging all he possesses. The very poor receive charity, the rich buy what they like, but the average man dreads doctor's bills. This is as much a problem as is the almost total lack of hospitals in China and the short span of life in India and Africa. Medicine and medical knowledge must be taken out of the markets and put at the service of mankind. It is hypocritical to cry out at the backwardness of some peoples, who

have no means of knowledge, when we ourselves have the knowledge and will not use it except for a price.

Primary in the Eastern countries, too, and especially in China, is the need for the development of a spirit of service to mankind, which will provide satisfaction sufficient for educated young men and women to be willing to undergo the isolations of living in country places. In addition to the skills taught in great modern medical centres, where every facility has been developed, we need even more the skill which can teach a graduate how to use what he knows in an Indian or Javanese village, where he must fashion his own tools and build his own hospital. A few have done so, but such deeds are produced first by spiritual energy, and in modern medicine there is far too little of the necessary spirit. I fear to think of young doctors from the countries which need them most, learning modern medicine and the attitudes which seem to go with it. A sacrificial heart is absolutely essential if the peoples are to be served and led toward better health and longer lives, and if the children are not to die, most of them before they live a year.

And will there not be more people than the earth can support? This is said often and much discussed, but actually it is the master myth of our times. Robert Owen, the great English industrialist, said in *A New View of Society*, published in 1812:

The fear of any evil to rise from an excess of population until such time as the whole earth shall become a cultivated garden, will, on due and accurate investigation prove a mere phantom of the imagination, calculated solely to keep the worker in unnecessary ignorance, vice and crime. . . . It is the artificial law of supply and demand, arising from the principle of individual gain in opposition to the wellbeing of society which has hitherto compelled population to press on subsistence.

Owen was hated and ostracised by his fellow industrialists for speaking these words and for practising ways to prove them true; individual gain has always and will always oppose the wellbeing of society if it is allowed to do so. Meanwhile a small but honest group of scientists to-day are struggling to make themselves heard in corroboration of what Robert Owen said more than a hundred years ago. They are telling us that the earth is not over-populated, that far more food can be grown on the land, that the sea is a vast storehouse of food scarcely touched, that science has only just begun to produce food. The most casual traveller in Canada, for example, cannot but be impressed with the monstrous loss to the world in the vast land there unused. Thousands of square miles of forest continue on fine fertile soil, and thousands of square miles more stand burned and naked and useless. Canada herself would benefit by a flood of farming people, who could add immeasurable quantities of food to the world's store beside feeding themselves and their families. All large countries, including the United States, have great unused

territories, not to speak of the areas which are carelessly and wickedly farmed. South America is scarcely touched agriculturally. It is said that Brazil alone, if adequately farmed, could feed the world. Even in China there are lands which could be used for food and are idle. In India, as I have said, the land is producing a minimum of what it could. The same is true of Australia.

Food being the first problem of the world's peoples, it should and can be easily solved. But there are those who profit from the very existence of the problem, and these will naturally oppose solution. They are short-sighted through fear. A world at ease for all will be a safer world for all. The one profound and real difficulty is in the unwillingness of a relatively few, but powerful and articulate, persons to cast their individual lot with the well-being of society. In any community one finds one or two of these persons, outnumbered always, and yet holding somehow the reigns of power. Plans have been made, blue prints are ready, resources are available for the new day, but the conductors will not give the signal.

I do not know what the answer is to this one most grave problem. I stand steadfastly against the violence of revolutions and liquidations. The desired end to anything never comes if the means be foul. I have therefore no suggestion and it may be that all I have said and advocated fails because of this. Yet I reflect that these persons are few, though powerful, and that in any community if the people be sufficiently sure of what they must have they can and do prevail. Since peoples are now aroused by knowing that it is entirely possible for all to be well fed, educated and well governed, time may not save these few, as it has in the past. While I do not believe that there are any backward peoples, I know that there are great undeveloped areas in our world. The emphasis needs to be put upon the development of these areas, physically in communications, food and public health; mentally in literacy and cultural interchange, and spiritually in mutual understanding and willingness to sacrifice. I know, too, that there is the means for this development, and it is simple in action. The United Nations and its agencies can direct the development of food and plenty, with young men at their command. Of public health we know well enough how to drive major diseases from the globe. James Yen in China has devised and proved a simple means to literacy, and others have done as much in other countries. We are ready to march forward, as soon as "the artificial law of supply and demand, arising from the principal of individual gain in opposition to the well-being of society" allows it.

(The author writes this article by arrangement with UNESCO.)

TITOISM

BY HUGH SETON-WATSON

EIGHTEEN months have passed since the Cominform denounced Marshal Tito, and he is still in power. Economic boycott incitement to his subjects to revolt, and solemn anathemas from the holy fathers of Marxism-Leninism in the Kremlin, have failed to dislodge him. For this there are two main reasons.

The first is the patriotism of the Yugoslav peoples. Though Serbs, Croats and Slovenes are probably less united in mutual friendship, less completely cured of their former nationalisms, than outwardly appears, at least none of them wish to become colonies of the U.S.S.R. The experiences of 1941-1944 discredited the belief, held between the world wars by some Yugoslavs, especially Croats, that domination by a foreign great power would be more tolerable than misrule from Belgrade. Soviet treatment of the "popular democracies" is hardly likely to revive it. Even the two non-Slav minorities—the Hungarians of Voivodina and the Albanians of Kosovo—and the pro-Bulgarian elements in Macedonia, do not seem to feel much enthusiasm for cominformist rule as represented by MM. Rákosi, Hoxha and Chervenkov.

The second reason for Marshal Tito's survival is the loyalty of the military and civil services. The Yugoslav army and bureaucracy of to-day were created during the national and civil war of 1941-1945. The courage and success of the National Liberation Movement attracted thousands of young men and women who had no political affiliation at all, as well as those who had conscious sympathy for the communists. In the partisan forces courage, initiative and leadership brought quick promotion. In the civilian "liberation committees" which administered the regions cleared of enemy troops, the same qualities were rewarded. It is of course true that both army and civilian administration were controlled from the beginning by the Communist Party. But the party itself greatly increased its numbers. The recruits came from these "new elements", especially from the poor peasantry of the backward, over-populated and semi-desert mountain provinces of Bosnia, Hercegovina, Montenegro and Dalmatia, who under the old Yugoslavia had been economically neglected and excluded from political life. Marshal Tito's movement gave them opportunities of which they had never dreamed.

They now enjoy power, responsibility and—at least in comparison with the past—comfort. Everything they owe to him. They are communists because they admire him, not his followers because they are communists. To them the Communist Party was Marshal Tito's creation, through which they had become important people, and through which Yugoslavia was to become a great country. Personal ambition, nationalism and the desire for social renovation combine to strengthen the loyalty of these men and women to Marshal Tito. An attack on him from outside is an attack on themselves and on their country.

The most striking difference between the men who lead the Yugoslav and the other East European communist parties is that the Yugoslavs were in their own country during the war, leading the fight for liberation, while the others were in exile in the U.S.S.R. and came back in the baggage-train of the Red Army. Dimitrov, Kolarov, Poptomov and Chervenkov of Bulgaria; Vasile Luca and Ana Pauker of Rumania; Gottwald, Kopecky, Nejedly of Czechoslovakia; Berman, Zambrowsky and Minc of Poland; Rákosi, Gerö and Révai of Hungary—all are "Muscovites". So also are Bierut of Poland, Bodnarash of Rumania and Slansky of Czechoslovakia, who paid brief visits to their occupied countries before the end of the war, but were trained and domiciled in Russia. The only East European communists of importance to-day who were not exiles in Russia are the Czech Zápotocky (who was in a German concentration camp), the Rumanian Gheorghiu-Dej (who was interned in Rumania), and the Bulgarian Yugov (who was an active resistance leader). These three, though powerful, are probably not decisive figures in their parties. And they have no doubt observed the fate which has overtaken three men who played leading parts in what communist resistance there was in their respective lands—Kostov of Bulgaria, Rajk of Hungary and Gomulka of Poland.

The only Yugoslav communist leader who has spent considerable periods in Russia is Marshal Tito himself. And he was brought by the guerrilla war of 1941-1944 into such contact with the "working masses" of his own country as he had never known during his years as a faithful agent of the Comintern. Having become the "people's hero" he had no wish to revert to the humbler rôle of Comintern stooge. And if he had outgrown his Muscovite background, the vast majority of Yugoslav party members, of all ranks, had never been Muscovites at all.

Equally important is the contrast between the armies of Yugoslavia and the "people's democracies". Several of the generals and senior political commissars of Marshal Tito's army received their training in communist international units in the Spanish civil war. Some may have had some training in Russia, and many went for

courses to the U.S.S.R. in 1945-1948. But few if any have served for long periods under Soviet military command. The nucleus of the armies of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Hungary to-day consists of units formed on Soviet soil from prisoners and exiles between 1941 and 1945. The Polish army has been officered at the highest levels since 1944 by Russians and by Poles who have lived for many years in exile in Russia. The appointment of Marshal Rokossovsky to the Polish War Ministry is only the culmination of the process. Even in the Bulgarian army, which, though ruthlessly purged in 1946-1947, has perhaps been less drastically reorganized than the others, former Soviet citizens occupy several key commands.

The only exception among the "popular democracies" is Albania, where, as in Yugoslavia, resistance leaders hold the chief positions in both party and army. But since the breach with Marshal Tito the Soviet leaders have taken precautions about Albania. The small country is flooded with Soviet military and technical (including police) "specialists". It is already in effect a Soviet colony. This poor and backward Moslem State is in a position not unlike the Soviet Central Asiatic republics. It might be called the "Kirghizistan of the Adriatic".

The breach of June 1948 came from the Soviet side. Marshal Tito and his friends did not wish to quarrel with the Soviet Union. But the petty matters of prestige and sordid gain, revealed in the published Tito-Cominform correspondence, and in the subsequent speeches made on both sides, were considered sufficiently important in Moscow to make an enemy of a government whose country is of great importance in European strategy.

The hostility to the U.S.S.R., and *rapprochement* with the west, into which, despite his obvious reluctance, Marshal Tito has been forced by the Kremlin's attitude, have wholly benefited the western powers. The Moscow-dictated denunciation of him by the Greek rebels sealed their fate. His closure of the Greek-Yugoslav frontier last July, though accompanied by truculent abuse of the Athens Government, made possible the victory of the Greek army against the communists. It is now Albania which is encircled. Miserably poor, dependent for supplies on ships from the Baltic and Black Seas, faced with the hostility of the mountain tribes, Enver Hoxha's position is far from enviable. Bulgaria too is weak. Economic troubles are serious and the bureaucracy is being drastically reorganized since the "unmasking" of Kostov. Three of Bulgaria's neighbours—Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey—are justifiably hostile to her. The mountains on her southern and western borders provide excellent terrain for a "Markos movement in reverse" against the

bloodthirsty régime of the late Dimitrov's brother-in-law, Vlko Chervenkov.

It is not only in the Balkans that the effects of the Tito schism are beneficial to the west. Absence of an independent and loyal administration, and unfavourable geography make a successful revolt by "nationally-minded" communists in other East European countries extremely improbable. But the Tito affair, and the recent cases of Kostov, Rajk and Gomulka, have created a pathological condition of suspicion and fear inside all the communist parties, especially at the higher levels. The suspiciousness of the Soviet and satellite communists is a magnificent weapon for the western governments. The communists suffer from a peculiar form of inverted naivety. So determined are they not to be "suckers", not to be taken in by the wiles and blandishments and signs of friendliness of the western infidel, that they will believe absolutely any story provided that it places westerners in an unfavourable light. It should not be beyond the resources of western policy to lay enough false trails to help on the process of cannibalism which is already so well developed in the communist parties.

The schism is also beginning to have its effect in the communist parties of western countries, especially among the numerous and gifted intellectual section of the French party. It is interesting to recall that the French Communist Party had a majority of the French working class two years after the 1914-1918 war, but lost ground in the mid-'twenties mainly as a result of purges dictated by the Comintern from Moscow. Already in 1923 a group of the expelled published a warning against the attempt of Moscow "to alienate and abolish critical sense and the spirit of discussion" within the party ranks. The repression of nationalist deviationism by the Moscow holy office of 1949 is far more rigid and dictatorial than the efforts of Zinoviev 25 years ago. Should the anti-Titoist zeal of the Cominform break up the western communist parties, leaving on one side a minority of Muscovite puppets and making possible on the other side the revival of true and powerful socialist movements, this would be of immense benefit to western Europe. Such a development, far from strengthening reaction—as the communists and their apologists claim—would strengthen democracy. The existence of strong communist parties in France and Italy is of great value to the extreme right, as it convinces many Frenchmen and Italians that the only choice is between rebellion and reaction. There can be no escape from this dilemma until the communists are "unmasked"—to use one of the favourite words of the *Agitprop* department in Moscow—and clearly shown to be, not an alternative form of socialists, not in fact socialists at all, but—to use their own jargon again—"enemies of the people", "conscious or unconscious

agents of imperialism"—the imperialism of Moscow.

But in order that the schism may produce useful effects, it is essential that Yugoslavia should withstand the political war waged against her. Something must be said of her internal strength. Though Marshal Tito is able to exploit the patriotism of the Yugoslav peoples, and though his military and civil bureaucracy are loyal to him, his régime has grave weaknesses. The most obvious are economic. The Yugoslav five year plan was wildly ambitious even in 1947, when it was expected that large scale technical assistance and large imports of machinery and raw materials would be available from Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Since the Cominform boycott, shortages have become serious, the standard of living has notably fallen, and the planners have had to rely more and more on the one great natural resource of the country—cheap labour. For lack of machines and skilled workers, results must be painfully achieved by a swollen army of unskilled workers, by the strong bare hands of peasant sons and daughters, the "reserve of surplus rural labour" which before the wars rotted in unemployment or under-employment in the villages, and is to-day regimented and directed to factories and building projects.

The increase of the non-agricultural labour force has created the same two pressing needs in Yugoslavia as in the U.S.S.R. at the beginning of the first five year plan—increased food supplies and increased recruitment from the villages for industry. It was these two needs which caused the drive for collectivization of agriculture in Russia from 1929 onwards. The same result occurred in Yugoslavia in 1949. The creation of collective farms, directed by managing committees in which the key officials are members of the Communist Party, enables the central government to control the peasantry, to extract foodstuffs and to enlist new workers. By the autumn of 1949 about one fifth of Yugoslavia's agriculture was collectivized, and in the richest grain-bearing province (the Voivodina) the proportion was nearly 40 per cent. The official claim that these results were obtained by volunteering only must be treated with scepticism. The words 'voluntary' and 'persuasion' have a special meaning in communist countries. But at least the Yugoslav peasants have been spared the horrors of the "liquidation of the kulaks" and the "class war in the villages" which preceded the Russian collectivization twenty years ago. Prudence at least deterred the Yugoslav leaders from antagonizing more peasants than was absolutely inevitable. For the moderation of the means by which he is conducting his collectivization, Marshal Tito has been bitterly attacked by the Cominform as a protector of the kulaks.

It is hard to estimate the success of Yugoslav economic efforts. The official percentage fulfilment figures tell little. It appears that

there is a good deal of window-dressing, of "Potemkin shows" to impress the foreigner. Prototypes of complicated machinery have been made by skilled craftsmen, with no possibility of putting them into mass production. Factory buildings have been set up without machinery to turn out the goods. And the bungling and graft customary in the Balkans have not quite vanished. But in spite of hardship and grumbling, the economy works. It may be hoped that the loans granted by the United States, and the new Anglo-Yugoslav trade treaty, besides previous agreements with Italy, Switzerland and other advanced countries, will make economic progress easier in 1950.

But Yugoslavia's weaknesses are not only economic. While vigilantly guarding against the machinations of cominformists, the Yugoslav security police has not relaxed its persecution of non-communists. The arrogance and brutality of the police make enemies for the Government. The predominance in the bureaucracy of ignorant and inexperienced mountaineers with a cultural inferiority complex infuriates the people of the plains and cities, accustomed to more civilized behaviour. Many Yugoslavs still languish in gaol because they are friends of the west. The dictatorship of the Communist Party has two unfortunate effects. First, the monopoly of expression granted to "Marxist-Leninist ideology" provides excellent camouflage for cominformist agents. Behind a smoke-screen of Muscovite phrases, they can prepare treason. Secondly, the morale of the non-communist masses is kept low. They dislike the present régime less than one imposed by Moscow. But it is not possible to feel the same enthusiasm, and make the same efforts and sacrifices, on behalf of the lesser of two evils as on behalf of a cause which one knows to be one's own. These two dangers—undermining by secret cominformists and apathy among the masses—cannot safely be ignored for long.

The western powers are not of course concerned with the internal political and social system of Yugoslavia except in so far as these affect her international strength. It is a myth of Cominformist propaganda that the west wishes either to undo the social revolution in Yugoslavia or to restore the dictatorship of the right that existed up to 1941. It is even to the interest of the western powers that the communists should remain in power in Yugoslavia, for the disruptive effects of 'Titoism' on other communist parties would cease if Yugoslavia ceased to be a communist-ruled country. But the western powers are entitled to ask that Yugoslav patriots should not be persecuted because they are friends of the west, and that those who were imprisoned on false charges at a time when Yugoslav policy was dominated by Moscow, should be released. Strength and loyalty are always respected in the Balkans. If American and British

diplomacy abandon their friends, they will earn not the gratitude of Marshal Tito but his contempt. The Yugoslav communist leaders often stress the independent and original nature of their policy. While recognizing their debts to Marx, Lenin and even Marshal Stalin, they insist that the "construction of Socialism" and "progress towards Communism" in Yugoslavia differ from the similar processes in Russia and other countries. The Yugoslav peoples, they claim, will under Marshal Tito's leadership find their own way through Socialism to Communism. Marshal Tito has an opportunity of showing his originality, and of marking the difference between his régime and that of the Kremlin, by generosity to his former rivals and opponents, by giving freedom of speech to those who, while eager to defend Yugoslavia's independence and to modernize and develop her economy, are yet not Marxists, and value the friendship of the west. Such generosity would be all the easier as blame for the injustices of the past could—and probably with considerable justification—be placed on the cominformists and on Soviet influence.

Western policy should aim at increasing the power of Yugoslavia to resist. Economic, diplomatic and military help are equally necessary. The diplomatic influence of the western powers should be used to induce Marshal Tito's government to take such steps as will increase, not diminish, the moral and material strength of his country. Above all the western powers should make it clear to the Soviet Union and her satellites that they are interested in the preservation of Yugoslavia's independence. A Munich in Yugoslavia would be disastrous: misunderstanding in Moscow of western intentions might be even worse.

(The author is a Fellow of University College, Oxford, and Praelector in Politics.)

INDIA AT THE CROSS ROADS

II. IS AN OPPOSITION ARISING IN INDIA ?

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

POLITICS, including party politics, has been the business of the educated and the city dweller in India. The agricultural masses have been too oppressed and too ill-informed to comprehend issues beyond their daily troubles. They may have identified their problems with this or that local movement but no nation-wide organization represents the Indian agricultural masses. Yet, out of every hundred citizens of the Indian Union ninety live in villages and about seventy-five are dependent for their livelihood on the land. The inevitable social and economic changes which will rectify India's tragic situation must have strong roots in an agricultural movement and no party may justly claim national leadership which is not intimately associated with the aspirations of India's huge majority. Universal adult suffrage will open the door through which Indian politics will move out to the countryside.

This political shift comes parallel with the rapid decline in the influence and prestige of the sole great party.* The coincidence of these two factors wraps India's political future in an uncertainty which is further complicated by international forces rapidly changing the political landscape beyond India's borders.

There is no immediate likelihood that India's 190 million prospective voters, nine out of ten of whom will be illiterate, will vote Congress out of power. Careful management of electoral registers, lavish use of Gandhi's picture on banners and posters, Pandit Nehru's nation-wide appeal and last but not least Sardar Patel's not too tender police will see to that. Some of the big cities, containing India's industrial proletariat, will probably vote socialist but on the whole there is likely to remain a comfortable Congress majority.

Barring the use of oppressive measures beyond what may be expected, the principal by-product of India's first general election under adult suffrage will be the establishment of the Socialist Party as an opposition offering an alternative to Congress rule. Formerly the left wing of Congress, India's socialists broke away in frustration and are rapidly canalizing the discontent of the masses. Their leader, Jayaprakash Narayan, one of the few Indian politicians combining intelligence with integrity, is regarded by many as the man of the future. He is perhaps the only Indian leader with an American

* See the first article "Decline of Congress in India" in the January issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY, by the same author.

education. In municipal and by-elections of the last two years the socialists scored remarkable successes. Under Asoka Nehta, General Secretary of the *Hind Mazdoor Sabha*, the socialist affiliated unions, they gained control of a number of influential trade unions. The honesty and integrity of their leaders, like Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia for example, lends them an air of sincerity badly needed in the India of to-day. Indicating a broad outline of their programme, Jayaprakash Narayan declared himself* for "drastic" agrarian reform with ownership of the land vested in the tillers of the soil.† He advocated the immediate nationalization of banks, insurance companies and the key industries, including mines. He stands for a planned economy with both free enterprise and nationalized sectors. He would develop small scale industries within a co-operative movement and would want rapid and large scale industrialization of the country. In foreign politics he does not believe in "passive neutrality" but in the active building of a third, Asian, block in co-operation with "the suppressed people of Africa and possibly some democratic socialist forces in Europe and America." India's socialists stand unmistakably for peaceful, reformist development though Jayaprakash Narayan had this to say on their methods: "You may not be aware of it but the Socialist Party has already made up its mind to use democratic methods to achieve its ends. These methods include, among other things, *satyagraha* (non-violent resistance)‡, peaceful strikes and non-payment of taxes. However, as I warned in my statement, if the Congress were to continue to suppress the liberties of the people and to grow more and more fascist, nothing and nobody could stop violence and sabotage in this country." At a public meeting in Calcutta on August 7, he went further: "If the Congress continued to be in power for a few years more and carried on in the manner in which it is doing, the Congress itself would be responsible for plunging the country into chaos just as the Kuomintang did in China." About the same time Jayaprakash Narayan categorically denied in Calcutta probably Government-inspired talk about the socialists' willingness to form coalition governments with Congress "either in the centre or in provincial governments." The most recent and most hopeful development is the increased interest in the socialists shown in the villages. An organizational drive among peasants is under way and only recently they have organized an orderly march of large numbers of *kisans* (agricultural workers) on Lucknow to protest against the so-called "zamindari abolition scheme" of the United Provinces.

* At a press conference in Bombay on 26.8.1949.

† He is reported to believe 20 acres sufficient as maximum holding and would pay compensation to the smaller owners but not to the great *zamindars*.

‡ In a letter to the periodical *Thought*, July 30, 1949.

All this is healthy development. But it is often questioned whether the socialists have really clear-cut ideas on how to translate into practice their principles or how they would tackle the overpowering problem of lack of trained and honest administrative or technical personnel. Nor is it clear beyond generalization how they wish to carry out rapid land distribution or how they would abolish mass-illiteracy. The field work of some enthusiasts or the devotion of vocal leaders is no assurance that the Party's performance in power would be as beneficial as it is in opposition. The anaemic nature of their pamphlets and the luke-warm speeches of some of their leaders do not always show them sufficiently aware of the urgency and explosive nature of India's social problems. In fact, many observers believe that India's socialists are showing the same indecision, hesitation and comfortable idealism which caused their European confreres in a number of countries to lose peasant and even working-class leadership to the less scrupulous but much more energetic communists.

It is often maintained that India's problems must be treated with a combination of coercion and education applied in the right mixture and at the correct speed. Against the undoubtedly honest but perhaps not sufficiently radical approach of the socialists, more coercion and even violence is offered from two sides; by the communists from the left of the socialists and by the R.S.S. (*Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangh*) from the right of Congress. With the red river on Asia's map flowing every day closer to India's borders the violence threatened by the Communist Party of India is of special significance. Banned before the war, they emerged during it when, in opposition to Gandhi's civil disobedience movement, they co-operated with the Allied war-effort after Germany's attack on the Soviet Union. Following the war they concentrated on constructive field work, fighting for agrarian reforms and spreading literacy in villages, while Congressmen were busy preaching the same principles from armchairs in New Delhi. During the Bengal famine of 1943, their selfless and non-communal relief work earned the praise of all. Although strongly disagreeing with their methods and policy, not even Gandhi could deny their devotion. "I know your worth," he wrote.* "You have very able young men and women, as selfless as I would claim to be. You are all hard working and possess great energy and you impose strict discipline on your workers. All this I prize and admire . . ." But a few months after Independence their policies changed.† The "moderate deviationist" P. C. Joshi was replaced by the strict party-liner B. T. Ramadive as general secretary. The new line quickly revealed itself

* From "Correspondence between Mahatma Gandhi and P. C. Joshi," a communist published pamphlet.

† Many observers date it from the International Youth Conference at Calcutta in March 1948, which was attended by a large Russian delegation.

by scattered sabotage on railways, violent outbreaks and riots and the occasional murder of unpopular landlords. Calcutta was in a state of unrest and on February 26, 1949, simultaneous and carefully planned attacks were carried out at widely separated places and four officials of an English-owned concern were thrown alive into blast furnaces.

Though the Indian Communist Party is believed to have less than 100,000 members their influence is disproportionate. They virtually control the All-India Trade Union Congress with some 300,000 members and have great influence in the United Trade Union Federation with about the same membership.* They are also influential among several key railway unions, among telegraph workers and in the cotton and jute mills. They are gaining strength among the lower middle-classes ruined by inflation, enjoy a large degree of popularity among university students, and intellectual members of some very prominent Indian families are supposed to be among their sympathizers. The most significant new fact is, however, that there are unmistakable signs that the communists are reaching the ear of India's unimaginably wretched peasantry. In isolated localities, in the Kistna district adjoining Hyderabad in Madras Province, along the Malabar coast and other parts of Southern India, communist organization was evident in a number of outbreaks. Up to the time of the Indian army's conquest of Hyderabad in September 1948 communists virtually ruled two large districts of Hyderabad: Nalgonda and Warangal. They have distributed the land, occasionally liquidated landlords and money lenders and carried out large-scale social reforms in the areas they have ruled. Communist propaganda maintained that the chief aim of the occupation of Hyderabad was to replace the Nizam's tottering régime against the peasant rebellion which his feudal forces could not control. It is not without significance that after one year of military occupation of Hyderabad and the admittedly harsh régime of strong police detachments in the rebel areas, Major-General Chaudhuri, Military Governor of Hyderabad until December 1, 1949, had to admit that the situation in Hyderabad's "communist infested areas" had improved "but had not yet cleared up."

Formally the communists are banned in Hyderabad and West Bengal only but all their prominent members, including the general secretary, have been in jail for long periods and usually without a trial. Though their printing presses are occasionally smashed, their publications confiscated and their sympathizers harassed, India's "Politbureau" is reported to be working underground, directing

* The Government-sponsored Indian National Trade Union Congress is supposed to have 1,200,000 and the socialists' *Hind Mazdoor Sabha* some 600,000 members.
† At a press conference in Hyderabad, August 16, 1949.

occasional outbreaks of violence or simultaneous hunger-strikes in prisons and aiming at the overthrow of the Congress Government. Because of secrecy and the international factors complicating the picture, it is impossible to assess the chances of communist success in India. Most Indians who profess to be communists or sympathizers are no exception to the generalization that there is very little mature political thinking among average Indians. Unquestionably, however, their success or failure will depend on the headway they are making in the villages. Should they succeed in harnessing the potential agrarian revolution that is bound to come, they are likely to play a decisive rôle in the political future of the Indian Union.

Violence threatens from the political right with the militant Hindu R.S.S. Originally inaugurated at Nagpur as a high-caste Hindu revivalist organization, the R.S.S. gained strength as a nationalist counter-weight against the Muslim League. After partition the R.S.S. has been riding the tide of nationalism and has thrived on the bitterness of millions of refugees expelled from Pakistan. It is alleged that certain Maharajas and industrialists have handsomely contributed to the growth of this chauvinist Party. The association of Gandhi's murderers with the R.S.S. and its subsequent banning under the pressure of public indignation, temporarily checked its growth. When again legalized and its members even allowed to infiltrate Congress some observers claimed to see evidence of their belief that the R.S.S. is enjoying patronage in some very influential quarters close to India's Government.

The R.S.S. organization is militarist in character, believes that politics is inseparable from religion and the admiration of its leaders for Hitler and Fascism in general is notorious. Its plans are wrapped in that "mystery" so typical of organizations intended to appeal to adolescent passions. Mr. M. S. Golwalkar, "chief" of the R.S.S., revealed* that his organization "would be a force to meet the onrush of Communism by instilling the spirit of sacrifice . . ." and that "R.S.S. parades in uniform would be part of" (their) "activities . . . Parades are necessary to inculcate discipline among members." In August, during the course of his country-wide tour, the "chief" reviewed his brand new uniformed formations to the astonishment of observers in New Delhi. On August 26, 1949, the industrialist Mr. Birla's *Eastern Economist* commented with hardly concealed satisfaction: "There is no leader in the Congress, other than the Prime Minister or the Deputy Prime Minister that can draw forth the loyalty and fervour shown last Sunday. And there is no mistaking the discipline and order with which the meeting was arranged." Commenting on August 13, on the R.S.S. activities and

* At a press conference at Nagpur, July 28, 1949.

its racial phraseology, the *Times of India* differed : all this "smacks of the *Kultur* which the Nazis once sought to deify and which perished with the rubble to which the Germany of Hitler was reduced." "The exaltation of preservation of the caste system is among Mr. Golwalkar's more cherished ideals" commented the same source on November 19.

On one of the few occasions when the "chief" of the R.S.S. was not indulging in obscure glorification of "Hindu culture", he declared that he was opposed to nationalization of industries* and was against "democracy with an uneducated electorate." He also found "adult franchise inadvisable" in the India of to-day and was evasive on the question of land reform, declaring enigmatically that "the criterion should be the betterment of the lot of the farmers."

Alarmed by the R.S.S.'s war-mongering anti-Muslim incitement and its regressive social policies, Pandit Nehru told a press conference on August 5, 1949, at New Delhi, "frankly we do not trust the R.S.S. very much and we shall keep a very vigilant outlook in regard to it." His plural, however, could hardly refer to his Cabinet colleagues as some of them expressed opposite sentiments only a few days before. Even more peculiar was the appeal of Mr. R. K. Patil, Food Commissioner in charge of the nation's food drive, to the R.S.S. for assistance in the grow more food campaign. "This, one must say, is a very unusual procedure for a high functionary of the Government of India, for the appeal has been issued only to one particular political or semi-political party in the land. Apart from this incongruity, the immediate activities of the R.S.S. merit close attention"—complained the *Times of India* on August 25. A few weeks later, in the absence of Pandit Nehru, in the United States, the Congress Working Committee decided to permit members of the Party, which excites public opinion against India's 40 million Muslim minority and which was banned for its association with Gandhi's murderers, to join Congress. It was the symbolic burial of the Gandhian purist and a decisive Congress step towards the right.

The passionate devotion this Party of muddle-headed religious fanatics evokes in millions of refugees, is a fact. India's lack of discipline may seek its escape in the mystical discipline of chauvinist regimentation. Moreover it is certain that with the inevitable growth of Socialism in India large numbers of Congressmen and propertied Indians will see an ally in the R.S.S., similar to the situation in pre-Hitlerian Germany. In Bengal and the Punjab, where refugees live in large numbers, R.S.S. influence is on the increase. In the country as a whole its influence is still limited and only slight in the south. With its obscurantist appeal wrapped in the cultural and racial flattery familiar to fascist movements, and with the material support that may be forthcoming from the classes considering them-

* At a press conference, Lucknow, September 1, 1949.

selves threatened by Socialism, the R.S.S. may become very important.

Apart from these three large opposition parties, a multitude of local and provincial organizations pass across the Indian political stage. They are usually small parties attached to personalities rather than to any political creed. One of them merits special attention. Since his success last June in the South-Calcutta by-elections, which administered a heavy blow to tottering Congress prestige in Bengal, Sarat Chandra Bose's Republican Socialist Party claimed much publicity.* S. C. Bose, supported by a motley crew of discontents, local leaders and splinter parties, held in October 1949 a so-called United Socialist Congress in Calcutta. His aim was to create a united left-wing platform "as a logical antithesis against the consolidation of the right which the Indian National Congress represents to-day." He declared that his congress, once in power, would scrap India's new Constitution and frame a "Constitution of the Union of Socialist Republics of India." In a 17-point policy statement, on the whole following the socialists' programme, he also demanded that India leave the British Commonwealth, the immediate distribution of the land without compensation, and free education for all. He said that his union was out "to combat an orgy of power worship, a fury of autocratic misrule and a fanaticism of mass exploitation." This attempt to bring about a united left front against Congress has not progressed far yet. Though Asoka Mehta and other labour leaders have participated in some of S. C. Bose's "unity" meetings, Jayaprakash Narayan and Dr. Lohia have clearly stated that the socialists will not submerge their individuality in any united left front. Owing to Bengal's troubled condition and to the proximity of this "problem province" of India to communist-controlled areas in China and Burma, S. C. Bose's activities merit special attention.

Although no party has emerged in India as yet threatening the rule of Congress, three of them are growing into that rôle. Also a tendency towards left and right political polarization on the European pattern is noticeable. In the case of some kind of working arrangement between the left-wing opposition parties at the coming general elections, Congress rule in some provinces, particularly in Bengal, may be threatened. Without such co-operation, however, there is no likelihood of Congress being constitutionally removed from power in the near future.

(The third and last article "Will India take the China Road?" will be published in the March issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

* One of the three Bose brothers, the political darlings of Bengal, Subhas Chandra Bose, a brilliant intellectual who attained to Congress Presidency in 1938, then broke with Gandhi, joined the Japanese against Britain and died as an avowed fascist in a Japanese plane crash in 1945, became an Indian national hero and his popularity is hardly rivalled in India to-day. S. C. Bose is cashing in on his brother's posthumous popularity, particularly strong in Bengal.

FREEDOM AND LAW

BY SIR HENRY SLESSER

ONE of the purposes of the Hamlyn Trust, under which Lord Justice Denning has recently delivered a series of lectures* was to ensure that the "common people of the United Kingdom may realize the privileges which in law and custom they enjoy in comparison with other European peoples"—an objective not free from the perils of complacency, requiring the most discrete treatment if it is not to degenerate into an exhibition of uncritical glorification.

This possibility Lord Justice Denning has skilfully avoided; he has contented himself with a clear exposition of the rights of the inhabitants of this island under the law, and where he has made comparisons in particular instances, notably in the case of France, the conclusions have been by no means always in favour of the English system. Indeed it is now recognized that the facile denunciation of administrative law as it obtains on the Continent, to be found in the works of Dicey and other Victorians, is by no means free from misunderstanding and superficiality. True it is pointed out by the Lord Justice, in dealing with personal freedom here as protected by the procedure of habeas corpus, that in France "no citizen has any right to defend himself against the police—if he does he is guilty of the crime of rebellion" but, on the other hand, he can there bring a charge against the police officer which goes before a magistrate, or charge the officer with an offence. In wartime we know our Parliament gave to the executive the power to detain a man without trial and in the *Liversidge* case, the House of Lords, Lord Atkin dissenting, held that once the Minister had said that he had reason to believe that internment was necessary, the courts could not inquire into the reasonableness of the grounds of his belief. In earlier times, in the Napoleonic wars and in Ireland, a more direct method was employed to suspend the right of asking for habeas corpus altogether. In the last war however the safeguard of habeas corpus was maintained but regulations made under the authority of Parliament very greatly reduced its efficacy. It will be said that this was an exceptional measure, necessary only in time of war, but in these uncertain days

it is by no means to be assumed that the method of empowering a Minister to detain may not again be employed in a period nominally of peace. At any rate Lord Atkin, in the case already referred to, was apprehensive; he said, in words which may be remembered with gratitude hereafter: "In this country, amid the clash of arms, the laws are not silent. I protest against a strained construction put on words with the effect of giving an uncontrolled power of imprisonment to the Minister." The case of a clergyman, mentioned in the first lecture, who thought that National Socialism was good for Germany but not for England, detained for three years and denied legal representation though confronted with prosecuting lawyers, is an instance of many imprisonments for people who, in the words of Lord Justice Denning "had done nothing wrong." He points out how Article 7 of the Soviet code "bears a striking similarity with our Regulation 18b," both dealing with "dangerous" or "hostile" associations. The difference is that "the exception we introduced in wartime has become in Russia a peacetime principle," and there we must leave the matter.

As to power of arrest, until the eighteenth century a constable had no greater power than any private individual. In 1780 Lord Mansfield declared that if a private citizen made a charge of felony, that was a sufficient justification for a constable, even though in fact a felony had not been committed, to arrest on the bare information without verification—a change brought about by the Gordon riots. Since then Parliament has greatly increased the powers of arrest by the police in cases of misdemeanour as well as felony. Customs officers have now certain powers of arrest on suspicion, but nevertheless nothing approaching the powers of the French police has so far been accorded. As to communications to the police, as late as 1844 it was held that for the police to tell a prisoner that any statement made by him might be used at the trial was inadmissible, but this view has now been abandoned, and subject to proper caution, such statements of the accused may be tendered as evidence. It is not at all certain, however, when convictions are made solely upon such statements, that a mere caution, even as prescribed by the judges, is always sufficiently understood by the accused.

The second lecture is entitled "Freedom of Mind and Conscience." There is an examination of the Soviet system which extends into an examination of evidence of a dangerous state of mind—the learned judge likens it to our practice in the Star Chamber. Yet even in England, it is pointed out, views which are "subversive of the Constitution or a danger to the fabric of society may be prevented as treasonable or seditious." The burden of deciding the matter is left in England to a jury, but how far a body indiscriminately chosen is really capable of deciding what is or is not dangerous to society is

* *Freedom under the Law*, by Sir Alfred Denning. Stevens. 8s

very open to question, but there would appear to be no other method except the edict of a Minister.

As a rule English law hesitates to recognize offences not expressly defined by common law or statute, but an exception exists in the case of what is known as public mischief, such as arises where a person falsely informs the police of a crime imagined by the informer. The procedure would appear to be founded on a dictum in 1801 that "all offences of a public nature, as attempts to the prejudice of the community are actionable." It is observed, says the learned judge by way of analogy, that the Soviet code in Article 16 provides that "any act socially dangerous, is to be dealt with on the same basis as the offences it most closely resembles"—this is where there is no direct provision in the code. An attack upon a religious community not at present in law libellous, has been treated as a criminal public mischief; the judge and not the jury being the deciding authority. On this Lord Justice Denning comments: "All the good done by Fox's Libel Act 1792—that the whole matter is for the jury, if this dictum be correct would be done away with by a side wind." The lecturer has great confidence that a jury "can be trusted to know where to draw the line." With every respect, I doubt this; I lack that confidence in juries which the Lord Justice possesses and in any case, it is not to be forgotten that over 90 per cent. of criminal charges take place at petty sessions before justices where there is no jury to find the facts—not that justices are always to be relied upon either.

Nevertheless the lecturer declares that "time and time again the jury has been found to be our only safeguard against harsh laws." But what does this mean? In a State where Parliament is sovereign, laws, whether harsh or lenient, are not to be evaded by juries, or by judges either. For good or ill, since the decay of the medieval reference to the natural law as nullifying laws contrary to it, we have been driven to rely upon the edicts of Parliaments as not to be questioned in any court of justice—the function of the judicial authority being limited to the more pedestrian task of finding facts and interpreting laws and customs of the realm. Indeed to speak of Freedom under the Law is apt to conceal a vital problem; it is Parliament that enforces or negates freedom, not the judicial organ, which can only act within the limits that the supreme authority prescribes: a court may be entirely conscientious yet the law which it is compelled to enforce may be atrocious, and there is no remedy.

The realization of the privileges which we enjoy "in comparison with other European peoples," again to quote the Hamlyn Trust, has no doubt suggested to the Lord Justice the comparison which he draws between English and French procedure. He points out, however, for the most part, since 1941 the French have almost abandoned the

jury system as we know it after a hundred years' trial. In a criminal cause in the *Cours d' Assize* three judges and seven jurors sit together on the bench. They decide the guilt and sentence by a majority, but, as the lecturer points out, contrary to prevailing opinion in England, by the Declaration of the Rights of Man, as here, every man is presumed to be innocent unless he is proved guilty. Only the method of proof is different. The whole life of an accused, previous convictions and reports of superiors may be given to the presiding judge having been ascertained by an examining magistrate previously—matters here carefully excluded. Witnesses may make statements which we should consider irrelevant; there is no searching cross-examination. Yet to say that our highly artificial rules about evidence necessarily produce greater justice seems to me to be a large assumption; indeed, in a lecture on "Justice between Man and State," Lord Justice Denning admits that our present rules of evidence in the courts "have sometimes been considered too exacting in that they require the best available evidence to be produced and exclude all hearsay."

Having discussed personal rights, the Lord Justice in his later lectures speaks of freedoms of property and contract. He shows how, on the whole, the Victorian judges protected these "with as much vigour as they protected a man's personal freedom or his freedom of speech." "In this," he comments, "they were wrong." Duties were apt to be forgotten in the protection of rights. "Fraud apart, there is no law against letting a tumble-down house," it was judicially declared in 1863, but surely, in the absence of legislation, the judge was right—it was Parliament and not the judges who laid an insufficient stress upon social obligations. But the trouble is that once a principle of law is established, later judges are more or less bound. Thus *Liversidge's case*, perhaps necessary in time of war, would be equally applicable to interpret a similar peacetime regulation to deprive a suspect of his liberty; the House of Lords, even more than inferior tribunals, is bound by its own decisions.

So also in contract, the assumption was made in common law that all were equally free to bargain as they would; indeed any restraint on their liberty to do so, by combination or agreement, was looked upon in the industrial era with grave disfavour. How different from the medieval conception that all bargaining should be restrained by a moral conception of a "just price"! It may be argued that we are returning to-day in some respects to the earlier criterion. This at any rate would appear to be the view of the Lord Justice: "The property owner must (now) keep his houses fit for human habitation. The landlord must only charge a reasonable rent. And so forth. Statute after statute now puts on men the positive duty of doing good to their neighbours and to the community at large. The farmer must farm his lands in accordance with good husbandry, the school

proprietor must provide proper instruction, the doctor and the dentist must provide efficient service."

Now all this, as I have suggested is not really a question of law at all; it is one of special provision. The Hamlyn Trust is concerned only with the "growth of jurisprudence," adding to the burden of the exponent the insidious obligation to show the common people of England what they enjoy in law and custom in comparison with less favoured realms. The growth of social provision may conceivably occur under conditions which offend English notions of justice; attempts were made to achieve a tyrannical "welfare State" in Germany, perhaps are now being attempted in Russia; while in France, where the old personal rights accorded by Roman law still obtain, the social provision is negligible; too often have the subjects of social amenity and juridical right been confused.

One of the almost inevitable consequences of increased State activity is the growth of administrative tribunals—a matter which has engaged the attention of the late Lord Hewart, Professor Allen and many others. These bodies, often appointed by a Minister have to perform quasi-judicial functions. In France such bodies, specially administering law between citizen and State, have existed for more than a hundred years; there, curiously enough, the administrative courts have developed on a system of case law and not been restricted to the code as are the civil ones; the converse of our system, and the lecturer is of opinion that the French administrative law adequately protects the individual. Here the appeal is often direct to a Minister or his officials and not to the courts; indeed one Minister declared the court's power to be "judicial sabotage" of his plans! In the tribunals there are no rules of evidence such as are enforced in courts of law. Sometimes advocates are excluded, and sometimes tribunals have acted on the opinion of one party. Where the High Court had jurisdiction they have corrected these and many other errors, but in very many cases there are, for one reason or another, no appeals, and in others no opportunity for appeal to the court, as has been said, is in any case afforded. There are instances where appeal is by statute expressly forbidden. There again, the reasons of tribunals, as a rule, need not be given. Those sitting need not be trained in legal processes and there is no obligation to follow or study earlier decisions. Indeed, in many cases a cynic might say that our system is not very far removed from that of the Russians, where the members of the tribunals (called people's courts) are in fact nominated and removed by the Party. A useful address on this whole subject was given by Lord Greene in his Haldane lecture some years ago.

Arising out of this supersession of the courts, "the increasing powers of the executive" as the lecturer calls them, have consideration in his last address. These executive powers, unlike those before

tribunals, cannot necessarily be ascertained or vindicated in tribunals or courts of law, for "the government department which requisitions my house or compulsorily acquires my land does not exercise a judicial function." Dealing with ministerial powers of entry or search Lord Justice Denning points out how these were formerly very severely circumscribed. But to-day there are "new powers of entry and search. Enforcement officers of the Minister of Food may enter shop premises, inspect all goods and so forth; so also factory inspectors, sanitary inspectors and town planning officers may enter all kinds of premises for their various purposes." He adds the powers of the Minister of Supply and those of the Agricultural Executive Committee and there are many others. This, says the Lord Justice, "is a complete departure from the principles hitherto in force in England." These officers need not go to a magistrate to satisfy him that a search should be allowed, nor need they have reasonable cause to believe that an offence has been committed; all they need is an authority from a government official. Contrary to the assumption of the Hamlyn bequest, and Professor Dicey, the French "*détournement de pouvoir*" misuse of power, gives to the administrative courts an authority our system often does not provide or has lost by legislation. "Any hope of developing any duty of diligence comparable with that imposed by French administrative law has received a check by a recent decision of the House of Lords"—Lord Atkin (who will one day be recognized as one of the greatest of libertarian judges) again dissenting. Here a farmer's lands had been flooded because a catchment board which had power to mend banks had delayed to do so—the House held that if they had done nothing they would not have been liable, and why should the board be liable because they took a long time over the work? The Lord Justice thinks that in present conditions of civic activity new powers should be given to the courts to protect the subject against misuse of governmental activity, and as a person who for many years sat in the place which the learned judge adorns, and had to wrestle with this very problem, since my time become increasingly acute, I agree with him.

(The Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Slessor was a Lord Justice of Appeal from 1929 to 1940)

THE POLITICS OF MIDDLE AGE

BY R. D. CHARQUES

NO doubt the arteries of the mind begin to harden in different people at different ages. It is a question, presumably, of psychological types. Where political views and attitudes are concerned, however, it seems probable that the hardening begins rather earlier than most of us think. Who originally protested that not to be a socialist at 20 was to have no heart and to continue to be a socialist at 25 was to have no head? That extravagant saying crystallizes a familiar process in the individual psychology of politics. Though youth is ardent, altruistic, eager for change, it is never too soon to acquire a stake in a competitive society; with their elders and betters in possession the younger generation must always be knocking at the door of the established order. Politics are, in a sense, the struggle of the generations as much as of the classes.

In that struggle, as it is conducted in the present age of the transformation of capitalist society, one of the more transparent virtues of representative government is that it facilitates the education of the younger generation in the art of the possible. Political democracy, after all, is an empirical system, and as such helps to correct the theoretical bias of youth. It is also, even in its revolutionary phases, a conservative system. Macaulay's celebrated words, in the first chapter of his *History of England*—"no other society has yet succeeded in uniting revolution with prescription, progress with stability, the energy of youth with the majesty of immemorial antiquity"—project not the Whig view of English history only but also a basic worldly truth in politics. It is this: admit youth to power and responsibility and its zeal for experiment and innovation tends to be eroded by the lessons of experience. For with experience comes, as a rule, a fuller realization of the limitations of institutional change, a more pervasive and chastening sense of the obduracy of "the human factor." Nor is that all: there is a material equation also with the lessons of experience. In terms of what the world offers, it is clearly better to arrive than to travel hopefully, and, having arrived, having assumed "commitments" and given hostages to fortune, one's personal instinct is to seek stability.

Setting aside therefore the inevitable pressure of class interest, which helps to maintain instability in society—and some degree of instability is surely necessary for the health and vigour of society—

there are both psychological and material reasons for the abandonment with the years of advanced political opinions. These reasons, needless to say, are not universally operative. Not all persons who have reached the middle years of life, for instance, are inclined to hold moderate political views, or have even tended to move to the right of their views in youth. Whatever self-interest on the one hand or reason on the other may urge, a man's politics are in a peculiar sense an expression of temperament, and as such may perhaps be fairly considered a genetic inheritance. Temperamentally there are egalitarians and anarchists, just as there are conservatives and authoritarians. Each type may remain fixed in his outlook, or—in the manner of the exaggeratedly professional politician—may become more extreme with the passage of years. But there is, after all, a great weight of everyday evidence to confirm the general rule that people are apt to shed extreme political ideas as they grow older, and that the change begins to take effect at a comparatively early age.

This progressive (or retrogressive) tendency has been specially marked during the past half-century among the run of politicians and the more consciously political-minded generally in those countries of western Europe which have a reasonably established democratic tradition. Again and again we have witnessed in those countries the spectacle of the "apostasy" of the successful left-wing politician. The defection at the age of 30 of the socialist Millerand to a *bourgeois* French government in 1889 came as a shock to a movement essentially oppositionist, but the later history of Cabinet-making in the Third Republic is strewn with the wreckage of ex-socialist reputations. As things have turned out, the very term "socialist" on the European continent has long ceased, in fact, to denote any form of extremism. Even in this country, where there have been few notable cases of graduation from Socialism to what might be labelled anti-Socialism (is Sir Oswald Mosley a notable case?), the years have told upon the younger generation of ex-communists, among whom some of the ablest are now pillars of Labour respectability. The pull of age and experience has undoubtedly been to the right (may not the moderate to right-wing character of most western governments to-day be attributed in part to the pronounced numerical superiority of the higher age-groups, a superiority intensified in the case of Germany and Italy by the casualties among the younger generation in the recent war?)—just as, on the other side, the granting of the vote at 18 in the "people's democracies" of eastern Europe represents the determination of the left to capitalize youth and inexperience.

The question arises whether this familiar middle-aged gravitation towards a "middle" political standpoint, which is as pronounced, I suggest, in socialist Britain as in, say, free-enterprise Belgium, presents any distinctive features at the present day—whether, above all, it is

more firmly grounded than usual in reason. One generalizes, it need scarcely be said, from a narrow field of observation, often from one's own personal experience only. And any generalization on this score must take into account the simple psychological truth that selfishness and cynicism, to which the old are more prone than the young, are apt to masquerade as reason—in this instance a specifically *bourgeois* variety of reason. But it does nevertheless seem to me that the conspicuously moderate political opinion that is so characteristic to-day of large numbers of persons in middle life in this country expresses a fundamentally rational anxiety and even a fundamentally rational idealism. It is not, I would maintain, a mere "rationalization" of cowardice or timidity. Perhaps it would be as well to be quite explicit: party politics, I think, scarcely come into it—that, indeed, is the middle-aged citizen's dilemma to-day and the real electioneering enigma of the party managers and forecasters. For such moderate opinion is not necessarily anti-Labour. It makes no bones, as a rule, about acknowledging the necessity of most of the large measures of socialization in this country since 1945, and as often as not it expresses deep distrust of the purely negative aspect of the conservative programme. Yet at the same time it cannot escape the reasoned conviction that society is being killed by kindness—the rush, the unavoidably precipitate rush, of the pendulum leftwards may, if continued, bring the entire works to a standstill.

Political memories are notoriously short, but the pendulum has indeed swung hard and far to the left during the past 30 years. A normally intelligent man of fifty, having survived two world wars, knows to-day that he is living through a still unresolved revolution, a revolution marking the rule of the masses. He knows that that revolution cannot be put down. By now he is all but resigned to its exactions and disabilities, recognizing that it has social justice—social necessity, if you like—on its side. But a revolution must continue to evolve specific forms and instruments, must continue to develop a technique and tempo of institutional change; and it is here that those no longer young feel they have reason to apprehend the totalitarian Nemesis that lies in wait, it seems, for all schemes of human perfectibility. For the revolution is being carried forward, all too blindly by its own momentum, the momentum of numbers, of the mass. How, while conceding the argument for a new social order, to control the explosive force of a continuously expanding revolution, how to bring the salutary scepticism of experience to bear upon the profuse utopianism of the welfare State, how to temper the bureaucratic and managerial bias of society with some sort of spiritual purpose—these, it seems, are the common political preoccupations of so many middle-aged people in this country to-day.

BROADCASTING FOR SCHOOLS

BY RICHMOND POSTGATE

SCHOOL broadcasting, I heard myself say in a lecture, is entering a maturer phase, it is growing up. Afterwards I wondered what this metaphorical statement meant; indeed whether it meant anything at all, or was just one of those phrases one uses to clothe statistics of increase with a garb of humanity.

In a human being, growing up implies an increase in size and weight; but more significantly, the discovery and exercise of adult responsibilities. In size, school broadcasting has unquestionably grown as a few statistics will show. It has grown whether one measures growth in terms of the air-time devoted to the service, in the number of the audience listening, or of the staff engaged. The first transmissions took place in 1924 and occupied an hour a week. By the autumn of 1928 the figure was 400 minutes a week, by 1939 600, and at the present time 1,045 minutes. Of this last figure, 780 minutes go to all schools of the United Kingdom, 115 to schools in Scotland only, and 150 to Welsh schools only. Thus the service is very much larger, and serves both general and particular audiences.

In terms of the listening schools, the growth has been equally sustained. In 1928 there were 2,239 schools, in 1939 11,170; the latest available figure is 18,596 out of a possible total of around 35,000. In July of last year, it was estimated that the percentages for the various countries were—England 50, Scotland 48, Wales 44 and Northern Ireland 16. This proportion, which actually never stopped growing during the war despite the difficulties of getting receivers, may very likely increase again sharply now that supplies are easier.*

Perhaps even more startling is the increase of staff. In 1928, four years after the start, the full-time staff of the School Broadcasting Department was six. In 1950 it is over 80; but to this figure one has to add the staff concerned with the assessment of the broadcasts, their promotion and all the inquiry which precedes the adoption of educational policy. The total figure is 141; and this excludes all the writers, consultants, artists engaged *ad hoc*, and the share of the B.B.C. technical and administrative services.

* These figures are reliable only to show a trend. They are compiled from the number of schools which, by registering with the office their intention to listen, are supplied with explanatory literature. There is no predictable relationship between this intention and actual listening.

School broadcasting has unquestionably grown ; but has it grown up ? On reflection, the term seems to hold three elements. First of all, function. A new limb of the public service has to find its proper place ; to see what it can do well, what it can do tolerably but not better than other means already established, and what it should not attempt at all. A second is that it should be allowed to use these potentialities as they are discovered. A public service, be it of broadcasting or transport or anything else, however excellent it may be, is not a service unless it is used. Its existence has to be made known to those for whom it is planned, and they have to accept it and use it. Thirdly, though this is maybe only an extension of the last point, the contribution which the users need to make has to be made clear and obtained from them. This may seem a strange notion ; but—as it seems to me—many branches of the public service, for their proper functioning, do require positive contributions from the public. Schools, for instance, are fully used only when the parents collaborate, even if not very consciously, with the teachers (or would it be true to say that teachers can only teach effectively if they are in harmony with the educational aims of the parents?). A library service does not consist only of making books available to the public ; it requires the borrowers to borrow them and use them, and in some way to guide and support the service. The influence of public esteem on a public service was particularly shown during the war in (for example) the R.A.F. It was surely clear that the quality of that service did not depend only on the quality of its members, but also on the immense sustaining tide of public appreciation. I believe this to be equally, if not so dramatically, true of public service in peacetime. Because the public thinks that the Tubes are the best in the world, the men who operate them are led to try and make them so ; in return, the public acclaims them, notes approvingly the style of the stations and the posters, keeps to the right on the escalators, tells its friends that the longest tunnel in the world is between East Finchley and Morden, and foots the bill without too much complaint.

In school broadcasting, so far as function is concerned, its discovery has been a gradual evolving process, which has proceeded alongside the gradual and piecemeal, though considerable, changes in educational theory and practice of schools as a whole. The extent of this change can be conveniently illustrated by comparing what was offered in 1928 with 1949. As the number of minutes of School Broadcasting in 1928 was 400 a week, and in 1949 1,045, it is natural that rather more subjects are offered in 1949. However, the staple subjects are much the same in both years—Music, History, Poetry and Literature, Geography and Travel, Nature Study and Elementary Science, Modern Languages, high level talks for sixth-formers, and so forth. The extensions in 1949 came about principally by providing seven

series in one subject at differing levels of attainment, where previously one only had been offered, and series of local interest, for example the separate provision for Scottish and Welsh interests. In terms of subject matter 1949 shows practically no extension over 1928 ; indeed, in one respect it marks a contraction. Passages of classical Latin were broadcast in 1928, and are now no longer.

The significant changes are in the changed educational aims of the broadcasts, and in their relationship to the teachers and children. Here the two programmes are very revealing. In 1928 the prospectus speaks of the “wireless lessons” given by “wireless lecturers” or “wireless teachers”. “The wireless teacher,” it says, “counts on children and teachers alike entering into the spirit of the lesson, and the class instructor will find great benefit results from close collaboration with his wireless colleague.” How clearly these phrases reveal the pedagogic attitude then prevailing ; one can almost see the classes, far more rigid and formal than to-day. On this side, the teacher, expounding, dictating, correcting a disciplined flock ; on the other the children, kept in their desks (“pens up, pens down”), being talked at and admonished. And the radio, the wireless teacher, another adult voice expounding and explaining, no doubt with greater authority and scholarship, but unquestionably didactic. In its earliest days the radio is an electrical device enabling massive audiences to be lectured simultaneously. Of one lecturer, the 1928 publication commends the syllabus in these words : “She has had great success with lantern lectures to juveniles, and it is hoped that, with the aid of illustrations, the broadcast talks” (which were about pictures) “will be equally appreciated.”

In the 1949 publication, “instruction” and “lecturing” have disappeared. Of a series dealing with World History for ten-year-olds, we read : “The broadcasts are in no sense formal history lessons, although they have an historical basis.” Their primary aim is to tell “good stories which the children will enjoy.” Another series for children of ten, Junior English, is concerned with “the tale that holdeth children from play”. Senior English (11-14) is intended to help children “to greater enjoyment of literature”. This swing over from instruction to enjoyable experience is perhaps most clearly emphasized in an experimental series consisting of “self-contained passages of English prose and verse read without explanation or comment in the belief that good literature well spoken can safely be left to make its own impression.”

More telling, perhaps, is the fact that whereas in 1928 the first experimental dramatized programmes were being produced, in 1949 three-quarters or more of the entire output was wholly or partly dramatized. This change reflects, of course, the realization which came over the radio world after 1928 that drama is very suited to

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sound radio, but in the case of school broadcasting, the development has been accelerated or reinforced by the growing tendency of teachers to study the interests and inclinations of children and capitalize these enthusiasms for educational ends.* A lecturer tends to talk *about* some event, and his account to follow the systematization which has taken place in his head, issuing normally in a logical and intellectual composition. A play, by contrast, is a representation of the event itself; it is not about the event, it *is* the event, and its presentation highlights the emotional, personal and individual aspects rather than their position in a train of argument or events. The release of the schools from the didacticism of earlier days has provided the background for the flowering of radio drama.

Modern language broadcasting provides an interesting example, though of a different kind. In 1927 a full-scale international conference on education devoted an afternoon to the effects of radio on teaching and recorded its view that help to modern language teaching was likely to be one of its chief instructional uses. Accordingly, the 1928 programme offered a two year elementary course in French, designed to give "special instruction in the matter of pronunciation, vocabulary, use of words and idioms, grammar and syntax, with particular reference to the errors Englishmen tend to make." In 1949 there is no elementary course, and no reference to grammar, idioms or besetting errors. Two programmes are offered, one for students in their third year, one for those at sixth form level, and they both aim to present France directly through French—French culture, life, news, literature, music and fun through programmes written largely by Frenchmen and acted by them. There is no elementary instruction because it is felt that radio cannot make a useful teaching contribution at this stage. The programmes to-day do not, in fact, teach; they present France through its language. In other words, the function of the radio in relation to French teaching has been reviewed, identified and defined.

Now as to the users. In the earliest stages there was a good deal of scepticism and some opposition, and to win its place the B.B.C. adopted such blandishments as competitions and prizes. This period ended after the publication of the Kent report, an independent investigation into the potentialities of school broadcasting carried out in Kent, with the aid of a Carnegie grant; after this it was generally accepted that school broadcasting was not a passing educational fad. Public confidence was reinforced by the establishment in 1929 of a school broadcasting council widely representative of the educational

* See, for example, the mild but revolutionary remark slipped in to a recent Ministry pamphlet ("Seven to Eleven", p. 20): "*There was a time* (my italics) when teaching young children to read and write was considered one of the most important parts of primary education. Through beginning too soon and spending too much time on teaching these skills, teachers often lost the children's natural interest in speaking and writing words."

world which was charged to guide the B.B.C. on the educational policy of the broadcasts, stand sponsor for them to the educational world, and foster their development and use. The B.B.C. financed this council and seconded a small staff to work for it. About this time the Ministry of Education defined its attitude to the broadcasts as one of benevolent neutrality. The council had a difficult task. From very slender resources it had to persuade the local education authorities to equip their schools with radio sets and the training colleges to incorporate into their syllabuses training in the use of school broadcasts. It had to persuade practising teachers to take broadcasting as a contribution to education which deserved attention and criticism. For its own purposes and for the B.B.C. staff, it had a service of information about the habits and needs of schools, and of constructive criticism of the broadcasts themselves. Moreover, all this had to be done without much support from the inspectorate, and in a way which would provoke neither a sales resistance in the educational world nor an undue sensitiveness among the broadcasting officials. It is not surprising that despite the substantial increases in the number of schools listening, about half the schools in the United Kingdom are still without sets, and of those which have them only about a quarter give satisfactory reception. Extremely few authorities have any system of maintenance and only a small proportion of students in training have an opportunity of learning how to use the broadcasts.

However, in the characteristic ambling fashion of British institutions, progress has been made and recently the Ministry abandoned its neutrality and began to support the service whole-heartedly. This change was published in a recent pamphlet on citizenship, which contains the following passage:

Fortunately, broadcasting in this country has been developed with a sense of social and artistic responsibility and with a regard for educational as well as recreational service. Undoubtedly, the British Broadcasting Corporation has made a big contribution to the recent growth of interest in good music, good plays and intelligent talk and to that extent has helped, directly a little, indirectly a very great deal, to raise the standards of taste and so, perhaps, of behaviour in the face of innumerable influences to the contrary. The B.B.C. provides a forum for the candid discussion of serious and fundamental problems of religion and politics, art and personal conduct. It gives a platform to public men and women of the day—a very exacting platform, quite different from the public hall, and one where the slightest hint of insincerity is magnified to a shout; to that extent broadcasting has probably helped to raise the tone and quality of political oratory, in the teeth of other influences that might have encouraged its decay. Last of all, the B.B.C., under the guidance of the School Broadcasting Council, has developed a service of "wireless" lessons, or, more properly, "School Broadcasts", having a variety, a freshness of presentation, an authority and reliability, an originality of purpose and method that raises them from the level of a teaching accessory to that of a new educational method.

Apart from this extremely whole-hearted commendation, for one engaged in school broadcasting it is particularly pleasing to see school

broadcasting regarded as one among many of educational services provided by the B.B.C. ; so also, in a minor way, to see the official burial of the term "wireless" lessons. But, of course, the real importance is that the pamphlet marks officially the acceptance of the claims of the service to be something very worth while. I imagine this may prove to be as important a step as was the publication of the Kent report twenty years earlier.

The reaction of the general public is so uniformly favourable that one is tempted to imagine that by some magic potion in the early days it was persuaded of the value of the broadcasts and has never seen fit to change its mind ; or that praise for one of the B.B.C. services is a useful foil for blaming another. Be that as it may, it has been solid and continuous support, becoming vociferous on one occasion—when school broadcasting was cut out during the 1947 great frost. It was then made clear beyond all possible doubt that the public at large considered that the school broadcasting service was valuable enough to be maintained in a serious emergency and was doing something of which it heartily approved.

To some extent the response from the public is of concern only to the professionals—teachers and broadcasters. For example, precisely what material ought a broadcast to contain ? What assumptions about the children's knowledge should be made ? Is it reasonable to assume that teachers will prepare for the broadcasts and follow them up ? If they do not do so at present, will the publication of suggestions and summaries lead them to develop this habit ? Questions of this kind are, evidently, answerable only after a good deal of inquiry.* Like so many advances to-day, these inquiries are detailed and specialist and require heavy documentation.

Of more general and topical interest is the part in the control of the broadcasts which the users play. Here there is a very special and essentially twentieth century problem. Its nature can be stated very shortly. First : the B.B.C. is a public monopoly and a very large organization ; second : children are forced by law to attend school, and may be forced by their teachers to hear the broadcasts ; third : the proper social control of its educational system is vital to the life of a democratic state, and fourth : a broadcast is an artistic creation,

*An instance is a recent inquiry into whether a broadcast series could usefully be made to assist the study of religious knowledge in sixth forms. The sources of evidence in England and Wales included (a) reports on broadcasts from teachers (about 12 each week) ; (b) compilation of statistical and other information from all Secondary Grammar schools in two successive years ; (c) visits by officials to selected schools ; (d) discussions with representatives of bodies with special experience, e.g. Ministry of Education, Institute of Christian Education, S.C.M. ; (e) discussion with Sixth Form boys and girls in class and at special conferences ; (f) five separate conferences with teachers in different areas, and a final conference with religious specialists. All this material was boiled down into a report for the School Broadcasting Council and presented together with a scheme illustrating how the conclusions of the report could be met through broadcasts.

and must have the conditions favourable to such creation. The first steps to meet the situation which these facts created were taken very early. It is worth stating here that the school broadcasting council formed in 1929 is a mandatory not an advisory body. The B.B.C. may not make any broadcast to schools unless the council has requested it to do so, and the B.B.C. is bound to obtain its approval to what it broadcasts. This step, sound and far-seeing though it was, is only the first step, and a crude interpretation of relative powers might very easily result in acute deadlocks, the broadcasting council, through lack of knowledge of the limitations of broadcasting setting impossible or unsuitable tasks to the broadcasting body, and the broadcasting body either denying its own birthright by misusing the broadcast medium, or attempting to railroad its own schemes through by hoodwinking or overlaying the council ; the final result offering less what the schools needed and less artistic than a system of patronage could have achieved. The second step was to establish inside the B.B.C. a separate production department to specialize in broadcasts to schools. Most B.B.C. production departments follow the type of broadcast they produce—talks, features, drama and so on. The School Broadcasting Department is staffed to deal with all types of broadcast, and its members are largely ex-teachers. The third was to equip the council with its own specialists, notably experienced ex-teachers who as education officers are in close contact with the schools and the children and report the needs and reactions. The department is in direct and close contact with the council staff and is to a great extent independent of the main programme organization of the Corporation. The simplicity and closeness of this relationship is of very great advantage.

The other steps taken in the last twenty years are largely refinements of these two major decisions, but it is instructive that if they had not occurred the machine would not work and that each is the result of a very great deal of argument and reflection. However brilliant its founders, it seems that no administrative organization can hope to be more than generally on the right lines when it starts, and that its development into a really efficient concern can only be slow and arduous. The administrative Eden is at least as much a matter of rolling and mowing as of landscape gardening.

Under the present arrangements, the school broadcasting council is charged to formulate the general educational policy and determine the general aim and scope of the various broadcast series. Its inquiries, in which the programme staff participate, lead to longish reports pointing out needs as the schools and the council's officers see them. Alongside these reports go plans from the broadcasting side of how they could implement these needs in broadcasts if they were called upon to do so. If for some reason, the broadcasting side

think the needs cannot be met by broadcasts at all, this can be stated. Both documents are presented to programme committees of the council. These committees, which consist not only of representatives of major educational interests but also of co-opted practising teachers and others, have to decide what is the best way of helping the schools. Their decision is set down in a directive to the B.B.C. setting out for each series the general educational intention, the intended audience, the field of subject matter and so forth. It does not go into detail either of content or treatment. But it will be noticed that before adopting a directive the committees have had the chance of satisfying themselves that the series is really needed, that the broadcasting side think that it is a practicable proposition from a broadcasting standpoint, and that they themselves think the broadcasts would prove to be such that they could honestly recommend them to the educational world.

At this stage the initiative passes to the B.B.C. who prepare detailed plans to meet the directive and present them to the committees. Formally, the committees are confined at this stage to the question whether the proposals conform to the directive or not; they are not empowered either to alter the commission or make alternative proposals themselves. In practice, however, the broadcasting side being anxious to obtain a whole-hearted as well as a formal approval, endeavour to take suggestions and do as much re-casting as is practicable; but they know that in the background the formal limitation to the council's powers will enable a halt to be called if necessary.

This system results from giving each partner to the enterprise a clearly defined function while associating them closely in their everyday work. It requires a high degree of collaborativeness and understanding, but it also provides opportunities for the constant personal contact which fosters them. It is also deliberate. The period of inquiry is long; the policy decision to have a particular series, and to approve a directive for it, is separated by some months from the decision to approve the titles of the broadcasts of which it is to be composed and, owing to the schools' demand for advance notice, this decision is several months away from the actual transmission. To elongate the natural process of thinking, writing and producing a broadcast in this way is irritating to the programme staff and perhaps damaging to the broadcasts; on the other hand, a large area of very real freedom for inventiveness and new ideas is preserved and there is great satisfaction in knowing that one's work is fulfilling an unquestioned need in the schools.

(The author is the B.B.C.'s Head of School Broadcasting.)

ASPECTS OF MEDIEVAL UNITY

By H. S. DEIGHTON

AS it is generally employed, the term 'Middle Ages' has much in common with that other ill-defined expression—Middle East. The two terms are applied with an almost equal looseness to great areas, the one of time and the other of space. Each has many facets and offers a field of study too vast, perhaps, for adequate comprehension by any one mind, and, in consequence, the adjective of each is commonly used with reference to the particular facet which most concerns the user. Both, too, share, for good reasons, a great and perhaps a growing interest for the contemporary westerner—an interest which is reflected by their very name, for we call them "middle" in relation to our own part of the world, our own civilization and our own time.

An exact definition of the Middle Ages need not be attempted. It was the millennium that elapsed between the passing of the Graeco-Roman world and the emergence of that civilization which had its origin in western Europe. Politically, it covered the period from the end of the Roman order to the beginning of the modern society of the sovereign nation-State. The historian of the intellect might conveniently date it between 529 A.D., when Justinian closed the Academy at Athens, and St. Benedict founded the monastery at Monte Cassino, to the death of Dante in 1321, or, equally, allow it a further two hundred years.

Throughout this period, long as it was, the civilized peoples of the west retained an astonishing degree of cultural and indeed in the wider sense in which these words are used to-day, of social and political unity. This unity was almost entirely drawn from the Latin Christianity which they had in common. Sir Henry Slessor,* a layman so far as historical studies are concerned, is evidently drawn to the period by his feeling for the historic religious forms of the western world and by the attraction of that greater unity of civilized men, for which the Middle Ages was able to provide a suitable milieu, and of which the national sovereign State has shown itself to be so effective a destroyer. He starts his survey with the reign of the emperor Theodosius I, at the end of the fourth century—but he might well have considered adding the inside of a century to his long

* *The Middle Ages in the West*, by Sir Henry Slessor. Hutchinson. 21s.

story and opening it with the reign of the emperor Constantine who, by unifying the empire and accepting Christianity, was responsible for one of the most important changes in human history, who accepted the guidance (as he sought to modify the vehemence) of Catholic advisers in a Church already full of heresies and who, by setting up a new capital in his name city Constantinople (which even to-day is 'Rome' in the popular speech of the Levant), brought into being that twofold division of Christendom into east and west, Greek and Latin, Orthodox and Catholic, which made possible the rise of the characteristic civilization of western Europe.

The issue of a translation of Jacob Burckhardt's earliest great work,* nearly a century after its first appearance in 1852, is further testimony to the extent of contemporary interests in those periods of the past in which there were problems and situations seemingly similar to those of to-day. So far as the age of Constantine is concerned, the analogy is, in the opinion of Burckhardt's translator, "inescapable". Others, like Sir Henry Slessor, are drawn to the past in a search for something of present (or indeed of eternal) value which they believe may have been lost. For such there are many dangers—for, since it remains true that much of the best English historical writing has been the work of non-professionals—there is also a sense in which the study of history requires a professional quantity of understanding and technique, even if this amounts to no more than the essential recognition of the limitations of the subject. Dr. Ullmann† is a professional academic historian and he has something to say which is very well worth saying. His subject, the medieval canonists, is almost as obscure and as much neglected, as it is important.

It must be said that Burckhardt's picture of the age of Constantine, differs substantially, both in interpretation and in emphasis, from those which contemporary scholars are drawing. There has been no significant addition to the material available to historians since he wrote—but there has been a steady development in technique and, it would not be unfair to say, that the most striking difference between this work and that of contemporary historians, such as Professor A. H. M. Jones (*Constantine and the Conversion of Europe*, 1948) and of Mr. H. St. L. D. Moss (*The Birth of the Middle Ages*, 1935) lies in the greater humility of the twentieth century scholars' judgments. On the central theme of Constantine's relations with Christianity, Burckhardt has much of the assurance of the sceptical continental bourgeois of his time—and perhaps some of the dogmatic arrogance of youth, which, as readers of his recently published lectures on history will remember, he was to shed entirely as the result of a life

* *The Age of Constantine the Great*, by Jacob Burckhardt. Routledge & Kegan Paul. 18s.
† *Medieval Papalism*, by Walter Ullmann. Methuen. 18s.

spent in studying history, "not", as he wrote, "to be clever for another time, but to be wise for always."

For Burckhardt, at this stage of his career, it was evidently easier to equip his characters with the material circumstances of their time than to make the imaginative effort necessary to provide them with a set of values all their own. His scholarship, wide and deep in other respects, shows itself in this book to be deficient in the more subtle realm of spiritual values. He shows little feeling for what is sometimes called the "climate of opinion"; in fact, here, although not perhaps in his later work on the Renaissance, he shows himself to be lacking in historical sense. Thus for all its greatness, this magnificent piece of literary architecture has an appearance of unreality, because, although they are surrounded and dressed with all the apparatus appropriate to their age, its characters behave like puppets on strings attached to the author—they are men of the nineteenth century acting in an elaborately constructed setting of the fourth.

The consequences of this weakness are to be seen extending behind the portraiture of the figures of the age to the assessment of the sources for its history. For one of his principal sources, the Christian historian, Eusebius of Caesarea, Burckhardt has an expressed contempt which his translator has felt obliged to try to mitigate. Eusebius is "the most objectionable of all eulogists" who is "fully capable of ignoring and concealing a fact" and has "utterly falsified" Constantine's likeness, by dressing him in an "odious hypocrisy". For Burckhardt, Constantine was a great man—rather as Carlyle might have used the expression. "Attempts have often been made to penetrate into the religious consciousness of Constantine and to construct a hypothetical picture of changes in his religious convictions. Such efforts are futile. In a genius driven without surcease by ambition and lust for power there can be no question of Christianity and paganism, of conscious religiosity or irreligiosity; such a man is essentially irreligious, even if he pictures himself in the midst of a church community. Holiness he understands only as a reminiscence or as a superstitious vagary. Moments of inward reflection, which for a religious man are in the nature of worship, he consumes in a different sort of fire. World-embracing plans and mighty dreams lead him by an easy road to the streams of blood of slaughtered armies. He thinks that he will be at peace when he has achieved this or the other goal, whatever it may be that is wanting to make his possessions complete." A modern authority, Professor Jones, offers a more cautious comment and shows an awareness of the mutability of many human values: "The debate still goes on whether his conversion was a matter of policy or of religious conviction, and in the latter alternative what brought about his change of heart, and finally whether he became a full Christian or whether he passed

through a stage when he regarded Christianity as one of many forms in which the Supreme Power could be worshipped. On the first question no historian who understands the mood of the age in which Constantine lived can entertain any serious doubts. To be a rationalist in that age Constantine would have been an intellectual prodigy, and he was, in fact, as far as we can discern him, a simple-minded man." In this view he had been influenced by his experience up to and at the decisive battle of Mulvian Bridge. "He believed that the Highest Divinity, whom the Christian Church worshipped, had given him victory and dominion; he hoped by doing His will to win by His favour further prosperity for himself and his subjects, and he feared by offending Him to be cast down from power and to involve the empire in his ruin."

Yet Burckhardt was not so much hostile to Christianity as derisive of the claim that his hero had adopted it in sincerity. There is some shrewd comment on the consequences for the religion, of its official adoption. He aptly illustrates the mechanics of the Church's rise to power. "In one aspect in particular it is easy to perceive the means of power which the State had surrendered; the whole huge apparatus of public benefits with its influence upon the masses now devolved upon the clergy, who established shelters for the poor, hostels, almshouses, orphanages, hospitals and other philanthropic foundations in many places, partly through gifts of the State, whereas the State came into contact with the individual only through its soldiers and its brutal tax collectors." He deplores the fact "that the Gospel was made into law for those who did not believe in it," and quotes his contemporary, Zahn, in a telling phrase: "Christianity grows alien to its essence when it is made into law for those born instead of for those re-born."

Few books could equip their readers better than Dr. Ullmann's *Medieval Papalism* for judging the truth of this aphorism. The first principles of medieval political thinking were set out in the teaching of St. Augustine, which sought to solve the dilemma of sacred and human law on the analogy of the two cities—the *civitas Dei*, in which men would live in obedience to divine law, and consequently without the necessity for human government, and the *civitas terrena*, the earthly city, called into being by the need to meet the consequences of sin. Secular government fared badly in the five hundred years preceding the eleventh century, with consequences that have earned them the name 'Dark Ages', central government tottered and, after Charlemagne, fell, taking with it the economic order. Europe was eventually saved from invaders by the feudalism which grew up upon the fragments into which she had broken. Order was slowly regained—turbulent knights and nobles settled down and underwent "the civilizing influence of ownership."

The shift in power which Burckhardt noticed had been steadily taking effect, and in the eleventh century the time was ripe for the assertion of the principles of the "papal monarchy" usually associated with the name of Hildebrand, who became Pope, as Gregory VII, in 1073.

From the time of Hildebrand's accession to that of the death of Boniface VIII in 1303, the western political scene may be said to have been dominated by the progressive assertion of the fulness of papal power and by the struggle which arose from the resistance of secular governments to what seemed its constant encroachments upon their rights. Most historians of this struggle depend for their account of its issues upon the writings of the publicists on either side. It is Dr. Ullmann's purpose to draw attention to the more fundamental work of the canonists who throughout the period from the eleventh to the fourteenth century were formulating the doctrines upon which papal claims were based. He quotes the late A. L. Smith: "The ideal of . . . the canonists was to make a working reality of the kingdom of God on earth" and goes on to show how this was to be achieved by means of the supreme power of the pope who, given good reason, *justa causa*, might even modify the natural law, itself identified with divine law—'*jus naturale, id est, jus divinum*.' "As soon," he writes, "as the principle of the immutability of the natural law was put to the test it became no more than a pious assertion." It is, perhaps, misleading to imply, as Dr. Ullmann seems to do, that all medieval popes always wanted to assert the most extreme claims made for their office by the most advanced canonist thinkers. But it is a service to have drawn attention to the great and living body of teaching—the ideology of papal action, as he aptly terms it—which lay behind the policies of the popes: from the ranks of whose formulators indeed some of the greatest popes were drawn—among them Innocent III and Boniface VIII.

In an edict, issued after he had reunited the empire, Constantine wrote: "God sought my service and judged that service fitting to achieve his purpose." He inaugurated an era in which the declared objective of political thinking was the discovery and implementation of the divine will. To-day, when such ideas have an increasing attraction for many, there can be nothing but good in a deepened study of that period, "not", indeed, "to be clever for another time, but to be wise for always."

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RUSKIN

BY GRACE BANYARD

IF, in the current quiz manner, the question: "What great man of the nineteenth century has most influenced you?" could be canvassed among the cultured who are as old as this twentieth, surely Ruskin's name would head the poll. But (like the meaning of the word 'quiz') the appeal of Ruskin has broadened and branched within living memory, and his crowning reward now is not so much the approval of deliberately educated "brains trusters", as the homage often unconscious of the audience, as it were, who send in the questions. For, everyone whose inward eye tells him that the lines of some great church are 'right', and that a well-loved town can be hideous too; whose heart lifts to a comely phrase; who sees that it would be possible to fly for ever through the air of a Turner sunset; who yearns to the glories of Italy: her mountains, her antiquity, her language and her galleries; who "looks at the clouds," in Ruskin's own words, "and watches the delicate sculpture of their alabaster sides and the rounded lustre of their magnificent rolling"; who hates the encroachments of vulgarity, and fears the enslavement of the moving belt, is vindicating the beauty lover and the visionary who died sick in heart and mind believing that his mission to check the seeping ugliness of the industrial revolution had failed.

Ruskin's social-reforming inconsistencies have been painstakingly dissected by 'practical' economists and by reactionaries, and practising painters and libertines have derided his linking of ethics with art. The shriller outcries were naturally from the libertines and reactionaries, but shrillest of all have been those of the professional politicians against what he called his "Tory-Socialism". Yet, muddled as he could often be, aesthetically and mentally unstable as he was, with a dependence on affection and a guilty fear of pleasure, with a rich man's uneasy conscience and a distaste for the masses—weed him and hoe, thresh and winnow him, and there is still good and abundant grain. Unlike his giant contemporary Carlyle—although, considering their origins were so different, in so many other respects their aims were identical—Ruskin does not lose our sympathy by scolding. He sees, just as clearly, that the nineteenth century has gone astray but, in the idiom of to-day, he believes in "music while you work" to find the right path, and in joining art to

the daily task to the enrichment of both; Carlyle pins his faith only to the work, to its slavery. Instead of a trust in "heroes", Ruskin hopes for "good living by lesser men." And, despite the evil-doing of 'supermen' and the failure to make the rank and file good by legislation so painfully witnessed in the last 40 years, Ruskin's gentler and more optimistic creed even now seems to be nearer the needs of a twentieth century that is fighting—but perhaps not quite hard enough—for survival.

Seen in this tragic perspective, Whistler's taunt that "Ruskin is an artist among political economists and a political economist among artists" loses its sting; just as the recoil from the consequences of two world wars has now made the 'debunking' of Victorianism look like a particularly fatuous pastime. In any case, the popularity of a man of such parts as Ruskin would be bound to fluctuate, much in his lifetime and more since his death in 1900. The publication over two years ago of *The Order of Release* has had an involuntary share in his present spell on the heights. While setting out to rescue from calumny the reputation of Effie Gray (Ruskin's wife who afterwards married Millais), presumably the author, their grandson Admiral James, did not intend to revive interest in the teaching and taste of her first husband. Nevertheless, the avowed purpose of the book was soon forgotten in the reader's losing struggle to find an ogre in the personality of one who wrote in *The Stones of Venice*: "Multitudes think they like to do evil; yet no man ever really enjoyed doing evil since God made the world." What the book actually demonstrates convincingly enough is how a silly woman, in the shape of Ruskin's mother, can wreak havoc in human relationships and do irreparable damage to her own idol.

Then, within the year, to corroborate that the ogre was indeed a doting mother, and that the youth who bore with her had exceptional sweetness of character which in the grown man only mental breakdown could tarnish, there came *Ruskin: The Great Victorian*, Derrick Leon's posthumous work. Though over-much space was given to Ruskin's two private tragedies, the marriage annulment and his love for Rose La Touche, the book could not fail to enlighten a new generation, with copious quotation from the source itself, on the scope of Ruskin's ideas, artistic, economic, social and religious. Just before, the ground had been prepared by Sir Kenneth Clark's introduction to a new edition of *Praeterita*, this happiest of all Ruskin's works because he chose to make it so, begun in his sixties as a kind of autobiographical counterblast to the threat of insanity. And this is the book which the tiros should choose. The glimpses of his parents feverishly spending money on their gifted son's elaborate education, "too formal and too luxurious" as he says, the Victorian background not conducive to aesthetic appreciation yet

engendering it by very force of contrast, the portraits of his associates delicate as his own drawings, the avuncular talk and play with child friends, his own royal purple prose, are some of its charms, undimmed by the bitterness of controversy or the overwhelming urge to preach.

Before passing to the latest book about Ruskin, a tribute might be paid to a couple of most penetrating studies. The one is to be found in Holbrook Jackson's *Dreamers of Dreams*, published in 1948, where Ruskin's place is clearly defined in a gallery which also holds Carlyle, William Morris, Emerson, Thoreau and Walt Whitman. The other is *The Last Romantics** and its author, in conformity with his title, includes of these only Morris, choosing for Ruskin's other companions Rossetti, Pater, Whistler (with an account of the undignified quarrel between him and the now conventional Ruskin) and other *fin de siècle* figures, and W. B. Yeats. Graham Hough here firmly claims Ruskin as "the earliest (perhaps the only) English writer of first-rate intellectual power to devote himself mainly to the visual arts." As about 1850 the word 'artist' which stood for "scientist, artisan, or specifically painter, acquires also a new meaning—that of imaginative creator in general," it is not without significance that there appeared in 1847 the first volume of *Modern Painters*. Its appeal was to the cultured public quite as much as to the painter; as Mr. Hough felicitously puts it, the work "gave the pleasures of the eye a metaphysical status." In this most unlooked for materialization of reveries in a Japanese prison camp, the relation of art to the moral life and the social order under Ruskin's exacting tutelage—"You must either make a tool of your workman or a man of him" is the author's summation—is carefully and brilliantly traced to its practical application in pre-Raphaelitism and the work of William Morris.

Here is one, but seventeen years younger, who called Ruskin his master, and whose aims at first were wholly complementary to his. It may be said, loosely, that the professional worker Morris believed all men should be craftsmen, the professional teacher Ruskin that they should be artists. More precisely, it must be stressed that both associated art with morality, politics and religion, and joy with work. Morris agreed on "the nature of Gothic" as expounded by Ruskin in *The Stones of Venice* but carried the "Gothic spirit" and its social implications in architecture and life much further. Not so much cathedrals as domestic amenities—furniture and furnishings—were Morris's ultimate concerns. His gifts as a painter, designer and practical craftsman far exceeded Ruskin's very great talent as a draughtsman. In poetry and prose respectively the balance seems to be slightly in Ruskin's favour. They both admired Rossetti's paintings

* *The Last Romantics*, by Graham Hough. Duckworth. 15s.

and were out of sympathy with Whistler's, but Ruskin's dictum, that never before had the upper classes had "so much sympathy with the lower, or charity for them," Morris would not allow. His Socialism was more forthright, more robust than Ruskin's attempts to combine Tory instincts with a passion to ennoble the whole of humanity.

Many writers have noticed that Morris remains an enigma. As Esther Meynell emphasized two years ago in her *Portrait of William Morris*: "There was something strange and unexplained about him." Both he and Ruskin came from wealthy homes and, try as they would by precept and example, and loyal as they were in individual contacts, they never seemed to succeed in the most difficult task of really loving mankind. Could it be that their middle-class, family-business backgrounds made a barrier, against the struggling, stuffy, steamy masses, more difficult to climb than aristocratic lineage might have been to leap? And might it not be this stiff-jointedness that helps to explain the strangeness in both, a strangeness that arose out of their shocked comprehension of the barrier and a correspondingly desperate determination to surmount it? Of course, the very ease with which Morris mastered whatever he fancied—whether the precise detail in his lovely painting *La Belle Iseult*, or *The Defence of Guenevere* as a first volume of poems, or the dyeing-vat, loom, and printing press, or his Utopian novel *News from Nowhere*—and that pshaw-anybody-can-do-it approach of his made him, however unwillingly, impatient of ordinary men. And Ruskin, who took infinite pains to achieve his dreams, suffered exactly the same limiting of sympathy; in interests quite as wide, his vast theoretical grasp of technique entitled him, he felt, to the rôle of omnipotence. But there seems to have been some deeper reserve in both men not so glibly to be explained.

Perhaps the puzzle of Morris (and incidentally Ruskin's) will be solved by the promised republication soon of J. W. Mackail's 1899 two volumes, *The Life of William Morris*, with an introduction by Sir Sydney Cockerell to record memories of a close personal association with him. Meanwhile, there is Lloyd Eric Grey's recent study*, tailored to fit Burne-Jones's description of Morris as "a sort of Viking, set down in strange times," and written refreshingly, that is, readably. (The term is used 'advisedly' as they say; 'for *Defence*' in the *Guenevere* title here sports an *s* instead of a *c*, indicating trans-Atlantic origin—and sometimes the immigration of biography in circumlocutory prose.) Morris's was a long and full life; varied but singularly lacking in vagaries, it was a stout single thread on which he strung his jewels of many colours. As Mr. Grey briskly tells the story the accords and deviations in the aims of Morris and Ruskin are

* *William Morris*, by Lloyd Eric Grey. Cassell. 15s.

gratifyingly tracked. He recounts the enthusiasm that led Morris to make a Kelmscott edition of *The Nature of Gothic*, and quotes Morris's later declaration that Ruskin was no "practical socialist" and Bernard Shaw's* "of having heard Morris remark that Ruskin could write the most profound truths imaginable, and five minutes afterward forget about them."

This perverseness is not so much analysed as defended by Peter Quennell † in a rich, revealing and engrossing book surely the best full length portrait yet, whose only fault seems to be over-sensitivity to Ruskin critics and admirers both. In being fair to the first, Mr. Quennell makes the second feel he is unfair to Ruskin. The admirer-critic is forearmed, but newcomers to his "prophet" could be vulnerable to Mr. Quennell's half sneers, for example, about certain plans and experiments in social reform. After this was written the President of the Ruskin Society most opportunely came to the rescue ‡ with the creed of the Guild of St. George which he quotes in full. Started with a gift of £7,000 by Ruskin, Mr. Quennell says the Guild "aimed at nothing less than the reformation of the entire social system," but does not explain the spirit in which it was conceived. A grateful acknowledgement is also due to Mr. Whitehouse for details of the practical and still potent results of the Guild's activities.

Its creed made the common—and infinitely excusable—error of assuming that men will respond nobly to a noble call. It was so with Ruskin himself, and part of its second article was the touchstone of his life :

... I will strive to love my neighbour as myself, and, even when I cannot, will act as if I did.

This seems to be inspired interpretation of Biblical injunction and certainly reveals Ruskin's knowledge of the struggle within himself and his need for a safeguard. Never did he remember it better than in his dealings with Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

"Rossetti was the planet round which we all revolved," said the ever generous Edward Burne-Jones of the pre-Raphaelite group. There was Swinburne, given to hero worship of the most extreme kind : "He threw flowers on you in *THE FORTNIGHTLY*" wrote Meredith to Gabriel in 1870. In turn, Ruskin had already written of Swinburne in a zeal of championship : "He is simply one of the mightiest scholars of the age in Europe." The story of this queer, raging, fluttering little genius with his perversions, his drinking and

* Mr. Shaw, the magnificent tail of the comet of nineteenth century crusaders, should of course be writing this article. In 1893 he was advising *FORTNIGHTLY* readers on "What Mr. Gladstone ought to do".

† *John Ruskin*, by Peter Quennell. Collins. 15s.

‡ In *John O'London's Weekly*, January 6, 1950 : "Ruskin Practical Reformer", by J. Howard Whitehouse, President of the Ruskin Society.

his magnificent swirls of poetry, has never been better told than by Humphrey Hare*. Queen Victoria had heard, she said, that Swinburne was the best poet in her dominions, but it was not surprising that Gladstone "demurred", and the laureateship went to Alfred Austin (!). The facts of Swinburne's life demand a certain irony of treatment and Mr. Hare fills the prescription. His account of Swinburne's tenancy of rooms in Rossetti's house in Cheyne Walk has a wry and glancing wit. It was suggested that Ruskin should join them but "this was more than Rossetti could bear." Ruskin was inclined to lecture him on tidiness and cleanliness as well as art. A further suggestion that Christina should come too seems to have been singularly misplaced, and not unnaturally Meredith's stay was short. "Did he not demand meals at regular hours, preach abstemiousness to Swinburne and horse exercise to Rossetti?" says Mr. Hare.

It argues much for the fastidious Ruskin's sweetness of character that he bore so long with Rossetti's haphazard behaviour. Yet, indeed, though hardly as a satellite, he was happy to revolve round another and so dissimilar planet. His generosity, even to the payment of a pension to Elizabeth Siddal to relieve Gabriel's financial difficulties, is described from two very different angles in books † published inexplicably so close together without reference to each other. As Gabriel's niece, and the daughter of William Michael (who in both volumes shines forth as the angel in the Rossetti house), Mrs. Angeli had recourse to family papers and shared experiences, out of Professor Doughty's reach. On the other hand, his is the weightier book—literally too—because it treats the subject more objectively. His purpose is to explain and copiously document the events of Rossetti's life against which his spectacular endowments in painting and poetry seem to have been pitted, as if in battle, and to expose where necessary the clay feet ; hers is to defend her uncle from the unfairly picturesque treatment that his astonishing career invariably calls forth. In the matter of Ruskin's encouragement, therefore, the difference of attitude is one that permeates the whole of the two biographies. Mrs. Angeli says, "no words can do more than justice to Ruskin's generosity" but that "his discovery of Rossetti came hardly less as a boon to him." Professor Doughty has no such euphemisms ; Gabriel was "remote from Ruskin's delicacy", "was crudely practical" and "jumped at the offer." Gabriel's own version : "He seems in a mood to make my fortune," is unvarnished enough.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the influence of Ruskin's early championship of the pre-Raphaelites as a body and later when

* *Swinburne*, by Humphrey Hare. Witherby. 15s.

† *Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, by Helen Rossetti Angeli. Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

‡ *A Victorian Romantic*, by Oswald Doughty. Muller. 25s.

they had gone their artistic ways. As William Michael wrote : " We have emerged from reckless abuse to a position of general and high recognition," a description that particularly applied to Gabriel. There is an unwearying fascination about the movement and its aftermath, and the chief characters in their heights and depths are hardly less enthralling. The Morris who to Ruskin was " beaten gold ", gradually grew completely apart from Rossetti's sway, and Ruskin himself was inevitably chilled by blatant disregard of his wishes. However loyally and properly Mrs. Angeli defends Gabriel's disinclination to fulfil his part of a bargain, it is still unpleasant to think of one, so blessed with personal charm and grace, so able to write that tapestried, painter's poetry of his, asking for an advance on its possible publication from the man who had less than a month before, in Professor Doughty's words, been " depleted by his generosity." These two books add their further gleanings to the great granary from which is drawn the inexhaustible interest in the later nineteenth century that, to eyes disillusioned by the first half of this one, would seem to have been the ideal time in which to have been brought up. Always provided, of course, that circumstances were comfortable enough to allow contemplation and comprehension of all the richness and variety of "the last romantics" then flowering above the grime of industrial expansion.

For it was a time in fact when Ruskin, in 1860 to be precise, was moved by what he saw to prophetic fire and scourging. His opening sentence :

Among the delusions which at different periods have possessed themselves of the mind of large masses of the human race, perhaps the most curious—certainly the least creditable—is the modern *soi-disant* science of political economy, based on the idea that an advantageous code of social action may be determined irrespectively of the influence of social affection.

stated his case. " Social affection " Peter Quennell defines as " the respect that we owe to our fellow human beings." It would be no bad thing for this year of 1950 if in this month of February, party headquarters of all persuasions sent to every one of their parliamentary candidates a copy of *Unto This Last*. And, instead of the half truths and foaming vituperation of letterbox electioneering, the general public—that is, fellow human beings—might read the book too. The implications of its message are vital still.

OVER THE WATER

BY PHOEBE HESKETH

In Spring I must return to secret places
Of greenhood by remembrance revealed
In swift unbidden flashes when lost faces
Smile back unharmed across a trodden field.
In Spring I must surprise the dwindling river,
Replenish it from this sharp source of tears,
Confessing to the stream that love forever
Swells unsubdued beneath the bridge of years.

Beneath the bridge ! I lean again and wonder
At water wrinkling down the tides of time ;
A dipper finds a stone, a trout flicks under ;
For one held moment heart and nature rhyme.
A willow stoops to kiss a sure reflection,
And I am in the water and the tree
Where sunlight makes a shadow-world perfection
Puts on the substance of reality.

For time has not betrayed the moving finger ;
I turn back to the written page and look,
And in a timeless statement live and linger ;
The plot remains ; age cannot cheat the book.
And though the coloured summers flamed and toppled
From torchlight trees to rustle in dead lanes,
And though loved footsteps faded from our threshold,
Spring rises in us stronger for our pains.

And mist is risen and the mirror gleaming
Is crowded with all loveliness foregone.
Smoke flowers from the chimneys of my dreaming,
And buried secrets rise up in the sun.
And who is this bright boy beside me leaning
Over the water till our eyes unite,
Not in the flesh, but in the deeps of meaning
Where stars prick through the muddied world of night ?

SIGNPOST TO NOWHERE

BY C. HENRY WARREN

THE signpost at the entrance to the chase points a white finger across the fields and says : " Public Green Lane leading to Little London." But the signpost lies. Its invitation was acceptable enough in those days (already another age, they seem) before Lord Reith, acting under the threat of invasion, ordered all directional signs and place-names to be removed—to the confusion, as it turned out, more of the defenders than of the invaders ; but nobody would from choice accept it to-day.

Of course, we were pleased to see the signpost back again : it was like an old friend returning after absence. Besides, we are zealous for our field-tracks and right-of-ways. They date back to the days when farm-hands had to walk to their work and chose the quickest way across the fields to do it ; and so they are, as one might say, bequests to us from the villagers of long ago. We therefore welcomed the little white finger : " Public Green Lane leading to Little London." But is a lane public when its gates are kept padlocked and festooned with barbed wire ? Part of the way consisted of an ancient " dool ", which is the East Anglian dialect name for a path across a ploughed field which may not by law be erased. But is it a dool any longer, when its edges have been ploughed to the width of a few inches, requiring the skill of a tight-rope walker to negotiate it ? As for the greenness, this has quite disappeared. Instead of daisied turf, walled in with wild roses and canopied with the song of skylarks, the roaming pigs have left a slough of mud resembling the bottom of a clay pond from which the water has been drained. From springy turf to slimy ooze, from song of skylark to grunt of pig . . . but I will refrain from drawing an obvious though possibly too facile moral. It is enough to say that the Public Green Lane leading to Little London is no longer either public or green, or even a lane at all.

And the tale of this deceitful signpost could be repeated all over the country. Nor is it only our footpaths and green rides that have been stolen from us. What about some of our commons ? I think of Morris Green, for instance, not far from my home, where no doubt the village dancers once trod to the tune of pipe and strings, and where, when such fashions passed, the cottagers were at least free to keep their geese and goats : it is all ploughed up now, a

contributor, however meagrely, to our national larder.

But a recitation of such instances would be tedious and no doubt these things had to be. At any rate, we tolerated them and foolishly put our trust in the promise that our commons, like our footpaths, would be restored to us in good time. It was decreed, for example, that farmers, when they ploughed up a right-of-way, should provide an alternative route : thus the public ownership of these ancient inheritances would be secured. But farmers were priority men, and still are ; and so they were not always called to account when, out of laziness or lack of concern for the interests of others, they disregarded such an order. So the footpaths disappeared, and is it surprising if we begin to doubt whether they will ever come back again ? The things we thought we were tolerating out of a temporary necessity have turned out to be downright theft of the rights of the common man.

The trend of events confirms us in our pessimism. Take a look round the countryside at some of the things that are happening to-day. The trees are disappearing at an alarming rate, and none is being planted in their place. Many a good woodland and productive field had to be sacrificed to make room for the airfields which scarred the country during the war. Some at least of the fields have been put back into production ; but how shall the oak and ash, good trees in their prime, be put back ? And now, as if this were not evil enough, since trees are essential to good husbandry as conservers of water and as homes for insect-eating birds, the remaining trees are going down by the thousand. I watch the great timber waggons go lumbering past my house all through the felling season, each bearing its chopped and mighty bulk to the nearest timber yard or railway station. If this goes on much longer, some of our fairest arable will soon be as bare as the back of one's hand.

How far away already seems that day when the hedgers, going their winter round of the fields, saved, out of foresight and something near affection, any good saplings they happened to come upon—not for their own use, or even perhaps for their master's, but for the generations still unborn ? But the hedger of to-day spares nothing ; his orders, by the look of things, are to hack the lot to the ground, saplings and all. What does it matter, anyway ? Presently there will be no hedges with saplings in them to spare ; for the fashion now is all in favour of laying land to land again, as was done when the open field system gave way to enclosure and agriculture took its first fatal step towards becoming just another industry. Indeed, as a recognized industry already, it is probably unreasonable to expect anything but a short term policy in agriculture to-day. If the farmer finds a ready solution to his problems of scarce and dear labour by grubbing up his hedges and ploughing in his ditches, it would be

foolish to expect him not to do so. As an industrialist, like any other, what has he to do, for instance, with such elusive factors as field-names? Bell Rope Piece—why should he care that such a name harks back to the days when the rent of this particular field was set aside for the upkeep of the ropes in the church belfry? Or Vineyards—what should he mind that this remembers the time when England grew its own grapes and made its own wines? Moot Pightle, Slipe, Shallow Shot, Dow Pits, Moot Field, to take a handful of field-names from one parish only, are instances of the endearing fact that local history is as likely to be found written in furrow and sod as in the ink of learned historians. But why should the industrialized and harassed farmer be expected to bother about this? Hasten the day (his attitude seems to say) when such names will be replaced by the neat and convenient formulae of A/43 and B/62 and C/441.

I instance such developments as these because they seem to me indicative of more than themselves. It used to be axiomatic with the good farmer that he farmed as much for tomorrow as for to-day, as much for his son and his son's son as for himself; and the knowledge was never far absent from him that he must hand on his land at his death in at least as good heart as he found it. That kind of husbandry is out of fashion now. And so these developments in the countryside are indicative of a moral as well as of a physical change. I look at the faces of some of my old neighbours, men of the England of yesterday, and I ask myself whence comes the excellence they reveal—that quality of, shall I say, tender strength? These were men who grew up with none of the advantages which to-day are taken for granted. They were not educated; their working hours were long and hard; their wages were small; they knew nothing of those social and domestic amenities which we now find so essential; and their horizon, both physically and mentally, was limited by the farthest field they could see from their own back door. And yet they had something, these old men. They were men of endurance. Above all, they were men of individuality.

"Always get over a stile," said Richard Jefferies; and it is a saying capable of more interpretations than one. These old men never could resist a stile, and by climbing over it they discovered for themselves a whole host of things that are not to be discovered on the highway. They it was whose hobnailed boots trod out the paths across the fields to which the white finger post now invites in vain. Indeed, it might as well not be there. Apparently we have all got to keep to the highways these days.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

DEMOCRACY'S HANDMAID

BY JOHN ARMITAGE

"WE have embarked upon what is at once the most difficult, as it is the most worthy, of all forms of government, and one which proved beyond the political capacity of the most gifted of all peoples, the Greeks."* The quotation comes from a short but valuable contribution to educational discussion by Dr. Eric James, high master of the Manchester Grammar School. In it he begs his readers to think more of what a child should be taught and less of where or how, more of the facts that a child should know and less of the attitudes it should adopt and more of the capacity of the individual child and less of its social equality. The book is sympathetic to the needs of the ablest children but is none the worse for that. The balance has been wanting redress since, as Dr. James points out, education ceased to be a class luxury and became, if our kind of democracy is to be a possible form of government, a necessity for all. Moreover, he is surely right to warn us that the new processes of learning, which deify 'activity' tend to devalue, temporarily no doubt, the basic skills.

In spite of these necessary cautions and the physical shortages of good teachers and buildings, it is not difficult to retain a long-term cheerfulness about the future of our educational system and the help it is giving to democracy. We may march slowly, and even that is doubtful, but history is proof that the march is forwards. A short book to put into the hands of anyone of intelligence

who doubts this forward march would be that by W. O. Lester Smith,† a professor of education now at London University but until six months ago one of the wisest of our directors of education. Tolerance is Professor Lester Smith's watchword and he neither under-estimates the task ahead nor minimizes the achievement so far. He reminds us:

At the outbreak of the second world war there were over 75,000 pupils above sixteen years of age in maintained and aided secondary schools, and in 1938 these schools won more than half the open scholarships and exhibitions at Oxford and Cambridge, once almost a monopoly of the public schools. The old pupils of the secondary schools also held their own in the final examinations at these universities, contributing 156 out of the 293 who graduated in Class I in the last honours lists published before the war.

But the book's importance lies in its balanced expositions of the backgrounds to controversies which still disturb the educational peace. The chapters on "Religion" and "The State and the School" are particularly valuable and would be read with advantage by all contemplating letters to the editor of any newspaper on these subjects.

Another director of education, whose ability and lively assaults on obstructionists wherever found have put Hertfordshire first in the race to get new schools, has also written a most useful short book.‡ J. H. Newsom, whose Pelican volume shows signs of rapid compilation, is nonetheless successful in giving to parents a sound idea of the English educational

* *An Essay on the Content of Education*, by Eric James. Harrap. 5s.

† *Education in Great Britain*, by W. O. Lester Smith. Geoffrey Cumberlege. Oxford University Press. 5s.

‡ *The Child at School*, by J. H. Newsom. Penguin Books. 1s. 6d.

system and in telling them what goes on in the various types of school. Perhaps Mr. Newsom has not quite made up his mind how many of our present educational discontents he should disclose. He encourages, for example, all children over 15 voluntarily, as they are entitled to do, to remain at school but keeps silent about the difficulties of accommodation and teaching if they did. Of the modern schools' present attractions he gives an over optimistic account which will console few parents whose children fail to be selected for the grammar schools and the professional advantages they bestow. "Parents", however, "are not selected for their fitness for their functions" he declares. It is a fair quip, which teachers will heartily enjoy; parents, alas, are equally mistrustful of teachers. How to get enough good ones of both sorts is the greatest educational problem of all.

As for teachers, a great effort to overcome our post-war difficulties was made by the emergency training scheme. Men and women of slightly riper years than usual, most of them from the Services, were given a one-year intensive course which, because of careful selection, enthusiasm and the good quality of the recruits, proved on the face of it satisfactory. Miss Loveday Martin writes about this operation in *Into The Breach*, a pleasing account which leaves one glowing with a patriotic satisfaction at our ability to improvise. *

What the permanent results of this improvisation will be it is as yet too early to tell although there seems sound reason to suppose that one year in a good college at a slightly older age is at least equal to two years at 19 and 20. Miss Martin in writing this useful piece of contemporary history does well to approach the work of the colleges sympathetically yet with her critical faculties alert.

For ten years Mr. H. C. Dent has carried the fiery cross of his enthusiasm for education into most parts of the British Isles and beyond. No sooner have a few caught up with him than he advances further down the road of progress signalling others to follow. One of his more recent books *Secondary Education For All*†, though chiefly concerned with outlining the origins and development in England of secondary education, hits hard at those who support selection for secondary courses at 11 plus and the second chance at 13. Mr. Dent earnestly claims a diagnostic period between primary and secondary education to be essential. It follows that he wants all children to remain under the educational umbrella until 19. Some would pursue academic studies up to that age; others, though working after 16, would be doing so as "a part of their education." Looked at in 1950 such a scheme is obviously politically impracticable. Yet who, knowing Mr. Dent will forecast that it will not be worked: already, later retirement, which is desirable, makes longer schooling possible.

Mr. Dent's other recent book is an historical outline particularly apposite to present times.‡

The recruiting and training of teachers, the selection of children for secondary education, the content of education particularly for the modern schools, these are some of our present problems. Probably many parents feel that over large classes and the need of new and better buildings surpass them all. Here economics are definitely against us. Schools are being built but too few, too slowly and often of materials which do not help design. *The Modern School* is therefore a book which will cheer all those whose despondency sometimes gains the upper hand.** Plainly building can be done and done really well.

* *Into the Breach*, by Loveday Martin. Turnstile Press. 5s.

† *Secondary Education for All*, by H. C. Dent. Routledge & Kegan Paul. 8s. 6d.

‡ *Part-Time Education in Britain*, by H. C. Dent. Turnstile Press. 5s.

** *The Modern School*, by C. G. Stillman and R. Castle Cleary. The Architectural Press. 21s.

ACCOUNT SETTLED, by Hjalmar Schacht. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. Weidenfeld & Nicholson. 15s.

When the remnants of the Nazi hierarchy were arraigned at Nuremberg the indictment charged Schacht on two of the four counts; conspiring with his co-defendants to commit crimes against peace, and planning and waging wars of aggression. After his re-appointment (on Hitler's suggestion) as President of the Reichsbank on March 17, 1933, Schacht became Minister of Economics in August 1934, Plenipotentiary General for War Economy in May 1935, again President of the Reichsbank from March 16, 1937, until January 20, 1939, and a Minister without Portfolio until January 22, 1943. Evidence was available in quantity to prove not only his complicity but his active participation in Nazi Germany's war preparations. But three of the tribunal judges, applying a British rather than a continental standard of proof, concluded that on the all-important question whether he in fact knew before 1939 of the Nazi aggressive plans the case depended upon an inference which was not established beyond a reasonable doubt. Indeed they went further and, while finding that Schacht's work to finance and organize the mobilization of a maximum war potential for Germany was conscientious and vitally important and that he welcomed and took credit for his contributions to the early successful aggressions against Austria and Czechoslovakia (with which aggressive wars he was not charged), held that "had the policies advocated by him been put into effect Germany would not have been prepared for a general European war." The Russian judge protested in a detailed dissent against "the unfounded acquittal of the defendant Schacht."

Crimes must be proved beyond reasonable doubt; probabilities usually suffice in politics. The character and rôle in German politics of this "financial

wizard" are both so tortuous and ambivalent as to remain enigmas, possibly typically German enigmas. It is against a background of volumes of recorded history (which include the Nuremberg evidence) that Schacht now exercises his ingenuity to improve upon his acquittal and establish a new reputation. The reputation he seeks is that of a man of principle, wise, moderate and courageous, a creative collaborator who swam with the tide in 1933 but who had the sense to see the breakers ahead in 1939 and then became a one-man resistance group. His plea rests upon the disclosure of motives hitherto effectively concealed and the judicious distortion and selection of facts with the object of post-dating his adherence to and pre-dating his disillusionment with Hitler.

The argument inevitably encounters historical obstacles, and it cannot be held against Schacht's skill that flat contradictions abound which only a reader possessing the author's *souplesse* can possibly resolve. Thus, he was clever, and finance was child's play to him, but the rest of the world was deceived by Hitler and he was no cleverer than the rest of the world. He claims to be moderately democratic and Christian but Ebert (who first appointed him to the Reichsbank in 1923) is the only democrat for whom he has a good word, and he welcomed the Nazi plans for a rearmend and resurgent Germany so long as they were successful. He deplored Nazi excesses, which were bad publicity abroad and bad economics at home. The blood-bath of June 30, 1934, disturbed him. National Socialism could have been good government if Hitler had used less abnormal methods and kept a sense of proportion, but Hitler always wanted hot-house conditions and his collaborators were mostly uneducated thugs. He claims to have rescued some Jewish businessmen from extortion, but he accepted Jewish persecution as a matter of principle and signed anti-Semitic decrees. While under his management

there was no *Führerprinzip* in the Reichsbank, but it was "none other than a National Socialist institution." He claims to have worked ceaselessly against Hitler from 1938 until the Gestapo arrested him in 1944—not with any underground group but from inside: "I belonged to no circle—I was my own circle." He blames Chamberlain's Munich visit for thwarting his Witzleben *putsch* in 1938 and the generals for bungling everything on July 20, 1944; the civilians (Goerdeler and Co.) were useless and merely talked and card-indexed their supporters for the eventual convenience of the Gestapo. He is very indignant that the courage and patriotism of his lone-wolf mission should have landed him in the dock at Nuremberg.

The good parts of this mixed story are repeated many times, but arrogance and a sanctimonious nationalism are poor proofs of so slippery an alibi. Schacht has probably saved his neck for 73 years by never sticking it out too far in any direction. Yet his apologia is valuable for the light it sheds on German politics, present as well as past. There is shrewdness and malicious humour in the description of Hitler, the 'guilty man' who deceived everyone with charm and genius. On Germany to-day, despite his nostalgia for the comradeship and solidarity of Hitler's heyday and his contempt for the democratic incompetents now restored to office, he writes with authority and sense. An economic solution which will enable the Germans to earn their keep and stop living on alms is urgently needed, but any scheme (such as *Mehr Geld, Mehr Kapital, Mehr Arbeit*) propounded by this particular wizard is more than slightly suspect.

EWAN WALLIS-JONES.

THE PRESS AND ITS READERS,
a Mass-Observation Survey. *Art and Technics.* 7s. 6d.

Vague and sweeping generalizations about the "power of the press" are

neither new nor uncommon. At the one extreme is the attitude typified by Carlyle's approval of Burke's dictum that "there were Three Estates in Parliament; but, in the Reporters' Gallery yonder, there sat a *Fourth Estate* more important far than they all." At the other, is the modern cynic who declares that editors, in their anxiety for circulation, give to the public what the public wants; in short, that the press does not lead but follows public opinion.

Of late there have been various attempts, from various aspects, to reach the factual truth of this matter. The first was the Royal Commission on the Press set up in 1947. Next were the surveys made in 1947 and 1948 by the Hulton Press to ascertain the distribution of newspaper readership according to age, sex and class of readers. These were quantitative surveys, and produced some valuable—and surprising—results.

Then came a third inquiry beginning where the Hulton surveys left off. It asked (1) why people read newspapers, (2) how far newspapers influence their readers, and (3) how readers feel about what they read. Its aims, that is, were qualitative. The methods adopted were carefully spread geographically and among various classes of readers, and the results are now summarized.

Plainly this is not a stunt, superficial or propagandist, but a genuine investigation, penetrative in its methods and discerning in its interpretations, where interpretations are offered. Mainly, the book is content to place its summary of results at the reader's disposal and to leave him to draw his own conclusions.

Here, to give a flavour of its findings, are three sample answers to the question of why individuals read newspapers:

"I always look at the 'situations vacant' and see if there's anybody I know that's died."

"I read the *Evening Standard*. I buy it to keep me occupied when I'm travelling home in the 'bus at night, so as not to look at the fellow sitting opposite."

"Reading passes the morning, to tell the truth."

These have to be balanced against different and more satisfying answers to the same question. Even so, they are suggestive enough.

On the matter of a newspaper's influence on its readers' opinions: during the 1948 parliamentary discussion on the suspension of the death penalty, most of the readers of all newspapers opposed suspension though four national newspapers approved it. There is a similar lack of coincidence between the views of newspapers and of their readers on political issues. One reader in five has no idea which political party his paper supports; and, while ten per cent. of *News Chronicle* readers think their paper is Conservative seven per cent. of *Daily Mail* readers think theirs is Labour!

In view of such findings, we may well be less sure than either Burke or Carlyle that the press is the most important Estate of the Realm.

S. REED BRETT.

**THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT
OF PRIVATE BILL PROCEDURE
AND STANDING ORDERS IN
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:**
Vol. II, by O. Cyprian Williams.
His Majesty's Stationery Office.
17s. 6d.

The author spent forty years in the service of the House of Commons, ending as Principal Clerk of the Committee and Private Bill Office. In volume I he gave a general history of Private Bill procedure in that House and the development of its standing orders dealing with Private Bills.

In this second volume he gives the text of each of the standing orders as it existed in 1942, and traces its history from its original form to the 1942 form. The standing orders underwent an extensive revision in 1945. The text of the orders as so revised is not given, but the effect of the alterations then made is in most cases mentioned at the end of the notes that follow the 1942

text. The book is thus essentially historical and detailed in character, and its main interest must be for those who are closely associated with the practical work of Private Bill legislation or are students of parliamentary history or concerned with parliamentary procedure in other countries.

The system of legislation by Private Bill has been in operation in this country for centuries, and has been used for a great variety of objects specially affecting the interests of particular areas, persons or bodies, such, for example, as the conferring of special powers upon local authorities, the compulsory acquisition of land, and the establishment and carrying on of undertakings necessitating the exercise of special rights or privileges not obtainable under the general law. The main characteristic of the system is its combination of legislative and semi-judicial processes. The Bill is introduced on petition from some body or person outside Parliament desiring its enactment and known as the "promoter" or "promoters" of the Bill. Persons or bodies injuriously affected by its provisions are allowed to deposit petitions asking for its rejection or amendment. The "committee stage" of the Bill is taken before a small committee of Members of the House, enjoined to act impartially, who hear the cases of the promoters and petitioners in much the same way as does a court of justice. The committee may allow, or refuse to allow, the Bill to proceed further, or may make amendments within the general scope of the Bill.

The first standing order was made in 1685, and since then the House has been assiduous in the work of adding to and amending the orders with the object of ensuring that justice is done to all interests, both private and public, affected by the Bill; that due notices are given, by advertisement and otherwise, of the intention to promote the Bill, and of its purposes; that proper steps are taken, by deposit of plans and

other documents in Parliament and public offices, to make known the nature of its proposals; that the Bill is framed in accordance with the standing orders applicable to it, and its promotion is duly authorized, and that its passage through the House follows an appropriate course at all stages.

A valuable code of procedure, as this book shows, has gradually been built up in the light of experience.

F. N. KEEN.

MERCHANTMAN REARMED, by Sir David Bone. Chatto & Windus. 21s.

CHAMPLAIN, THE LIFE OF FORTITUDE, by Morris Bishop. Macdonald. 18s.

MEN IN THE TROPICS. Compiled by Harold Evans. Hodge. 18s.

▲ **VAQUERO OF THE BRUSH COUNTRY**, by J. Frank Dobie. Hammond, Hammond. 15s.

Sir David Bone follows in the familiar and distinguished tradition of the sailor turned man of letters. In September 1939 he had been on the point of retiring after fifty years in the merchant service; henceforth he was to devote himself entirely to the writing of books. That the intention had to be postponed for nearly a decade must mean that we have been deprived of a number of books in the manner of *The Brassbounder*. But at least the interval has provided the author with new tales to tell. Sir David Bone describes *Merchantman Rearmed* as "largely an exercise in recollection." He has had to rely on unaided memory for most of his facts, since sailors in wartime are not allowed to keep diaries and even the ships' logs had to be sent for safekeeping to an Authority at Blackpool—what has become of them all, since 1945, we are not told. But this book is not purely a personal record, though it has been written as such. The author's adventures are, in miniature, the adventures of the Merchant Service in the 1939-1945 war. Wherever the work was hardest, there he seems to have found his way—unescorted passages across

the North Atlantic, troop carrying round the Cape, the landings in North Africa, Sicily and Anzio and an episode in Russian waters. But it is not only his own tale that he tells. Many of the most picturesque gallantries of the merchant service have been collected together and then spread, casually and gracefully, through these pages—most notable of all, the fight of the little *Highlander* making, in August 1940, her customary passage from Aberdeen to Leith. The solitary battle of the *Highlander* against the Luftwaffe must have stirred the ghosts of the crew of the *Revenge*, and Sir David's telling does justice to the tale.

The remaining three books here reviewed share with *Merchantman Rearmed* the quality of manliness. They all tell of men who have led hard, active lives in an environment that did not favour the weak. *Champlain, the Life of Fortitude* was written primarily for a trans-Atlantic readership and it must inevitably make a quicker appeal to those who live on the soil which Champlain explored and conquered. Champlain is a name to which too little homage is paid in English history books. Mr. Morris Bishop's biography has the advantage, to the reader new to the subject, of incorporating many passages from Champlain's own writings. The author paints a vivid picture of the North American scene in the early years of the seventeenth century, of the impact of the French on Indian character and culture, and of the latter's defeat and decay. The book is well illustrated with contemporary maps and drawings.

Men in the Tropics is an anthology of British colonial writing from the earliest days of our overseas settlements to the beginning of the present century. Mr. Evans has aimed at combining a piece of entertainment with a work of reference. He has limited his sources to those who wrote of colonial life from personal observation, and he has included extracts from the works, mainly journals, of ninety writers

ranging chronologically from Sir Walter Raleigh to Mr. Winston Churchill. The extracts are skilfully ordered and linked, so that they make pleasant reading; and there are many photographs. The book lacks only an index, which it deserves.

A Vaquero of the Brush Country is a narrative of the life of the Texas brush range in the great days of the cowboys. It records the story of John Young, who was in his time trail driver, sheriff, ranger and ranch manager. Professor Dobie tells the tale partly in John Young's words and partly in his own, and the result has the humour and tang which would be expected by those who know the author's *A Texan in England*.

GORDON WINTER

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PO CHU-I, by Arthur Waley. Allen & Unwin. 18s.

Charles Wesley is said to have written 20,000 hymns. Po Chü-i, poet of the later T'ang Dynasty, must surely have equalled that record, beginning when he was five and continuing inexhaustibly till his death at 74. He did not, however, write hymns though he was a follower of Dhyāna Buddhism and aesthetically moved by its quietist teaching and beautiful temples. But anything and everything else inspired his pen—the scandals of political life, scenes of travel, the boredom of official duty, meetings and partings with friends, the pleasures of country retreat, books and wine. His political poems survived no longer than modern letters to the newspapers, with which Dr. Waley says they may roughly be compared; but his lyrics and ballads are still sung in China and Japan.

This pleasant member of the flock of Epicurus, whom Chinese biographers have curiously scamped, has now been revived by Dr. Waley, who, collating Po's poems with great erudition and relating them to known historical events, has set before us a full-length, lively portrait. The opening pages

ENGLISH DRAMA

FROM EARLY TIMES TO THE ELIZABETHANS

A. P. ROSSITER, M.A.

Fellow of Jesus College,
Cambridge,

University Lecturer in English

An outline, with detailed examinations of representative plays, of the growth of a native drama in England, up to the foundations of the Tudor stage. Due attention is given to the persistence of a histrionic tradition through the centuries of cultural confusion after the end of civilization as the Romans knew it; and the aim of the book is throughout to relate dramatic or sub-dramatic forms to their environments, and to show them not as pieces in a literary-historic museum, but as the productions of living minds. The continuities of tradition and culture are shown in a close linking of the "renaissance" drama with the "medieval" and a major purpose of the book is to throw light not merely on the remoteness of the miracle, mystery and morality plays, but on the Shakespearian drama itself.

Frontispiece

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IN THE "SENIOR SERIES"

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when Po was poor and struggling are a trifle dry. But as scholarship raised Po to important positions in the T'ang Court (he was a doctor of the Han-lin Academy when only 35, composing State papers and setting the questions for official examinations) the story moves easily and attractively. Notwithstanding the general saying that "poets are no use at administration," Po was a capable official, and at various times, in Hangchow and Soochow, an able and popular Governor, though at Hangchow his drainage schemes roused some protest that they "left the fishes and dragons with nowhere to go."

Po was also remarkably adroit in avoiding the many pitfalls of official life. As always when a dynasty was beginning to decline, the eunuchs exercised an evil power; of which Dr. Waley gives an amazing account; and the greatest fell before them. Po suffered one rustication to an insignificant post, but in the main was lucky in spite of his often outspoken poems. The last ten years of his life, having retired altogether from office, he spent at Loyang, among books, musicians, singing girls, wine, and more poetry.

Dr. Waley gives translations of 100 new poems of Po Chü-i's. Some have a curiously modern flavour; others written in retirement are pure Horace; one long one, addressed to his dead brother, gives an interesting insight into the Chinese attitude to the departed—Po gives his brother a detailed account of the family's doings since his death and asks whether his brother "got any benefit from the good works done by the whole family on behalf of your soul last year?" There are many interesting glimpses of the life of China 1,200 years ago: some readers will learn with surprise that the Tibetans (whom the communists now propose to "liberate") were then a serious menace occupying large parts of north-west China.

The only complaint, in a book of great charm, that one would make is

that Dr. Waley (of all people) repeats the vulgar error of writing "Kuantung" for "Kwangtung," the first syllables of the "Liang Kwang" provinces being identical, and "Kuantung" being the Manchurian promontory 1,800 miles away.

O. M. GREEN

INCLINATIONS, by Edward Sackville-West. *Secker & Warburg*. 12s. 6d.

To be a good reader, in an informed, discriminating sense, is almost as rare as to be a good writer. In *Inclinations* Mr. Sackville-West offers us a book of satisfying criticism which will delight the palate of the literary epicure as well as give sound nourishment to the student of letters, valuable because true appreciation of the arts is one of the tests, and vital necessities, of civilization.

Certainly, the author may claim a catholic taste, since his essays range over English, French and German literature, novelists preponderating, then poets, a diarist (Barbellion) and a painter (Delacroix). In his introductory chapter Mr. Sackville-West wisely defines his terms, the critical assumptions on which his judgments are based; broadly, that an artist must have an imaginative vision, and that aesthetic virtues are interlinked with moral values. He writes: "The chief persons—those whose characters and fate form the apex of the plot or idea—must possess an appreciable education and/or sensibility. I take this point to be of cardinal importance. Indifference to it, as evinced by certain American novelists and their followers, is responsible for the hollowness and the childish values which afflict much otherwise gifted contemporary fiction." So, important characters, as well as the artist, must be articulate, and "the dialogue must proceed at a level above that of everyday life." Partly from this standpoint he proceeds to puncture Ernest Hemingway's inflated reputation, deservedly with reference to *For Whom the Bell Tolls* on the grounds that "one well-realized character (Pilar) and a

dozen arresting pages in 462 do not make a great novel," falsity of sex interest ("one eye firmly fixed on Hollywood") and that the book is often boring and meretricious.

But, I would make clear, Mr. Sackville-West is not one of those critics who appear to take pleasure in 'debunking' greatness, in a negative smartness at the expense of his authors. Clever and well-read himself in French and German as in English, with a professional understanding of music and a deep love of painting, by far the greater part of his response to his varied subject-matter consists of appreciation. The breadth of his sympathies impresses; for while he has Victorian leanings, shown in admirable essays on Dickens, *Middlemarch*, Meredith and Henry James, he is no less astute in dissecting the complicated patterns traced by the "bright pens" of two feminine contemporaries, Miss Compton Burnett and Miss Elizabeth Bowen.

Mr. Sackville-West's wide range can be indicated by saying that here are essays on *The Witch of Edmonton*, the Shelley-Hogg-Harriet situation; Mr. Day Lewis's Clark Lectures on the poetic image; *The Legacy of Germany in Music and Literature*, Rilke, Stefan George; Stendhal, and the novel of action as exemplified by Zola, Conrad, and Malraux. One relishes his approval for the classical perfection of Mauriac.

Finally, the book abounds in the author's own generous asides, *obiter dicta* whose wisdom and incisive spiritual comment point to the value he sets on the heritage of our menaced western Europe.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK.

RILKE: MAN AND POET, by Nora Wydenbruck. *John Lehmann*. 18s.

Sometimes a biographer arises with more than academic qualifications. By reason of a special private knowledge

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of the subject he establishes a first-hand claim upon us. Such a biographer is Nora Wydenbruck, author of *An Austrian Background*, recipient of many letters from the poet, and second-cousin to his principal patron, Princess Marie Thurn und Taxis-Hohenlohe.

Beginning with the story of Rilke's family—the mawkish pietism of his mother and his military father's inflexible conventions—Madame Wydenbruck records the milestones of his life which read like so many Stations of the Cross. Outwardly, the poet's existence was in many ways singularly fortunate. He possessed in Anton Kippenberg a publisher in a thousand, whose foresight, generosity and trust made it possible for the poet to travel and work very much as inspiration seized him. His patron, too, emerges from these pages as a woman of exceptional sympathy and charm. Besides deriving from her those material comforts which, as his hostess, she extended to him, he found in her a friend of great delicacy and wisdom. His Maecenas was without that domineering vulgar streak.

Nevertheless, there were aspects of his life which left their stigmata upon him. First of these was the persecution which five years spent at a military academy must needs entail for a sensitive temperament. Later on, there came another period in khaki, though spent behind the lines, in 1916. In between, there occurred his marriage and its early disruption due to lack of money. And then, recurrently, until his death, a series of disastrous and frustrate liaisons. His end, at fifty, was horribly in keeping, for he died of a rare and virulent disease—the red corpuscles and marrow of his being 'burnt up' by what one may possibly term the radio-activity of intense creation.

All these stages Madame Wydenbruck describes without morbidity on the one hand, and on the other without any weak glossing over. In the midst of her deep feeling for the poet, she is careful to keep an even keel; her prose

has no hysteria. What, then, if anything, is lacking in her work?

This question may be answered by contrasting her acceptance of Rilke, the man, with her rejection of Rilke, the thinker. Writing as a Catholic, she speaks for example of his "fundamentally sterile philosophy" and of his tragedy as consisting in the loss without return of "his childhood faith."

Unlike Dr. E. M. Butler (whose learned study was published in 1941) Madame Wydenbruck lacks the intellectual toughness requisite for wrestling with the poet's thought. Aware of the fascination of her subject—for whom she feels an unreserved goodwill—she fails for the most part to come to grips with the many implications of her disapproval. One might have wished, too, she had shown less contempt in speaking of Magda von Hattingberg's *Rilke and Benvenuto*, a book in which a simple but sincere endeavour was made on a purely emotional plane, to interpret this poet's distressing paradox.

DEREK STANFORD.

THE EDGE OF BEING, by Stephen Spender. *Faber*. 7s. 6d.

POEMS, by Gerald Bullett. *Cambridge University Press*. 5s.

IN WAKE OF WIND, by Gloria Komai. *Sylvan Press*. 3s. 6d.

The poets who achieved prominence in the 'thirties have developed in such divergent directions that one would find difficulty in discovering a common link between the recent work of Messrs. Auden, MacNeice, Day Lewis and Spender. This indicates, I think, a certain superficiality in the approach which they felt it necessary to share in the days when social upheavals imposed themselves upon poetic thought. Not that the poetry of the 'thirties was insincere—indeed it was all too earnest; these poets were not equally suited by nature to the common attitude of social awareness, or of existing so exclusively in the present.

Mr. Spender was never a very reliable

disciple of leftist poetic ideology. His sensitivity was too vulnerable, his own personality too predominant in his work, to partake in the submission that a fulfilment of his Utopian dream demanded. It is as a poet, mainly, of personal relationships that he has succeeded and his uniqueness lies in his objectification of these relationships. In his new volume, the hope that this personal attitude would be strengthened by the wisdom of maturity is not fulfilled.

Although his outlook is recognizable as that which he patented successfully some fifteen years ago, it has now become the property of his many imitators. Novelty of ideas, however, is not a prerequisite of poetry. The most superficial thought can get by provided it is expressed with verbal dexterity. But here Mr. Spender falls short of his earlier standards, a state which is not assisted by his increased predilection for that anguished invocative, 'O'.

O night O trembling night O night of sighs
O night when my body was a rod O night
When my mouth was a vague animal cry
Pasturing on her flesh O night

This melodramatic vowel may indeed be aptly described as "a vague animal cry."

Only in such poems as *On the Third Day* does he show a fresh aspect, an uncharacteristic metaphysical mood.

On the second summer day I climbed through
the forest

(Huge tent anchored to the mountainside
by roots)

My direction was deflected by weight of
numbers . . .

offers a clear definition of the poet's self-insight, the realization of misapplied talents. In relinquishing his former views Mr. Spender has been unfortunate, both in finding no positive replacement and in sacrificing his earlier originality of language.

Mr. Bullett is one of those poets in whom a substantial attitude to life is almost irrelevant, and while this will not acquire for him a vivid reputation in his own lifetime it is safe to assume

that he will appear frequently in anthologies of the future.

His work in translation from the Chinese has exercised a pleasant restraint upon his poetry; natural felicity is thus seen to advantage. His poem, *To a Hedgehog*, for example

Did the sun's quickness
So stir your blood,
From shadowy hedge and green verge
You needs must seek the road?

My two hands lifted you,
You bequill'd and curl'd
Into the brown semblance
Of a prickly world

illustrates the austerity with which he evokes his effect. One has only to think of what verbal abundance, what soul-searchings, D. H. Lawrence would have expended upon this subject to appreciate the decisive economy of Mr. Bullett's diction. Lacking the rareness of Walter de la Mare's imagery, and the acute sensibility of Andrew Young, Mr. Bullett is yet often reminiscent of these poets through his fastidious type of artistry.

Although Miss Komai's small book does not reveal the technical proficiency which distinguishes Mr. Bullett's work, it reveals a poet whose *métier* lies in original imagery. Possibly influenced most by the French symbolists, her poetry contains the atmospheric, if not the formal qualities of Verlaine, three translations of whom appear in her book.

Her touch is delicate yet precise:

Sight, startled stag; report of scarlet leaves:
Steel blue pool shot with silver; can time
stopped,
Go on in place?
Dank auburn scent a pang! . . .

offers a word-picture of unusual intensity.

Miss Komai has moved to a response to visual impressions, even more immediate than in her earlier work. It requires but the effort to gain a firmer control over her thought and language to mark her as a promising young poet.

MURIEL SPARK.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Time was when the reverent layman saw in every doctor a potential Livingstone, Grenfell, Albert Schweitzer or Howard Somervell, who, though not necessarily devoting his life to the downtrodden in far places, would be imbued with the same spirit of self-sacrifice and love of humanity as theirs. Such a one is Canadian born TOM CULLEN OF BALTIMORE (*Geoffrey Cumberlege: Oxford University Press. 21s.*), whose long story, culminating in the Johns Hopkins' Professorship Emeritus of Gynaecology and the Presidency of the Board of the Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore City, is told by Judith Robinson, one of that small band of women journalists praised here last November. She swings a lurid light on operating tables and inarticulate students, but, through all the stresses of disease, and death, and miracle cures, she never lets the reader out of earshot of the gruff kindness in the surgeon's voice. Idealism and horse sense come through teamed triumphantly in an enthralling book about a good man.

No vocation under Government

No such satisfying effect is produced by Donald McL. Johnson's *A DOCTOR REGRETS* - - - (*Christopher Johnson. 12s. 6d.*), whose very title has an innuendo that is irritating. Much the slave of his hatred of what he terms "the Iron Curtain of State-controlled medicine," the author is a general practitioner turned publisher writing the first part of his autobiography. It is a pity that he engenders in his reader the same tension from which he himself is a sufferer, for, so far, his life story has all the ingredients for the making of an attractive book. Apart from his experiences in hospital and in practice, he was medical officer to the Cambridge University East Greenland Expedition of 1926, and two years later asked to go to Labrador for a short spell and was accepted as a Grenfell doctor. Of

these adventures he writes well, and a number of photographs sustain the absorbed interest. It is when he is airing grievances, such as his dislike of tiresome patients, that he is himself tiresome. Apparently these are a doctor's natural enemies, to be despised equally with State interference in liberty. That the liberties of patients are also curtailed and that they too regard many doctors as enemies does not occur to Mr. Johnson, who, anyway, is now well-buffered from contact with the more tiresome of his book buyers.

Man of God

And now for refreshment in *THE AFRICA OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER* (*A. & C. Black. 15s.*). Those who grew up with the story of this man's achievement for inspiration, will share with Charles R. Joy and Melvin Arnold their wish that a new generation should not be unmindful of Lambaréné in French Equatorial Africa where "the philosopher-theologian-musician-physician began his work of mercy." These two undertook a pilgrimage to the hospital, where they "talked, ate and worked" with him for some weeks, and this beautiful book, illustrated on almost every page with their photographs and written in the kind of prose where no word is wasted nor vital detail left out, is their act of homage. It concludes with an essay by Dr. Schweitzer, "Our Task in Colonial Africa," which characteristically omits any reference to his own great contribution. He stresses the danger that native peoples "will assimilate the externals of our culture instead of what it possesses of value" and refrains from pointing out how like the rest of the world they are when he says: "One of the missionary's greatest tasks is to get the native to give up his idea that members of another tribe are foreigners and to recognize the ties that bind man to man." The Good Samaritan is surely about his business on the primeval forest's Jericho road.

A realist's life

THE STORY OF JERUSALEM (*Cresset Press. 2s. 6d.*) from the standpoints of Judaism, Christianity and Islam is presented by James Parkes with plenty of facts and maps. And not only the city of pilgrims but its modern life and the problems of Jew and Arab interests are also his concern in a thoughtful and sympathetic little book—A tribute to the outstanding success the then Sir Herbert Samuel made "of his difficult appointment as High Commissioner" in Palestine is paid by Geoffrey Shakespeare in *LET CANDLES BE BROUGHT IN* (*Macdonald. 21s.*). In this always entertaining autobiography one of the most vivid portraits is of Lloyd George, whose secretary the author once was. As Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Health in the National Government, as Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty in 1938, and in various other Government activities between the wars, he sheds a cheerful light on that dismal time, during which he became a "national liberal". He is now what he calls a "realist" anxious to join progressive conservatives in order to "secure most of the measures which, as a liberal, I still regard as necessary." Nonetheless, in personal and public relationships he shows himself to be a happy man.

Craftsmen all

Another happy man is S. L. Bensusan, living among the Essex Marshland people he portrays so lovingly in his studies. *RIGHT FORWARD FOLK* (*Routledge & Kegan Paul. 16s.*) is another group of these, again embellished by Joan Rickarby's drawings, wherein no false notes in character, behaviour or speech are sounded. In pieces such as "Direction" or "Sanctuary", real life and living are plain to see. And to those who know it not, the dialect never grows boring, which is praise for the folk and especially so for Mr. Bensusan's good ear: "You don't wanten talk blarphemious, Ted Mole, t'ain't seem'ly,"

said Mr. Solomon Woodpecker the poacher to the poacher Mr. Mole, as they collided in the fog.—From snaring a rabbit to *ENGLISH TOWN CRAFTS* (*Batsford. 15s.*), there is a long line of descent—or perhaps 'ascent' is morally the proper word—and Norman Wymer traces its continuity from the blacksmiths, thatchers, tanners, and the like, to the engravers, weavers, cabinet-makers, and so on, of the towns. The book is in fact a companion for his *English Country Crafts* and equals its many merits. From stained glass, silver work, musical instruments, to books and hats and chains and cricket balls, he leads the way, imparting history and technical knowledge lightly but surely as he goes. The many photographs reinforce his descriptions—and the reader's wonder at the ingenuity of man.

"Over the hills . . ."

In no sphere does he need it and his tenacity more than in the conquest of mountains. In *THE EARLY ALPINE GUIDES* (*Phoenix House. 15s.*) Ronald Clark re-creates the lives of those men "in the golden age of mountaineering without whom the exploits of Wymper, Mummery, Moore, Wills and many other great amateur climbers would not have been possible," and reproduces their photographs and charts. To the dizzy reader who has never found courage to climb even into her own attic above the yawning pit of the stairs, this book is awe-inspiring. But, by the same token, intrepid and merely dogged mountaineers alike, will recognize the hazards of pioneers who had to begin without guides, paths or huts, and will enjoy this reminder of their debt.—*ONE MOUNTAIN AFTER ANOTHER* (*Angus & Robertson. 15s.*) is the record of Arthur Groom's 21 years exploration in the McPherson Range, on the Queensland and New South Wales border. His many photographs, such as those of the bed of the Albert River at the entrance to the Black Canyon, of the Antarctic beech tree that is at least 3,000 years old, and of

flowers at an altitude of 3,800 feet corroborate his pride in the wonders of forest, peak and waterfall. Part of the region, "high and hilly" as Cook laconically called it in 1770, is now preserved as national parks, and the author's energy and enthusiasm, which are so manifest, have had a large share in establishing these. But he plans further, for "a tremendous scenic rim to Brisbane City, swinging in a wide arc from Point Danger at the Pacific Ocean, as far inland as the famous and historic Cunningham's Gap itself," and he will probably get his way.—Another region of national parks is WEST OF THE ROCKIES (*Stanford*. 21s.). Ernest Young recently "ambled" mostly by bus and on foot from the Mexican border to the border of Canada and from the Rocky Mountains westward to the Pacific Ocean. He, too, has many photographs and diagrams and is also intensely interested in lakes, mountains and valleys, and why and how they came to be, with all their present wealth of flora and fauna. His book will probably wake more echoes in British breasts; Australia's remoteness and American films supply two important reasons for this. And indeed it is hard not to be overwhelmed by romantic daydreams of the old mission trails leading to places whose very names catch the breath; Santa Barbara, Sequoia and Yosemite, Monterey, the Wallowa and San Bernardino Mountains, Glacier and Yellowstone, the Cedar Breaks and Salt Lake City are poetry's own.

A lot of poems

Poetry here fulfils the warning that "the first shall be last," unwittingly and unwillingly—the one, because the books have coalesced at this end like mercury, and the other, because the rest of the page will look little better than a catalogue. First of all, there is SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS DATED AND OTHER ESSAYS (*Hart-Davis*. 21s.) by Leslie Hotson, who is described as

"the most famous scholar-detective in the world." As well as the unravelment implied in the title, he has chapters to stir the wits with such headings as: "Love's Labour Won", "In Defence of Mercutio" and "The Adventure of the Single Rapier."—Then, to add to the recent studies on the thought and work of Gerard Manley Hopkins, comes IMMORTAL DIAMOND (*Sheed & Ward*. 21s.) edited by Norman Weyand with the assistance of Raymond V. Schoder. All the contributors are fellow Jesuits, and Hopkins's connection with the Society, with creative writing and with Greco-Roman verse are naturally interpreted through the medium of the Roman Church. He is also assessed as a poet of ascetic and aesthetic conflict, of nature and of the supernatural, and a large section is devoted to what he called "the echo of a new rhythm" that had long been haunting him. Five more poets, headed by the Laureate himself, complete the tally. ON THE HILL (*Heinemann*. 8s. 6d.) has many flashes of that fire which lit "The Everlasting Mercy" and made every one want to memorize "Trade Winds" and "Sea Fever." Lord Dunsany's TO AWAKEN PEGASUS (*Ronald*. 6s.) gives the pleasure of reading "Lilith" again, which appeared in the December number of THE FORTNIGHTLY, and the new enjoyment of the title poem. In THE OLD KNIGHT (*Dent*. 7s. 6d.) Herbert Palmer continues his theme of the triumph of good over evil in a sequence which includes "The Conquerors", another FORTNIGHTLY welcome guest. Then there are EPITAPHS AND OCCASIONS by Roy Fuller (*John Lehmann*. 6s.) and Clifford Dymont's POEMS 1935-1948 (*Dent*. 7s. 6d.), and there is just room to observe that the intellectual power of both develops, the first with quickened wit, and the other away from his early lyricism.

GRACE BANYARD

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

MARCH, 1950

ARGENTINA—"WHERE THE MEAT COMES FROM"

BY GEORGE PENDLE

ONE Sunday evening last spring, an Argentine professor who was visiting London was asked to mount one of the open-air tribunes at Marble Arch. Sportingly, he did so; and from that elevation he declaimed verses from Shakespeare in his own Spanish translation. A group of Londoners applauded this unusual performance, and one of them inquired of him where he came from. When he replied: "Argentina", a voice called out sarcastically: "That's where the meat comes from—didn't it?" The Argentine professor answered: "Yes. But I have brought you poetry."

The news that the Argentines are eating greater quantities of their home-grown meat than ever before, incites our popular press to indignant and even insulting comment, because the British people have long considered it the primary duty of the Argentines to produce beef for Britain. This attitude is a survival from the times of George Canning, who, when his Government had signed the first commercial treaties with the newly-emancipated republics of Latin America, exclaimed triumphantly: "The deed is done, the nail is driven. Spanish America is free; and if we do not mismanage our affairs sadly, she is English."

The extent to which we may have mismanaged our affairs is debatable; but Spanish-speaking America certainly is not ours, and President Perón emphasized this point when he came to power in 1946. Argentina (he explained) had been politically independent for over one hundred years, and now she was to be liberated economically. By means of the President's programme of industrialization, Argentina was to be freed from dependence on foreign customers and foreign factories. That was the President's "target".

The Argentine Five Year Plan, however, did not represent a completely new departure; it merely confirmed and intensified a trend which had been long apparent, and which, in varying degrees, was common to all the other Latin American republics. The British Agricultural Mission which visited South America in 1947 reported: "The food position in South America is not standing still: it is growing worse. This great industrial continent is importing food; there is not one country where marketed supply is keeping pace with increasing consumption; and we would hazard the view that there

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is more than one country—Argentina, Venezuela and possibly Peru—where not only this relative supply but actual production is declining." The mission summed up the position in Argentina thus :

It is a saying in Argentina that "no Government, however bad, can ruin a country." Those who dislike the present régime are beginning to wonder if this is true. The inherent wealth of the country, they say, lies in her rich and fertile land : no Government can destroy this wealth, but it is all too easy so to interfere with the social and economic structure of the nation that it ceases to render that contribution to national finances on which alone further industrial and sound development can be supported.

On the other hand, the present Government would presumably argue that the greatest service they can render to their country is to foster extensive and immediate industrial development even at the expense of temporary dislocation. They are pledged to provide higher wages and better standards of living for their workers ; they have seen their country cut off from external supplies of consumer goods during the years of war : they know that other countries with no industrial pay-roll and dependent on the primary producer, have passed through severe financial crises when world food prices have been low : they consider that a larger proportion of the earnings from the land should be diverted from the owners to the workers. Moreover, they think it right to divert a large share of these earnings from the producer to the national exchequer. This is no more, they would say, than other nations are doing by direct taxation.†

During 1947 and 1948 the Argentine Government seriously under-estimated the effect of their industrial policy on the country's agricultural production and exportable surpluses ; and they treated too lightly the complaints of the cattle-breeders and the farmers, that cattle-raising and agriculture had been rendered unremunerative by the Government's purchasing and marketing methods.‡ Thus the Argentine Government entered into commitments abroad which they could not possibly fulfil. In 1948 the 420,000 tons of meat promised to Great Britain signified a prodigious slaughtering of cattle and sheep, and an enormous undertaking for transport (with the railways still awaiting post-war re-equipment) and for the *frigoríficos* (which were subject to labour troubles) ; but Sr. Miranda was not content to leave it at that ; he proceeded to aggravate the position by offering 169,000 tons of meat to Belgium, Holland and several other countries. It was an optimistic gesture, but an unrealizable proposition in practice, with the increased population and higher wages in Argentina automatically augmenting the local demand for meat. When Great Britain protested that the Andes agreement of February 1948 was not being fulfilled, there was at first a suggestion that our complaints were unwarranted ; but the true state of affairs gradually became apparent to the Argentines themselves. It was almost unbelievable.

*" Report of the South American Agricultural Mission, 1947 ", Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, p. 10.

†Ibid p.33.

‡The psychological reasons for the relative decline of cattle-raising and farming were discussed in an article, " The Gaucho ", in the October 1949 number of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

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but it was true : they simply hadn't enough meat to go around.

It is now apparent, however, that the latest Anglo-Argentine agreement, signed in June 1949, was founded on just as grave a miscalculation of Argentina's current resources as the previous one had been ; and it is evident that this particular agreement might just as well never have been signed. A British writer in Buenos Aires interprets the present situation in the following manner :

Argentina's inability to provide import permits for all that Great Britain would like to send to this market derives mainly from the fact that Argentina has been living beyond her means in sterling . . . Argentina's possible earnings of sterling in 1950 are the only clue to the probable pattern of Anglo-Argentine trade in the immediate future, and that raises the question of Argentina's exportable stocks. . . . According to the Minister of Agriculture, there was in 1947 a total stock of 41 million head of cattle, of which 40 per cent or 16.4 millions, were cows. These could produce 11,480,000 calves, male and female, in a year, from which 1,230,000 (3 per cent of total stock) should be deducted for mortality and 800,000 for stock replacements. This leaves a total available for slaughter of 9,450,000 head, which, on a basis of 215 kilograms of meat, an average, to each carcass, represents 2,030,000 tons. As the Minister observed, the probable domestic consumption for 1949 would be some 1,600,000 tons, leaving an exportable surplus of 430,000 tons, against a minimum commitment of 300,000 tons with Great Britain.

There remains, then, at the most a balance of 130,000 tons for other countries and for increased purchases by the United Kingdom ; and the United Kingdom undertook to receive an annual maximum of 600,000 tons of meat and offal and 40,000 tons of canned meat. It is obvious therefore that Argentina cannot supply the maximum volume contracted for, and that to sell in other markets would prevent any appreciable increase over the present volume of shipments to the United Kingdom. It may be recalled that during the period 1940-1944 Argentina exported an average of over 500,000 tons of beef a year.*

The production of grain has likewise been unsatisfactory. The Government's policy in recent years has been directed to the maintaining of high export prices rather than to the development of the country's agriculture. Farmers have been discouraged, and have sown smaller areas ; and this year the harvest will be reduced further by the very severe drought which has especially affected the maize and sunflower crops. During the war, Argentina was using surplus maize as fuel in factories and on the railways ; this year she will have no surplus ; in fact there will probably be insufficient maize even to satisfy normal domestic requirements. The British purchase of 300,000 tons of maize last December (which caused a minor sensation in the press, and much ill-informed comment) was an astute deal, and Argentina now has no reserves of this grain.

In Latin America (and not only in Latin America) it has long been fashionable to believe that working on the land is an inferior occupation, and that a country's merit is to be judged by the number and size of its factories and skyscrapers. A certain amount of " face " is therefore lost when a traditionally agricultural and pastoral country

*The Review of the River Plate, January 10, 1950, pp. 15-16.

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which has lavishly publicized its industrial ambitions, is compelled to moderate its industrial programme and launch a campaign for the growing of more grain and the raising of more cattle. It is not surprising that the Argentine Government, when they began to recognize their predicament, hesitated to perform this *volte face*; but it must be acknowledged that they have now (in words, at least) performed the inevitable contortion. In September 1949 President Perón announced that in future the fostering of agriculture would be his Government's chief concern. Bank credits to farmers would be extended; new agricultural schools would be created; and the mechanization of agriculture would be accelerated. After the devaluation of sterling, President Perón manipulated his rates of exchange with the object of stimulating the exports of Argentine produce. The trouble now, as we have seen, is that his exportable surpluses—like his reserves of dollars and sterling—have vanished. Great Britain could buy more meat and maize from Argentina; but none is available. Therefore, Argentina cannot purchase from Great Britain the goods that she had promised to buy, nor can she remit the profits of British companies operating in Argentina that she had promised to remit. As the chairman of Liebig's Extract of Meat Company remarked recently: "The dividends declared by our subsidiary companies for the two years ended 31st August 1948 and 1949 are still awaiting remittance. Incorrect appreciation of the implications of the commitments (of the agreement signed last June), as well as temporary lack of the physical means in the shape of sterling to implement them, have been tacitly conceded to be reasoned pleas for deferment."

Unfortunately, the shortage of foreign currency will hamper the development of agriculture, which needs dollars before it can earn more dollars. Argentine agriculture is desperately short of machinery and spare parts, which have to be imported—mainly from the U.S.A. and Canada.* In December, the Argentine Minister of Finance announced that the Central Bank would grant 27 million dollars a year for the purchase of agricultural machinery. A later communiqué gave a list of the machines to be imported: tractors, harvesters, motor ploughs, and so on. *The Review of the River Plate* commented: "The mere recital of the list brings joy to the farmers, since it involves the purchase of the most vitally necessary goods, to replace worn-out equipment and to introduce *modern machines hardly known here as yet*."

*The British Agricultural Mission to South America expressed the opinion that British Agricultural implement makers ought to revise their outlook and their methods in dealing with South America, whose characteristics of course differ greatly from the British. And the Mission added: "We are surprised to find such emphasis laid upon the export of British motor cars, which, incidentally, are not suited to most parts of the continent. Once a car is sold, that is the end of the transaction for Britain, except for spare parts. The sale of a farm tractor or implement, however, leads to increased food production and thus earns a dividend in which all the world shares."—Report of the South American Agricultural Mission" pp. 8-9.

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Nevertheless, we fear that his optimism may turn out to be somewhat excessive. In the first place, the present requirements of the country are enormous, and the quantity of exchange assigned is small. Merely to replace antiquated tractors will require imports of 10,000 new units. To import 10,000 tractors would itself absorb 20 million dollars.† The Argentine Rural Confederation recently estimated that there are only 35,000 tractors in use in the country, and that 42,000 new tractors are needed. It is evident, therefore, that Argentina's lack of foreign currency will have the effect of delaying an increase, not only in her imports, but also in her exports.

In September a bill was passed in Buenos Aires suspending the backing of gold and foreign currency for the peso. Argentina's traditional surplus with the sterling area on current account, seems no longer to exist. If we want to increase our trade with Argentina, we must therefore discover some method of supplying her with sterling. We may pay a higher price for meat; or we may make an advance payment, or a loan of some kind—though to accept a loan from London would be a humiliating experience for President Perón, and he would only accept that solution in circumstances of the gravest emergency. One thing is certain: the abuse directed against Argentina by our popular press will not increase that country's production of meat and maize, nor stimulate Argentine purchases of British goods.

(The author is an authority on Latin-American affairs who has spent much time in the Argentine.)

†December 20, 1949, p. 3.

NIGERIA NOW

BY GILBERT MCALLISTER

NIGERIA is the biggest single colony in the British Empire. It has a population estimated at 28,000,000—this is only a guess for it is almost impossible to get any precise figure about any subject under the sun in Nigeria. No-one knows what the infantile mortality rate is—except that it is very high indeed—no one knows what the expectation of life is—but it is certainly very low. No-one knows how many people are illiterate, but if one were to say that at the most ten per cent. of the population is educated, one would be erring on the generous side. In the south, the Ibos are thrusting, aggressive, clamorous for education and for responsibility. In the north the Hausa are Mohammedan, good tempered and good mannered, but only beginning to be seized with any desire for education.

As one's ship noses her way into Lagos harbour, the first impression is highly favourable. The broad Atlantic seems calm and tranquil until suddenly it breaks upon coral reefs, or in thunderous surf upon the beaches where palm trees sway lightly against the sky. The harbour itself is busy with shipping, and the Lagos Yacht Club brings an atmosphere of Cowes or the Clyde to the tropical scene. The Lagos fishermen are out with their nets, in boats hewn from the solid trunk, and when suddenly they throw their nets they fall in shimmering, tremulous circles on the water. We edge our way along the Marina, that palm girt boulevard which more than possibly imitates the esplanade of Bournemouth or Bognor. There is the residence of His Excellency the Governor, there is the Secretariat, there is the Legislative Council. There is Lagos putting its best foot forward to please the European resident and impress the newcomer. We soon learnt that behind the white paint of the gleaming fronts of the Marina, there is another side to Lagos.

We take up residence in the beautiful suburb of Ikoya which is mainly occupied by Europeans—although there is no bar against any African who wishes to acquire a house there. The houses are, by European standards, on the palatial side, with vast reception rooms, large bedrooms and all 'mod. cons.', including occasionally an air-conditioning plant which enables one to dispense with a mosquito net. Cameron Road, in which our house is situated, is Scottish-

sounding enough, and the names of most of the streets, although commemorating people who pioneered in Nigeria, are nevertheless reminiscent of Letchworth and Welwyn Garden City. People take the greatest pride in their gardens—and of course they see results. Plants which were put in the day we arrived had grown six to eight inches a few days later. The newer bungalows being built by the Government are not quite so imposing, while here and there a block of flats is arising as quarters for the unattached young civil servant on his first tour.

The race course, a dominating feature of Lagos, is also used for football matches, and it was here that the Nigerian team was welcomed by an ecstatic population after its not too victorious tour of the United Kingdom. The most recent amenity is a very handsome building erected by the United Africa Company to house their departmental store, for Europeans and Africans alike. It is as if a bit of Kensington High Street had been dropped down in West Africa, with a display designed by young African art students and carried out under European supervision. One can buy everything here; chemist's goods, books, gramophones, radio sets, toys, men's and women's wear. There is a provisions store and an excellent wine department. There are men's and women's hairdressers with the latest type American chairs and all the driers and other impedimenta necessary for the cult of a permanent wave, and here too, although the supervision is European, the hairdressers are African. Some of the girls had been trained in stores in Liverpool. On the top floor there is a restaurant, and, if that does not strike the reader as something specially worth mentioning, it should be pointed out that this is the only café in the whole of West Africa. And it has much more significance than that because it is a public institution, available to all classes and to all colours without restriction. We dropped in for morning coffee as often as we could and were delighted to find Europeans, Africans, Syrians, officers and men from the liners in the harbour, and civil servants spending local leave in Lagos, all sitting happily together and behaving as pleasantly and politely as any similar group in a café in London. This Kingsway Stores is an enormous contribution to European morale in Lagos and an object lesson to the African of the distance that must be travelled before his standards in many things begin to catch up with European.

As one goes round one sees much to admire and much that is encouraging in the family welfare centre, the juvenile court, and the domestic science centre, where the European-trained African lady in charge wisely instructs not so much in European methods of cookery and the like, but in traditional African methods. And then one comes upon the slums of Lagos. They are almost incredible. We know the slums of Glasgow where the density of population

sometimes rises as high as 1,000 persons to the acre. But in Glasgow these are vertical densities in cliff-like tenement buildings. In Lagos where the density at a guess is well over 1,000 persons to the acre, it is a horizontal density with shack leaning against shack in incredible squalor.

It is true that there is a town plan for Lagos, true that there are one or two schemes for the tearing down of the slums and the building up of new suburbs on the outskirts. But this work, it seems, is to be carried out by private enterprise. If private enterprise succeeds in tackling the slum problem of Lagos it will do something that private enterprise has never been able to achieve in any other part of the world. Even at that the layout of the replanned Lagos does not measure up to modern conceptions of town planning. One is staggered to learn that the price of the land on which these slums stand is not less than £20,000 an acre; it is owned by Africans anxious to obtain the full commercial value for it. One can hardly imagine how such a situation was allowed to arise. If the land has any such value, it is entirely due to the efforts of the British Government and the European traders who have built up the rest of the Lagos community. And if under the machinery of the Central Land Board no one in the United Kingdom proposes to be too tender about the rights of private land owners, one wonders by what mysterious growth of law the African landlord is in such a powerful and privileged position. One could imagine that a vigorous Government would not attempt to buy out any of the landlords but would erect new houses on cheaper land on the periphery and, by the strict enforcement of health and sanitary ordinances, clear up the mess of central Lagos and cause the buildings to be torn down at the landlords' expense.

Lagos teems with life, although for every man who is seen doing a job of work there seem to be twenty others with nothing to do. The Welfare Department, staffed by enthusiasts, is pitted against the most discouraging obstacles. That Lagos however is not Nigeria is impressed upon the visitor wherever he goes. We went straight from the city by air to Kano. Below us stretched in an endless vista the bush and the forest; dramatically through the sub-continent the great brown sullen Niger cleaved its tortuous way, and then we alighted at Kano airport, on the outskirts of that walled Hausa city, unchanged in a thousand years, which has suddenly become one of the crossroads of the world's air routes. Sign posts point to Nairobi, half a continent away; to Cairo, Moscow, Los Angeles, Sydney. In the brilliant glare of the sun the dome of the new mosque reflects the curious green of its tiles, its minarets standing white and gold against the brown background of the city. One can pick out the

Emir's palace, the compounds, the jostling crowds in the market place.

Kano is the great groundnuts centre of Nigeria and one of the great terminal points of the Nigerian railway, now fast acquiring new rolling stock not only for goods but for passengers. The Kano-Lagos express will compare with the Golden Arrow when the new coaches come into service in the course of the next month or two. The groundnut pyramids tower along the railway sidings. The Nigerian railway could not cope with the abundant crops in the first seasons after the war, but this year they were not nearly so abundant and most of the pyramids will disappear. One can motor for fifty miles around Kano without coming upon a single groundnut farm. The groundnuts are grown in mixed farms by peasant farmers who bring them to the collection centres or 'canteens' as they are called, where they exchange their crop for money. This they speedily exchange, in turn, for textiles or hardware or provisions from one of the European owned stores, the United Africa Company or John Holt's of Liverpool. The farmers trust the traders and the traders are in the main on the friendliest terms with the Africans. They have studied African taste, too, and in textiles particularly they have to be prepared for changes in fashion. Otherwise the African conservatively buys the same brand of bicycle or of salt as his father and grandfather bought before him. Merchandizing in the American sense has no appeal for the African and merely to change the colour-scheme or the type face of a packet of salt would be to lose the African market. Incidentally, the African buys enormous quantities of salt and seems to eat it in lumps.

Kano market, one of the most incredible places in the world, is filled with thousands of jostling men mostly in Mohammedan dress. Nearly everyone is selling and no one buying; there is practically nothing that one cannot buy in Kano market from Kano cloth—a home-spun indigo-dyed fabric in narrow lengths—to ju-ju medicines made from indescribable horrors. Here one is in contact with every disease known to man; there is leprosy, smallpox and tuberculosis. The stench is appalling and one escapes eventually with no other desire than to take a bath into which has been poured an entire bottle of disinfectant. Hundreds of children pursue our car as we leave, demanding "dash" "dash". No one was able to explain to us how this purely Portuguese word came to be so widely used in West Africa.

We visited the Emir in his palace, a wise old man, full of sound advice, a benevolent ruler anxious for the improvement of his people. It was odd to reflect that the Emir of Kano receives a rather higher salary than the Prime Minister of Great Britain. We met Chiromo, the heir apparent, a smiling genial youth who spoke a little English.

The Prime Minister, or more properly the Lord Mayor, the *Serekwa Shano*—literally the keeper of the king's cattle—spoke English fluently and had a grasp of all the affairs of the town and of the provinces. He showed us the hospital, handsome, well equipped, well run. We learned that, although every disease was treated in the hospital, the really killing one was cerebro-spinal-meningitis, and that every November thousands of people die of this disease as if of a plague.

We visited the prison, so good compared with conditions outside that we wondered that the population could be kept out. Here we saw murderers by the dozen. They are tried by the Mohammedan courts and execution is only carried out if the relations of the murdered man "claim the penalty". Otherwise eight years is considered a long sentence for murder and is only given where the crime has aggravated features such as the mutilation of the body after death. The prisoners are taught a trade. Spinning machines had been installed for the men, and the women were busy with ordinary domestic chores. It is impossible to do much about the sanitation in the compounds in Kano because since the town is predominantly Mohammedan, the women are mainly in purdah. The only women one sees about the town are the young girls, the very old women and the prostitutes. Since no male sanitary inspector may enter the compound sanitary inspection is carried out by the prostitutes, who are reported to be very good at the job.

Always one was overwhelmed by the sense of the picturesque: by the camel caravans coming in from the desert; by millionaire African traders like Al Hassan dan Tata; by the mud houses painted and coated with white, yellow, blue and maroon, and carrying ornamental *zonquai* on which vultures perched; by Arabian horsemen wearing chained mail. The cattle round Kano are singularly healthy and give rise to a vast hide and skin industry. Outside Kano there is a huge piggery run by a Syrian and a smaller one run by an African. Some of the old skills still survive and Kano silverware is most attractive and, by our standards, cheap. Here at Kano too is one of the few African ventures which is not entirely individualistic, the Kano Citizens' Trading Company.

Kano and Lagos are the north and south of Nigeria, and the Europeans develop terrific loyalties to the places in which they are settled, so that the African who transposed the usual version of the saying and rendered it: "If the Africans were to leave Nigeria to-morrow, the north would at once be at war with the south," was very near the mark. The north is the neglected province, the south is the area where the money has been spent on education and social development and welfare generally. The north, paying more in taxation, does not like this. Now schools are beginning to arise

there—far too slowly and far too few in number—but there is a beginning.

We motored down through Nigeria and back to Lagos through Zaria, Jos, Majurdi, Enugu, Onitsha, Warri, Buruto, Sapele and Ibadan. We learned something of Nigerian communications—that the roads are intolerable, that the telegraph system works spasmodically and sporadically, that if one wants to get anywhere it is better not to depend on West African airways, and that putting through a telephone call in Lagos is to take part in an unequal struggle between an inefficient service and the B.B.C. Light programme.

It is at Zaria that colonial development and welfare is most clearly seen and there is the Gaskya Institute under Dr. East which is waging a formidable campaign against illiteracy in the north and is bringing new standards of journalism (badly needed) to Nigeria by the publication of *Nigerian Citizen*. Incidentally the *Lagos Times* (published by the same proprietors as the London *Daily Mirror*) is also doing a good job. The West African native press must represent the world's "all time low" in unscrupulous abuse and distortion of the facts.

At Jos one is impressed by the excellence of the Government rest house, superbly situated on the plateau in a way that reminds the visitor of Gleneagles in Scotland or the Banff Hotel in Canada; by the charming pagans; by the fantastic American machinery used by the town mining company. But easily the most exciting things in Nigeria to-day are the great timber development at Sapele and the new university at Ibadan. From the great forests around Sapele great logs from hundred year old trees cut into thirty foot lengths are floated down-stream. They are steamed and put through the plywood factory, a miracle of modern machinery and smooth production planning; going in at one end, a great log is immediately turned into a vast continuous roll, like toilet paper, and, stage by stage, two hours later it is finished plywood of the finest quality. The old saw mill is being brought up to date. When it is finished it will be one of the finest in the world. This is all being done by the African Timber and Plywood Company, a subsidiary of the United Africa Company.

Nearby are the excellent houses erected for the European staff. Nearby too are the deplorable slums of the African population which has grown sevenfold in the last few years. Rents have shot up, and so have food prices. The Company do their best to produce good conditions for African and European staff alike, but when they wished to build five hundred houses, they found themselves up against so many obstacles, among them the desire of the African landlord for a high price for his land and a whole network of Government regulations, so that three years went past before they got permission to go ahead with the development. They have provided club and recreation

facilities and a first rate clinic for Africans and Europeans, but there seems to have been a strange failure on the part of the Government to realize the obligation to see that civic development went hand in hand with industrial development.

Ibadan University is a thing to enthuse over. It is a collection of Army huts (a few miles away a permanent university is being built), but the staff is there, mixed European and African and the students are there—wholly African. The Principal, Dr. Mellanby from Leeds University, is a young man with infinite faith and great organizing ability. Here at Ibadan the colour bar has disappeared. Some of the African staff have European wives, most of them themselves university graduates, and anyone who detests racial discrimination would be overjoyed at the sight of the nursery school at Ibadan, where little black and white boys and girls play and learn together.

What of the future of Nigeria? The time has come for us to make it quite clear that we have no intention of dodging our responsibilities in Nigeria or of quitting Nigeria, if to do so would be to hand over the mass of the Nigerian population to the small educated minority. We must build up an educated Nigerian population. We must see that universal primary education becomes a reality as soon as possible. Only when there is that foundation will true democracy in Nigeria become a possibility. Britain on the whole has done a good job in Nigeria, not by exploiting the Africans but by raising the whole level of native life. It would be a criminal dereliction of duty to yield at this stage to the clamorous demands of a small minority. This the most responsible Africans realize. It is time that the true position was recognized at home.

(The author was elected Member of Parliament for Rutherglen in 194

WHAT COMMUNISM PLANS FOR CHINA

BY O. M. GREEN

THE Common Programme adopted by the communists when they formally established their Government in Peking last October consists of 57 articles dealing with internal administration, land, industry, trade, defence, culture and foreign affairs with that insatiable passion for detail in regulation in which the Chinese have no equal. The chief difference between it and the windy pronouncements of the Kuomintang is that it undoubtedly expresses a fixed purpose (except, as will be noted, where the communists say one thing and are already doing the exact opposite) and there is no reason to think that they cannot enforce it.

Two points strike one immediately: first, that in every direction the communists desire to make a complete breach with the past. That was indicated when they made October 1 "Republic Day" (the date of the inauguration of their Government) and not October 10, anniversary of the Revolution of 1911; in their perfunctory references to Dr. Sun Yat-sen; and in their new flag inscribed with "August 27, 1927," date of the so-called "Nanch'ang rising," which the communists regard as the beginning of their State. Throughout the Common Programme the elimination of "the feudal, comprador, fascist, dictatorial Kuomintang rule" is repeatedly stressed; and Article 17 enacts that "all laws, decrees and judicial systems of the Kuomintang reactionary government are abolished."

The second point is that the assertion that "the State power of the People's Republic of China belongs to the people" is, in the vulgar phrase, just eye-wash. Articles 1 and 12 say:

This Republic realizes the people's democratic dictatorship, led by the working class, based on the alliance of workers and peasants and rallying all democratic classes. . . .

All levels of the People's Congress and all levels of the People's Government are the organs for exercising State power by the people.

It may be recalled that, when the new Government was proclaimed in October by the People's Political Consultative Conference (which is to serve as a sort of Parliament until China is deemed ready to elect a National Congress) much publicity was given to the fact that the P.P.C.C. represented 45 different associations, many of which were not communist; and that some of these were

represented in the Government ; as evidence of the Communist Republic's essentially democratic nature.

The hollowness of this claim is shown by the limitless powers of the Central People's Government Council, the highest organ of the State. Composed of 56 councillors under the chairmanship of Mao Tse-tung, it makes war, peace and treaties ; controls finance ; enacts and interprets laws of State ; determines administrative policy ; appoints or dismisses the Prime Minister and other Ministers (who form the second organ, the State Administrative Council) and all heads of minor government instruments ; and controls the law courts, appointing or dismissing judges at its own pleasure. Furthermore, when this Council is in recess, all these powers are concentrated in the hands of chairman Mao Tse-tung.

The care with which all power is centralized in this one small body runs through the whole Common Programme. As a matter of concession, perhaps, to China's age-long practice of local self-government, and certainly of necessity in so vast a country, provision is made for people's governments throughout the provinces. But this looks very much like the Victorian practice of giving children a sovereign to carry in their pockets : it was their's, but they must not spend it. Article 15 says :

All levels of the organs of State power shall put into practice democratic centralism. . . . The appointment of the People's Governments at various levels shall be confirmed by the People's Government of the higher level. The People's Government of the lower level shall obey the People's Government of the higher level and all local People's Governments throughout the country shall obey the Central People's Government.

To make assurance doubly sure, Article 19 adds :

People's supervisory organs shall be set up in the People's Governments at county and municipal levels and above to supervise the execution of duties. . . . Individuals or people's organizations have the right to indict before the people's supervisory organs or people's judiciary organs any State organ or any public functionary violating the law or derelict in performing their duties.

The horrid results likely to ensue from this provision are easily imagined. *The Times'* Peking correspondent in an article (January 7), written after he had left China, spoke of the hordes of young people who, after intensive training in Marxist centres, have been "installed in all branches of the Administration, less as administrators than as watch-dogs of the party."

Article 18 enjoining honesty and simplicity in public service and threatening severe punishment for graft, deserves notice. All observers agree that the communists are clean-handed. (So were the nationalists in their early days). Another provision which deserves a good mark (Article 24) is that the armed forces in peace time, when off military duty, "shall systematically take part in agricultural and industrial production." It is to be hoped that such useful occupation will not be too much interrupted by the training in

"a political system of work" provided in Article 21. All soldiers, it has been noticed in Shanghai, and doubtless elsewhere, have to attend daily lectures on Marxism.

The Articles on agriculture and land reform are less explicit than others, probably because so much of China had still to be conquered when the Common Programme was drafted, and land tenure and the mutual relations of peasant and landlord vary in every province. "Land to the tiller" is the general principle. Big estates have been broken up and divided between the peasants, but no attempt yet has been made to institute collectivized farms. It is, however, quite clear that "the tiller" is not to be left to his own devices. Article 34 says :

In all areas where the Agrarian Reform (that is the redistribution of land) has been thoroughly carried out, the People's Government will take as its central task the organization of the peasants. . . . to develop agricultural production . . . and shall guide the peasants step by step to organize various forms of mutual aid, labour and production co-operation.

In respect of trade and industry, Mao Tse-tung and others have emphasized, in broadcasts and writings, that private enterprise must be permitted and capitalists allowed their profits, to encourage them to use their brains for the nation's good. Articles 30 and 31 give a clear idea of the intention :

The People's Government shall encourage the active operation of all private economic enterprises beneficial to the national welfare The economy based on co-operation between State and private capital is of a State capitalist nature. Whenever necessary and possible private capital shall be encouraged to develop in the direction of State capitalism—for example towards joint operations with State-owned enterprises or in joint operations with the State or operation of State-owned enterprises and exploitation of the State-owned resources through the form of concessions.

What this means is already visible in the increasing formation of State bureaux to take over various lines in commerce. Where a merchant has a contract (for the export, say, of bristles or dried eggs) he has to surrender it to the State bureau in return for a part of the profits. What that amounts to is not disclosed. But in Tientsin, which has been longer under the communists than any other big trading centre, British merchants' experience is that they are being steadily squeezed out of business.

Foreign affairs is too big a subject for this article ; but in passing one may note that the first and last clauses of the Common Programme insist most strongly on "the safeguarding of the independence, freedom and integrity of territory and sovereignty of the country." It will be interesting to see how this squares with the grip exercised by Russia on Manchuria through her possession of its main railways and ports, and on Sinkiang by her monopoly of all air transport and airfields, which she extorted last June from the phantom Nationalist Government already in exile in Canton. Of all the

"unequal treaties" against which China once inveighed so bitterly, the only ones remaining are Russia's.

Much has been made by the communist papers of Article 5 which promises

freedom of thought, speech, publication, assembly . . . religious belief and freedom to hold processions and demonstrations.

In the article quoted above *The Times* correspondent specially mentions one paper distinguished for its independent criticisms both of Kuomintang and communists, which has been suppressed (as it is officially explained) "in order to put an end to counter-revolutionary propaganda and thus protect the freedom of speech and writing of the people." So the only freedom permitted is freedom to print what the communists prescribe. Almost their first act after entering Peking was to muzzle all correspondents of foreign papers. And in communist newspaper offices posters have been seen proclaiming that: "Facts are not facts unless they help the revolution."

The reference to religious belief opens up the question of the future of Christian Missions. At present it looks as if the communists would permit institutions that do work which they need—mission hospitals and big colleges like Yenching at Peking and Cheloo at Tsinanfu, which teach science, engineering and the like. But pastoral work is strictly controlled. Missionaries are pinned to their stations; they cannot go out on the evangelizing tours which used to be an important part of their work. And in all colleges the students must attend daily classes in Marxism, and those who seem reluctant to embrace it are soon made to understand that their prospects in life are poor.

A moment's reflection shows that this must be so. Neither a free press connoting independence of thought nor Christianity with its supreme emphasis on the importance of the individual soul is permissible in a communist state. Between the lines of the Common Programme and in daily practical demonstration it can be seen how the communists are setting to work to convert the 430,000,000 of China to their creed.

Nothing is overlooked. In the autumn a conference of artists and writers was held in Peking to instruct them how to devote their work to the furtherance of Marxism. Other conferences for the same purpose have been held of journalists and newspaper managers: the latter were specially enjoined to obtain advertisements "beneficial to the interests of the people." A "People's Art Theatre" was opened in Peking to guide the drama on Marxist lines. And of course all "imperialist" films have been expunged from the cinema in favour of scenes from the life of Lenin and of the Chinese people's revolutionary struggles. It is hardly surprising that attendance at such entertainment has fallen off considerably.

Above all, the communists have set themselves to break down the reverence for family which is the strongest influence in Chinese life. Only by corrupting the young can they hope to convert China. Young people are continually urged to defy their parents. Even little children are not spared. In one of the new primary school books they are taught to repeat: "I do not love Mamma, I do not love Papa, I only love Mao Tse-tung." This has caused no little outcry, but the general trend of education remains the same.

Spies are everywhere. Whether forced labour camps have yet been formed as in Russia is not known, though they seem to be foreshadowed in Article 7 of the Common Programme for "reactionary elements, feudal landlords and bureaucratic capitalists." But mysterious disappearances of individuals and even whole families are reported; and a man dares not speak openly to a friend for fear the latter should be a communist.

That espionage runs through the whole Communist Party cannot be doubted. It is inherent in the "people's supervisory organs" mentioned above; and it is the necessity of an administration which concentrates total power in 50 or 60 individuals. They will be spied upon by others greedy for their seats; and in turn will spy upon all possible rivals. Like the nationalists 30 years ago, the communists have been actuated, and still are, by ideals of national reform. But as the unifying inspiration of external opposition disappears, internal jealousies and hatreds arise. The motive of government is no longer popular welfare but personal fear. Can one not already trace its shadow through the lines of the Common Programme?

INDIA AT THE CROSS ROADS

III. WILL INDIA TAKE THE CHINA ROAD ?

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

INDIA is a hungry land and her masses are condemned to exist within the margins of famine for a long time to come. This and a number of other factors which condition India's development are essentially economic in nature. How to feed India's growing population and how to improve their very low standard of living will remain the basic pre-occupation of Indian leaders for some time to come. The tragedy is that India's problems are parts of a chain of inter-connected economic factors of almost equal magnitude. They are incapable of solution together and could hardly be tackled individually. The approach, however, must be essentially of an economic nature. There are more or less fashionable views which over-estimate the importance of spiritual factors or the influence of Hindu religion as an element of conservation. The fact is that in the rapidly changing social climate of Asia to-day there is a limit to what even illiterate masses will endure in misery.

Largely as a result of under-nourishment and lack of medical aid, about 65 per cent of India's people die before they reach the age of 30 and no mother has better than a half chance of bringing up her child to a wage-earning age; every second dead in this sad country is under ten*. Nor is the picture in the field of production more cheerful. While a German or English farmer produces over 2,000lb of wheat to the acre, his Indian counterpart takes out barely 700lb. Against the Italian rice-planter's 4,500lb production per acre, or the Egyptian's 3,000lb, the Indian hardly manages more than 1,200lb. In cotton, India's average output (89lb per acre) is only one-seventh of the Egyptian's and one-third of the United States. The average milk-yield of the Indian cow is only a little over 600lb per year compared to the over 5,400lb of the British. Figures telling the same depressing tale could be quoted from any field of agricultural activity†. Meanwhile the signs of development in the wrong direction are increasing. In 1921 among every 1,000 Indian cultivators 291 were without land. By 1931 this figure rose to 407 and, owing to the outdated law of inheri-

*Report of All-India Conference of Medical Research Workers, and *The Indian Rural Problem* by Sir Manilal B. Nanavati and J. J. Anjaria.
†Cfr. *The Indian Rural Problem*.

tance, it is likely that by now every second of India's cultivators is without land and has to hire himself out. These are merely random figures typical of the arrested development, inefficiency and backwardness of India's economy. They are also an index of the improbability of quick change. If avoidable human suffering and degradation could be expressed in *per-capita* international units, there is little doubt that "non-violent" India would top the list.

It is evident from all this that only a live public opinion and a very strong central government fully conscious of its short-range purposes could attempt to tackle India's multitudinous problems. Near the end of the 1939-1945 war there was a considerable amount of discussion in Great Britain about the decline of efficiency and stamina of the British worker as a result of five years of meagre diet. The Indian masses have been subsisting for decades if not for centuries, on a diet incomparably lower than anything British workers had to put up with even during the darkest months of the submarine war. Moreover, India's masses are ridden with a multitude of destructive diseases to an extent undreamed of by uninformed outsiders. These handicaps, aggravated by a terrible climate, should at least hint of the physical and psychological obstacles which would make the imposition of quick change on an apathetic and physically weak population almost impossible.* One often feels that it is no service to the Indian peoples to indulge in the repetition of the flamboyant and ridiculously optimistic statements put out by some of their leaders for propaganda purposes. The statement of the stark and unalterable truth can help at least to assess real possibilities.

Projected against this depressing background, India is ruled by a declining Party which has power without purpose and there are no signs that within a short time a sufficiently organized nation-wide opposition would arise constitutionally to replace the present Government and to carry out reforms which can stand no postponement.†

All this might be taken to imply that India is inevitably on the way to the "China road". It is true that the factors which brought about social revolution in China are equally present in the India of to-day. There are, however, certain factors which limit the likeness of the two situations. Because of the atmosphere of Hindu religion, of an enervating climate, and of the apathy following from the physical and psychological conditions of most of the population, the margin of social stability in India is probably much wider than it was in China. In other words, a much slighter improvement in the living conditions of Indians would bar the way to the forcible change that

*According to estimates, over 100 million people suffer from malaria.

†See the first and second articles in the January and February 1950 issues of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*: — "The Decline of Congress" and "Is an Opposition arising in India?"

has come about in China. The short-range, and therefore more quickly alterable, factors of present-day Indian society are almost exclusively economic. The halt to inflation; reduction in military expenses; reduction of the external trade deficit, and the extension of productive resources are probably the most important of these short-range targets. If any, or some of these, could be altered decisively for the better during the next few months, the change might widen the margin of social security sufficiently to maintain social apathy against social unrest.

None of these is more urgent than the early reduction of military expenses. These unproductively spent millions could be diverted into channels which would promote the country's economic potential and check inflation. It is one of the oddest things in an already very odd world that two of the poorest countries, equally threatened by social upheaval, should help the advance of Communism by spending more than half their central revenue on armaments aimed at each other.* The fanatical Kashmir adventure may gain a Province to India but it may also lose the Indian Republic to Communism.

India's national income has been declining for some years and the decline has been particularly marked during the last year. Agricultural production during the past two years has been three to seven per cent less than between 1936-1939. Industrial output shows a similar decline of five to six per cent over 1948 which already was considerably lower than during the peak year of wartime production in 1943-1944. Administrative costs are mounting without visible improvement in efficiency, while exports cannot catch up with imports. The necessity to import each year some ten to 16 per cent more food-stuffs than is produced indigenously (between two and four million tons, according to the monsoon) represents an intolerable burden on India's resources. Meanwhile, it is estimated, that India's rate of national savings has dropped from about six per cent before the war to a "negative savings rate". Thus, Indians are depleting reserves which, normally, could be invested to expand the nation's small productive resources. In simple terms all this means that the average Indian is worse off to-day than he was two years ago (largely thanks to the "guns rather than rice" policy) and certain factors make it unlikely that his lot will rapidly improve. In fact, with the enormous increase in population, unless some dramatic change intervenes, economic progress is bound to stagnate, and ideologies advocating violent change will further gain ground.

To bring about any change in the economic factors India would have to carry out certain basic reforms (land-reform above all),

*In 1948 India spent 47 per cent and Pakistan 55 per cent of their central revenue on military expenses. For the U.S.A. it was 25, for the U.S.S.R. 17 and for the U.K. 13 per cent. To-day, it is estimated, India spends close on 60 per cent.

long overdue and increasingly urgent in the present Asiatic context. Certain mass-desires are gropingly formulating themselves in India to-day and gradually they must become irresistible. Should India's revolutionaries be given the opportunity to harness these popular desires, no political or police power will be able to stand in their way. The similarity between the Chinese and Indian situations is most conspicuous in this field. Congress, like the Kuomintang, may help the Communists to popularity and then into power by handing them over the chance of gratifying the masses with reforms Congress is unwilling or unable to accomplish.

In a nutshell this is the problem of Indian political leadership. It is symbolically focused in the personality of Pandit Nehru himself. An idealist nationalist, he has been wedded to liberal reformism all his life long. To-day, two years after power came his way, most observers agree that the change from rebel to leader made him a tired pessimist, overwhelmed by the problems facing him. Underneath his many-sided activities, his problem is that of the Asian gradualist. It is the dilemma between preservation and the plunge into the untried. On the one hand there is the task of "keeping together" the turbulent, undisciplined separatism-ridden Mother India. On the other, is the urgent and imperative need for change and to adjust inert Indian society to contemporary realities. The fateful choice produces hesitation, and hesitation in Asia in 1950 means Conservatism. A conservative under threat easily becomes a "reactionary". The solution to Pandit Nehru's dilemma is not easy: for example, one of the most urgent reforms in India is the ridding of the agricultural masses of the landlord and the money-lender. This, inevitably, would lead to the chain-reaction typical of all Indian problems. Distribution of land, or the creation of collective or co-operative units on a large scale, would pose enormously complicated technical problems of administration, would immediately raise the question of agricultural implements, seeds, fertilizers, improvement in methods, and so on. Each of these would touch off a second line of problems like industrial production, the mass-attack on illiteracy, the availability of trained craftsmen, and the rest. These are sufficient to cool off the most ardent reformer however sincere he may be. The hard, unalterable and cruel fact remains, however, that unless land reform is carried out, some one else will carry it out simply because it must be done.

The strange amalgam, of greedy traders and industrialists and non-violent and confused philosophers, which dictates the political climate of Congress Government, is probably incapable of facing facts. Politically, the impact of Chinese events has been less in India than one would have expected. This is due partly to the limitations of the men in power (with the exception of Pandit Nehru) and

to the illiteracy and isolation of the masses. But it was mainly due to a complacent belief in a mountain range as a barrier to explosive ideas. Without rapid change in this attitude, and if India's more farsighted leaders are not able to awaken their self-satisfied entourage, events will undoubtedly take their inevitable course. With suitable outside help, the red river may begin to roll down from the Himalayas, enveloping first Assam and Bengal and continuing its slow but sure journey along the plains of India.

At one extreme 57 per cent of India's area supports only 17.5 per cent of the population with a density of below 150 per square mile ; at the other end 30 per cent of the people are crowded in 6.4 per cent of the area with a density of 600 and more. It is not without significance that the regions where India's Communist Party is most influential, and where actual armed risings have already occurred, are the most over-populated Provinces and States. This applies primarily to Bengal (with 708 people to each square mile), to the United Provinces (with 518) and to the south-western coast, notably to Cochin and Travancore States (with 953 and 792 density respectively). Moreover, Bengal has been the problem province of India for some time. Partition has dislocated its economy, its population has the most revolutionary of Indian traditions and its capital, Calcutta, has the unenviable distinction of being the largest and ugliest slum region on earth. In addition Bengal is the nearest among India's important regions to the communist troubled areas of Asia. Demonstrations, shootings with fatal casualties and daring revolutionary actions in Bengal, but particularly in Calcutta, occupy the pages of the Indian press with monotonous regularity. Could an army of peasant stock, like the Indian army of to-day, be relied on to fight the eventual beneficiaries of land reform and other popular social and political changes? The results of the military occupation of the Nalgonda and Warangal districts (of Hyderabad) are not entirely reassuring in this respect. The actual danger is not that India might be "taken over" by a revolutionary régime, as happened in some small and tightly centralized European states, but rather that a revolutionary group relying on the transitory enthusiasm generated by quick and drastic agricultural reforms, might "dig in" in one or more provinces, rely on indigenous popular support and armed assistance from beyond the borders, and establish itself with the skilful manipulation of separatist and communal passions. In such an eventuality it is more likely than not that India would gradually dissolve into mutually antagonistic regions and become a "super-Greece".

The fundamental difference between the Chinese and the Indian situation is, therefore, in the nature of the margin which lies between continuity and change. In simpler terms, a full rice-bowl and a

certain degree of administrative efficiency might keep India for a long time immune from Communism. To-day the Indian masses have neither a full rice-bowl nor a satisfactory administration. But because the margins are relatively wider in the case of India, western political advice has a more comfortable terrain in helping to establish where the weak points are, where assistance could be used and where the personalities are on whom to count in the establishment of a régime to save India from Communism.

The first conclusion probably would be that the war in Kashmir must be stopped at whatever cost in prestige or frustrated passions. The second, that the National Congress is no longer capable of regeneration and is not a suitable instrument for carrying out the reforms which alone can insure India's survival outside the communist orbit. The third conclusion might be that an emergency Government, composed of all able and qualified leaders irrespective of party affiliations, should be formed to formulate a bold plan of social reform, economic reconstruction and administrative cleansing.

Such a new approach, however, would be worthless without that psychological element of mass enthusiasm which alone could supply the *élan* required to tackle India's problems. Certain facts have to be faced squarely and without sentimental phraseology even if this would mean a painful new departure for certain influential elements. India is in very bad shape and in very serious danger of social revolution. If Socialism is the only genuine Conservatism left in the Europe of to-day, this is doubly true of revolutionary Asia where the accumulated and neglected problems could not possibly be tackled but on the basis of hard, painful and drastic planning. Such a new approach would have to borrow heavily from the vocabulary and from the methods of the early Soviet days in order to spare India the Soviet experiment. Whatever the political considerations may be, it is undeniable that the Soviet experience in the field of economic planning, in modernization of agriculture, in the fight against disease or in the attack on mass illiteracy, has enormous relevance to the present situation in India. Only such a basically new approach, preaching the common denominator of economic self-interest and the hope of improved standards for all peoples of the Indian Peninsula, could raise the masses out of the mud of accumulated sectional antagonisms, communal hatreds and artificially fanned rivalries. Only such a sweepingly new approach could bring about a solution in the Kashmir dispute by convincing both sides that the economic interests of their subjects, their future living standards and their political safety are superior in importance to any issue involved in the hostilities. Only hope in a better future can supply the required verve.

Any new departure in India would require the active support of the industrially advanced nations. This means assistance

on a scale far larger than what can be expected at present from President Truman's Point Four programme. The question has to be posed in all earnestness how much is it worth in cash to prevent strengthening the communist camp with the addition of one-sixth of humanity to its cause? It would have to be regarded as an international insurance against the probability of another war and it is almost certain that even large-scale financial assistance to India (and large-scale it would have to be) would amount to only a fraction of what is spent on the preparation for war.

The existing Indian Government consists of people who gained popular support as leaders in the fight for national independence. It is already clear that they are not making enough visible improvements in the condition of life of their followers to retain their support. Unless they become admittedly authoritarian they cannot hope to transform their economic system or to reform their institutions in time. Unless, however, they produce results quickly, people will, in any case, turn away from their democratic façade and choose a totalitarian system in anticipation of results. This is the political dilemma of India. But the dilemma is more apparent than real. The film-set of western democracy is too flimsy in India to deceive any observer. However commendable the democratic sentiments expressed in India's new Republican Constitution might be, no observer can have the slightest doubt that they have little contact with reality and have only a meagre chance of being translated into practice within the foreseeable future. If years of immensely costly attempts to win over highly developed Germans to the ideals of north-Atlantic democracy have so conspicuously failed, it is hard to see how such attempts could be more than the shirking of real issues in a country so vastly different in every respect from the lands where this democracy has been more or less realized. The handful of leaders who rule India to-day, and who are the only links between western ideals and the Indian masses, are associated with a party increasingly discredited in the eyes of the disillusioned Indian millions, and the influence of Gandhi, notwithstanding continuous lip-service, is rapidly fading. Extreme forces are hammering away to exploit discontent and the democratic façade is cracking for lack of foundations. India, like all countries in need of a huge effort to rectify the past, is drifting the totalitarian way. The question is merely whether it is going to be the totalitarianism of a privileged minority (as, hardly concealed, it is to-day) or totalitarianism with a popular content and with hope written on its flag. In other words the choice is between stop-gap solutions while drifting, or the conscious imposition of hardship and sacrifice on a generation in the interest of future generations who might, at least, enjoy the fruits of democracy.

THE CONQUEST OF SPACE

BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE

SINCE the earliest times, the idea of travel to other worlds has been a popular and ever-recurring theme in literature, but only in the last few decades has it become a matter of serious scientific study. Once the conquest of the air had been assured, it was inevitable that men should turn their thoughts to the next logical step in the exploration of space, and during the years after the 1914-1918 war the foundations of the new science of 'astronautics' were securely laid by a number of European mathematicians and engineers, notably the Rumanian, Hermann Oberth. Not until 1942, however, did these theoretical studies see their first large-scale application. In October of that year, under conditions of extreme secrecy, the first V.2 rocket rose from the Baltic shore to reach altitudes and speeds never before attained by any man-made object. Although V.2 had been designed as a weapon of war, it was constructed according to the principles laid down by Oberth for rocket-propelled spaceships, and during its development many of the fundamental problems of interplanetary flight had been solved.

There are two basic differences between inter-planetary travel and the familiar forms of terrestrial transport. Since astronomical space is an almost perfect vacuum, a vehicle capable of crossing it must have a means of propulsion independent of any surrounding medium. The rocket is unique among prime movers in fulfilling this requirement, for its fuel supply is completely self-contained and its thrust is produced by the recoil, within the rocket nozzle, of the ejected gases—tons of matter being expelled at speeds of many thousands of miles an hour. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the rocket does not, as is commonly believed, operate by "pushing on the air behind it" and in fact the air is a considerable hindrance to its efficient working as it reduces the velocity of the jet. The thrust developed by a V.2 motor, for example, increased by about ten per cent as the projectile left the atmosphere, and when it reached its greatest velocity, at an altitude of 20 miles, it was developing over 600,000 horse-power.

Rocket motors can therefore be used not only to enable a spaceship to escape from the earth, but also to steer it in space and to slow it down to make safe landing on another planet, even if that planet possesses no atmosphere. The method of propulsion being available,

the next problem of 'astronautics' is that of providing sufficient energy (in the shape of suitable fuels) for any mission which is contemplated; and here we encounter the second great difference between space-flight and terrestrial travel. A rocket operates most efficiently by building up a very high speed as quickly as possible, and then proceeding under momentum, like a shell, until it reaches its destination. It is always possible to calculate the initial speed necessary for any journey, whether it be from Germany to London or from earth to moon, and once the rocket has attained this speed it need do no more work and can turn off its fuel supply. On the five minute flight from Europe, the V.2 rocket used its motors for the first minute only: on an inter-planetary journey lasting many months a spaceship would be "under power" for no more than the first ten minutes. During the rest of its voyage it would be travelling as freely and as effortlessly as a comet on its path round the sun and indeed along precisely the same type of orbit.

The greatest speed so far reached by a rocket is 5,000 m.p.h., and the speed necessary to escape from the earth is five times this value. It is clear, therefore, that much work must be done before it becomes possible to send even a small, radio-equipped missile to the moon, though there is little doubt that this feat will be achieved in the next decade.

The maximum speed attained by a rocket is set by two factors—the amount of fuel it can carry, and the jet velocity produced by this fuel. It can be easily shown that with all the chemical mixtures now known, or indeed likely to be discovered, enormous quantities of propellant would be needed to enable a space-ship to make the journey to the moon. As a very rough figure it may be said that a thousand tons of chemical fuel would be necessary to take one ton of payload to the moon. Even this figure assumes the existence of propellents and motors considerably better than any known to-day, though probably available within the next few years.

At first sight it would seem an engineering impossibility to build a rocket with an empty weight of a few tons, yet capable of carrying thousands of tons of fuel. It can be done, however, by using the subterfuge of the "step" or multi-stage rocket. Here, one large rocket carries a smaller one until its fuel is exhausted, when the lower component drops off and the smaller machine, already at a great height and travelling at a considerable speed, starts its own motors. The second "step" may carry a further, still smaller rocket, and by repeating this process any desired final speed may be attained—at the cost of a very large initial weight.

The step principle is very important, and has been successfully used in practice both in Germany and the United States. At the moment the altitude record is held by the upper component of a two-stage

rocket, which was carried by a V.2 to a height of 20 miles, and then went on alone to reach a final altitude of 250 miles. However, this is not a complete solution to the problem of space-flight, unless we are to contemplate building vessels of truly astronomical size.

There are two ways in which this difficulty may be overcome. The first lies in the development of propellents very much more powerful than any known to-day, by the utilization of atomic energy. This is a problem which presents peculiar difficulties, but the promise it holds may be judged by the fact that the few pounds of fissile matter used in the first atomic bombs released enough energy to carry a thousand tons to the moon and back. It would not seem too optimistic to hope that a few per cent of this energy may be harnessed for propulsion.

Numerous theoretical studies of the "atomic rocket" have now been made, and several organizations in the United States (including the Fairchild Corporation under a contract from the Atomic Energy Commission) are working on the problem. At present the only practical solution seems to lie in the development of "piles" or nuclear reactors which can function at very high temperatures—several thousand degrees—and can thus heat a light gas such as hydrogen which will then expand and produce a high-velocity jet. The resulting device would be exactly analogous to the chemical rocket except that there would be no actual combustion and all the heating of the exhaust gases would be obtained by nuclear instead of chemical reactions.

It would be rash to predict how long the development of such motors may take: it might well require ten or twenty years, but on the other hand, as so often happens in practice, some alternative solution may arise at an earlier date. If present rocket-jet speeds can be increased by a factor of from five to ten (and in theory atomic energy would enable them to be increased by many thousands) the exploration of all the nearer planets would become an immediate possibility.

An alternative and extremely interesting attempt to overcome the fuel difficulty involves the use of what have been called 'orbital satellites' or 'space-stations'. A body given a horizontal speed of 18,000 m.p.h. just above the atmosphere would continue to circle the earth indefinitely, without any expenditure of power, balancing the pull of gravity against centrifugal force. It would become a second moon and could never fall down unless it deliberately reduced its speed. The achievement of such a circular orbit is obviously much simpler than the attainment of escape velocity (which, as we have seen, requires a speed of 25,000 m.p.h.) and step-rockets capable of doing this should become available in the near future. They could contribute very greatly not only to our knowledge of astronomy but also of our own planet, for they could carry a great variety of recording ins-

truments and broadcast their readings back to ground stations. This technique of 'telemetering' information is already highly developed, and the V.2 rockets fired for experimental purposes in the United States now transmit, simultaneously, the readings of scores of thermocouples, pressure gauges, cosmic ray counters and other instruments.

Once it became possible to establish rockets in such permanent orbits, the next step would be to send up a number of machines simultaneously into the same orbit, and then transfer all the excess fuel into a single machine. This rocket, its tanks replenished, would then need an additional velocity of only 7,000 m.p.h. to escape from the earth, as compared with the 25,000 m.p.h. it would require to do this in a single operation without refuelling.

At first sight, such a feat seems quite fantastic, if only because of the enormous speeds involved. But it must be remembered that, relative to each other, all the rockets would be at rest, since each would have exactly the same orbital speed. Their velocities would no more inconvenience them than the earth's much higher speed of movement round the sun worries us in our everyday affairs. They would also be quite weightless, since they would be in the condition known as 'free-fall', and any transfer of material would thus require the minimum of effort.

Such orbital refuelling techniques, with more complex variations involving the use of subsidiary orbits around the planet being visited, might make space-flight possible even without the aid of nuclear energy, since they would have the effect of breaking up an inter-planetary voyage into several stages. (It might be worth recalling that there would be no trans-Atlantic flying even to-day if every aircraft had to carry fuel for the complete round trip.)

Orbital techniques may still be essential even when nuclear propulsion is fully developed, for the danger of radioactive contamination may make it impossible to use atomic rockets inside the atmosphere. If this should be the case, the orbiting condition will be reached by chemical propellents, and nuclear propulsion will only be used when the spaceship is some hundreds of miles from the earth.

Quite apart from their uses as stepping-stones to space, these orbits open up many other possibilities of great interest and importance. Elaborate designs have been drawn up for permanent 'space-stations', carried up section by section and then assembled (by men working in pressurized suits) to act as observatories. These would make feasible the carrying out of much work, in many fields of science, which is quite impossible here at the bottom of the atmosphere. It is seldom realized, for example, how severely astronomy is handicapped by the layer of air above us. The giant telescopes we possess, even those situated on mountain tops, can only be used to full advantage on a

few nights of the year, but out in space observational conditions would always be perfect.

More immediately practical applications of the space-station would lie in the fields of weather forecasting and radio transmission. The impossibility of sending ultra-short-wave signals, such as television, much beyond the visible horizon is well-known. Two or three orbital relay stations, however, could provide complete television coverage over the entire planet for about the same power as the present Sutton Coldfield transmitter. They could also replace, far more efficiently, the whole of the world's existing system of radio and cable networks, and could provide many types of service which are now impossible.

At the end of the European war the extensive studies of the German rocket experts on the possibilities of orbital satellites came to the attention of the United States armed forces, each of which characteristically set up its own organization to look into the matter. The unification of these projects was announced by the Secretary of State for Defence in 1948, and some of the work done for the Air Force by a group known as the Rand Corporation (originally part of the Douglas Aircraft Corporation) has now been declassified. One of the most interesting of these reports is a detailed statistical study of the danger presented to space-rockets by meteors—a danger which is found to be negligible, at least on the shorter inter-planetary voyages.

An enormous research effort is now being devoted to rocket propulsion, and although much of this work is for military purposes there is little fundamental difference between a long-range guided missile and a manned space-ship. Overcoming the technical difficulties in one field will automatically solve those in the other. The only additional problems, such as air-conditioning and temperature control, set by the man-carrying rocket do not, with one exception, present anything new: they have already been encountered in the design of high-altitude aircraft.

The only new factor is that of weightlessness. Once a space-ship had reached its required initial velocity, then for the whole of the rest of its voyage it would be "falling free" and its occupants—like people in a lift cage when the cable had broken—would be falling with it and so would have no sensation of weight. The consequences of this have often been described in fiction, but it is not known what the physical effects would be over prolonged periods of time (five days on the lunar voyage, or 145 and 240 days for the journeys to Venus and Mars respectively). If they are found to be dangerous, then all the sensations of normal weight can be restored, at the price of some mechanical inconvenience, by slowly rotating the space-ship about its axis and thus producing an outward centrifugal force.

It might be pointed out that no difficulty is likely to be caused by too

high an acceleration at the take-off of a space-ship. The accelerations produced in a large rocket are considerably less than those experienced by fighter pilots in high-speed aerobatics.

The sequence, though not the time-scale, of future development in 'astronautics' now seems fairly clear. First will come the multi-step orbital rockets, using fuels available to-day to project a few pounds of instruments into stable orbits some hundreds of miles above the earth. A little later, the first contact with the moon will be made by similar machines, tracked by radar to the moment of their impact, which would be easily visible in small telescopes. It should next be possible to send missiles round the moon, carrying television equipment which would give us our first glimpse of that world's hidden face.

While this exploration-by-proxy is proceeding, the much more difficult task of building rockets large enough to carry men and to bring them back safely to earth will be under way. At the close of the war, the Germans were working on a winged version of V.2 for this purpose, and in the United States, men have flown at nearly 2,000 m.p.h. in rocket aircraft with many of the characteristics of short-range space-ships.

The next twenty-five years will see manned flights to altitudes of hundreds, then thousands, of miles, and possibly the first circumnavigation of the moon. The landing on our satellite may be expected some time in the last quarter of the century, and the exploration of space will have begun in earnest.

The problems of maintaining life on the moon, in the virtual absence of the atmosphere and under somewhat extreme conditions of temperature, are very great but by no means insoluble. Although the moon itself is almost certainly lifeless and perhaps of little intrinsic interest its supreme importance lies in the fact that, as a base for inter-planetary exploration, it is immensely superior to the earth. A journey to Mars would be of virtually the same length and duration whether one started from earth or moon, but owing to the moon's low gravity a far smaller amount of fuel would be needed in the latter case. Great efforts will be made to establish bases on the moon and to locate sources of the fairly common elements (particularly hydrogen) which appear to be the most suitable propellents for atomic rockets. There would be no need to look for fissile material, since the amounts needed would be relatively small and could be easily obtained from earth.

Once the moon had been reached, the exploration of the other planets would follow almost automatically. Mars and Venus, our nearest neighbours in space, would first be reconnoitered by remotely-controlled, expendable rockets. (It might be of interest to remark here that even a V.2, if it started from space in the earth's orbit, could reach Venus with full pay-load !) Later, there would be

circumnavigations by manned ships which would not attempt a landing but would make extensive observations and return to earth.

Beyond this, we enter the realm of speculation. Within a lifetime we may be exploiting Mars and Venus and looking further afield to the outer giants and their vast families of moons. No-one can guess what we may find on these worlds, or what effects they may have on our civilization and our ways of thought. The conquest of space will change our lives at least as much as the development of aviation, which in less than fifty years grew from a fantastic dream to one of the world's greatest industries.

And the purpose of all this stupendous effort ? There are countless ways of justifying it : in the long run, the purely scientific results would be ample reward, for to each century science pays back with compound interest the investments of the last. Yet beyond these purely practical considerations there lies a deeper motive, an impulse which all men must have felt who have ever watched the stars come out in the stillness of a summer evening. It is the desire to know, whatever the consequences may be, whether or not man is alone in an empty universe.

(Mr. Clarke, is the author of Interplanetary Flight, a general technical introduction to the problems of 'astronautics' to be published shortly.)

THE TRAGEDY OF ALGER HISS

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

ON January 25, 1950, in a New York federal Court, Alger Hiss was convicted of perjury and sentenced to five years imprisonment. After 18 months of investigation and two prolonged trials the affair remains a complete mystery, the end of which is not in sight. Until this black shadow fell across him Alger Hiss was an exceptionally fortunate man. He enjoyed a special position in the public service and the esteem of all his senior colleagues. His disaster is without precedent or parallel.

Since an early stage of the Roosevelt régime there has been kept alive in Washington a committee of the House of Representatives inquiring into un-American activities. In the summer of 1948 a repentant woman spy, who had worked for the Russian underground, made a confession which implicated civil servants and other Americans in a network of espionage. She named one Whittaker Chambers as a Communist and an important secret agent who had obtained documents from the Department of State. When these disclosures began he was one of the senior editors of the weekly *Time* earning a salary of \$30,000. Called before the House Committee, he offered the first instalment of a deadly narrative which, startling enough as an American life-story, sounded altogether fantastic in regard to the officials he accused.

He described himself as a former Communist who had toiled for the party with fanatical devotion. In his last stage he had been engaged in conveying documents from public departments to secret agents of Moscow. He named several of his contacts, giving first place to Alger Hiss who, having towards the end of the war held a position of trust under the Secretary of State, had passed thence to the headship of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Mr. Chambers swore that Alger Hiss had been a Communist acting with himself for some four years in enterprises of a treasonable character.

It would hardly be possible to over-state the sensation caused by these charges. Summoned before the House Committee, Alger Hiss met them with a cold and scornful denial. He had never been a Communist; he did not know Mr. Chambers; the whole thing was an invention. There appeared to be not one square-inch of common ground between the two men. They both spoke in downright terms.

The only possible inference was that one or the other was a hard liar.

For several reasons the House Committee did not seem anxious to take Mr. Chambers seriously, but an impulsive action by Alger Hiss himself made all the difference. The proceedings of a committee of Congress are privileged; Alger Hiss dared Mr. Chambers to repeat his statements *en plein air*, and this he did in a broadcast interview. Thereupon Alger Hiss brought suit for slander in a Baltimore court, claiming £75,000 damages.

The House Committee now became active and, as the reports indicated, some of its members behaved rather as prosecutors than as legislators engaged in an inquiry. Alger Hiss was subjected to relentless questioning on the basis of particulars supplied by Mr. Chambers. These were related partly to the transfer of papers and partly to a number of transactions, including loans of money, the purchase of a car, and the letting of a flat in Washington. Alger Hiss did not maintain his first denials without modification; his memory became less rigid. Whittaker Chambers, he thought, must be a freelance journalist whom he had known as George Crosley and to whom he had given help, with anything but satisfactory results. He demanded a face-to-face test, and there followed a comedic scene in an hotel room, amid crowding reporters and flashing cameras. Mr. Hiss peered into Mr. Chambers's mouth in order to make out whether this man with skilfully reconstructed dentures was the Crosley he remembered with noticeably bad teeth. In the end he came out with, "You are George Crosley!" Mr. Chambers, who admitted the use of more than a dozen aliases, declared that George Crosley was not one of them.

The first long examination conducted by the House Committee went somewhat to the detriment of Alger Hiss. An amplification of his first denials, in full force, was generally expected, but he was cautious and evasive. He repeatedly guarded himself with "to the best of my recollection" and similar phrases. Long afterwards, when the trials were over, Mr. Chambers said that Alger Hiss had lost the battle in this initial stage by reason of the manner in which his answers were given.

In the meantime Mr. Chambers was broadening his plan of attack. He produced a batch of papers, copies of documents from the State Department, that had lain for ten years in a Brooklyn house, and then, by a spectacular stroke, added a microfilm of others found in a pumpkin growing on the vegetable patch of his Maryland farm. This process of bringing out material in relays he explained by reference to his own state of mind. He had no enmity towards Alger Hiss, and no wish to destroy an old colleague. But he had come to realize the full evil of the conspiracy against which all good Americans were

fighting. That had to be uprooted, without thought of consequences to any individual.

In record and personality the protagonists in this amazing affair make a contrast as striking as even America could provide. Alger Hiss is the son of a Baltimore merchant, a graduate of Johns Hopkins University and the Harvard Law School. He entered upon his career with all the advantages. He served as pupil-secretary to the eminent Justice O. W. Holmes, and spent 14 years in two Government offices. His rise in the State Department was smooth and rapid. He had the right training and manner, good looks, wide knowledge, and manifest ambition. He became deputy chief of the special political division and was secretary-general of the San Francisco conference at which the United Nations took shape. He had been at Yalta as a member of Roosevelt's advisory group. In 1947 he left Washington, having been appointed president of the Carnegie Endowment, a civic foundation unexcelled for responsibility and conservatism. His supporters comprised an impressive company of public men, so that he could step with full enjoyment into a comfortable office and \$20,000 a year. All men spoke well of Alger Hiss.

Whittaker Chambers, on the contrary, is a product of the social conflict and frustration which constitute so large a section of the American scene on its underside. The son of an unsuccessful commercial artist, he was schooled in Long Island and went through the not uncommon experience of adolescent roving and many jobs, with some questionable episodes. He managed to enter Columbia University, New York, but was expelled on account of a blasphemous play. He made a suicide pact with a brother who went through with it. A trip to Europe convinced Mr. Chambers that the old civilization was doomed, and the Communist manifesto came to him as the word of light. He joined the American Communist Party and threw himself into the work, mainly writing. For a brief spell he was editor of the *Daily Worker*. In 1932 he was ordered to make a complete disguise, go under cover, and devote himself to the Russian spy ring. This he did for six years, until April 1938 when he left the party, renounced its beliefs, and hid himself from the presumably revengeful comrades. He was self-educated in an unusual fashion. He knew several languages and was interested in philosophy and theology. These acquirements were of value in the hard fight for a reputable status, and in due time he reached the editorial board of *Time*. Having abjured atheistic Communism, he was baptized in the Episcopal Church and a few months later joined the Society of Friends. (Alger Hiss's wife, by the way, is a birthright Quaker.)

Before the House Committee and a New York grand jury, as also before the F.B.I., Mr. Chambers went into unlimited self-condemnation. His obedience to the Communist Party, he said,

had been unqualified and so was his acceptance of its non-moral creed. Promises were made to be broken. Honesty and good faith were words without meaning, an oath was nothing. Hence after his conversion he could make confession of systematic lying, obtaining a passport in the name of a dead child, and deliberate perjury under oath on at least seven occasions. He explained that he had encountered no difficulty in finding confederates in Government Departments. Indeed in the matter of giving out documents the initiative came from Alger Hiss. Again and again Mr. Chambers went over the story of his association with Alger Hiss. He averred that it was not confined to departmental treachery but included mutual visits, long journeys by car, drinking parties, and even shared holidays. When the resolve to free himself was arrived at, he said, he went to the Hisses and begged them to come out with him. In an emotional scene they told him this was impossible.

The most startling point of Whittaker Chambers's narrative was concerned with the treatment of the documents that were alleged to reach him through Alger Hiss. They were all, he declared, copied by Mrs. Hiss, who was an ardent party member frequently asking for more. She used an old Woodstock typewriter which turned out to be the most effective item in the circumstantial evidence. The originals, said Mr. Chambers, were taken home by Alger Hiss for immediate copying. Some he took himself to Baltimore for the photographer, and these he returned straightway. This singular routine involved a double railway journey, often late at night, between Washington and Baltimore. The whole body of Mr. Chambers's testimony was confirmed by his wife, who added particulars regarding the Hisses' domestic arrangements and the furnishing of their several homes. During many days of cross-examination in the two trials the Chambers couple went over the points of their bewildering tale, only to be met with positive and reiterated denials from Alger and Priscilla Hiss. Their evidence did not undergo any material change, although they had to make some adjustments of memory. Their adversaries, they maintained, had built up a complete structure of falsehood.

Alger Hiss went on trial at the instance of a New York grand jury which, not unlike the House Committee, had been concerned for many months with subversive activities. The indictment could not be on any charge other than that of perjury. There were two counts: (1), that he had sworn falsely before the grand jury in reply to the charge of giving out documents, and (2), that he had denied having any dealings with Mr. Chambers after December 1937. The documents in question all belong to January-March 1938.

The American statute of limitations gives complete security to all persons accused of espionage when the alleged offence goes back beyond three years. Hence Alger Hiss had nothing to fear from the

actual charge of handing out secret documents as long ago as 1938, and Mr. Chambers could disclose without misgiving everything in his own record—treasonable practices, perjury and what not. These crimes might be flagitious and far-reaching, but they held no danger for the informer if the dates were in his favour.

The first trial lasted for more than five weeks and ended, on July 8, 1949, with a disagreement of the jury, eight being for conviction. This was a crushing blow for the accused, who had never wavered in his expectation of acquittal. Cool and assured, he had sat throughout, his wife alongside, with a studied air of detachment. His own evidence was given in style and without a tremor. He was described as a superlative witness. A second trial was unavoidable. The Government had no alternative but to prosecute afresh, while for Alger Hiss, of course, vindication was vital. When the case was re-opened in November, before another judge in the same court, the scene had been changed in two important respects.

There was a new counsel for the defence. The first was a melodramatic performer who, we may suspect, was looked upon by the jury as something like a survivor from the group which 40 years ago fought madly over the body of Harry Thaw. His successor, Mr. Claude Cross, a corporation lawyer of Boston, displayed a gravely plodding method and a reliance on full notes such as Sir Patrick Hastings, in his recent book, *Cases in Court*, condemns as fatal to a cross examiner. The second point of difference was in the composition of the jury. The first included two women, the second no fewer than eight. As the right of challenge by counsel is in America virtually unchallenged, it is not a little surprising that the defence did not protest against the unbalanced twelve. If this jury, like the other, had been divided in opinion, there would have been little or no surprise. To a dispassionate observer it was soon fairly plain that agreement could not mean acquittal.

The record of the case, together with that of the long preliminary hearings, is of mountainous extent, and for the English student of legal procedure it abounds in material of absorbing interest. Mr. Murphy, the able prosecuting counsel (whose prestige has soared to a dazzling height by reason of this success), was so daring at the outset as to tell the jury that if they did not believe Mr. Chambers the Government had no case. The verdict of Guilty is not to be understood on any other basis. The jury accepted as true the detailed Chambers narrative of espionage and close personal relations with Alger and Priscilla Hiss. In doing this, clearly, they were obliged to discount what would in an English court be deemed of the greatest significance, namely, that there was no independent corroboration tendered. Alger Hiss was able to submit evidence to show that they, he and his wife, were not at the holiday places mentioned by

their accusers. The daily life of the two couples during four crucial years was not examined. No witness from Washington was found to testify that the two men had ever been seen together. Time and again the Chamberses said that to the Hisses they were merely Carl and Elsa, no surname being used or known. (This, it may be noted, would be in accord with Party usage, as set forth, for instance, by Arthur Koestler in *The God That Failed*. But in that episode there were no personal relations whatever, whereas Mr. Chambers insisted that the Hisses were close friends of his.)

Beyond question it was the typewriter more than anything else that prevailed with the jury. The tracking of the old Woodstock by the F.B.I. after more than ten years was an astonishing piece of detective work, and the technical evidence that followed was awkward for the defence. It appeared to show that of 47 documents all but one had been copied on the machine to which the experts had given minute attention. The jury, also, gave weight to the fact that four of the papers bore brief annotations in Alger Hiss's handwriting. This fact was proof enough that they had passed his desk, and yet was not hard to fit into the theory of theft from the department by another hand. There was no proof that the Woodstock was owned by the Hisses at the time indicated. In a very short statement made to the judge, at the moment of receiving sentence, Alger Hiss affirmed that the facts as to the forging of documents on the typewriter would in due time be brought out.

The case goes to appeal and Alger Hiss is still at liberty. The principle of *sub judice* is not acknowledged in the United States. The public debate continues without restraint.

The issues of this unparalleled mystery spread far beyond the proceedings in the Federal Court and the ruin of Alger Hiss. The whole tragic affair works into the immense design of Congressional investigation with the aim of discrediting Roosevelt and the New Deal and undermining the policies with which President Truman is identified. Moreover, it cannot be considered apart from the present mental and nervous condition of the American public, as revealed in the anti-Red hysteria, the fears concerning Russia, and the popular terror stimulated by unceasing announcements and conjectures concerning the A. and H. bombs. When pleading with the judge not to send Alger Hiss to prison, on the ground that the protracted ordeal was suffering enough, the defence counsel said that the inner truth of the affair was still hidden. That was a true word.

ROMMEL'S REPUTATION

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

IT is not surprising that, in the British Empire and in the U.S.A., Rommel's name and reputation are more widely known than that of any other German general of the last war; for he fought almost exclusively against British and American troops. Yet very little was known of the man himself or his background until the recent publication of Brigadier Young's book.* Whether it was wise to publish a book, which some claim may provide the Germans with material for re-establishing the reputation of their army and its leaders, is a matter of controversy in which I do not propose to take part. I confess, however, that I cannot think that the book will do much harm. Hitler's responsibility for many of the German disasters, and the subservience of German generals to his monstrous orders, are well established. To show that one at least refused acquiescence, and fought with clean hands, merely accentuates the weakness and guilt of the others. Possibly Brigadier Young, influenced by the interest of his investigations, and by the assistance he received in making them, may have painted an unduly favourable picture of his subject; but it is clear that most of those who fought against Rommel, including Field Marshals Auchinleck and Wavell, are willing to accept the portrait. Like others, Rommel, for a time, was beguiled by Hitler's power of exercising charm, but he always hated the gang which surrounded the Führer. The S.S. who served with his army, though not under his command, he detested and constantly reported their misdeeds and lack of decent discipline.

If he had survived it is possible that he would have been a steady influence, rather than a disturbing one; and it is unlikely that he would have been brought to trial by the Allies. It is therefore of less importance to investigate his relations with the Hitler régime than to study his character and qualifications as a commander.

That he was a remarkable character and a leader of brilliance is obvious; but it is not easy to assess his status as a general, either from his achievement or in comparing him with other outstanding military figures. The conditions under which he fought were so dissimilar to those of the past, or which existed elsewhere. Undoubtedly at one

time his reputation for invincibility was wildly exaggerated, not only by the general public the world over, but even by the troops which fought with a considerable measure of success against him. This exaggeration was due partly to the brilliance and unexpectedness of his actions and partly because the advantage he possessed in superiority of armament was not fully realized. When the situation was reversed, and superiority in weapon power passed to the other side, Rommel's defeat led to a belittling of his qualities. This was unfair to our generals who still had to deal with a formidable opponent, and was no more just than previous accusations of incompetence laid to their charge. We should now be in a position to form a more balanced judgment; for Brigadier Young has had access to much of his history, and to the documentary evidence of his views and methods contained in his papers. The extracts, given in the appendices of the book, are very illuminating and should go far to re-establish Rommel's reputation.

We may still be unable to decide whether he was a great general of the highest class for he had little opportunity of showing strategic ability in the fullest sense, and he had a limited rôle. He had not to deal with the major strategic problems of the war but mainly responsible for executive action in a secondary theatre. Even there he was subject to orders from higher authority, though he sometimes ignored them.

That he was a great and inspiring leader of men and a master of both grand and minor tactics is undeniable. That he was capable of forming sound views on major strategic problems is however suggested by the importance he attached to the Middle East; which he considered should be developed as a decisive theatre and not merely a subsidiary one, as it was treated by Hitler and his strategic advisers. Whether his conception or Von Rundstedt's as to the correct disposition of forces to resist the Allied invasion of France was right may be questionable. The compromise adopted was definitely wrong but we perhaps were fortunate that Rommel's argument did not prevail. If his qualifications as a strategist must remain unproven, in other respects he was a commander from whose methods and actions there is much to be learnt, even if they would be dangerous to accept as a model. Our other troops certainly learnt much from him in the course of their encounters.

Essentially Rommel was a fighting animal of unshakable courage and with highly developed instincts for daring offensive. He also possessed, and cultivated, great physical toughness and powers of endurance. It is curious how the anaemic and listless small boy should as a young man have suddenly developed these qualities. It is also curious that his schoolmaster father, after opposing his wish to become an engineer, should have allowed him to adopt a profession

* *Rommel*, by Desmond Young. Collins. 12s. 6d.

which offered so few prospects as did the class dominated German Army. Nevertheless it was soon evident he had chosen well for he quickly became an efficient young officer capable of handling men. Then war came and in it he had opportunities of displaying the qualities which were to make him famous. In a number of cases he showed outstanding physical courage, initiative, an instinct for quick decision and a realization of what daring action could achieve.

By the end of the war he had only just reached the rank of captain, but he had earned the highest rewards open to junior officers and had gained much experience of command. He had presumably acquired confidence in his own judgment and instincts, yet it would seem that he did not become ambitious; for in the inter-war period, having married in 1916, he settled down to domesticated life, content for most of the time to be employed in training duties. Naturally, with the expansion of the army, promotion came fairly quickly, but he did not seek, or qualify himself for, staff employment. The only event which seemed to promise special advancement was his selection to command Hitler's bodyguard battalion. This was none of his seeking but was due to Hitler's own choice based on his having read a treatise on tactics written by Rommel. This employment meant personal contact with Hitler; and, to some extent, the two men were attracted by each other. Hitler could exercise charm and Rommel did not belong to the arrogant *Junker* class of officer which Hitler hated.

The war found Rommel still on bodyguard duties, and from Hitler's headquarters during the Polish campaign he had opportunities of studying tank warfare and air co-operation with ground troops, in which, although an infantry officer, he had already been interested by Von Seeckt's writings. Not unnaturally command of a Panzer Division became his ambition and, in 1940, when Hitler offered him active employment, that was what he asked for and received.

After a short period of training with it he soon had his Division well in hand, and during the invasion of France he fought it with notable success, and with the exceptional daring he had displayed as a subaltern. The only check he received was when, south of Arras, he met British troops for the first time. Incidentally it was here that British tanks first encountered the 88m. gun which was to serve Rommel so well later on. Before he left France Rommel again tested the quality of British troops; for it was his Division that, after a gallant fight, received the surrender of the 51st Highland Division. It is pleasant to learn that General Fortune was courteously treated and that the two generals mutually respected each other.

This is a brief summary of the account given by Brigadier Young of Rommel's early history and background. It seems clear that Rommel's experiences in the 1914-1918 war remained the main

influence on his outlook unclouded by subsequent theoretical studies. It is rather strange that an officer with such a brilliant early career and who was attached to Hitler's headquarters, should have escaped the notice of military attachés and other observers; yet, when Rommel's presence in Tripoli was known, the information supplied to Lord Wavell about him was meagre and valueless.

The idea of assisting Italy in Libya was canvassed even before Graziani's defeat but Hitler's advisers rejected it. Not till Bardia had fallen did Hitler insist on something being done to limit the exploitation of Wavell's victories.

In consequence Rommel received orders to proceed to Africa with instructions to help re-organize the Italians in Tripolitania and to defend that province. In February he arrived there, but not till March 21 did he receive orders to submit for consideration by April 20 a plan for the re-conquest of Cyrenaica; even then he was not to go beyond Agedabia until reinforced by a heavy Panzer Division which was being despatched.

Disregarding the implications of these cautious instructions, on March 31 he struck at Field Marshal Wavell's desperately weakened army of the Nile. Characteristically he had achieved surprise by beating the starter's pistol. Field Marshal Wavell had reasonably calculated that no attack could start till April. Berlin equally was surprised on learning that, with the exception of Tobruk, the whole of Cyrenaica had been overrun before the date the plan for its re-conquest should have been due for "consideration". Thus began the long fluctuating struggle, the events of which must be too familiar to need recapitulation. Rommel found himself in a theatre ideally suited to his temperament and the methods he believed in. It lent itself to speed of manoeuvre and to wide range of action and gave few facilities for stubborn defence of prepared positions. Unrestricted movement at speed, coupled with the development of wireless communication, admitted of personal control of widely scattered operations. Moreover the conditions were unprecedented and provided opportunities for the employment of daring unorthodox methods. Relying on his own instinctive judgment rather than the accepted theories his actions tended to achieve surprise by their unexpectedness. He was convinced that his tank force both from its power and mobility was the backbone of his army and other arms he treated as ancillary. Administration and supply considerations he did not neglect but he refused to allow them to dominate his plans. Risks of administrative difficulties he was prepared to take so long as complete breakdown, in particular of petrol supply, was avoided. In the confused fighting, bound to be brought about in operations conducted at speed over wide areas, he relied on personal intervention where rapid decisions were required and he ignored considerations of

his personal safety entirely. He relied greatly on the elusive characteristics of armoured forces when in difficulties, confident that their speed and weapon power would enable them to break through encircling forces in any direction. He was however orthodox in so far as he always aimed at disposing his main tank force so as to admit of rapid concentration. Rommel's ubiquity and his readiness to share all dangers with his troops made him a familiar figure to them, stimulated their morale and secured their devotion. He may not have deliberately aimed at achieving these results, as Field Marshal Montgomery undoubtedly did, but like the latter he believed in ensuring that every man knew what was required of him and its purpose.

There have been great generals who conducted warfare rather like a game of chess, relying on elaborate far-reaching plans. One even claimed that he could win a war without ever fighting a battle—but that was not Rommel's way; nor was it applicable to desert warfare which developed, in its earlier phases at least, more like a game of Rugby football—a contest of swift movement and fluctuating fortune. Speed, instinctive recognition and exploitation of opportunities and adaptability to changing circumstances are the hallmarks of an outstanding player and in them Rommel excelled. His flair for arriving at the critical point at the right moment was almost uncanny and suggests instinct rather than deliberate thought. Great generals in the past have often been able to intervene and exercise personal influence, but they as a rule had the advantage of being able to watch the course of events in a comparatively restricted battle field. In modern battles covering wide areas, and with movement restricted by congestion of roads, personal intervention had become almost impracticable. To attempt it might even lead to complete loss of control; as on one occasion General Pershing found, when in attempting to take charge of a confused situation he got involved in a traffic block and was out of action for many hours. On two occasions Field Marshal Auchinleck did personally intervene by assuming executive command and gave decisions in the combat zone. That however was intervention of a different order to Rommel's intervention in localized situations.

So far we have considered the qualities that Rommel possessed which might justify a claim to greatness. Did he however show defects? Stonewall Jackson, who in his reliance on speed and in his flair for adapting his manoeuvres to the special nature of the theatre he operated in, suggests comparison with Rommel; but he also relied on mystifying his opponents and on a close study of their character. Rommel on the other hand depended mainly on speed in the timing and delivery of the blow to introduce an element of surprise. He does not appear to have studied the character of his opponents, except in so far as he counted on the slowness of their reactions

owing to their training and organization. There is evidence that he himself, rather than accept delay, was willing to act before his preparations were 100 per cent. complete.

In rapidly moving warfare no doubt superiority in speed was all-important; but in carefully prepared encounters deliberate planning involving mental rather than instinctive processes tests the quality of commanders. That Rommel was mistaken as to his opponents' plans when Field Marshal Auchinleck launched his offensive in 1941, when forming his own plans for the attack at Gazala and on many occasions in his encounters with Field Marshal Montgomery indicates defects in his generalship. Field Marshal Auchinleck's demonstration towards Jalo deceived him. His own plan at Gazala, though simple enough in conception, proved complicated in practice; in that the success of his main armoured turning movement depended on opening a way through General Ritchie's minefields, and the immediate capture of Bir Hacheim in order to shorten the supply line of his turning force. The temporary failure of these subsidiary operations almost involved Rommel in complete disaster since he had also failed to foresee the probable disposition of General Ritchie's armoured reserves. That he escaped was due to delay in developing a counter-attack. In his encounters with Field Marshal Montgomery, at Alam Halfa and at Medanine he fell into traps the latter had laid for him. He allowed himself in fact to be misled.

On the whole we can hardly rank Rommel as a great general; but he was undoubtedly a magnificent fighting animal who relied on instinct rather than on intellectual process. Up to a point he was a highly trained animal though he relied more on his experience of fighting than on theoretical doctrines.

It may be admitted that his earlier successes in the desert were largely due to a superior weapon power, of which superiority he took full advantage. It should be realized however, that he, to a constantly increasing degree was inferior in air power, and that the Italian troops who formed the greater part of the infantry of his army were of indifferent quality and being unmechanized lacked mobility. These handicaps affected and limited the scope of his operations. That he received little support from higher authority should also be recognized. It is hardly fair to argue that Rommel was essentially a brilliant gambler. He himself defines the difference between daring operations, which involve severe losses in case of failure, but which allow of escape from complete disaster, and a gamble when the alternatives are victory or certain destruction. Under this definition a recognition of the elusive potentialities of a mechanized force justifies daring action where there is a worthwhile object.

PLATO TO-DAY

BY W. R. INGE

THE appearance of a volume on Plato in the Home University Library by the very competent Professor G. C. Field of Bristol, may excuse an attempt by a humble disciple of the great Athenian to consider whether Plato has still something to say to us in the shattered world of 1950. For Plato can never be out of date. "Plato and Aristotle were the most influential of all philosophers, ancient, medieval, or modern, and of the two it was Plato who had the greater effect upon subsequent ages." (Bertrand Russell.) "Whenever, after a time of confusion and forgetfulness, our Western world has recaptured the sense of noble living, it has sought it afresh in the Platonic writings." "To few men does the world owe a heavier debt than to Plato." (A. E. Taylor.)

Professor Field* goes even further. "The world has become much more like the Greek world of Plato's day than any previous period. The overthrow of democracies, the rise of tyrannies or dictatorships, the establishment of planned societies as ruthless and totalitarian as that of Sparta, these and similar things we have learnt to know as imminent possibilities or as active aspirations or as established realities. Plato's ideas come to us with a vividness and actuality which they could never have had forty or fifty years ago."

The parallel would have been closer if the modern Thirty Years War had ended in an Aegon Potami, in the defeat of the democracies. Would not our re-embodied Plato have reminded us of the bold prediction of the German publicist Sybel that universal suffrage would bring popular government to an end? Would he not have agreed with the older Plato that as every institution, when it has gained power, begins to undermine its own foundations, democracy has revealed its true nature as government by amateurs whose only training has been in demagoguery, not in statesmanship, as mass-bribery and the pillage of the unrepresented minority? Did not Plato see clearly that the first requisite of decent government is that the power of the purse should not be in the hands of those who would use it to feather their own nests? Did he not, like his followers Aristotle, Cicero, Thomas Aquinas, Machiavelli, Burke and Lecky, tell us that a mixed constitution, with a proper balance between authority

* *The Philosophy of Plato* by G. C. Field, Home University Library, Oxford University Press, 3s.

and liberty, is the best? Did he not predict that in a State where all inequalities have been levelled down, there will be very little resistance to what he called tyranny? We sometimes forget that Lenin, Mussolini and Hitler revolted against democracy. We are still afraid to say what we think about democracy. We have learnt to talk American, and in America to criticize democracy is blasphemy. But a Frenchman dared to say: "O the curious fetish! I have seen it at too close quarters."

So Plato the Tory Socialist, who lived again in Carlyle and Ruskin, might have spoken. But the Plato who has lived is not the practical politician, but the prophet who is also a poet, the metaphysician who is also a mystic. We are a political people, and we have studied the *Republic* not quite in the right way. Plato is not concerned with social progress in our sense, and like Ruskin he hates the "swollen and inflamed State" of prosperous industrialism. He thinks of a society living under what the Stoics and Catholics called the Law of Nature, which in the *Laws* is modified to suit a society living "in a state of sin." It is an individual ideal, not a social Utopia; he is thinking of a psychological and ethical, not a political problem. His social psychology, with its three castes, is inconsistent with the principle of unity on which he has insisted. His alleged Communism applies only to the ascetic aristocracy and their corps of Janissaries. His startling proposals as to the family may be compared with the rhetorical words attributed in the Gospels to Christ, that His followers must "hate" their nearest relatives. It is complete non-attachment that he advocates. As for practical suggestions, the most desperate eugenicist, says Urwick, has never suggested anything quite so ludicrous as a scheme by which the educated classes should be permanently hoodwinked—by themselves! The type of Plato's *Republic* may be laid up in heaven; he does not seriously expect to see it realized on earth.

Here a common misunderstanding may be rectified. Plato's philosopher, we are told, is not an 'escapist', sheltering from the storm under a wall. He returns to the 'cave' to work for the public good. But Plato says that he only returns to *rule*. And what likelihood is there that he will be invited to rule in such a State as Athens or Sparta? Socrates says that if he had gone into politics he would have been put to death long before. No doubt members of the Academy were sometimes called in to suggest legislation; but Plato's own experience in Sicily was not encouraging. Still, it is true that he cannot be accused of mere defeatism.

His methods of government are, we must confess, painfully totalitarian. Three classes of dissentients would go in danger of their lives. We should now call them atheists, Epicureans and Catholics. And yet his ideal State was more nearly realized by the

Church in the 'ages of faith' than at any other time. The authors of a successful revolution are always determined that their arrangements shall 'stay put'. After devouring their own children they are ready to liquidate all who might be tempted to follow their example.

What remains of Plato's politics is his conviction that the nation is the individual writ large, and that public and private morality must never be separated. I once said, to the extreme indignation of my Protestant friends, that Martin Luther, who taught that the Sermon on the Mount, and Christian ethics generally, relate only to our private conduct ("It is God who hangs and beheads men and breaks them on the wheel") was the spiritual ancestor of Adolf Hitler. We shall never achieve the perfect State; as Cicero says, we live in the dregs of Romulus, not in Plato's Republic. But "who aimeth at the sky shoots higher much than he who means a tree." And, as Christ taught us, reform must always begin from within, and work outwards.

Philosophy, for the ancients, meant not gnawing the dry bones of epistemology, but "the love of wisdom," or "the art of living." Plato is one of the founders of the *philosophia perennis*, which has outlived many new systems and will outlive the rest. Platonism captured the Christian Church, or was captured by it, from the very first. "Christianity, though Jewish in form, is Hellenic at bottom," says Havet; "a Graeco-Roman phenomenon in a Jewish mask," says Bruno Bauer. It inspired St. Paul (yes, decidedly St. Paul), the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Fourth Gospel, with the help of Philo's Platonized Judaism, Clement and Origen, the Cappadocian Fathers, one side of Augustine, the pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite, the Irishman John Scotus Erigena, Ficino, Colet, Erasmus, the Cambridge group in the seventeenth century, the poets Sidney, Spenser, Shelley, Wordsworth and Coleridge, the Oxford philosophers Green, Edward Caird and Bosanquet, and the Cambridge divines, Westcott, Lightfoot and Hort. Outside Christianity it was the creed of Plotinus and Proclus, and inspired the *Fons Vitae* of Ibn Gebirol. Platonism can never be torn out of Christian thought. The Eastern Orthodox Church, in the opinion of Berdyaeff and others, claims to be truer to Platonism than the West, which came under the influence of Aristotle, but it was an Aristotle interpreted by Platonists. Any list must include a large number of English names, for there seems to be a natural affinity between our nation and the Platonic tradition. There are personal Platonists, of whom Wordsworth is a supreme example, who have evolved a philosophy of the Platonic type for themselves. Anyone who has studied *The Prelude* knows what Platonism means. It is, says Professor Stewart, "the mood of one who has a curious eye for the endless variety of this visible and temporal world, and a fine sense of its own beauties, yet is haunted by the presence of an

invisible and eternal world behind, or, when the mood is most pressing, within the visible and temporal world, and sustaining both it and himself, a world inwardly lived by him."

The Platonist agrees with the Pauline psychology of body, soul and spirit. What St. Paul calls *Pneuma*, the Platonists call *Nous*, and though no English equivalent is satisfactory, perhaps 'Spirit' is the best for *Nous*. In Latin theology it is called *Intellectus*, which does not mean the logic-chopping faculty, but the whole personality acting under the guidance of its highest faculty. Platonism rests on an act of faith—that value and existence are ultimately one. Thomas Aquinas, as is well known, will not use the ontological argument for the existence of God. It had been wrongly stated long before Kant demolished a man of straw, but when Aquinas says *impossibile est naturale desiderium esse inane*, he accepts what the argument really means. In any philosophy we come to a point where a man must trust himself. It is not strictly impossible that our best moments should be in a conspiracy to deceive us, but it is, in Lotze's word, intolerable, and if we begin by resolving to stand or fall by the noblest hypothesis, we shall find that experience justifies our choice; in Clement's words, faith passes into knowledge.

There is an asceticism of the will and intellect, as well as of the body. Under this discipline the imagination, which Wordsworth calls reason in her most exalted mood, takes fire, and the passions are cold. The Platonist who is not something of an ascetic is a dilettante. The character and the intellect develop together and help each other. If we live as we ought, we shall see things as they are, and if we see things as they are we shall live as we ought.

"The perfectly real is perfectly knowable," says Plato. Not perfectly known, but perfectly knowable. There are absolute values, which are objectively real in their own right, and not means to anything else, or even to each other. These are known to us as ultimates. We may ask, more reverently than Pilate: "What is Truth?" We may debate about right and wrong; we may differ about beautiful objects. But in so far as we know what is true, we must believe it. In so far as we know what is right, we must do it. In so far as we know what is beautiful, we must admire it. These standards are objectively real; they are not chosen by ourselves. The mystic is perfectly clear on this point. To know God is eternal life; we have passed from death into life because we love the brethren. Plato does not, in his dialogues, speak of his most intimate spiritual experiences, as Plotinus does. It is probable that prayer for him was never what it is for the Christian saint. But in his *Letters*, the genuineness of which is now generally recognized, he explains that he has no intention of committing such things to writing. They can be known only by experience, and to describe them to those who have not experienced

them would, he thinks, do more harm than good. This deliberate reticence must not be forgotten in reading Plato.

The ultimate values are real, holy and immutable. The 'Soul become Spirit'—the Platonists allow of a 'birth into reality'—can know them and live by them. What then would Plato say to us to-day? He would warn us, with all the earnestness at his command, to flee from what he would call misology, hatred of reason. We have lived to see a revolt against intelligence—against reason as such—which I think is quite without parallel in history. William James congratulates Bergson for having killed "that beast" the intellect. Everything now is fluid and relative. There is no such thing as truth. A man may believe what he likes at his own risk. There is no such thing as right and wrong. We can make our own standards; Thrasymachus was not refuted by Socrates. There is no such thing as beauty. We have seen what this means in the state of our fine arts. A Christian who remembers the Seven Gifts of the Holy Spirit might be tempted to call this the unforgivable sin. It is at any rate the irreparable folly. There has been such a revival of savage cruelty and shameless lying as our grandfathers hoped that the world would never see again. *Pellitur e medio sapientia; vi geritur res.* And with this has come a recrudescence of superstition, which the science of the last century seemed to have banished for ever. Second sight, precognition, astrology, and why not witchcraft? The sorcerer lies in wait for the sceptic. Those who believe nothing are ready to half-believe anything.

There are other parts of Plato's teaching which perhaps have no message for us to-day. His devotion to mathematics is well known. Some members of the Academy won repute as mathematicians, and we should like to believe—there is authority for it—that before the close of his life Plato himself anticipated Aristarchus, of whom we are told that "Cleanthes thought that the Greeks ought to prosecute Aristarchus for impiety, for altering the centre of the universe. For this man tried to account for the phenomena by the hypothesis that the heaven remains fixed, and that the earth revolves round (? the sun) in an oblique circle, at the same time rotating on its axis." But Aristotle complains of Plato's obsession with mathematics, and a marginal note, in a manuscript of Aristotle, if I remember right, says that Plato "mismathematicized Nature". Pythagorean number-mysticism does not concern us 'to-day'.

Mathematics is the clearest and emptiest of intellectual disciplines. As Meyerson shows, it eliminates time and change, and gives us only identity, a multitude of reversible processes in a world where nothing really happens. Plato had not to wrestle with the Second Law of Thermodynamics, but he will not go all the way with Parmenides. Besides mechanical causation there is another cause, Psyche, some-

thing between 'Soul' and 'Life.' It looks as if in the still unsolved dispute between mechanicism and vitalism, Plato would have sided with the vitalists. Some 'friends of the Forms', it seems, were unwilling to make this concession.

Professor Field does not mention another change which may make us more willing to listen to Plato. The revolt of Asia has led us to pay more respect to Indian thought, which is curiously like some important parts of Plato's philosophy. Plato was a disciple of Pythagoras, and the Indians claim Pythagoras as one of themselves. Was that his real name? No, they say. His affectionate pupils called him Pitta-guru, 'father teacher'. Samos still claims Pythagoras, but Urwick and Radhakrishnan leave us in no doubt that Plato would have sympathized with the Brahmins. The doctrine of the universal self, whom the Indians call *Atman*, is very much like the Platonic *Nous* and the Pauline *Pneuma*. The Indians criticize the Western restlessness and acquisitiveness just as Plato does with his dislike of the "inflamed city". We probably need not think of direct influence. A strange wave of spiritual religion broke over the old world about the middle of the first millennium before Christ. In China Confucius, in India Buddha, in Persia the diffusion of Zoroaster's teachings, in Palestine the later prophets, in Greece Orphism and Pythagoras. A historian might well say that this date is the most important in the whole development of the human mind. Religion has suffered both in Europe and Asia from the isolation of the two continents from each other. We have something to learn from India, and we may learn it through Plato.

The mention of India leads naturally to an important question. Many Indian thinkers seem only to desire deliverance from the conditions of earthly life, and to hope for a dreamless sleep on the shoreless ocean of Nirvana. But a journey through the unreal is an unreal journey; if earth is a phantasmagoria, the infinite is perilously like zero. Plato is generally supposed to have believed in a personal God and a personal immortality. The life of the Spirit, of *Nous*, is super-personal. And yet Plato probably believed, as Plotinus did, that distinctness, though not separation, is preserved 'yonder'. Some questions, which seem to us so important, were not asked in Plato's time. It is clear that the idea of a future life was not familiar to the interlocutors in the dialogues. Socrates believes in it as a great hope, but he does not speak of it with confidence, as a Christian might. As regards the personality of God, it is hardly correct to speak of the Deity as a Person. What we have a right to assert is that in the life of devotion the 'I and Thou' relation is never transcended. We do not pray to ourselves. We do not pray to a 'valid inference'. We do not pray to Jeans' supreme mathematician. 'Xⁿ, have mercy upon us.' Did Plato pray to God? He has not

told us, and we do not know. Nor does he tell us clearly what part of us survives death, but he is clear that whatever is exempt from death had no beginning in time. His eschatology is mythical, as all eschatology must be. We cannot get much beyond St. Augustine's *Quod Deo non perit sibi non perit*. Like all mystics he detested the coarse bribes and threats of popular religion. As his great successor was to say: "If a man desires the good life for any reason outside itself, it is not the good life that he desires." We win immortality by "imitating God as far as possible." The spiritual life is exalted above time and change.

There is only one more question which we need ask. It is acknowledged that in Plato the myths are an integral and important part of the teaching. But the mistake is often made of supposing that the myths are intended to convey a higher teaching than the dialectic. This is not so; the myths rank below real knowledge. They deal with matters which are of interest to the soul, and the soul is amphibious, living partly in a world of sensible images, and partly in a world of eternal values. The myth in a sense bridges the gap. It tells a story which may be 'something like' the unknown truth. It is a method commonly used with children, and there is a large field for imagination and poetry in the region where we float between the things seen, which are temporary, and the things not seen which are eternal. It is interesting that Aristotle, from whom one would hardly expect it, says that the lover of myth is in his way a philosopher. Plato is well aware that there are problems which we cannot solve. In dealing with them we must be content with any raft which will bear us, in default of a divine revelation.

Myth is not the same as allegory or parable. In allegory the thought comes first and is depicted symbolically. A parable is an imaginary story illustrating a moral truth. In the Gospels, as I have said elsewhere, the sower is an allegory, the prodigal son a parable, the sheep and goats a myth. Myths tend to congeal or to evaporate; either process is fatal to them.

I think there are three insoluble problems, in which we must be content with myth or symbol. The first is the status in reality of time and space. St. Augustine and Bishop Berkeley both owned themselves baffled. "What is Time?" asks Augustine. "If no one asks me, I know, if I wish to explain it to another, I know not." Berkeley says: "If Time be taken exclusive of all those particular actions and ideas that diversify the day, merely for the continuation of existence or duration in abstract, then it will perhaps gravel even a philosopher to comprehend it." Our newest guides have arranged a gnostic marriage between time and space, which may or may not end in a divorce. I do not believe that anyone will ever stand on the edge of 'finite' space, with everything behind him and nothing in

front. "If Einstein thinks that nobody can jump off his sphere" said a profane American, "he can't know much about fleas." The myth of a local heaven dies hard, though Plato says: "It makes no difference whether we gaze stupidly at the sky or downwards at the ground." As long as we are observing sensible objects, our souls are looking downwards." Benjamin Whichcote says: "Heaven is first a temper, then a place." Even he dares not say that it is not a place. Of time, Windelband says: "It is difficult to say which idea is the more intolerable, that of an absolute rest or of a never-ending restlessness of the will"—Parmenides or Heraclitus. Time and space are only the warp and woof of the canvas on which we draw our imaginative pictures of the visible world. We cannot think them away, though we can think things away from them.

The second enigma is that of personality, of which I have said something. It may be enough to quote Hume. "On personal identity I find myself involved in such a labyrinth that I must confess I neither know how to correct my former opinions nor how to render them consistent. I cannot discover any theory which gives me satisfaction on that head. The matter is too hard for my understanding." A modest man need not be ashamed to agree with David Hume. It follows that all our theories about personality are mythical. Socrates would have said: "It depends on what you mean by personality. I do not know. What is the Greek for it?" There is no Greek for it.

The third riddle is the problem of evil. There must be some answer, said the honest Dr. Johnson, but we do not know what it is. Plato will not help us much here. Plutarch, relying on one ambiguous phrase, thought that Plato believed in an evil world soul, a devil. He did not, but though *Nous* is impeccable, soul in this life is not. He did think that if we could rid ourselves of immersion in the flux of temporal phenomena, we might live sinless in the pure realm of spirit. Popularized Platonism has invested 'Matter' with positive evil properties. It was Persia that brought the devil into Judaism and so into Christianity. The moralist, so long as he is only a moralist, must be more than half a Manichean, for evil is certainly not only negative.

These unsolved problems are very troublesome to teachers of religion and ethics. Churches are secular institutions, in which the half-educated cater for the half-converted, and the language of faith is *unconscious* poetry or symbolism. We are opticians, who have to help people with every degree of myopia to see the invisible. Two sayings may help us, one by that very sound Platonist Paul of Tarsus: "Now we see as in a mirror, by symbols"; and Goethe's: "Miracle is the dearest child of faith." The child, yes; never the parent.

DEBUSSY'S MUSIC

BY IRIS BIRTWISTLE

AN eclipsed sun abdicates
in this kingdom of primeval forests,
moon-bleached tree and flower
candle the traveller
through cathedral gloom
to the sea's uneasy boundary :
some require a man-friday footstep
to leave the voluptuous bed.

Occasional birds
alight on a mid-morning sill,
cool courtyard
chequered on beak and breast,
promised wine
mirrored in inquisitive grapes :
before the sun-cupped feast begins
inevitable jesters
clap church-spire hands
as shadow snakes
dart from mellifluous temples
in sudden tongues of doom.

This is no music of open casement
and lasting sunlight
the moon sails a sea of drowned men,
always too far
for a hand's span to acknowledge
the clock-white face
on a coral tower,
the dancer caught in a wave's clasp
entombed in an isle
of soporific flowers.

*And always the fear
of submerged singers,
who bait their melancholy nets
with the cold desire
of disenchanting swans*

ST. PATRICK'S CONEY ISLAND

BY OWEN TWEEDY

THERE is Coney Island, New York. There is another Coney Island in the Thames Estuary. There are two more at least in Ireland—one in Lough Neagh and the other in Lough Corrib in Connemara. And, to go further afield, I once went a picnic to a Rabbit Island—which is the same thing—off the Egyptian coast within sight of Abukir Bay where in 1797 Nelson destroyed the French Fleet. And there may be many other Coney Islands : for rabbits are everywhere. But there is only one St. Patrick's Coney Island and it lies almost blocking the mouth of Sligo Bay at the base of the deep inlet in the north-west Irish coast between Donegal and Connemara.

The Island has a marvellous setting. All around on the mainland towers the superb panorama of the Sligo Mountains. Knocknarea which celebrates the immortal Queen Maeve is in the south. The northern bastion is mighty Benbulbin with its battleship prow and long rock-ribbed back.

Under bare Benbulbin's Head
In Drumcliffe churchyard Yeats is laid.

To the west the Atlantic crashes unbroken from America up the great sweep of the lovely White Strand. And between its northern shore and Rosses Point on the mainland the tides race and tumble with positively blue fury as they ebb and flow past Dead Man's Rock and the Metal Man.

On Dead Man's Rock a foreign seaman who some hundred and fifty years ago died a victim to a plague, is alleged to be buried ; and there, tradition says, his bones may still be seen if you can find them—which you can't. But there is no missing the Metal Man. He stands on the Perch Rock which, jutting up right in mid-channel on the way to Sligo Port, had caused so many wrecks that in 1822 the Sligo Harbour Commissioners decided on the erection on it of a permanent monument on which was to be fixed the Metal Man "now lying"—so the official order stated—"on the New Quay." What he was originally made for, goodness knows. Anyhow the monument was built ; and he, weighing seven tons, was put on top ; and so pleased were the Commissioners with his appearance that they had him painted. They gave him a blue reefer coat, white close-fitting pants and shiny black boots ; and raven black hair, a complexion ruddy and wrinkled and dark staring eyes in which lurk all the wisdom and patience and

courage of those who go down to the sea in ships. He is a superb Nelsonian figure. And everyone loves him. For as the good wives of Coney Island and Rosses Point will tell you: "He doesn't talk. He doesn't carry tales. He doesn't fight. He just knows his job and keeps on doing it."

Coney Island itself is tiny—a mile and a half long and half a mile wide—and it is flat with small stone-walled cultivation in the north and in the centre a patch of bog-land and a minute but perfect heart-shaped bog-lake. In the south are the rabbits and the sandhills. And everywhere there are stones: and if these stones could speak they would tell the story of the island. For most of them have a story. Flints have been found in the rock caves on the north dating back to paleolithic times. There are three well-marked forts with fosses and tumuli which long ago were the islanders' defences. There are still rows of overgrown masoned stones in the fields overlooking the Atlantic to the west where the first organized settlers established their home and called it Pollnamadoo. Later the islanders moved inland for greater shelter and just below the highest of the three forts are the grass-covered traces of their new village called Shanbally. Lastly, perhaps three hundred years ago, there was yet another move—again for better shelter—and that is the village of to-day, a long straggling row of cottages, all too many of them now in ruins. And their stark walls and empty windows are more stones with more stories—stories of a population which has dwindled in the last 150 years from some 200 souls to the present six families, totalling 26 men, women and children.

But Coney Island looks back on a long history which in the "Golden Days of Ireland" was a great history. It is still an outpost of the parish of Killaspugbrone which centres round Knocknarea Mountain; and Killaspugbrone's story goes back 15 centuries. The word means the church of Bishop Brone and there about the year A.D. 440 St. Patrick founded the first Christian church to be built in Sligo and consecrated Brone as the first bishop of the diocese. The story has come down to us in the eleventh century Irish manuscript, the *Tripartite Life of Patrick*. "Patrick", so runs the narrative, "marked out Caissel Irre (the original name of Killaspugbrone) and in the middle of the Hall stands the flagstone on which Patrick's tooth fell . . . and Patrick prophesied that the place would be deserted by the heathen, which came to pass." Another local legend on more intimate lines is also recorded in the *Life*. One day the Saint wanted some fish to eat. The local fisherman demurred that there were never any salmon in the Sligo River in winter; but to humour the old man they said they would have a try. To their surprise they made a grand haul, and St. Patrick was so delighted that "he blessed the Sligo River so that it is the milch cow of the waters of

Ireland, for in it fish are caught in every quarter of the year." And it is a fact that to-day salmon fishing on the Sligo River opens on the exceptionally early date of January 1 and I am told that it is still the traditional practice of the river that the first salmon of the season is always sent to the Bishop of Elphin. Killaspugbrone Church, too, still survives in the sandhills facing Coney Island across a narrow arm of the sea. To-day it is in ruins; but the stone on which the Saint dropped his tooth is still a venerated object of pilgrimage.

Coney Island itself, was also visited while the Saint was making his way from Connemara and Cloagh Patrick to the north; and vivid legends survive of his stay. There is a delicious St. Patrick's Well where he planted his staff among the green sandhills in the south; and in the north, in a windswept field above the Atlantic, is his "wishing stone". It is a huge grey boulder with ledges like so many steps; and the story goes that the Saint himself cast it down where it is. The marks left by his fingers are still pointed out and around the stone have grown up stories of miraculous cures and miraculously fulfilled wishes and even to-day anyone can and everyone does go and sit on one of the ledges and make a wish once a year. Last summer I made a wish there: and my story has a most convincing ending. One afternoon I was wandering about the fields and rocks photographing and I lost my wallet. I hadn't a clue where I had dropped it and I was trudging this way and that searching when, in the grey twilight, my steps led me by St. Patrick's Stone and I bethought me of its powers and sat down and solemnly wished. Two nights later an Islander friend knocked on my cottage door. He and his wife and his family had heard of my loss and, with a prayer to Saint Anthony, had set out that evening to search. They had found it not fifty yards away from the wishing stone.

But the great legend of St. Patrick on the Island is the story of the widow Mulclohy and the cat. The Island has one very curious feature. Beyond it to the south the Cumeen Strand stretches across to the mainland. The Strand goes dry at low tide so that twice a day for short periods the Island is not an island at all and the islanders can cross—more or less dry shod on foot—to the mainland under Knocknarea. But St. Patrick, like the youth of to-day, chafed against this isolation on the Island except at very low tide; and so decided to build a permanent causeway across the strand. And according to a less credible legend, for his project he enlisted the help of some local giants who could move seven tons of stone in one shift! However that may be, one day the Saint sent back word to the widow Mulclohy, his hostess on the Island, asking her to prepare a rabbit for his dinner. But the widow was mean or lazy or both; and instead cooked him a well-grown cat which she served up under a large cover.

Before sitting down, St. Patrick called a blessing on his food : and then, to his horror, up rose the cover and from under it, alive and spitting, leapt the cat. The Saint was furious and declared that he was leaving the Island for good and ordered the suspension of all work on the causeway. And to-day only one trace of its short existence still survives. Perhaps half a mile from the Coney Island shore, there erupts in the middle of the flatness of the sand all round it, an odd grass-grown knoll with a stony core and irregular-shaped rocks strewn round its base. It is called Doonanpatrick and tradition has it that the Saint ordered its survival as a permanent reminder to the Island of the widow's treachery. Then on the Mulclohy family he poured out the full vials of his wrath. Never, he said, would there be four of the family together in one place to carry a Mulclohy corpse to its grave. And though the Island is still marked on the Irish ordnance maps as "Mulclohy's Island", the family itself has died out altogether.

Since the days of St. Patrick the history of the Island has been less dramatically documented. But there are other tales—tales told round the turf fires at night of ghosts and mermaids, of fairies—the "little people"—and of devils. And they lack nothing in the telling. How one All Hallowe'en night when every decent man should be in his home, three of the islanders went fishing in a dead calm off the Long Rocks. And at midnight suddenly the silence of the darkness was broken by sounds—the clang of iron-shod hooves striking on the rocks : the crack of a whip : and the loud whirr of a reaping machine harvesting—of all places—on the dangerous seaweed-covered rocks. The three fishermen turned in panic for the shore ; and before they got there didn't the mother of a storm catch them in the breakers and capsize their boat and all the fish they had caught, and the fellows themselves were near drowned ? It was the "little people" getting back on them for working on All Hallowe'en. And another evening a fellow shot a rabbit in a graveyard and didn't the devil chase him two good miles to his home ? And those mysterious lights seen by night along the shore and in the deserted cottages and, of course, in the three forts where everyone knows the little people live and work !

These tales will never die. But the memories of real history are now very faint—of the ebb and flow of Irish tribal wars after the day of St. Patrick ; of the Elizabethan silver mine which a traveller recorded was still working in 1556 "on a little desert island called Coney Island in the very harbour mouth of Sligo" ; and of the Armada galleon wrecked on the cliffs to the north in 1588.

Then comes Coney Island's first link with the Western Hemisphere and America. It is fully documented. In 1655 Oliver Cromwell received a petition from a party of New England emigrants asking him

to arrange for their return to his now Puritanized England. The outcome was that the Protector ordered that "Sligo town-lands on the mile-line together with two little islands called Coney Island and Oyster Island should be leased for one year for the use of such English families as should come from New England in America." Incidentally none ever came. The Island's second link with the States is the traditional story of how America's Coney Island got its name. Here it is. Some two hundred years ago an old schooner, *The Arethusa*, used to ply between Sligo and America. In those days, according to the Sligo tale, the American Coney Island, lying just offshore and swarming with rabbits, was unnamed, and the schooner's master Captain Peter O'Connor of Rosses Point, near Sligo, paid it the compliment of baptising it after his own very similar Coney Island far away back off Ireland. *Si non e vero, e ben trovato*.

But other tales of long-ago days and of less reputable character are still very vivid. Under the cliffs to the north is a dark cave called "Tobacco Hole" which looks exactly what its name implies. And there are carefully sited "look-outs" where the islanders awaited the arrival of contraband. And one of the best fireside stories is of the disastrous night in 1828 when after the police had caught a smuggler's racing clipper redhanded just outside the Black Rock, there was a horribly thorough round-up of accessories to the act among the islanders—innocent and guilty. The other disreputable topic concerns illicit stills and poteen. It is rarely discussed except to refute the "wicked" libels spread by the police and the Customs that those mysterious fairy lights were not at all as innocent as the good folk of the island might lead the gullible and romantic visitor to believe with their stories of the "little people" and all that.

But the last century has been hard on Coney Island—as on all Ireland. The cholera epidemic of 1833 took its toll ; then came the "hungry forties" with the climax of the terrible potato famine of 1845. And then started an exodus partly to the mainland but mainly to the States so that to-day every family in the island has an American branch. And, with the march of time, this exodus continued relentlessly. For isolation from the mainland has slowly driven Coney Island off the map of Ireland. Gone are the days when 60 and 80 "boys and girls" from the mainland would come over for a night's dancing in the cottages or on the springy island turf. Gone the card-playing and the singing and—almost—the story-telling of winter nights round the open turf fires. For to-day youth wants other things and can get them in the dance halls which have been built at Rosses Point and Strandhill nearby on the mainland. And Sligo and its cinemas are only 20 minutes further by bus. So the old have died in their cottages ; and with brides flinching at the pros-

pect of the remoteness and dullness and austerity of the Island, youth has spread wings and has made twentieth-century homes on the modernized mainland. To-day the village school where they learnt their lessons is derelict and closed and every other cottage is in ruins. Time marches on.

Indeed everything on Coney Island seems to hark back to the past. And I, too, when I arrived there last summer, was full of my family past. For in 1784 my great-great-grandfather, George Doran, first acquired the island and in 1788, his daughter, Olivia, brought it with her as her dowry to my great-great-grandfather, Tom Meredith of Cloonamahon. He is still a figure among us, his great-great-grandchildren. We know what he looked like from his miniature—a well-filled pugnacious profile with a short, neat pigtail of hair hanging down over his ruffed coat. We used to be told of the gay painted panels and the red wheels of his coach of office when he was High Sheriff of the County in 1799. And my mother remembered a long loose flower-embroidered silk waistcoat of his which she and her cousins used to don when they were playing charades 70 and 80 years ago. Then, stepping down the generations I come to my Meredith grandparents. I still have the islanders' address of welcome when they first visited the island together after their marriage in 1854. The "Famine" was just over and this is what the tenants said: "Our greeting is a token of our remembrance of your fostering care during the past years of famine and distress, through which (by the protection of God) we have been preserved, we trust, to a continued residence on the island under a member of a family whose motto has been and we ever trust will be 'To Live and let live'."

To-day the children and grandchildren of the signatories of that address of 96 years ago—there are only 26 of them, men, women and children—own their own farms; for 50 years ago my father sold to the Irish Land Commission and the Island ceased to be Meredith property. The cottage which I rented was the last of the straggling row where most of the island population live. There is shelter from the Atlantic storms under the low hill where most of the farming is done; and past my door ran both the island roads. They were built in the Famine days; and both are to-day grass-grown. One skirts the shore from north to south; the other branches off it across to the Atlantic. And just above the lovely sweep of the White Strand in a fold of the green hillside cluster three white thatched cottages where for centuries the Carty family has lived. And this tiny settlement—greatly to the pride of the Cartys—rejoices in the proprietary postal address of "Carty's Town, Coney Island."

Life on the Island is simple. There are no police. Nor any telephones. Nor any shops. Nor any litter. Clocks do not chime; and the life and work is by the sun and nature says when it is time to

eat again. Nor are there any motors; and the only traffic is the occasional rumble past my window of one of the six carts on the Island drawn by one of the eight horses or the one donkey; or perhaps, on a sunny day, there will be the distant whirr of a mowing machine in one of the little fields over the hill.

Mine was a happy and intimate existence. I worked a bit; I sketched a bit; and I walked a lot and talked a lot. And they were lovely walks and lovely talks. The walks because everything on the Island is bracing and intriguing. The talks because the Island likes talking and knows how to talk. And I have learnt and seen a lot. How the thatch on the roofs is repaired after the winter storms. How rabbits and where to lay the lobster-pots off the long Rocks. How rabbits are snared for the winter markets and how new stock is imported from the Sligo mountains to keep the Island strain going. How the cattle are driven at low tide to the Sligo market across the Cumeen Strand. How the lighthouse on the Black Rock is refuelled every ten days. The departure of the post-boat every morning to Rosses Point. The potato digging and the haymaking and harvesting in the tiny stone-walled fields. The drinking water which comes from the Island's only pump. The birds and animals to be fed—the calves, the turkeys, the hens, the geese and the ducks. And with the fall of the night may be a friend would drop into the cottage for a yarn over the turf fire and we might listen in to the news on my radio which was the only one on the Island. And so one perfect day after another would end with bed by candlelight and the music of the Atlantic rollers in my ears from away over the hill.

Often on the Island I had the same feeling as I have had when looking up at the pyramids—a feeling that I was in touch with something very old, very wise and very human: something that has seen a lot and suffered a lot and learnt a lot. When I was leaving last September, one of my older friends bade me goodbye. "We'll be here when you come back," he said. "And the Island will be here too for you. And we'll talk again of the days I mind well when I was a boy and when we'd all be dancing and singing and playing up at old Maguire's." He pointed sadly to the ruin of a grey stone cottage half swallowed in the green of the hillside. There was a pause and then he added: "Islands like ours are out of date in these queer times."

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA

BY F. S. BOAS

STUDENTS of English Drama who have benefited from Mr. A. P. Rossiter's edition of the MS play *Woodstock* will be prepared to welcome his *English Drama from Early Times to the Elizabethans**. This in itself is a wide stretch to cover but the book embraces even more than its title implies. Its purpose, as Mr. Rossiter explains in his prologue, is to give direction in looking for the "cultural continuities" which exist within and behind the stage "by following the metamorphoses of certain themes in different kinds of drama" from the earliest times to the advent of the major Elizabethans. Hence he not only, in accordance with a prevailing tendency of critical scholarship refuses to draw a line between medieval and Renaissance literary and theatrical aspects. He lays stress on the fact that in all periods a dramatist has to comply with the "habitual expectations of the audience: its accepted forms of illusion, of sentiment, or of humour."

This is well said but it may be thought that in the earlier interesting chapters of a book necessarily limited in size it leads Mr. Rossiter somewhat too far afield from the subject of English drama, even its background—from the primitive ritual of song and dance (for example, behind Chinese drama of 2000 B.C.) he proceeds to the development of tragedy among the Greeks from the death and resurrection of the fertility god. It was not however the masterpieces of Greek drama, but the "primitive underlay" of dance, mask and pantomime that passed to Rome where they had their counterpart in the *spectacula* of the amphitheatre, and in the "revelling and levelling" of the Saturnalia and the Kalends. Against these the Church thundered, but pagan

ritual survived, and often transformed and disguised, found its way into the festival ceremonies of the Church.

And though it was from the liturgical ritual within the Church itself that medieval drama developed step by step into the great miracle cycles, the folklore element still persisted. In Mr. Rossiter's epigrammatic summary: "The drama of the Church set out to christianize humanity; the miracle plays humanized Christianity. Sometimes they bedevilled it." Nothing in his book is more illuminating than his exposition of these discordant features in medieval Gothic drama. On the one hand there is the majestic design, "controlled by a logic which was theologic" and, in Mr. Rossiter's view, not of popular but of clerical origin. To the chain of episodes from Adam to the Last Judgement "add the end of the world to the one end, and start with the creation at the other and the whole magnificent conception is complete: a vast cosmic drama of 'man's first disobedience and the fruit' beside which *War and Peace* almost seems small and Milton himself parochial." On the other hand there are the popular elements in the episodes, farcically humorous with Noah's wife and with Mak in the Wakefield *Secunda Pastororum*, melodramatic with raging Herod, brutal with the *Buffeting* and *Crucifixion*. In this connection no one should overlook the frontispiece to the book, Grünewald's *Christ Mocked*, with Mr. Rossiter's descriptive note on it. His comparisons with painting and architecture are consistently helpful.

Thus in passing from the miracle plays to the moralities he takes in illustration Holbein's *Dance of Death* where a number of human figures from Pope and Emperor to merchant and

beggar are approached by a skeleton. Mr. Rossiter's contention, in opposition to a current view, is that this "morality habit-of-mind" continued into the Elizabethan age. If some of the figures in the Morality were, like the skeleton, merely allegoric, others, like the human persons in *The Dance of Death*, existed on two planes. They were allegorically exemplars of mankind, but they were also in dress and other characteristics types of contemporary life. It was this latter feature, together with the attraction of a not pre-determined plot, that helped to popularize the Morality and that links it with the Interlude. Of the longer Moralities which cover the life of man from the cradle to the grave *The Castle of Perseverance*, with its four 'sequences' is taken as the chief example, and in it Mr. Rossiter finds "a potential frame for a life-story: not of mankind as *Humanum Genus*, but the human kind as revealed in one Man." The shorter pieces, like *Hickscorner* or *Lusty Juventus*, dealing with one 'sequence', could be more easily staged, and one of them, *The Contention of Liberty and Prodigality*, was acted at court in 1600. But need Mr. Rossiter for that reason have interjected an unmerited taunt against Queen Elizabeth, "that much flattered woman," who was an unwearied listener to more 'high-brow' plays in Latin as well as in English? Not so her father who departed to his chamber before the end of Henry Medwall's lost Morality *The Finding of Truth*.

Medwall, author of another Morality, *Nature*, and of our first non-allegorical play, *Fulgens and Lucrece* (which might have been more fully treated), is the only cleric, as Mr. Rossiter points out, among the group including John Rastell, John Redford and John Heywood, who gave the Interlude an educational rather than a morally didactic trend. Heywood, with his skilfully drawn types, partly under French influence, stands somewhat alone before the impact of classical influences, and also apart from the politico-religious dramatic con-

trovery dealt with in the chapter on "Interlude of Church and State."

Here with Skelton's *Magnificence*, apparently aimed against Wolsey, Lindsay's *Ane Pleasant Satyre of the three Estaitis*, *Respublica* from the Catholic side, Bale's *Kynge Johan* is the leading case. Bale's specific importance, as Mr. Rossiter puts it, is that "he extended the Morality-pattern to treat one (ostensibly) real-life story; and not in terms of the psychomachic conflict but of order and disorder within the State... Bale had pointed to the vast treasure-house of human experience in history."

From this point of view *Kynge Johan* is a predecessor of *Gorboduc*, where in a neo-Senecan framework, Sackville and Norton made use of legendary, but to them factual, British annals to point the moral of the evils of a disputed succession to the throne. Mr. Rossiter does more justice on the whole to the classical influence on Tudor tragedy than on comedy. He speaks of *Ralph Roister Doister* as acted by Eton boys, though the latest evidence points to the time when Udall was 'schoolmaster' to Bishop Gardiner. And he accepts, what is very doubtful, William Stevenson as author of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. He rightly emphasizes the importance of Gascoigne's innovation in using prose for the dialogue in *Supposes* but says little about its development by Lyly in his court-comedies. He even asserts that "right comedy" comes into existence only in Shakespeare's lifetime, in the 1590's.

He finds the true line of development between the early Tudor stage and the Elizabethan in what Sidney termed 'mungrell tragedy-comedy,' of which Edwards's *Damon and Pithias*, Pickering's *Horestes*, Preston's *Cambises* and Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra* are notable examples. They prepared the way, and with the virtually simultaneous advent of Kyd and Marlowe about 1588 the shape of Elizabethan drama was finally deter-

**English Drama from Early Times to the Elizabethans*, by A. P. Rossiter. Hutchinson's University Library. 16s.

mined. And as an editor of Kyd I owe to Mr. Rossiter a remarkable surprise. It had never occurred to me that when Shakespeare made Titania salute Bottom:

What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

he counted on his audience calling to mind Hieronimo's outburst before discovering his murdered son's body:

What onerics pluck me from my naked bed?

I must add this debt to the interest I have derived from this scholarly, challenging, sometimes provocative, but always stimulating volume.

EUROPE UNITE: Speeches 1947 and 1948, by Winston S. Churchill. Cassell. 18s.

This is the tenth volume of Mr. Churchill's speeches. There can hardly be any precedent for so great a public appetite for reading the past utterances of a political figure. Most such speeches lie buried and forgotten in the columns of *Hansard* or in the dead files of newspapers, but Mr. Churchill's speeches have a historical quality, which makes people anxious to possess them as a record of the glories and the tragedies of their time. This volume, though very different from the volumes covering the war years, will hardly be less valuable as a commentary on current events.

For the most part these speeches are party speeches uttered in the House of Commons or at Conservative gatherings. They range over the whole field of foreign and domestic affairs. At times they touch peaks of thought and eloquence in dealing with the themes of liberty and security in the post-war world, at others they are full of the thrust and parry of debate on homely matters such as the nationalization of steel or the suppression of the university seats. But there are other occasions when the speaker throws off his party-ropes and again dons the cloak of the prophet or of the world-statesman, as in his address to the Congress of Europe at the Hague or at the Pilgrim's Dinner to Mrs. Roosevelt. At moments

he gives free play to his fancy in proposing medical saints' days "when we can fête good St. Anaesthesia and pure and chaste Saint Antiseptic." No reader need fear boredom from lack of wit or variety, nor, when he has finished, will have any doubt as to who is the leader of His Majesty's Opposition.

But through all these fifty-two speeches there runs a reverberating note of warning and fear of the future, comparable to the sense of approaching danger which ran through *Arms and the Covenant*. It is not merely that Mr. Churchill deplores the decline of the power and influence of Britain in the world, or the disappearance of the British Raj in India and Burma, or the signs of our impoverishment evident in the multiple restrictions on our daily lives and the debasement of our currency. For all these things he holds the Labour Government responsible, though none of them could have been wholly avoided by any government. But his apprehensions reach deeper than that. He believes that we cannot restore our own fortunes without taking a vigorous lead in rebuilding Europe.

He believes too that we must combine closer association with Europe with stronger ties with the Commonwealth and more intimate understanding with the United States. But our standing in the world depends ultimately on our own innate strength and resolution. Can it be restored while the country is being divided against itself by class warfare? Can we recover anything like our old prosperity at home or our reputation for solvency and stability abroad without giving full rein to the enterprise and ingenuity, upon which they rested in the past? Can we maintain the living standards of the fifty million people in these over-crowded, over-industrialized islands by trying to maintain a State-planned economy in a world governed by commercial competition? Mr. Churchill believes not. Without a new spirit and a new method he sees our future darkly as he saw it in the 'thirties. Though he was right then, he may not be

right now, but even those who repel his apprehensions most confidently, may sometimes feel the prick of an uncomfortable query at the back of their minds as they read some of the speeches. Stripped of their partisan trappings, they pose the problems of our national existence too clearly for anyone to doubt their gravity or their urgency.

HAROLD BUTLER.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, by Eric Estoric. Heinemann. 21s.

This is an excellent book about a remarkable man, comprehensive in its scope and sympathetic in its interpretation. The author, an American, has striven, successfully, I think, to present an interpretation of his subject in the light of the family history of the Crippses, their traditions as a 'public service family' and their rôle in the exciting period in which Sir Stafford Cripps has made his impact on human affairs. He says:

When Charles Alfred Cripps married Theresa Potter (the parents of Sir Stafford) in 1881, a son of the ancient English squirearchy wedded a daughter of the manufacturing and merchant class of England which rose to power and affluence in the age of Queen Victoria.

These families whose background he describes most effectively were religious, conservative and well-to-do. It would appear from the data provided in this book that two women and two men have exercised a deterministic influence on Sir Stafford—his mother and his wife, his father and Bishop Burge, all religious people.

His mother thought, when he was a year old, that he would prove to be the genius of the family. Unfortunately she died when Stafford was four years of age. She left a remarkable testament in which she implored her children to "choose Christ as their sole Hero and Master." Her death made that document a sacred thing to the boy. His father, Lord Parmoor, sought to make up for the absent mother in the life of his youngest son by devoted attention and the nurturing of him in the spirit of his wife's testament. What

the parents began Dr. Burge continued both at Winchester and after, finally steering him, as a young man, into the leadership of the "British Council of the World Alliance to promote international friendship through the Churches." Isobel Swithinbank had been reared in the same kind of environment and brought to their marriage the same kind of outlook that he had derived from his own family upbringing.

Through all ran the ethical values of the squirearchical Christian. He became the youngest scientist to read a paper to the British Association, a leading lawyer and layman of the Church, and a statesman of renown. He has been an ambassador, headed imperial missions and travelled the world. The story of all this is exciting and well told.

But I think the author's emphasis on the part played by Christian ethics in deciding Sir Stafford's political gyrations is a little over-done. May it not be that his leap from left to right was determined more by the exigencies of his career as marked out for him by his family tradition, than his ethical or patriotic considerations? His expulsion from the Labour Party in 1939 isolated him. He became a general without an army. There was no future for him as a leader of the left in the age when parties have become increasingly organizations of ideologies. But there was a future for him on the right; so right he went. After all Christian ethics are accepted by both left and right, the pacifists and the atomic bombers. Patriotism can hardly be the key to his changes for it is not limited to left or right. That he has changed profoundly none can deny. And there is much irony in the fact that the crisis of 1931 transformed Sir Stafford from a skilful exponent of Macdonald-Parmoor-Fabian gradualism into a "class struggle" politician, and the crisis of 1939-1945 re-transformed him and placed him once more on the high-road that his father had trod before him.

Nevertheless his career is outstanding

and this account of it will hold the field for a long time to come.

J. T. MURPHY.

THE NOBLE DUKE OF YORK, by Alfred H. Burne. *Staples Press*. 25s.

HENRY IRETON, by Robert W. Ramsey. *Longmans*. 15s.

FROM EMPIRE TO COMMON-WEALTH, by Jack Simmons. *Odhams Press*. 12s. 6d.

FOUR STUART PORTRAITS, by Hugh Ross Williamson. *Evans Brothers*. 10s. 6d.

Of the books here reviewed, that by Colonel Burne is the most important. The view established by Fortescue is that George III's second and favourite son was a mediocre general but an admirable administrator. While detracting nothing from his work at the Horse Guards, which he summarizes, the author asks, pertinently, whether the Duke was such a bad general after all. And he shows not merely that the Duke was competent but that, in fact, no real criticism of his campaigns has ever been attempted. The Duke's defender has nothing to answer but vague generalities and gossip. So Colonel Burne devotes six valuable chapters to an analysis of the campaigns of 1793-1794 and shows that the Duke of York showed great professional knowledge, tactical skill and leadership. Using new material, especially from the Windsor Archives, he presents a good case for the defence. More work is needed, perhaps, on the Helder Campaign; and on the Mrs. Clarke scandal a more detailed investigation might throw more light—although without, very likely, modifying Colonel Burne's conclusion. The maps in this book are unworthy of the text but the production is otherwise admirable. The author has done well to reverse the common belief about this soldier to whom the army owes so much.

If a biography of the Duke of York was overdue, the same might be said of Henry Ireton. But Mr. Ramsey, in

following a suggestion made by Sir Charles Firth, was attempting the impossible. Ireton was important enough but the materials for his life simply do not exist. The result is that the greater part of this book is not about Ireton at all. If there are manuscript sources, the author has not found them and his hero remains a mere shadow to the end. As a result we have here a painstaking narrative of the events in which Ireton figured but lacking any assessment of him as man or soldier. The fact is that Ireton is only to be understood as a member of the Cromwell group. Cromwell's own personality, about which a great deal is known, is viewed very differently by his several biographers. And one's judgment on Ireton must depend, in effect, on the opinion one has formed of Cromwell. Ireton was either the follower of a saintly patriot or one of the gunmen kept by a plutocratic gangster. Mr. Ramsey ignores this dilemma, assumes (without defining) his own estimate of Cromwell and tries to turn his spotlight on a blurred figure in the background. Ireton remains obstinately obscure and the book exemplifies the danger of undertaking what is wanted without reference to what is feasible.

If Mr. Ramsey attempts the impossible, that cannot be said of Professor Simmons. The task of compiling a political anthology "designed to illustrate some principles of modern British imperial government" seems, if anything, a little too easy. This anthology, with a first item dating from 1496, comprises excerpts from Hakluyt, Burke, Macaulay, Durham, Elgin, Grey and Milner and ends with extracts from the Statute of Westminster, the Indian Independence Act of 1947 and the statement of 1949 explaining India's continued membership of the Commonwealth. The collection includes virtually no unpublished material and much of it will be familiar to the student. In thus aiming to reach the general reader the anthologist comes nearer, perhaps, to catering for the

sixth form or the extra-mural class. Such a book one might suppose invaluable to an extension class in colonial history or current affairs. It offers, in convenient form, a guide to the steps by which the British Commonwealth came into being. On the other hand, the choice of material, deliberately favourable as it must be, seems also somewhat capricious. It is not clear why Ireland should be omitted, and the jump in time from 1619 to 1660 and thence in a bound to 1759 does scant justice to the formative years between.

One who would certainly deplore this allocation of space is Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson, for whom all history probably ends in 1661. As an author and scholar he is immensely more skilled than the authors of the other works under review. His Stuart portraits—of Sir Balthazar Gerbier, Lancelot Andrewes, Sir John Eliot and Colonel Thomas Rainsborough—are exquisitely done. All his characters live and he moves easily among them, at once familiar with their background and yet acutely aware of that ignorance which we cannot avoid. And, better still, he has a style. These portraits are but the by-product, however, of a scholar's work. Gerbier is introduced mostly for amusement and the essays on Eliot and Andrewes are thoughtful re-assessments of characters well known. Of most historical value, possibly, is the essay on Rainsborough. But here one is left puzzled by the manner of his death. Could not the historical detective go over the ground for further clues? Has every witness been questioned? Is Cromwell's alibi complete?

C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON

THE MIDDLE SEA, by L. G. Pine. *Stanford*. 18s. 6d.

THE CHILDREN OF THETIS, Christopher Kininmonth. *Lehmann*. 15s.

The writer who takes it upon himself to give us the whole story of the Mediterranean must have some affinity

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to the English king who was more at home in that region than in his own realm. And Mr. Pine's lion-heart did not waver, so that one is inclined to speak of him with the same respect as in the pages of the Old Testament the Persians are alluded to, the sole foreign rulers of Israel to be thus honoured, perhaps because they approximated to monotheism, being fire worshippers. That is one of the numerous interesting points in this book; we can here only pick up a few crumbs from the banquet, such as the fact that when Alexander the Great attacked and destroyed Thebes he caused the house of the poet Pindar to be left intact, and after his triumphant return from Asia he placed at the disposal of his old master Aristotle the financial means for research and a body of a thousand men who should carry out Aristotle's orders for procuring specimens and curiosities. Aristotle was less of a literary artist than Plato, but I doubt whether he would have approved of Mr. Pine's occasional indulgence in what one may call unbuttoned English, such as the statement that "all Southern India is chock-full with temples," while the unsatisfactory condition of Italian lavatories might have been omitted in favour of some account of the heroic Republic of Ragusa.

The whole Adriatic is ignored, save for a line to mention that Mussolini invaded Albania in 1938. On the other hand it will be news to many of his readers that Julius Caesar, after he had been ransomed from a band of pirates, fitted out an expedition against them, captured them and had them crucified. He might have alluded to the subsequent Barbary pirates and the Redemption Fund with which the Knights of St. John in Malta recovered the Knights (for a large amount) and the galley-slaves (for much smaller sums) who fell into their hands. This Fund still exists, but of course is now diverted to other uses. And Mr. Pine appears to think that the armies of the various Arab countries could be more gloriously

employed in other fields than those of battle.

Mr. Kininmonth's canvas is less vast; after having served during the war in Greece and fallen in love with that country, he returned in more peaceful times and visited a number of islands. It is a pity that no map is included in this otherwise well illustrated book. The author tells us that the island of Poros nestles in an angle of the Argolid coast and it would have been agreeable to see that on a map; however we are introduced to one of the many memorable personages whom Mr. Kininmonth was fortunate enough to meet.

Thin and lugubrious, the owner of a grocery shop, Mr. Frangoulis declared that he ought to know about nereids, seeing that his own grandmother was one. She had been caught when his grandfather stole her scarf as she was bathing; but many years later she recovered it, when her husband at a wedding happened to be drunk, so that she ran off through the air and was never seen again. Several very diverting pages are devoted to another inebriate, this time a woman in the island of Aegina, who was obeying the Government's decision that citizens should no longer live in sin. The scene at the wedding ceremony would have appealed to Hogarth, particularly as the lady's daughter was a glutton for respectability.

It will be seen that Mr. Kininmonth became quite intimate with the islanders and it may indeed be said that he takes the reader on a spiritual as well as a terrestrial journey. He read the *Odyssey* for the first time in Ithaca and Plato under the firs on the Areopagus. This was in 1937 and he stayed in Greece until the threat of war obliged him to leave. He had the good fortune to be posted to Samos in 1943 and to arrive in Athens with the first of the liberating troops. And now, for our good fortune, these islands and their very miscellaneous inhabitants have been delightfully depicted.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

THOMAS ROWLANDSON: HIS LIFE AND HIS ART, by Bernard Falk. *Hutchinson*. £3 3s.

The publication of Mr. Falk's life of Rowlandson prompts surprise that the many art books of the past thirty years, among them the good criticism of Sir Osbert Sitwell and Mr. Oppé, have not included an adequate life and representative collection of the artist's work.

Considered objectively, Rowlandson must appear the artist who would appeal to the widest English public on every level where there is any interest whatever in pictorial art. One of his pictures, in a mixed collection, always and at once attracts viewers by its pleasing colouring and its clarity. Once initial attention has been gained, the artist exerts his rare power of compelling interest in his subject. Always his work, satisfying in its broad outlines, encourages close and long inspection of its detail, for

Rowlandson gave a profusion of associative detail to his themes. Thus, his panorama of the water colour exhibition invariably lures those who see it into an attempt to identify each picture within the picture.

Historically, his picture may be satirical, but is accurate and informative to the point of being an important social document of his time. His satire can be vitriolic, but his humour is at its best in the broad, Chaucerian manner. Mr. Falk employs his generous allotment of illustrations to demonstrate almost every aspect of Rowlandson's technique but he achieves a surprising feat in the extent to which he avoids the bawdy. In this respect, he does not truly present the balance in the artist's work. Rowlandson's humour can become Rabelaisian, but it was completely divorced, in both aim and manner, from the morbid pornography which was a far-reaching fashion

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in his time and of which Fuseli was probably the finest practitioner. Above all, Rowlandson is unique; the brilliant line of his quill pen is unmistakable; imitated to an amazing degree, he yet has no comparable imitator.

Much of the actual and potential popularity of Rowlandson's work lies in its slightness of loss in reproduction—while his drawings are as perfect, as they were designed to be, in line reproduction, and his pen-and-water-colours are endlessly diverting when reproduced in colour and happier than most of their kind in black-and-white. In fact Rowlandson's work may be said to suffer less in reproduction than that of any other English artist of comparable importance. Again, such was the extent of his output that original works by him, while not common, are within the reach of any collector's purse, at prices much below those of some other artists of less magnitude.

Mr. Falk has performed a considerable service in making available, within a single book, so many technically good reproductions of the artist's work. Hitherto, Grego's somewhat untidy *Rowlandson the Caricaturist* was the only reputable work of reference on the artist; now Mr. Falk's book supersedes it and becomes authoritative. The author's approach is that of the type of literary craftsman who, during the past twenty years, has done much to remove the inaccuracies and illusions perpetuated by friends, mourners and enemies of the subjects of biography. He has sifted, and widely rejected, the available material on Rowlandson, going to original sources and reasoning honestly and without bias. If his study lacks shape, it is because he is concerned to present, in strict and well-indexed order, all possibly relevant material rather than to reform or suppress facts to the end of maintaining a theory. Mr. Falk has written the history of Rowlandson. What remains still to be written is a book on Rowlandson by an enthusiast—the book will bring the artist into his own. But that enthusiast must go to

Mr. Falk for his data.

No book at three guineas is lightly to be bought; but here, at that price, are a biographical study, a bibliography of Rowlandson's coloured plate books and ninety well made reproductions of his work which appear certain to remain authoritative.

JOHN ARLOTT.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON, by André Mikhelson. Putnam. 18s.
I SAW IN MY DREAM, by Frank Sargeson. John Lehmann. 10s. 6d.
THE RUNNING OF THE TIDE, by Esther Forbes. Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.

In *The Castle Of Chillon* Mr. Mikhelson, a Russian of Scottish ancestry, has written his "frank autobiography of youthful dissipation," a fascinating and well-made book. There are more than 600 pages, racy, raffish, dramatic; yet possessing the charm that comes of a light touch. But here also is material—a detailed description of the squandering in less than five years of an inherited fortune of £30,000 on a life lived wholly for pleasure—that provides a stout stick for anyone with a social conscience to beat the 'bad old days' of the 'twenties. The book should delight hedonists, if indeed there are any of them left.

And yet, in spite of Mr. Mikhelson's deliberate choice of a "Rake's Progress" between the years of seventeen and twenty-four, his engaging personality, which comes through his writing, commands both sympathy and respect. He has a keen mind, stoicism, complete honesty, with a crisp humour based upon sensibility and observation. "Was Art, as Maria thought, the prime necessity of mankind, or was it a sign of degeneracy? Perhaps the emotions it evoked were unreal, sterile? I said this to Maria; she nearly fainted. . . . One evening we were listening on the wireless to a beautiful and weird violin concerto by Sibelius, when Lisl sneezed outside the door. I felt to my distress that her sneeze was more real to me than

all the music Sibelius had ever written, and that Frances saying "Wow!" for instance, went far deeper under my skin than all the ordeals of Jean Valjean or Mitya Karamazov. Sad perhaps, but there it was."

Montreux, Cannes, Corsica, Paris, London, Berlin; travel by air, by yacht, by magnificent cars, by luxury expresses; the best food, dazzling women—and yet, when all is over and there is only £42 left at the bank, Mr. Mikhelson can cheerfully sell up and tackle a hard new life of reality in the Cameroons. That he was caught as a schoolboy by the Russian Revolution, seeing his mother die of starvation beside him and every sort of horror, provides a clue to his subsequent behaviour and his character, to his neuroses and thirst for the satisfactions and safety of riches.

Unfortunately, I have missed Mr. Sargeson's earlier work, short stories which have won much admiration and praise. However, I must confess to finding most of his novel, *I Saw In My Dream*, dull and pretty heavy-going. The setting is New Zealand, at first in a small town and then in remote bush-country, and the story is about a lawyer's clerk who later works on a farm. The first part, while the hero is still a child, is perhaps the best; the subjective, percipient mood of childhood is well done, his fears of conscience, his relations with a girl. But the style of writing suggests a false simplicity, which is meant to impress but only confuses. Sometimes it is hard to remember who everybody is; the people are not sufficiently defined, or are too lightly touched upon. The long account of mustering sheep, or the depiction of New Zealand landscape, are insufficient to compensate for the muddle of the human interest.

Miss Esther Forbes's *The Running Of The Tide* is a long historical novel which tells of the rise of the great sailing fleet of the House of Inman, port of Salem, Massachusetts, up to their surrender to the coming of steam. It

has won the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Novel Award in America, and in architecture and sustained power of story-telling is a considerable feat. There are no tag ends, the author's pattern is carried out to the last word. We are told excitingly everything that happens, as the captains of the House amass great wealth, led by the grandmother and her four grandsons. Miss Forbes's historical detail is enormous—possibly we are told too much. A comparison with *Gone With The Wind* has been claimed; but this story is not written with the imagination that gave such life to Scarlett O'Hara and made the fun of the barbecue. The romantic pattern woven by the splendid clippers alternating with the human interest should make a grand film. As a novel there is almost too much matter under one roof, and the reader is perhaps asked to share too many emotions.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK.

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In twelve months of memorable theatregoing two pictures are enshrined: Dame Edith Evans rising from a restaurant table and silently crossing the floor in *Daphne Laureola*, and the slithering, shortening rope on the hearth in *Let's Make An Opera* which told that the little chimney sweep tied to its other end was climbing higher in the flues; the one needing no context to impress its intrinsic poetry of movement, and the other a poignant symbol of careless cruelty. James Bridie's play is honourably mentioned in THE YEAR'S WORK IN THE THEATRE 1948-1949 (published for the British Council by Longmans Green, 3s. 6d.) but the Benjamin Britten-Eric Crozier *tour de force* probably came too late for inclusion. With "The Old Vic" in the care of Ivor Brown, "The West End Theatre" in W. A. Darlington's, Ninette de Valois on "The Sadler's Wells Ballet", design discussed by James Laver, repertory by Alan Dent, and other equally important aspects and exponents of the theatre, those who love it will find this survey and the numerous illustrations an admirable insurance "against oblivion" in the shape of lost programmes or failure to keep a diary.

East and puritan West

Though the subtitle of *HALI* by G. V. Desani (Saturn Press, 7s. 6d.) is "A Play", the reader will echo Mr. T. S. Eliot's ruling in the Foreword: "It is, of course, as poetry that I take *Hali*." The voices of his god Raha, his mother Mira, of Rooh, Bhava, Maya and the magician tell the story of *Hali*'s vision of good and evil. If, as Mr. E. M. Forster claims, the play "succeeds in being emotionally intelligible" it achieves this in the Western mind without Western theatrical device. Still thinking in terms of drama, one who can still read *Samson Agonistes* at a sitting for its tragedy uncorrupted "to gratify the people," as its author

says, turns with pleasure to Rex Warner's *JOHN MILTON* (Max Parrish, 6s.). Though some of the poet's work is "emotionally intelligible" to the point even of unbearability, the man himself, forbidding and omniscient, does not attract. Mr. Warner is an enthusiast and here presents facets of the life, the poems and the prose so successfully, as to cause this reader to regret that only the amorous parts of the *Paradises Lost* and *Regained* were studied at the proper season with the proper zeal. But the rewards still wait—so back to the source, archaic spelling, showers of capital letters and italics, interminable length and all!

The moving finger

Other biblical happenings are presented so charmingly in the language of Helen Waddell in *STORIES FROM HOLY WRIT* (Constable, 8s. 6d.) that she almost makes untenable the theory she herself held that there should be no "tampering with the austerity of the Authorized Version." Originally written for children, these precise and delicately coloured portraits should be an agreeable surprise too for the newly grown up generation that is popularly supposed to have little knowledge of, and therefore no interest in, the great figures of the old Testament and the New.—It is safe to say that the Edwardian generation of readers grew up able to recite a few at least of the quatrains of Omar Khayyám's *Rubáiyát*. Some quoted for its philosophy's sake, others for the hypnotising beauty of the lines, but all were inclined to forget the translation-interpretation of Edward Fitzgerald. He, in turn, has found a biographer-interpreter in Peter de Polnay, who lived for two years in Fitzgerald's home in Suffolk and allowed himself and the house to become haunted by that fastidious and solitary spirit. The result, *INTO AN OLD ROOM* (Martin Secker & Warburg, 12s. 6d.) is well illustrated and documented and

a most attractive study of scholar, poet and devoted friend.

Varied verse

It is not surprising that AN ANTHOLOGY OF VICTORIAN VERSE, chosen by Marjorie R. Evans (Methuen, 8s. 6d.), should contain a large portion of the *Rubáiyát*. In fact, this being no 'bitty' collection, one of its greatest pleasures is the size of each poet's share. Thus, for example, Matthew Arnold has 12, Emily Brontë seven, and Browning no less than 16 pieces, while at the other end of the book Tennyson is rightly allotted 17. But not only the begetters of "collected works" are here. There are poems from the lesser and the little known to make the whole truly representative of the era and to justify the contention in B. Ifor Evans's introduction that its "accomplishment in verse" was much more varied "than has often been allowed."—"The Shooting of Dan McGrew" inevitably calls up anecdotes of the antics of elocutionists in the nineteenth century, but its author, Robert Service, gives evidence in his new book of verse, *SONGS OF A SUN-LOVER* (Ernest Benn, 7s. 6d.), of belonging vigorously to this twentieth. He calls himself a "Laureate of the Lowly" and does indeed "trace the commonplace with humour and compassion." And what lover of books would fail to forgive the lapse and echo the *cri de coeur* of "Book-Borrower"? Here is a verse:

But worst of all I hate those crooks
(May hell-fires burn them!)
Who beg the loan of cherished books
And don't return them.

Learning the craft

This was the fate of Elizabeth Bowen's *ENCOUNTERS* (Sidgwick & Jackson, 7s. 6d.) which was originally published in 1923. It is good to have again such remembered stories as "Daffodils" and "Requiescat", the second coming quite vividly to mind last year on holiday as the boat neared Isola Bella on Lake Maggiore. The

author's Preface recalls the "newness of the sensation of writing" and her fear that she would be accused of imitating Katherine Mansfield. When she says: "I still cannot consider them badly written" she is not boasting. Those who know her novels will see the promise of their fulfilment clearly mirrored in these sketches. — Just so did L. A. G. Strong see his future interests and ambitions mirrored in the "verse and prose and talk about writers" he heard from his English teacher at a Plymouth school when he was ten years old. Lucky are those who are early warmed by such a fire and luckier still perhaps are the spreaders of the glow. Such a one was MAUD CHERRILL (Max Parrish, 6s.) and Mr. Strong pays some of his debt to her in this autobiographical biography which takes her pilgrimage through his life and work up to the day of her death in 1947. She was a born teacher, which means she loved and understood both her job and her pupils and, under God, could do no other.

Conquering Pain

This sense of vocation, even in the days of a national health service, is surely still the chief requisite for nursing. Hilary St. George Saunders shows in *THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL* (Max Parrish, 8s. 6d.) how indispensable a possession it was in the grim days of the second half of the eighteenth century when the work "for the sick and lame of Soho" began with fifteen beds and three more for accidents. With many illustrations the author, who perfected his gifts for this particular kind of dramatic 'write-up' with his war documentaries, brings the story of this great hospital up to date, to 'blue babies', the electron microscope, streptomycin, dietetic kitchen, engineering department, and the "something more than efficiency" which is its pledge. The recorded testimony of "one who discovered for the first time the meaning of the phrase 'rushed to hospital'" could be currently corroborated by a long-term patient in the Howard de Walden ward who has ex-

pressed to this visitor now writing, her appreciation of the care, kindness and facilities for research with which she is surrounded.

Victory indeed

Too much care, during the rehabilitation process at least, seems to be Harold Russell's only complaint against the Walter Reed General Hospital in VICTORY IN MY HANDS (John Lehmann. 10s. 6d.). Everyone who saw the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film *The Best Years of our Lives* will be unable to forget the sailor, Homer Parrish, who came back to civilian life minus his hands. Among a crowd of professional and established players, giving some of the best performances of their lives, Harold Russell very nearly ran away, as they say, with the picture. His part was almost his own life story, although he had actually been a paratrooper in the army. The problems—of asking a girl to marry him and his hooks, of learning to bear equally with misguided sympathy and impertinent curiosity, of coping with the tremendous 'if only's' that nagged in the night hours—were identical. His was as much a psychological as a physical dilemma, and how he overcame it he tells, with the help of Victor Rosen, in a book that should be read not only for the encouragement and inspiration of the crippled or handicapped but for the chastening of all the others who indulge in self pity, hypochondria or faintheartedness. His companions too in the amputee ward could put the rest of the world to shame:

They were always kidding around, playing jokes on each other and especially the strangers. There was a sleek-looking lad next to me who was a thinner edition of Don Ameche. One day he asked the Grey Lady to fetch him a pair of slippers. She brought them. Now would she mind putting them on for him? She drew back the covers and he roared. He'd lost his legs at Anzio.

Some readers might be jarred by the style at the beginning—peculiarly American, short sentenced and shorter paragraphed, dramatic emphasis alternating with mock nonchalance, all *staccato* and *sforzando* as if to cheat any suspicions of inhibition or reserve. But this soon merges into a swing and pace that sweeps the story and its reader along to the triumphant conclusion: "It is not what you have lost but what you have left that counts."

The artist-craftsman

Which brings us to the superlative pair of hands that could weave a curtain on a loom, or dye it, handle a printing press, paint a portrait, make a chair, write a poem, or design and work a carpet, all with the ease of absolute mastery. To place on record here the delight in re-reading *THE LIFE OF WILLIAM MORRIS* by J. W. Mackail (Geoffrey Cumberlege: Oxford University Press. *World's Classics* double volume 7s.) is a fitting postscript for the Ruskin piece, published in the February number of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, in which this reprint was anticipated. As a scholarly approach and for its wonderful prose, this is one of the best of all biographies. Mackail has been accused of suppressing many facts along with letters in his care which would throw light on some of the private relationships. But neither does the new Introduction of Sir Sydney Cockerell, recording his many personal and always happy memories of Morris, supply any key to the enigma of the man behind the master. Nevertheless, it makes engrossing reading. Longmans Green promise the first collection of Morris letters for June which are going "to throw a clearer light on the problem of his married life." The pride of the world in Morris, as in Ruskin, will not be the less, come what may of revelations good or bad.

GRACE BANYARD.

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FOUNDING THE BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE

BY A. SILLERY

THE Bechuanaland Protectorate is an area of 275,000 square miles, bordered on the south by the Cape Province of the Union of South Africa, on the east by the Transvaal, on the north-east by Southern Rhodesia, on the north by the Caprivi Strip, and on the west by South West Africa. The inhabitants are called the Bechuana, or, as the word is now spelt, Batswana, a people of Sotho origin who are fairly widely dispersed over the whole of central southern Africa. In the Protectorate, the Batswana are represented by eight principal tribes, to whom are attached a number of subsidiary ones; these, however, are by no means all of Tswana* stock.

Bechuanaland or British Bechuanaland is a large area in the northern part of the Cape Province, inhabited likewise by Batswana. It is here that the first contacts between Europeans and Batswana were established, and where mainly took place the events that caused the area to the north of it to become a protectorate under the British Government. Bechuanaland itself was first declared a Crown colony, was then transferred to the Cape Colony, and consequently became a part of the Union of South Africa. It must not be confused therefore with the Bechuanaland Protectorate.

The picture of southern Africa in the first quarter of the nineteenth century is confused. A ferocious military genius, Shaka son of Senzangakhona, had transformed a comparatively unimportant clan into a disciplined nation in arms, aggressively expansionist, pitiless in war and fanatically courageous. Shaka's Zulus, after conquering and absorbing the tribes in their neighbourhood under captains no less fierce and cruel than their chief, set up waves of migration, like the ripples caused by a stone thrown into a pond; bands of refugees, fleeing from Shaka, dispossessed those who stood in their path, and these in turn became refugees. It was in these unpromising circumstances that Robert Moffat founded the famous London Missionary

* The Bantu noun is composed of a prefix and a root. The prefix varies according to a most elaborate noun classification. Thus the prefix *mo-* represents a person: *Mo-tswana* means a person of the Tswana tribe. *Ba-* represents people: *Ba-tswana* means people of the Tswana tribe. It is modern practice, when writing in English, to dispense with the prefixes and simply to employ the root. But since the word *Bechuana*, in which *Be-* is a corruption of *Ba-*, is so well known, I have thought it better to conserve the prefixes right through.

The *Ngwato* have a double prefix, first the *Ba-*, then *ma-*, which is a maternal prefix, a not uncommon phenomenon in this language. *Bamangwato* means "the people of the mother of *Ngwato*." They are often also called *Bangwato*.

Society's institution at Kuruman among the Batlhaping tribe of the Batswana of the south in 1820. The Kuruman mission was to have a great influence, not only on the people around but on those who lived in the north, in the area which later became the Protectorate.

The principal tribes of the Batswana, for some generations established on the fringe of the Kalahari, were not at first seriously affected by Shaka's wars. But at one time or another, a number of his captains engaging in these long distance forays decided not to go home, but instead, to expropriate the booty and to found nations of their own in the countries they had conquered. One such was Msiligazi, "The Path of Blood", who with his people, the Matebele, settled first at the headwaters of the Limpopo river, near the site of Pretoria, and then moved westwards to Mosega, close by modern Zeerust, where he speedily became the terror of the people unfortunate enough to live around him.

At that time five of the eight principal tribes which now inhabit the Protectorate were living more or less in their present countries. The Tshidi clan of the Barolong, who are still divided between the Protectorate and the Cape Province of the Union, were about the Molopo river, near Mafeking; the Bangwaketse were round Kanye, their present capital, while the Bakwena were not far from their own present capital of Molepolole; further north the Bamangwato had their headquarters at Shoshong, forty miles south of the present tribal capital of Serowe, and 300 miles away to the north-west, protected by a desert from the griefs of their compatriots, lived the Tawana in Ngamiland. Apart from internecine and inter-tribal quarrels from which these tribes were rarely free, the Batswana now had to contend with external enemies.

One of the waves set in motion by Shaka's depredations was that of a horde, part bandit, part refugee, called the Mantatees, so named because it was commanded by an Amazon called Mantatisi. In 1823 this horde swept westwards, attacked the Bangwaketse of Chief Makaba and were repulsed and then advanced towards the Kuruman mission and the terrified Batlhaping. But Moffat enlisted the help of some mounted Griquas* armed with rifles. The Mantatees put up a desperate fight, but having outrun their communications they were starving and scattered by the Griquas, whereupon Moffat had hard work to save the wounded and the women and children from the vengeful Batlhaping, who had displayed great cowardice during the battle but excelled themselves in cruelty at its successful conclusion.

After the Mantatees came the Bafokeng. This was a tribe of

* A people of mixed European and Hottentot descent, who had a settlement at Griquatown, about 30 miles north of the Orange river and about 96 miles almost due south of Kuruman.

Sotho origin, like the Batswana, which came from the Free State and marching westwards and northwards under a leader called Sebetwane, overcame all resistance, and ended up on the Zambezi where, under the name of Makololo, they established an extensive but shortlived empire.

But the worst of these marauders were Msiligazi's Matebele. From the time of his secession from Shaka until the late 'thirties this tribe was more or less permanently established on the borders of Bechuanaland, and during that time mercilessly harried the neighbourhood. Their methods were ferociously cruel and within the tribe Msiligazi maintained a savage discipline. In 1837 came relief, for the Boers attacked him at his Mosega town. Disturbed by these attacks and by those of some Zulus, Msiligazi moved to the north, and after a leisurely (and for the Batswana) destructive march, finally established himself at Bulawayo in present Southern Rhodesia. Here the Matebele continued to be a source of anxiety to the northern tribes until their defeat at the hands of the forces of the Chartered Company and the death of their Chief Lobengula in 1893.

Amidst all these troubles the missionaries at Kuruman worked serenely. Their principal preoccupation was with the Batlhaping in the south among whom they lived, but Moffat visited the Bangwaketse under the warlike Makaba, just before that chief was killed by the Bafokeng in 1824. He also obtained an extraordinary ascendancy over Msiligazi of the Matebele, to whom he paid five lengthy visits between 1829 and 1859, the first two while the Matebele were still in the Transvaal, and the other three when they were at Bulawayo. In the course of these last journeys he travelled through the present Protectorate and met the Bakwena under chief Setshele, and the Bamangwato, then under Sekgoma, father of Kgama III, grandfather of the regent Tshekedi and great-grandfather of the heir Seretse.

But with the disappearance of the Matebele there arose a fresh danger for the Batswana. The "great trek" of the Boers away from the irksome restraints of the Government of the Cape, had the effect of bringing the hardiest and most intractable of the *Voortrekkers* right up against the frontiers of Bechuanaland. This uneasy juxtaposition of Boer and Bantu, punctuated by skirmishes and forays, continued for a long time, and the affairs of Bechuanaland, especially in the countries of the Barolong and the Batlhaping, degenerated into chaos. In 1878 the Batlhaping rose and murdered some traders and the mission at Kuruman was itself threatened. This disturbance was speedily suppressed; a greater trouble was caused by the "freebooters" or "filibusters". These were land grabbers, mainly from the neighbouring Boer Republics, who, on one pretext or another, seized and occupied the land of the Batlhaping and the Barolong.

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The methods employed were varied and ingenious, but one of the most effective was to extract from warring chiefs promises of land in return for armed assistance. Thus Chief Mankurwane, of the Batlhaping, at war with a neighbouring chief, engaged 400 volunteers. Each one of these men was offered a farm of 3,000 morgen and in addition half the total booty was to be divided among them. Thus provided, the volunteers forthwith established a headquarters at a place they called Vryburg, elected a president and established the independent republic of Stellaland in the heart of Mankurwane's country. By equally robust methods the republic of Goshen was established at Rooigrond, on the borders of the Transvaal, near Mafeking. But these proceedings, unconventional as they were, were as nothing to the outright pillage and robbery in which many of the filibusters engaged. In fact the country of the Barolong and of the Batlhaping had become a sort of Tom Tiddler's ground in which every sort of scallywag, on one pretext or another, but often without any pretext at all, might indulge his appetite for loot.

The most redoubtable opponent of this state of affairs was the Reverend John Mackenzie of the Kuruman mission. Like Robert Moffat a Scotsman of humble birth, he had served a long apprenticeship in the country of the Bamangwato where he had been a witness of the quarrels in the chiefly house which later led to the expulsion by Kgama of his father Sekgoma, and to Kgama's own assumption of the chiefship in his father's lifetime. Placed in charge of Kuruman in 1876, Mackenzie had seen the rebellion of 1878, and had conceived a strong liking for Lieutenant Colonel Charles Warren, second in command of the force which had come to suppress it.

Mackenzie deplored the withdrawal of the British forces which had occupied Bechuanaland for some time after the disturbances, and never ceased to campaign for a British protectorate, which, in his view, was the only way the natives could be given fair play and secured in their lands. In this campaign he had an ally in Cecil Rhodes, though the motives and methods of the two men were radically different and each was very critical of the other. Rhodes, as always, had his eyes on an empire in the north. It was absolutely necessary for his purposes that Bechuanaland, his "Suez canal" to the interior, should be controlled and safeguarded. But whereas Mackenzie advocated government from London, Rhodes favoured annexation by the Cape Colony.

In 1882 Mackenzie went to England, to battle for his idea of a British protectorate. In 1884 the British Government, stiffened by clear signs of German expansionist aims in South West Africa, and fearful of a link between the Germans in the west and the Boers in the Transvaal, at last decided to establish a protectorate over Bechuanaland, and took the unusual step of appointing the miss-

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ionary as Commissioner. He hurried out to his new charge, informed the flabbergasted burghers of Stellaland that their government had ceased to exist and tried to do the same to the people of Goshen but, as they refused to listen, he had to read his proclamation to the empty air. He saw Chiefs Mankurwane of the Batlhaping and Montshiwa of the Barolong and persuaded them without difficulty to come under British jurisdiction, and returned to Vryburg, where he found that the former President, van Niekerk, whom he had appointed as his assistant in that region, had decamped and that the conduct of affairs had been assumed by a "Volks Committee". He was recalled after about three months' tenure of office and replaced by Rhodes. Much has been written on the reasons and justice of his recall; in all the circumstances it is difficult to see that he ever had a fair chance to show what he could do. Rhodes pacified the Stellalanders by recognizing the land titles given by Mankurwane—though Mackenzie went as far in this direction as now seems wise—but had no more success than his predecessor with the people of Goshen. At the very moment he was engaged in these negotiations the Goshenites attacked Mafeking, which was in the country of the Barolong, annexed Montshiwa's country on behalf of the Transvaal and hoisted the Republican flag at Mafeking. Just before Rhodes's visit the same filibusters had raided the Bangwaketse, seized large numbers of cattle, and had then trailed their coat through the country of the Barolong. The Barolong rushed out to recover their allies' cattle, and in the course of the engagement which followed, the Barolong were defeated, and the Englishman Bethell was killed. Bethell had been sent to Mafeking by Warren in an official capacity after the rebellion of 1878 and had remained there when the occupying force was withdrawn, hunting and trading and acting as adviser to Montshiwa; he had been appointed to the Police when Mackenzie became Commissioner. The raids on the Barolong and on the Bangwaketse, the annexation of Mafeking and the death of Bethell, were really more than the British Government could stand, and a strong force of good troops was sent out under the command of Mackenzie's old friend of 1878, now General Sir Charles Warren, with instructions to remove the filibusters, to restore order, to reinstate the natives in their lands and to prevent further depredations. Warren, in company with Mackenzie and Rhodes, met President Kruger of the Transvaal, or South African Republic, at Fourteen Streams, and left him in no doubt as to what he intended to do. Still accompanied by Mackenzie, Warren then marched with brisk efficiency through the country, the filibusters melting away before him. It was a bloodless but impressive display of force.

But in the meantime the British Government had got into its stride: by an Order in Council of January 27, 1885, provision had been

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made for the exercise of British jurisdiction in "the territories of South Africa lying to the northward of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope and to the westward of the South African Republic," and while he was in Mafeking Warren was told that the German Government had been informed that Bechuanaland and the Kalahari were under British protection. Warren and Mackenzie set out for the north without delay to announce the protectorate to the chiefs of the Bangwaketse, Bakwena and Bamangwato. Gaseitsiwe of the Bangwaketse and Kgama of the Bamangwato, were both eager for the Protectorate, especially the latter, who had been wanting it for years; Setshele of the Bakwena was more difficult, but came round in the end. All the chiefs offered large tracts for the use of British settlers, who, it was understood, would in case of necessity defend the country against attack. One difficulty arose from the fact that Warren only had authority to declare a protectorate as far north as latitude 22°. This, as Kgama pointed out, had no meaning; "it speaks of nothing which has existence" since latitude 22° divided his country in two parts. Instead, he offered his whole country.

In August, 1885, his mission accomplished, Warren was recalled. He had proposed a plan of government for the whole of Bechuanaland, including the area north of the Molopo, modelled somewhat on that of a Crown colony. But the Imperial Government was at that time in no mood for anything but the most limited responsibility towards the territories in the north and nothing further was heard of the Warren plan. Nor were the offers of land made by the chiefs taken up. Nevertheless in September 1885 the land south of the Molopo was proclaimed to be "British territory" (it became part of the Cape Colony in 1895 and is now, of course, part of the Union of South Africa), while the area north of the Molopo* up to latitude 22°, remained under "British protection". In 1891 another Order in Council took the northern boundary of the Protectorate, as Kgama had wished, up to the Chobe and Zambezi rivers.

Much time was to elapse before the Protectorate attained the status of a fully fledged British dependency. But it was in 1885, as a result of Mackenzie's campaign for British intervention, the troubles on the southern border which resulted in the Warren expedition, Rhodes's demand for a peaceful trade route to the interior, and the British Government's anxiety about the Germans in South West Africa, that its foundations were laid.

(The author is Resident Commissioner for the Protectorate and writes from Mafeking.)

* On the eastern side, where the railway crosses into the Protectorate, the boundary is in fact the Ramatlhabana stream, which is a tributary of the Molopo, and is at that point about 18 miles north of the main river.

THE CONQUEST OF THE AMAZON

BY WILLARD PRICE

THE next hundred years may quite possibly see the transformation of the Amazon basin, one of the largest of the earth's "empty spaces", into a vast tropical granary and a home for millions of people from overcrowded lands. Such an eventuality would have far-reaching effects on the social and economic future of mankind. Its importance in President Truman's "Point Four" programme—the development of backward areas as a solution to world economic problems—is self-evident.

After two false starts, a real effort is being made to tame Amazonia. The first start was the rubber boom of 1900-1912, which collapsed when Brazil's wild rubber was supplanted in world markets by plantation rubber from south-east Asia. Aside from the mansions and the ornate opera house of the jungle city of Manaus, this left few marks because, instead of developing the region, the rubber barons bled it, taking out everything they could. The second false start was the rubber boom of the 1939-1945 war, caused by the shutting off of Asian rubber supplies. It was also exploitive, but an important result was the health service inaugurated by the United States to improve the productivity of the *seringueiros*, the men who gather rubber from the forest depths. The astonishing success of the service played a part in inspiring the present programme, which aims at turning the huge, dangerous wilderness into a healthful, habitable homeland that may become the breadbasket of the world. For something comparable in scope we must go back a hundred years to the winning of the North American west.

To understand the programme and its problems one should first consider the size and variety of Amazonia, the territory drained by the mighty river and its tributaries. It is a gargantuan region, almost as large as the United States, comprising half of Brazil and large areas east of the Andes in Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela. Contrary to common impression, it is not all jungle. It includes temperate plateaux and great grassy plains as well as teeming swamps and forests.

The Amazon itself nearly spans the South American continent. Rising in the Peruvian Andes, it flows 3,900 miles to empty into the Atlantic through an estuary 167 miles wide. "We are now beginning

to cross the mouth of the Amazon," announces the stewardess of a Miami-bound plane, and thirty minutes later, "We have just finished crossing the Amazon." This river discharges about twenty times as much water as the Mississippi; 2,800 miles up it is still as big as the Mississippi at its mouth. But to see Amazonia it is necessary to travel far back from the main stream over the plateaux and pampas that lie between the jungle belts along the tributaries. The Amazon is here a maze of waterways wandering amid innumerable islands. Stretching away to the horizon is the luxuriant jungle—a green mat splashed with the chartreuse, red, yellow, pink, orange and blue of flowering trees and vines. White-columned forest giants tower 200 feet into the air. The mass of verdure is like a canopy, the roof of an arboreal world filled with hordes of insects, brightly plumaged birds and the howling monkeys whose outcries fill the forest at dawn and dusk. This is the "green hell" of Amazonia.

The climate is not unpleasant. Although the plane's course lies within three degrees of the equator, the heat is not as intense as in many American cities in summer. On the river the traveller is comfortably cool. Ashore the sun is hot, but at night one needs a blanket. And in the eternally dim, cathedral-like aisles of the forest the air is cellar-cool, though it is apt to be damp, for the rainfall in places is 200 inches a year. The jungle screen is parted by the Amazon's great tributaries. There is the magnificent Tapajoz, which ejects sky-blue waters into the Amazon's dun flood. At Obidos the many Amazonas become one and the river, in its descent from one of the shelves of its great plain, flows swiftly in a deep, mile-wide channel between high banks. But soon there is another change; beneath the plane an inland sea studded with islands appears. Here in flood season the river may overflow an area 200 miles wide.

On the coal-black Rio Negro, largest of the Amazon's northern tributaries, is Manaus, the trade centre for Brazil's hinterland. Here one may see freighters from New York or Liverpool. During much of the year ocean-going ships may steam another 1,200 miles up the Amazon to the port of Iquitos, Peru, for cargoes of cattle, hides, timber, rubber, balata or tagua nuts. With its tributaries the Amazon provides 50,000 miles of navigable rivers—a fact of prime economic importance. Indeed, to the traveller there seems to be entirely too much water. But before dismissing the region as a useless, waterlogged jungle he should fly over the back country. Less than five per cent. of Amazonia is subject to floods. Large parts of it are open prairies at altitudes of 2,000 feet or more, fertile and reasonably cool. And the southern portions of the basin, in the states of Matto Grosso and Goyaz, are rich in minerals.

The big lack is manpower to develop the country's wealth. The Indians are few, the pioneers fewer. The territory of Rio Branco,

for example, north of Manaus, has an area of 97,000 square miles and a population of 15,000. Under present plans this will be remedied.

Aside from manpower what are the chief problems to be overcome in developing Amazonia? One is health. There is a prevalent notion that climate and tropical diseases make the Amazon basin unfit for settlement by people from the temperate zone. It is true that communicable diseases take a heavy toll in some areas. But these can be eradicated, as they have been elsewhere. Another is the physical problem of clearing the jungle and establishing the adjuncts of civilized life. This is not to be accomplished overnight, but it is being done. It has been said that the soil, once cleared, is subject to leaching by the sun and the heavy tropical rainfall and will become too poor to support intensive agriculture. There is danger of this in certain areas, but much of the soil is very rich and can be protected by scientific cultivation. Aside from the main rivers, communication has been almost non-existent. This lack is being met at the moment by a dramatic development of air transport coupled with colonization. Finally, there is the problem of the Indians. Some tribes in the interior are hostile and are apt to greet strangers with blow guns and poisoned arrows.

The new programme for Amazonian development is many-sided—governmental, private and international. Taking the lead in physical development is the Brazilian Government, with its vast colonization plan. On walls in Rio de Janeiro posters read: "Go West, Young Man," and adventurous coastal Brazilians are responding. Pioneers are trekking back into the wilderness on the watersheds of the Tocantins and Xingu Rivers in vast numbers. Twenty-six regularly scheduled planes land each week at Anapolis, a rough-hewn frontier town 1,000 miles north-west of Rio. Fifty thousand Brazilians pass this region each year on their way to booming communities not to be found on the maps of ten years ago.

With the colonization plan goes the *Plano da Valorizacao da Amazonia* (Amazon Development Plan), which is to direct into Amazon valley development for the next 20 years three per cent. of the Federal revenues plus three per cent. of the income of the states in the Amazon basin. Chiefly responsible for colonization is the Central Brazil Foundation, an agency supported by both public and private funds. Its big project is the development of air communication. The building of what Brazilians call "The Great Diagonal" is a project to stir the imagination. The most direct air route from the United States to Rio lies over the Amazon valley, across 2,500 miles of wild country. The diagonal will cut a swath of civilization through the wilds, establishing airfields, mines, factories and a whole string of growing towns.

The problem of disease is being dealt with in several ways. Brazil is

sponsoring a programme which trains a hundred *visitadoras* (visiting nurses) a year for service in Amazon villages. Since 1942 it has organized 27 health centres, provided waterworks for six cities and made surveys for eight more, and has eradicated malaria from a number of communities which formerly had an incidence as high as 80 per cent. The opening wedge of the health effort is the U.S.-Brazilian organization *Servicio Especial de Saude Publica* (Special Public Health Service) usually known as SESP. The United States organized the service during the war in order to aid in the extraction of rubber from the Amazon jungle. Now the personnel and most of the money come from the Brazilian Government, only a moderate amount of technical assistance being contributed by the United States. The chief targets of the campaign are the four great menaces in the Amazon valley, malaria, yellow fever, typhoid, and amoebic dysentery.

Agricultural problems are being tackled by another government organization, the *Instituto Agronomico del Norte*, headed by Dr. Felisberto Camargo, one of Brazil's leading professors of agriculture. One of his achievements is the salvaging of the big rubber plantation development along the Tapajoz at Fordlandia and Belterra, sponsored by the Ford Company. When Ford efforts failed, partly because of leaf rot, the plantations were sold to the Brazilian Government and Dr. Camargo was called in. He has succeeded in rehabilitating 2,250,000 rubber trees at Belterra, and he has turned Fordlandia into a great experimental farm for the production of a wide variety of trees, fruits, grains and vegetables.

The question whether cleared jungle soil is badly leached by rains was asked of a young settler; he said there was trouble sometimes, but that on the whole the soil stood up well. He showed me astonishing gardens of beans, rice, corn, lettuce, cucumbers, radishes and carrots. There were banana plants and young mango, avocado, cocoa and breadfruit trees. His vast land included a tract of good pasture covered with elephant grass and stands of fine hardwoods, mahogany, cedar and Brazil nut trees. One of his chief troubles was that things grew too fast; a bamboo shoot can grow a foot in a single night. He was a small operator. At the other extreme are the great private concerns, each ruling an empire larger than the average European nation. The Araujo organization, headed by Agesislau Araujo, a modest and kindly gentleman who does not assume the airs we might expect in one who is known as "The Emperor of the Amazon," operates a territory larger than France, extracting hundreds of jungle products and exporting them to North America and Europe. Great areas have been cleared, factories started, and new towns built.

Of greatest importance in the long run is the United Nations project, still in its formative stages. The three years since it was first proposed by the Brazilian biologist, Paulo Carneiro, at a session of

UNESCO, have been well used. Its purpose, which is to take advantage of the Amazon valley as a laboratory for the study of the adaptation of man to tropical environment, is on the way to realization. Appropriations have been made by UNESCO and the nations participating. These include not only those contiguous to the basin but others with tropical interests, among them Britain, France, the Netherlands and the United States. Science teams already in the field include physical geographers, soil experts, botanists, zoologists, ecologists, anthropologists, agronomists and nutritionists. They know the Indians have found the Amazon habitable; they want to learn how to make it so for others.

The final problem—the stubborn opposition of some Indian tribes, notably the Chavantes—is being met by Brazil in a fashion almost without parallel in the contacts between a primitive and a more advanced people. The Brazilian Indian Protection Service has laid down the rule that the Chavantes must be won over by a policy of non-violence. The motto is: "Never kill." On the route of the Great Diagonal I flew over a Chavante village with a pilot who dropped pots and pans, scissors, toys and food, only to see the packages smashed to bits by the heavy, three-edged *bordunas*, or war clubs, of the warriors. In other villages, however, the gifts were accepted. Hostility is fading as the Chavantes find that their showers of arrows never bring gunfire. Although the Indians cannot be called effusively friendly, some are actually helping to build airfields.

No region in the world has a greater future than Amazonia. Tropical waters will be harnessed for power. Disease will be conquered. Cattle will dot the ranges. Huge stores of manganese, chrome, mercury, tungsten, copper, bauxite and other minerals will flow from this and adjacent regions of Brazil to a mineral-hungry world. Population growth will be phenomenal as men go into Amazonia to stay, not clean up and make a quick getaway. But all this cannot come about through individual enterprise. This is not the sort of frontier that yields to the axe of the lone pioneer. Settlers must be backed up by public effort on a very large scale, by co-operation on a national and international basis. Continuance of officially sponsored colonization, health measures, soil study and flood control will be needed in increasing measure.

The results, however, should be worth the effort. The development of Brazil's resources is necessary, first, to the defence and welfare of the Atlantic nations. Beyond that, the riches of the undeveloped Amazon basin hold magnificent promise of easing the world's economic and ecological tensions. In such constructive work the people of the earth might submerge their destructive tendencies.

FRANCISCO DE MIRANDA

BY WILLIAM C. ATKINSON

RARELY in history has a boomerang been thrown with more certainty of its eventual return than when, in 1780, Spain sent an expeditionary force to help the North-American colonists in their revolt against England. It was doubly imprudent to include among its officers a young captain from the New World who, having served his King in Spain and North Africa for a decade, carried with him an accumulation of grievances against the Spanish Crown not wholly unrelated to certain new ideas of liberty he had been imbibing in Madrid in the study of foreign languages and the reading of forbidden authors. Fortuitously aggravated in the West Indies by charges that touched his personal honour, they led him on the signing of peace to take French leave.

For eighteen months Miranda journeyed through the newly liberated United States, studying the recent campaigns and the nature of this new free society and its system of government. He got to know all its leaders, from Washington down, and broached with several of them the great ideal already shaping in his mind of seeing freedom achieved too in the South. It was from them the suggestion came that England and English sea-power would be essential to any such enterprise, a strange suggestion enough in the circumstances; but Miranda had already come to appreciate that the Thirteen Colonies, in throwing off the English yoke, were acting in the very spirit of that English Constitution which had filled him with admiration even before he took their advice and, in January 1785, set foot on English soil.

In London Miranda sensed a continuing atmosphere of "embarrassment and disgust" at the loss of the colonies. No responsible statesman was going to risk burning his fingers, as yet, in a second imperial fire, still less to invite a renewal of war with France and Spain; and Miranda, still a soldier, decided to go to Prussia in the meantime and see Frederick the Great review his army. He was minded to go further and make a systematic study of European governments and political systems, for the position in South America differed at least to this extent from that in the North that emancipation followed by a régime patterned on that of the mother country would leave the colonists no better off.

By the time he returned to England, close on four years later,

possessed of such a knowledge of Europe, its institutions and its great men as few Europeans and certainly no Englishman of that day could rival, he had travelled widely through Holland, Germany, Bohemia, Austria, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Belgium and France. He had found every door open to him wherever he went, and he was at once a much more mature and an infinitely more consequential person when he again reached London.

One Pownall, an ex-colonial governor in North America who had while there become keenly interested in the Spanish Indies, now paved the way to the official contacts Miranda desired. Speaking to Pitt of the situation in South America as "a mine already charged," Pownall suggested that if England cared to apply the match she might upon the consequences lay a firm basis for her future power and develop "an almost inexhaustible source of commerce," such as might even enable her to pay off some part of the National Debt. Miranda he mentioned as a person well fitted for the planning and execution of that vast design, and, a dispute with Spain having just then arisen over the Nootka Sound issue, Pitt invited Miranda to meet him one Sunday in February 1790. Miranda, who had maintained with his native land such contacts as were possible, professed himself authorized to speak in the name not merely of Venezuela but of Latin America, and he presented to Pitt an eloquent memorandum expressing South America's hope that, "being united by a solemn compact with England, establishing a free and similar government, and combining a plan of commerce reciprocally advantageous, these two nations may form the most respectable and preponderant political union in the world." He asked for a mere 12-15,000 men and 15 sail of the line, the former to offset the vast distances and difficulties of communications, the latter to cope, as only England could, with the Spanish fleet.

The memorandum proceeded to outline some ideas on future government. First and most important, Miranda held feasible what Spain had found impossible in practice, one vast unitary régime stretching from the Mississippi to Cape Horn. And, believing in England, "the most wise and celebrated power upon earth," he still believed in kingship, proposing a hereditary emperor and a bicameral legislature. Provision for censors, aediles and quaestors bespoke his studies in Roman history. Less arbitrary, and more interesting as foreshadowing the Indianist trend of much recent political and social thinking in Latin America, was the suggestion that the emperor should be chosen from among descendants of the Incas and that the senators should be styled, after an Indian term for over-lord, *caciques*. Miranda here rejected, by implication, the suggestion then fashionable in Europe that the Indian represented an inferior species of humanity, and paid tribute to the infinitely heroic

and tragic uprising of the Indians of Peru under Tupac Amaru, himself of Inca blood, only ten years earlier.

It was a noble project, and Miranda believed for a moment that the stars in their courses were on his side. But only for a moment. The Family Compact between France and Spain, a Bourbon contrivance, had become largely invalidated through the events of 1789, and Spain suddenly abated her intransigence over Nootka Sound. "I am sold," said Miranda bitterly, "by a treaty of commerce with Spain," and he denounced Pitt as a monster of Machiavellianism. It was a hard lesson for the idealist that an object, to him, of such patent and elementary justice as the disruption of the Spanish empire should have to wait on circumstance. Pitt assured him that in the event of a future war with Spain the project would not be lost sight of, but that was small solace to Miranda. Tempted at first to return to Russia, he eventually decided that, with France now wedded to liberty, equality and fraternity, the future of his hopes lay there. In March 1792 he accordingly crossed the Channel once more.

It was to have been a brief exploratory visit; it became a stay of close on six years, a chapter in Miranda's life woven of vicissitudes more extraordinary than any that had yet befallen him. Meanwhile France was now at war with England, and for the next four years Miranda was tied in effect to the environs of Paris. Here he had the misfortune to incur the particular enmity of Robespierre, who denounced him as a Girondist, and in July 1793 he was arrested and imprisoned for eighteen months under daily expectation of the guillotine. Robespierre's fall and death in 1794 brought release at length and a respite from molestation, during which we have a picture of "this veritable Don Quixote of Republicanism," devoting himself to the study of science and art. One day his company to dinner included Napoleon, who took him to be a spy of both England and Spain but a remarkable man withal.

Arrested anew within six months, again on charges of conspiracy against the régime, he was threatened with expulsion to Switzerland. In 1797 his name figured in a list of intended deportees to Guinea, and Miranda opted to make his own choice of his next abode. France and Spain having signed a new treaty of offence and defence, he learnt that the British Government was once more harbouring the idea of action against Spain in the New World; and in January 1798, disguised with a wig and green spectacles and using an old Russian passport, he made his way to Calais and thence to Dover, his confidential papers concealed in a trunk with a false bottom that did not elude the English customs officer. Pitt gave him audience forthwith, asked for and accepted his credentials—based on contacts made latterly in Paris—as "principal agent of the Spanish-American

colonies," appointed, so Miranda affirmed, by a junta of deputies representing Mexico, Peru, Chile, La Plata, Venezuela and New Granada, and fell to discussing with him plans of the operation and the liberators' subsequent intentions, "because, if you had intended to introduce a system like that of France into Spanish America . . ." Miranda assured him that an alliance with England, and if possible with the United States, was sought precisely to prevent such contagion of "the monstrous and abominable principles of pretended French liberty" and, mentioning his idea of the hereditary Inca, noted Pitt's approval.

There was agreement in the United States that any spread to the New World of the prevailing French system would be injurious in the extreme to her interests, and it seemed for a space as if the United States too was heading for war with France. Yet once again England was constrained to caution and delay, fearing now invasion from France, and would neither do anything nor permit Miranda a second time to take his plans elsewhere. A grant of £300, later increased to £700, a year did little to mollify his indignation, and he bitterly lamented the death of Catherine of Russia, who would never, he was convinced, have denied him the ships and men he needed. It was about this time that a young *émigré* from Chile found Miranda engaged in teaching some young compatriots "how to enjoy the sweet fruits of the tree of liberty" and became his chief disciple. His name was Bernardo O'Higgins, son of an Irishman who, entering the Spanish service, had ended his career as Viceroy of Peru, and destined himself to become first dictator of an independent Chile.

By 1800 Miranda was protesting vigorously his right to leave a country where, he declared, he had no further business. He was satisfied that the French Revolution had now returned to its original principles, in England he saw only perfidy and bad faith, and he addressed himself to Napoleon, now First Consul, writing as a French citizen as well as one of the oldest soldiers of the Republic. Granted his passport at length, he went to Paris, only to be imprisoned on arrival, accused of espionage and of corresponding with enemies of the State, and given four days to leave the country. Chastened but unbowed, he retraced his steps and sought once again to move Pitt to action with reports that many of the Spanish-American colonies were upon the point of "an almost general insurrection." Pitt's troubles this time lay nearer home, and over the issue of Catholic emancipation in Ireland he was forced to resign office.

The new Addington Ministry proved more sympathetic. Vansittart, joint Secretary of the Treasury, informed Miranda that "the intention was to execute the thing completely and in a large way, as should have been done three years earlier," and Miranda got down to planning details of the expedition, even to uniform—infantry jacket red,

waistcoat white, trousers blue—and to drafting a proclamation to “the people of the Colombian continent” which made much more explicit his notions concerning its political future. Those most relevant to his later fortunes were perhaps the proposals that Indians and freed Negroes should henceforth enjoy all the rights and privileges of free citizens, that religious toleration, as a principle of natural right, should be generally conceded, that a legislative “Colombian Council” should have sole power to make laws for what was now to be a federation of all the ex-colonies, and that in a national emergency the Council might designate for one year a single executive with dictatorial powers.

There followed, as new causes of postponement, first, events in Egypt, then, in October 1801, the truce in the conflict with France. Miranda’s heart sank anew, to rise once more with the resumption of hostilities in May 1803, and sink yet again at the renewed apprehension in England of invasion. Vansittart informed him that the Government, for the time being at peace with Spain, could not in the meantime give any further encouragement to his designs. Miranda determined to leave for the New World with or without help, turned his gaze towards New York, and cut the red out of his colour scheme for the new uniform.

But with Addison’s fall in May 1804 Pitt was back into power, before the year was out England was again at war with Spain, and the capture of a treasure fleet from the Indies turned the Government’s thoughts once more in that direction. Miranda urged and negotiated for eight months longer, discussing plan after plan; but delay still followed delay, and faith and patience alike were finally exhausted. In September 1805, learning of strained relations between Spain and the United States, he cut the Gordian knot, sailed for New York, visited President Jefferson, Secretary Madison and the tomb of Washington, elicited from Madison the enigmatic statement that citizens of the United States were free to do whatever the laws did not absolutely forbid, and set about organizing his own expedition.

Chartering a small vessel of 187 tons, he succeeded in inducing some 200 men to sign on under divers pretexts, took on board a quantity of small arms, and on February 2, 1806, set sail to redeem a continent from tyranny. Not until they were some days out did he himself appear on deck, wearing a red dressing-gown and slippers, and reveal the true nature of the enterprise, which he presented as having the countenance of both the British and the United States’ Governments and as certain to be acclaimed by a rising of the peoples of Latin America *en masse*. He ended by advising his motley band to study mathematics and Spanish. There was a month’s delay at Santo Domingo, but on April 11 he at last stood off the Venezuelan coast, at Puerto Cabello. Things there did not turn out quite as

expected. The landing was foiled; two smaller craft engaged at Santo Domingo were intercepted, with the loss of sixty of his scanty force. A thousand citizens of Caracas contributed funds for the defence, and the Cabildo or city council formally branded him a conspirator and a traitor. Miranda withdrew to Trinidad, succeeded in attracting some further recruits, and set course again for the mainland. Landing this time at Coro, he was at first gratified, then infinitely chagrined, to find himself in possession of a deserted town, with no source of supplies and never a sign of the expected flocking to his banner. After ten days on shore he admitted the depths of his disillusion and sailed to the island of Grenada, there to be pursued at law for the hire of the vessel and to find himself, in addition to a failure, a bankrupt.

Meanwhile, in far-away Buenos Aires, the same year 1806 had witnessed a curious pendant to his adventure. A British naval commander, Sir Home Popham, who had been among Miranda’s enthusiasts in London, had just taken part in the recovery of the Cape of Good Hope from the Dutch. Flushed with success and with the knowledge that Trafalgar had spelt the eclipse of French and Spanish naval power, and without the cognizance either of London or of Miranda, he now sailed for the River Plate, found Buenos Aires almost defenceless, and made himself its master. “I like the South Americans prodigiously,” he wrote buoyantly to Miranda, adding, “I am so occupied that I scarce know what to do first.” The British Government, recalling him to be court-martialled for dereliction of duty, soon settled this for him, and although it tardily sent out a land force to seek to turn his initiative to account, the citizenry of Buenos Aires had by then decided that they did not reciprocate the Englishman’s sentiments and brought the enterprise to nought. They were led—additional humiliation—by a French officer commissioned by Napoleon.

By December 1807 Miranda was back in London, unshakable as ever in his ideal and fertile as ever in expedients. Pitt was dead, but with Canning as Secretary for Foreign Affairs the general disposition of the Cabinet seemed once more set fair when, in March 1808, there happened in Spain what Miranda at once hailed as “this grand and providential opportunity,” the occupation of Madrid by French troops and the double coup by which Napoleon lured both Charles IV and his son Ferdinand on to French soil, secured from both a renunciation of the Spanish crown, and placed this on the head of his brother Joseph. An army of 8,000 men under Wellesley was ordered to the Spanish coast, to proceed thence, should the omens prove unfavourable, to South America. At long, long last Miranda had the cup at his lip. It was dashed rudely from him by the famous uprising of the Madrid populace on May 2 and the appeal to Britain for help.

Wellesley landed in Spain, the Peninsular War, the first stage to Napoleon's undoing, had begun, and in his address to Parliament George III declared that, the Spanish nation having become overnight England's natural friend and ally, he had no other object than that of "preserving unimpaired the integrity and independence of the Spanish monarchy." The emancipation of Latin America was not merely to go by the board—Great Britain had solemnly committed herself to preventing it.

Suspecting at last that, in seeking to supply the driving force of liberation from without, he had all along been setting about things the wrong way round, Miranda wrote to Caracas urging the Cabildo, in view of events in Spain, to assume authority in the province. London, he said, was "swarming with Saracens and enemies of our independence . . . You can scarcely form an idea of the vacillation and disgusting state of this country." The British Government, intercepting his letters, now threatened him with deportation where previously they had detained him against his will, but this time he preferred to stay and await developments, meanwhile launching a journal, *El Colombiano*, to keep the "Colombian continent" informed of its true interests. Eventually the great news came. On April 19, 1810, the Cabildo of Caracas had deposed the Captain-General of Venezuela and assumed his powers. In doing this, it is true, it had protested its continuing fidelity to Ferdinand VII, but the revolution had begun nevertheless. Buenos Aires took the same course in May, Bogotá in July. In September the Captain-General of Chile was deposed and a rising took place in Mexico.

Reverses that had befallen British arms in Spain enabled England now to walk a diplomatic tight-rope. She would afford every assistance to the Provinces in America "which may render them independent of French Spain." She had no intention of taking up arms against them in fulfilment of her declared policy of 1808 towards a Spanish Spain; but this policy ruled out any question of recognition. Bolívar came to London to state the Venezuelan case, and Miranda followed him back, satisfied that his task in England was done and that the future now lay across the Atlantic. In December 1810, mounted on a white charger, he entered in triumph the Caracas he had left forty years earlier. All, it seemed, was over bar the shouting.

And so in fact it might have proved, in spite of the political debate that was only just beginning, in spite of a Spanish blockade, in spite of a hostile aristocratic party who rejected any idea of equality with Negroes and Indians, in spite of the declaration from the Cortes of Cadiz declaring all Spain's dominions one nation and all her citizens entitled to identical rights, had it not been for an earthquake of exceptional violence which, in March 1812, caused 10,000 deaths in Caracas alone and devastated many other towns. Had the blow

not fallen on Holy Thursday, it might still have been accepted as an act of nature. But it was on Holy Thursday two years earlier that Spain's authority had been overthrown, and to a superstitious people the coincidence proclaimed it an act of God.

All the forces of religion, of reaction and of ignorance were mobilized forthwith against the young Republic, and Miranda suddenly found himself, not merely at the head of the army, but invested with that same dictatorial power he had once argued for in time of crisis. The crisis was genuine. Royalist armies appeared from nowhere, patriot garrisons melted away or changed sides, Puerto Cabello, a key position he had entrusted to Bolívar, was lost, and the loss told on Miranda's spirit as much as it enfeebled his cause. All his military skill appeared to have deserted him. In the end, when only Caracas and its port La Guaira were still loyal, he capitulated, prepared yet once again to follow his destiny of perpetually withdrawing to try anew. Transferring his papers and effects on board an English brig at La Guaira, he decided to spend a last night on his native soil. Before dawn came—it was July 31, 1812—he was seized by some of his own officers, led by Bolívar, and handed over to the royalists. Bolívar's reward was the passport which instead enabled him to escape to the West Indies and, returning a year later, to resume the struggle and carry it eventually to victory. He had seized Miranda, he said, not to serve the king but to punish a traitor to his country. It is one of the tragic misunderstandings of history.

Sic transit gloria mundi. Miranda was carried to Spain in chains, as once Columbus, and there confined in a fortress in Cadiz harbour, in flagrant violation of the terms of his capitulation. His petition to the Cortes for justice was still under consideration when in March 1814, with the expulsion of the last French troops from Spain, Ferdinand was restored to the throne and straight away threw the Cortes leaders themselves into prison and tore up their liberal constitution. The vicissitudes of political change had made Miranda their victim to the last. For two and a half years he languished in gaol, ever planning to escape to London and start all over again, and in gaol, on March 25, 1816, he died. Time, and the publication of his journals, have since done him full justice. "The great precursor," born in Caracas, Venezuela, on March 28, 1750, single-minded, high-souled, impetuous, was a Don Quixote of the spirit whom not all the reverses of fortune could cause to swerve from the course he had set himself. He is one of the New World's very great men.

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A VISIT TO SAO TOMÉ

BY DAVID SNOW

IN that vast corner of the Atlantic which digs into the western side of Africa, a chain of volcanic islands stretches out over seven hundred miles into the sea, with Fernando Po tucked into the corner and Annobon lying at the outer extremity of the chain. These two islands are Spanish, and were not included in our proposed expedition. We chose the two middle ones, the Portuguese colonies of Sao Tomé and Príncipe, for few naturalists had visited these islands in the twentieth century, and nineteenth century collectors did not usually bring back the sort of information that ornithologists want to know to-day. Most of the birds inhabiting Sao Tomé and Príncipe are found nowhere else. Their skins were known, but hardly anything else about them. And if the birds of a place are unfamiliar, it is a fair guess that the other animals will be equally so. One of the pleasing things about natural history is that one can always justify one's inclination to explore, and here obviously was the ideal place for a zoological expedition.

Five of us went off, after delays of the usual sort. After the cool Canaries came days of scorching sun, as we rounded the bulge of Africa, skirting the low forested shores of Senegal, Sierra Leone and Liberia. We were travelling third class "supplementary", a sort of emigrant class, for the sake of cheapness, and were quartered in a converted hold with a large number of Portuguese labourers. This did not bother us, as all day, from early morning until dusk, we were up in the bows, in the eyes of the ship, on the look-out for whales, dolphins and sea birds. This was no idle pastime, and we were cooked by the sun to a deep, and in my case painful, red. Under the guidance of Martin Routh, who had had considerable experience with whales before, our notes piled up, and in fact we were extremely fortunate to see at close quarters large whales and dolphins of several sorts, in numbers which would have been good for a much longer voyage.

From Liberia the life of the sea is little known; British passenger ships do not go down that way, and Portuguese ships do not usually carry naturalists. As we rather expected, dolphins and birds disappeared except for occasional stragglers. We traversed a glassy grey tract and ran into black lines of rain squalls. But one morning we came up on deck to find the ship edging towards a small port of

low white buildings, Sao Tomé. Behind it a dark green wall of tree-covered hillside disappeared into clouds at a height which we judged to be three thousand feet. The sun came out and the island presented all the usual beauty of land seen from the sea, with the added fascination of tropical luxuriance and all its associations. The ship had now anchored, but nothing was yet happening. Only a few officials, including the police, had come aboard. We were leaning on the guard-rail, with the expectation of a pleasant day before us, when the blow fell.

I was summoned to the purser's office, and told that we were not allowed to land. We had not got, we were told, some special permits. I explained that according to all my information in London and in Lisbon we had all the documents that were needed; but argument was no good. We need not worry, we were told. We could go on to Luanda, the next port of call. Inevitably we did so, but with our former good will somewhat shaken and with our eyes opened. What to us seemed a gross infringement of personal liberty and an extraordinary way to treat foreigners, was to them of common enough occurrence.

Luckily there was a consul at Angola, to whom we cabled our plight from Sao Tomé. This part of the story may properly be omitted, since it took us away from the islands, our objective, to the sandy and somewhat inhospitable shores of Angola. There, through the good offices of the consul, who informed the embassy at Lisbon about us, we eventually obtained permission to go back to Sao Tomé. We went, as soon as there was a suitable ship, but I never found out the truth about our deportation from Sao Tomé on our first arrival.

It does not seem worth while dwelling on the rather ill-concealed distaste with which the Governor greeted us, because we had, at all events, arrived, and the kindness of Mr. Johnson, the only British subject, and the Portuguese planters, made up for all the inconveniences.

We soon realized, however, that the official attitude to us was not cordial. The reason was not difficult to find; the Portuguese view our colonial policy with scepticism, and also distrust, since it is quite incompatible with theirs. They have difficulty in understanding why five people should, for their own amusement, want to visit one of their colonies without some ulterior motive, especially as there are much finer birds and insects in Africa. When we wanted to move from one part of the island to another, we had to inform the police. We also had to tell them exactly what we were going to do in each place. It soon became clear to us that Portugal is a police State, and that control of personal activities is applied to foreigners even more rigorously than it is to the Portuguese themselves. The fear of Communism lies at the root of their repressive measures.

We went up to one of the mountain plantations, Zampalma, which is over three thousand feet high in the great mountain mass in the centre of the island. Until a few years ago the ascent had to be made on mules, but there are now roads good enough to take a jeep or a powerful car. Senhores Brandao and Moreira, both influential and rich men in Sao Tomé, who had offered us help and hospitality, put at our disposal one a jeep for our baggage and the other a Chevrolet to take us to Zampalma, the most hair-raising journey of fifteen miles that I ever hope to make. We had an African driver, who knew how to manage the car after his own fashion, as we could see when we watched him grappling with the steering-wheel and saving us, by inches, from plunging down almost vertical tangled hill-sides. The road, an ingenious piece of engineering, wound up incredibly steep-sided valleys, and above fifteen hundred feet, became a country lane, that had not been improved by a heavy night's rain. There were frequent hairpin bends, and the surface was sticky and slippery, in places moss-grown. Our driver did not seem to believe in using bottom gear, while his policy with corners was to go at them fast in order to be sure of getting round them with some impetus left. We sat silently, trying not to betray uneasiness. The morning was clear and sunny, and magnificent views of grotesque mountains seen across bottomless valleys were nearly wasted on us, views which we never saw again as this particular day was the finest we were to have. Zampalma was almost always enveloped in cloud, except in the early mornings and evenings.

We did not know what to expect at Zampalma, and what we found was very pleasing—a large three-storeyed house of wood, painted black and white, standing on a slight prominence, and looking down a steep-sided valley that gradually opened out towards the sea in a blue haze in the distance. We appeared to be in the middle of the virgin forest, but of all the miles of this that we could see, only that on the high mountain tops and the steeper mountain sides was true forest. The rest was plantation, mainly coffee, closely planted with shade trees that formed a thick canopy overhead. In steps up the hill behind the house went a series of compounds which were surrounded by the stores, labourers' quarters, blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops.

After Sr. Brandao's son, who had driven the jeep, had shown us over the house, which we were to consider as our own, and introduced us to our host, the young manager of the plantation, we sat on the verandah with our whiskies and sodas to enjoy the view. Before many minutes I had seen two or three new birds, all of them entirely confined to Sao Tomé, and which, we knew, had probably not been seen by any other living ornithologists.

Our welcome here was typical of what we found on all the plantations that we visited on both Sao Tomé and Príncipe. Our host

spoke nothing but Portuguese, and we spoke only English and some French. Conversation was limited, but we soon found that he was quite an expert at gesture language and put us to shame. He got comparatively complex ideas across to us in a flourish of gesticulations with a Portuguese commentary, while our most elementary communications often failed to get through. After three months of conversations of this sort, our enthusiasm often began to flag, for our Portuguese progressed slowly, but patience and good humour were abundant.

A few days after our arrival we planned to go to the highest point on the island, and our host, who had Sunday free, offered to accompany us. He himself did not know the way up the Pico de Sao Tomé; climbing for pleasure is not a Portuguese habit, and there is no material reason, except perhaps the wild pigeons on the top, for going. But a neighbouring planter, through whose plantation we should have to pass, and who knew the way, agreed to go up with us as guide. Saturday evening was misty and rainy, but we decided that we would go whatever the weather, and that we should start at 4 a.m. As the height of the Pico is about 6,600 feet, and we were starting from 3,000 feet, it may be thought that its ascent would be an easy matter, and certainly the climb presents no serious difficulty. But it is very steep, and so luxuriant and rarely climbed that the occasional pathways that are cut are soon blocked by new growth. The effort involved is therefore out of all proportion to the actual height, and this accounts for our early start.

By the time we were ready to start the drizzle had cleared, and after a few minutes we were walking in bright moonlight. It was wet under foot and all the leaves were glistening. It was quite still; Sao Tomé is a windless place, due perhaps to its position on the equator, and this calm clear night was typical. Half an hour's walking brought us to the plantation where we were to pick up our guide. Arriving at his house we called up at his window. His head appeared and a long conversation ensued. Though the details of it were lost to us, we soon gathered that he was not coming. A dark veiled face peeping out from the next window hinted to us why. But perhaps, as he said, he really had some important business on Sunday.

We did our best to indicate that we still wanted to go. Luckily one of the porters appeared to have some knowledge of the way, and he was given long instructions. So eventually we were glad to be moving again as we had got quite cold, standing about in the cool damp atmosphere. As well as the five of us and our Portuguese host, there were four porters. One, the guide, went ahead; another carried a hamper on his head, another a demijohn of inviting appearance, and the last an old gun, hopelessly rusted but perhaps capable of

shooting a sluggish pigeon. We ourselves carried collecting equipment, including a light shot-gun for birds.

After a good hour's walking, up paths that were still recognizable, we reached a steep saddle between two minor peaks. This was the limit of the beaten track; thick vegetation confronted us, but it was now light. With the dawn, bird notes had begun to be heard, especially the liquid fluting of the Sao Tomé oriole. Now we began to see more signs of life. A continuous stream of bats was coming up over the saddle, the way we had come, and pouring down into the forest on our left. All seemed to be following the same invisible course and disappearing into the same gap in the trees, doubtless to a communal roosting place.

Here also we saw several of the interesting endemic birds of the island. Chief among these was an aberrant weaver-bird, named tautologically *Thomasophantes sancti-thomae*. A casual remark seen in a paper on the birds of S. Tomé had led me to suspect that this bird had, so to speak, become the island's woodpecker, and in fact we found that this was so. In the high plantations and the mountain forests it was always to be seen, climbing about on the tree-trunks, searching the bark for insect food. The weavers are normally seed-eaters and have stout conical beaks, but *Thomasophantes* has a rather long slender beak. The S. Tomé giant sun-bird, which I did not actually see on this day, must be mentioned in this connection. The sun-birds are mainly nectar-feeders, and have long thin curved beaks with which they can probe into flowers. The other great group of birds with beaks of this type probe in bark for their food—the tree-creeper is an example. The S. Tomé giant sun-bird is very little known. As far as I know only one other living ornithologist, a Portuguese, has seen it alive. It is the largest of all the sun-birds and has a stout scimitar-shaped beak. On the only occasion when I watched one feeding it was moving along the branches of a tree, probing about with its beak in the bark. Here then, in an island which lacks all the usual tree-trunk feeders, from the seed-eating weavers and the nectar-feeding sun-birds two aberrant forms have evolved to take their places, and they have acquired beaks specially adapted to this mode of life, resembling those of the typical trunk-feeders in other parts of the world.

Though the sky was clear for the most part, as the hour was early, already a mass of cloud had formed over the Pico away on our left. Our guide halted rather dubiously at the petering out of the path. We could see the great mass of the Pico as a continuation of the ridge on which we were standing. The ridge curved, so that we had a deep basin between us and the Pico. We could, theoretically, either go along the ridge, without losing height, or plunge down into the valley, or take the middle way by moving round the sloping side of the basin.

After much discussion we chose the last course, because it appeared probable that this was where our path should be. In fact we did find a sort of path, which we held, on and off, until the summit itself. But it was so overgrown that almost every yard had to be cleared, and our guide's machete came in for a lot of use. We all had staves, which were quite essential, as it was impossible to walk upright unaided over the slippery leaves, rotting logs, and mossy mud, the whole at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Our porters picked their way bare-footed, and used their staves much less and, in addition, they were all more or less heavily burdened. The two with our food and wine carried their loads on their heads, supporting them with the free arm, a skilful feat of balancing. The sky was not often visible, but we became aware before long that rain had started; this continued with varying intensity until we arrived home in the evening.

Our guide knew the way better than we had thought, because at about ten in the morning, after an eternity of up-hill plodding, slipping back one foot for every two feet forwards, we came to a small opening, in which a vertical bar was set in a stone base, a survey point. This was, we were told, the Pico. It was something of an anti-climax. Instead of a magnificent prospect of mountain and sea, for which we had hoped, we looked, through thick foliage, at a blank wall of cloud. Visibility was about ten yards. But we were supposed to be zoologists, after all, and had not come up to admire the view, so we set to work to make a collection of the fauna of this curious peak, the product of an age-old volcanic upheaval, whose animals and plants are now perhaps more interesting and peculiar than those of any other Atlantic island. I cannot pretend that we found any very extraordinary or brilliant creatures. We came down with tubes and bottles containing dull-looking beetles, wood-lice, centipedes, spiders and earth-worms, and, in our now empty hamper, instead of cold chicken and rolls, a few birds.

I cannot say much about the insects and other small animals, whose identification is a matter for specialists and has not yet been made. The birds we found were rather scarce compared with those on the lower slopes, and the only new one was a large maroon-coloured pigeon. It was reported to be very rare indeed, in fact perhaps the rarest, as it is the largest, of the African pigeons. But on the Pico it was abundant, and we obtained three specimens for the Natural History Museum. But it was another and less spectacular bird that was the most interesting, a little warbler that may be called the Sao Tomé long-tail. We had seen it near the coast, in the streets of the small port, in all the plantations, and now we found it all the way up through the hill-forests to the very summit. Its mainland relatives, of which there are many, keep to open country and hardly ever even perch on vegetation more than a few feet off the ground. The original

colonizer of S. Tomé, one may imagine, found nothing but forest, but was able to adapt itself to life in forests, and, finding no competitors, was so successful that it became, as it is now, the most abundant bird in the island.

But there was one object still unachieved. We had been specially asked to bring back some caecilians, curious mud-loving, limbless amphibians intermediate in appearance between snakes and worms. They are always considered rare animals, but one or two specimens, of a peculiar species, had been brought back once before from S. Tomé. In these specimens evidence had been found of an unusual deciduous dentition, which it was thought might be used by the young *in utero* for rasping away the maternal tissue—a unique method of nutrition, if it should prove true.

When, shortly after beginning the descent, we came upon the first of these animals lying squirming in the path, we hailed it an extraordinary piece of good fortune, since they normally live in burrows underground; and we wrapped it in a handkerchief as we had no more containers left. However, after a few minutes we found another and then another, until before long all our handkerchiefs contained two or three each. Apparently the persistent rain had brought them out to look for food. It soon became obvious that considering how rare they are said to be elsewhere in the tropics, Sao Tomé must be one of their great strongholds. Eventually when we left the island we had thirty caecilians alive in a box with a lot of damp earth and a large supply of earthworms to eat. They survived the journey, and are now being studied in Oxford.

The descent was quick, although punctuated by halts while we collected caecilian, spider, or whatever it might be. Collecting was hard work. The forests were lifeless and silent, except for the rain. We were unlucky in having just missed the end of the dry season, when alone these forests have occasional days of sun and cloudless sky, but we had been to the top of the Pico de Sao Tomé, which, though not at all formidable, has I believe been climbed by only two other Englishmen, and we had seen something of the life of a most interesting oceanic island, which has yet to receive from naturalists the attention it deserves.

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PROFESSOR NAMIER AND THE PRELUDE TO WAR

BY MAX BELOFF

IT was an American general who announced that the only recipe for victory was "to get there fastest with the mostest." This recipe has long been known to those who combine the trades of historian and publicist. International opinion on the origins of the 1914-1918 war was early coloured by the fact that it was the German diplomatic documents that were first published and that German and Germanophile historians were available to make the most of the opportunities provided. We are now witnessing the beginning in this country of something like an attempt to pre-empt the field where the origins of the 1939-1945 war are concerned not in favour of one particular country, but rather of one particular school of historical interpretation. And the attempt comes from a formidable quarter.

Professor L. B. Namier has not been content to rest upon the well-deserved laurels of his much-acclaimed *Diplomatic Prelude*. As new sources have appeared so has his tireless industry been stimulated. And readers of the *Literary Supplement* of *The Times* and other periodicals have had a chance to follow through his comments the successive volumes of memoirs and documents that are going to build up our picture of the diplomatic history of the last years of the peace and the early years of the war. It is of these pieces that the new volume is composed.* This shows Professor Namier's talents in all their strength—an unsurpassed mastery of the techniques of comparing and interpreting documents and an unrivalled linguistic ability. The new work deals with sources in six languages—and had the Russians published any documents there would have been a seventh to add. He has again been able to profit by his wide acquaintance with the great and the near-great in adding pieces of information not to be found in print. The shelves of the Chatham House library and the lunch-tables of the Athenæum have all brought grist to his mill.

If Professor Namier's talents make it difficult for anyone to assume he would get a hearing if he were to trespass over the same ground, it is also not without interest to note that the only other historian who appears to be making the same systematic study of the new source-materials on the same kind of scale, is Mr. A. J. P. Taylor, the most

* *Europe in Decay: A Study in Disintegration 1936-1940*, by L. B. Namier. Macmillan. 16s.

able and devoted of Professor Namier's historical disciples. So that here at least, the *New Statesman* and *Manchester Guardian* can be relied upon to echo the voice of *The Times*. It is curious indeed to see how close in spirit are the Tory and the Socialist, united in their common distaste for the Wilsonian liberalism which inspired both the achievements and the errors of the inter-war years. It is not unfair to add in conclusion that something of a monopoly in the field is almost taken for granted by Professor Namier himself. Of other historians of the period in the English-speaking world, the only notice taken is a passing reference to Mr. John Wheeler-Bennett and another to Mr. Hugh Trevor-Roper. For the rest, Professor Namier is content to remain in solitary communion with the sources—a procedure for which he could claim the approval of no less an authority than Bishop Stubbs himself.

Only those who have some acquaintance, however fleeting, with the mass of documentation involved can appreciate the sustained effort involved in such studies. And in order to be free to pursue them Professor Namier has delayed the completion of important and eagerly awaited works in fields of which he is an acknowledged master—the early part of the reign of George III and the Revolutions of 1848. Since academic reputation is lost rather than gained by ventures into the contemporary world, and since the study of it has few of the adventitious charms of almost any period of the past, one can guess that Professor Namier has had other reasons than academic ones for his choice. Nor are they hard to find. In *Europe in Decay*, as in *Diplomatic Prelude*, the writer's own passion keeps breaking through the dry crust of documentary analysis.

He is not simply concerned with unravelling the diplomatic steps which marked the retreat of the western powers before the two dictators from the Rhineland occupation to the fall of France, or those which were traced by Germany and the Soviet Union in the tangled story of their relations up to the fatal onslaught by the Germans of June 1941, but with driving home the responsibilities incurred both by the supine peoples of the west, and by their individual representatives. The manner of handling the sources one by one tends inevitably to emphasize the rôle of the latter.

The core of the new volume is composed of essays called forth by the apologies of Flandin, Reynaud, Bonnet and Baudouin, by Ciano's early diary, and by the first volume of the 1938-1939 series of *British Diplomatic Documents*, and the two volumes of German documents published by the Russians. These permit Professor Namier to re-introduce, among his *dramatis personae*, Sir Neville Henderson and Mr. Neville Chamberlain. It is indeed as the Fouquier-Tinville of recent historiography that Professor Namier clearly sees himself—a prosecutor grimly determined that no dereliction

on his part shall save a single head from the guillotine's basket.

It is above all the identification of his writings with the cause of justice itself that explains certain characteristic features of Professor Namier's new book. In the first place, the victims may not be heard in their own defence. One would not gather that Professor Namier's handling of M. Bonnet's book provoked a reply from the author when it first appeared; and the fact that Professor Namier got what was on the whole the better of the exchange hardly seems to justify his silence as to its having taken place. In the second place, Professor Namier must never himself confess error. Sometimes, of course, a historian of the contemporary world is almost bound to be caught out by a new revelation from the sources. In *Diplomatic Prelude* he dismissed as a German "concoction" an incident during Hitler's interview with Ciano on August 12, 1939, when Ciano was told that a telegram had been received from Moscow stating that the Russians were ready for political talks with the Germans, on the grounds that "the Russians did not agree to receive a political negotiator till August 21." The subsequent publication of the German documents proved him incorrect. In an account of these negotiations in the present volume (which adds nothing to other secondary accounts already in print) Professor Namier perforce accepts August 12 as the relevant date. But he gives no hint to the unwary reader that this involves an important correction to his story in *Diplomatic Prelude*. One may add that in dealing with Baudouin's book, he talks of Laval's dismissal on December 13, 1940, as "perhaps the most mysterious transaction at Vichy." He does not indicate the plentiful light thrown upon it by H. du Moulin de Labarthète's *Le Temps des Illusions*, the most revealing as well as the most fascinating of all books on "Vichy".

If this is one way of handling a point of this kind, another is to dig in one's heels and take the consequences. Thus with regard to Marshal Stalin's speech of March 10, 1939, which was clearly of cardinal importance, and given the rare occasion of a Party Congress, Professor Namier remarks that "it requires more zeal than sense, or else a purpose, to discover in it a distinct approach to Germany." He is apparently still arguing the point on the same lines as in *Diplomatic Prelude*, when he dismissed as obvious flattery Ribbentrop's remarks on the effect of the speech made during his visit to Moscow in August that year; and he neglects other independent evidence that has since been advanced, as well as the most obvious implications of Marshal Stalin's statements in themselves.

Whatever may ultimately emerge on this point, the fact that the *détente* between the Soviet Union and Germany was prepared over a long period can scarcely any longer be denied. In his conversation with Ciano on May 6, 1939, Ribbentrop is noted as insisting "on the

necessity of continuing and increasing the *détente* which has arisen between the Axis and the Soviet Union." In a draft despatch prepared for German missions abroad on August 22, 1939, and printed in the German edition of *Nazi-Soviet Relations* (which presumably came out too late for Professor Namier to use) we find further confirmation of this view. "The normalizing and improvement of relations between Germany and the Soviet Union," wrote Weizsäcker, "has for months been slowly and steadily developed." He pointed out how for months past the German press had assisted by its moderate tone, and called attention to the outward signs of the rapprochement in the presence of Soviet representatives at the exhibition of German art at Munich (on July 16) and of a full German delegation at the agricultural exhibition in Moscow (on August 1). Even while he wrote, there were Russian representatives at the "Eastern Fair" at Königsberg which had opened on the previous day.

More important still, are the assumptions that lie behind Professor Namier's treatment of the whole period both in this work and in *Diplomatic Prelude*. Some are debatable but legitimate, and have even higher authority than his own. Such for instance is the statement that the military position of the western powers at the time of Munich was more difficult than at the time of the Rhineland coup, but "not nearly as bad as in September 1939." Much more questionable is the assumption that the Soviet Union was prepared to intervene against Hitler at the time of Munich and even later had the western powers shown more adroitness in handling her. It is true that some documents published for the first time here, in an appendix, include a letter to Professor Namier from Dr. Benes himself, stating that it was Poland's hostile attitude that provided him with the last and decisive reason for the fact that, in spite of the insistence of Moscow, he "did not provoke war with Germany in 1938." But that Moscow was pressing the Czechs to resist, does not necessarily provide a conclusive argument as to what Soviet policy would have been had they done so. As a close associate of Dr. Benes, Edward Taborsky has pointed out that the "Russian promise to fulfil all legal obligations must certainly be put down as quite correct behaviour; but for practical purposes the Soviet assurance was worthless. For the Russians knew that the French would not honour their obligation, and Benes knew it also. In fact, the Russians knew it before the Czechoslovak Government did." It is curious too that Professor Namier should fail to call attention to the revealing memoirs of the Rumanian foreign minister Comnène, whose country played an important rôle in the strategic calculations of the period—memoirs which amply confirm the view that there was no danger of the Russians being called upon to make good their words. Since

Professor Namier's book went to press this view has been further documented by the material printed in the volumes of the British and German *Documents* for the period. The conversation between Mr. R. A. Butler and Earl de la Warr on the one hand, and M. Litvinov and M. Maisky on the other, which took place at Geneva on September 23 showed the Russians still unwilling to make at all precise the nature of the help they would give should the French honour their pact. Even more revealing are Schulenburg's despatches from Moscow, which show the Russians cautious in the formulation of their support for the Czechs—a fact which, together with the distant attitude of the Soviet press towards the controversy gave the Germans ample reason for their conviction that they could press on with their demands without having anything serious to fear from that side. Both volumes substantiate M. Comnène's statement that no agreement for the passage of Russian troops through Rumania was ever come to. As M. Taborsky remarks: "The Russian attitude at the time of Munich actually was by no means as straightforward and courageous as the world was led to believe by clever Soviet propaganda and the reluctance, of those who knew the full facts, to speak in a derogatory way about the U.S.S.R."

But the way in which one handles the events of 1938 or the twin set of negotiations carried on by the Russians in 1939, and the conclusions to which one comes, must necessarily depend to some extent not merely on one's interpretation of specific documents, but also upon one's general view of the entire inter-war period. Since the bulk of this book deals with events that took place in or after 1936, an assessment of Professor Namier's general position can only be arrived at with some effort. Occasionally, however, there is a revealing flash, as when Professor Namier, who has little tenderness for M. Flandin, declares him to be "undoubtedly right in thinking that co-operation with the U.S.S.R. would have been sounder policy" for France than her links with Poland and the Little Entente. From this one must take it that "co-operation with the U.S.S.R." was an open alternative which the Western powers through blindness or prejudice refused to take. But is this really the case? Is not Professor Namier still writing his history of the inter-war period from the point of view of those (for him) hopeful wartime years when Great Britain and Russia were partners against the Nazi aggressor and when Professor Namier himself was one of a celebrated triumvirate on *The Times* who were popularizing the Anglo-Soviet alliance and its apparent implications as the basis for Britain's future foreign policy? Since then, we have learned something of the difficulties which lie in the way of co-operation between the western democracies and the Soviet world and a historian of the earlier period can hardly avoid taking this into account, and asking whether some at least of

these difficulties were not present throughout.

In an introduction to his essays on the French memoirs, Professor Namier has this to say of their authors: "If only they got away from their own persons, or rather saw them in their true proportions and setting and turned to the historic tragedy of their nation, their own lives and failures would appear as what they are: as part of the tragedy." And his own brief analysis of the French tragedy lacks neither depth nor brilliance. But even the tragedy of France is only a part of the whole. And it is odd that a book which carries so challenging a title as *Europe in Decay* should nowhere attempt to analyse in what that decay consisted.

Yet there is no mystery about it. The previous centuries had built up a political structure for Europe which with all its faults prevented a general conflagration for almost a century, and a set of economic and social doctrines that had, even if at an uneven pace, vastly contributed to the health, wealth and happiness of mankind. The 1914-1918 war destroyed the former and decisively weakened the appeal of the latter. The Russian Revolution broke through the European social crust at its weakest point and the burning lava poured forth with much greater and wilder destructiveness than even the French Revolution itself.

The successful creation in Russia, of a régime that had emerged from the lower depths of society, that owed allegiance neither to the religious nor to the liberal tradition upon which all previous advance had been based, that repudiated humanitarianism in the name of humanity, and that presented an apparent alternative to the older régimes surviving elsewhere, created a dual challenge to the whole western world. On the one hand it was an ever present encouragement to those who sought to upset what remained of the old order, and a distant symbol to which the rightful claims of the oppressed could be attached. On the other hand, its very success was the proof that violence was the key to political success, that propaganda was more efficacious than truth, that men, nations and classes could ignore moral restraints previously thought to be in some sense binding.

The fascist and national-socialist revolutions in their turn profited by the moral decay inaugurated by their predecessor. To some extent, this fact was disguised by the notion, zealously propagated by Marxists and near-Marxists, that Fascism and National-Socialism were right-wing reactionary movements at the opposite pole from Soviet Communism. The reality of course was very different. Both Fascism and National-Socialism despite their intake of recruits and dupes from the old ruling and possessing strata, were essentially new eruptions of violence from outside the organized hierarchy of their national societies. Having no social roots they could indulge as freely as the Russians in ideological permutations, and in uncontrolled

violence for the sake of their ends. If the Russians still claimed to be serving humanity as a whole, even if only in the distant future, the new ideologies could throw humanity overboard for ever for the sake of race, nation or party. The liquidation of the Jews as a race was one step on from the liquidation of the Kulaks as a class.

The limitless ambitions and ruthless methods of all three revolutionary movements made it impossible for the nations controlled by them to fit into any ordered pattern of international life, or for any structure to be erected on the basis of agreements made with them. With such movements there could be no genuine co-operation. In combating them the statesmen of France and Britain could have used William Pitt's words when he spoke of the wars with revolutionary France:

We are not in arms against the opinions of the closet, nor the speculations of the school. We are at war with armed opinions which the sword of audacious, unprincipled, and impious innovation seeks to propagate amidst the ruins of empires, the demolition of altars, the destruction of every venerable and good and liberal institution, under whatever form of polity they have been raised.

But they were inhibited from opposing these movements by arms until it was almost too late by the fact that in the meantime aversion to war itself, as a means of policy, had become one of the accepted principles of the western world. And further, except at the earliest stage, it was hardly possible to contemplate opposing the progress of one such movement without assistance from another.

The real tragedy was not, as Professor Namier seems to imply, the fact that the ambitions of Hitler and Mussolini were grasped too late, but that the dilemma was, as in all real tragedies, ultimately insoluble. Good could not seemingly be done except in alliance with evil; and the reluctance to envisage a policy which depended on full co-operation with the Bolsheviks looks far less unrealistic to-day than it did in 1943. The deep schisms in the body politic in France to-day show what was really precarious in her pre-war situation. Had Bonnet been more honest, Flandin more stable, and Reynaud firmer of purpose, the upshot could hardly have been very different.

It is arguable that what there was of universalism in the early stages of Bolshevism might have made it possible at some stage to recapture Russia for the comity of nations—that there were co-operative tendencies within the Soviet régime that were frustrated by the suspicions they met with in the west. We know too little to be certain. But if a genuine agreement with the Russians was ever within reach it was hardly so in the period with which Professor Namier deals. The statesmen who represented the western democracies were bound to take the view that the Wilsonian outlook of their own peoples was the normal one for the twentieth century. In every case—more determinedly admittedly in the case of Germany and

Italy than in that of Russia—they clung to the hope that the revolutionary régimes would learn moderation as they increased their distance from their own origins. These illusions were more creditable to their hearts than to their heads—but they were not dishonourable. For in fact, there was no alternative to Wilsonian liberalism once the old legitimist structure of Europe had collapsed beyond repair. One could say indeed that the real tragedy was that the old structure collapsed too soon for the new structure to be ready to take its place. Instead of order on any basis, there was disorder and the world was engulfed in ever widening whirlpools of tyranny and anarchy. The “new order” of the dictators was nothing but a systematization of both.

This does not mean that the statesmen of the inter-war years can be exonerated on all the counts that their eventual failures make inevitable. Indeed the list must be widened to include the Russian leaders too. For a régime that let the enemy come within striking distance of Moscow and the Volga and that saw so many millions of its citizens killed and so many square miles devastated can hardly claim either greater foresight or greater efficiency. It remains a question however as to who has the right to pronounce the verdict.

The academic historian may well leave it to Mr. Winston Churchill to condemn in his histories the policies he condemned when they were in the making. His own task must be to examine his own presuppositions and to weigh again the conclusions to which they lead. For as Professor Butterfield has reminded us: “Amongst historians as in other fields, the blindest of the blind are those who are unable to examine their own presuppositions, and blithely imagine therefore that they do not possess any.” In no field is this *examen de conscience* more vitally necessary than in contemporary history. In no other field is it so necessary for the historian to be conscious both of his own limitations and of the limitations of his sources, and so desirable that he should not attempt to anticipate the final judgment upon men and events.

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KIERKEGAARD

BY J. B. COATES

THE recent discovery of Kierkegaard in this country is, in part, a consequence of the new interest in the existentialist philosophies. The publicity given to the sensationalism of Jean Paul Sartre has contributed to the recognition that he is only one link (and, I think, a feeble one) in a two-branched chain of existentialist thinkers; for there is both a theistic and an atheistic branch, of which Kierkegaard and Nietzsche are the respective starting-points, with Kierkegaard by far the major influence. But there has been also a specifically Christian discovery of Kierkegaard. To-day Christianity is facing the greatest crisis of its history. It is not only that in those widespread areas of the world in which the new gospel of Marxism reigns Christianity is meeting persecution and the younger generation are being indoctrinated in an anti-Christian faith, but the main body of western philosophy and science is now no longer Christian. Dialectical materialism and logical positivism, the latter school being particularly influential in this country, hold the allegiance of what may well be a majority of university professors and lecturers, while, as we have seen, existentialism, though its vogue is largely continental, has an atheistic branch. Christian thought has reacted to this situation in two principal ways. On the one hand there has been a tightening of the grasp on traditional dogma, the school of ‘liberal Christianity’ having fallen into increasing disfavour; on the other hand, there has been an entirely different reaction whose chief inspirer has been Kierkegaard. This school holds that no mere devotion to traditional formularies can meet the need of the present situation; rather may it be a hindrance to an effective response, seeing that it implies an attachment to a conceptual framework when what is wanted is a revival of the Christian life. On this view nothing short of the heroic, the tragic conception of Christianity and of the responsibilities of the Christian faith which is characteristic of Kierkegaard can approach the present need. To Kierkegaard Christianity meant the Cross, the acceptance of suffering, and a passionate endeavour to live in the presence of God, even though the divine presence was almost unendurable because of the infinite qualitative difference separating the human from the divine. To a follower of Kierkegaard a worth-while Christianity must be heroic in

essence, while what is important is not an insistence on the finer points of doctrine and ritual but the individual appropriation of the central Christian experience, regarded as a meeting of the human and the divine. The conceptions of 'existence' and 'the individual' are closely related in Kierkegaard. One only learns to exist by becoming an individual, and this means rejecting the habits of thought, the conceptual systems, which save the masses, the crowd (including the crowd of respectable conforming Christians) from the labours of thought and the risks of taking an independent stand in relation to God and to themselves. One becomes an individual by choosing to choose, by facing one's own inner and outer situation and achieving a faith which is a genuine response, made if necessary in defiance of the whole world, to that situation. To Kierkegaard what was of paramount importance in the life of any person was the way he related himself to himself and to God. Freud would comment (and Freudian concepts throw a remarkably revealing light on the case of Kierkegaard) that what was crucial in Kierkegaard's development was the way he related himself to his father, for Kierkegaard's God can be well interpreted in terms of an introjected father-image.

I believe that Kierkegaard's influence was entirely salutary in so far as he emphasized the importance of an individual or existential appropriation of truth and attacked the merely geographical Christianity of his time and country, a Christianity which was little more than a conformity with the 'mores' of contemporary society, more especially of its comfortable and respectable elements. Too many people are still clinging to the idea that a Christianity can survive which is a merely complacent clinging to tradition, which involves no fundamental adjustment of doctrine or life, and which has no challenge to make, either to our social institutions or to long-standing habits of thought and belief. To Kierkegaard religion was an individual matter, involving a confronting of realities, a recognition of the anguish, the inner conflict which was a feature of the experience of every awakened person, and a quest for the life of the spirit, which was a possibility, to be realized only through responsible decisions and through inwardness. Nothing was more repulsive to him than the idea that truth could be handed out to the individual as a set of agreed propositions, as a body of results; each individual must arrive at his own independent truth through blood and tears. Kierkegaard's dictum "subjectivity is truth" seems at first, indeed, to be a virtual solipsism; if subjectivity is truth, then there is no truth, but only an infinite number of opinions. Nevertheless what Kierkegaard is attempting to say is of great importance. The search for truth knows no end, but what is important in the individual's apprehension of truth is his own responsible activity. His grasp of truth will always be partial, but it must be his own

grasp, his own truth. However excellent an opinion may be, it is of no use to him if it is not his own opinion, arrived at through an independent act of thought. Also, his growth in understanding and wisdom depends on the nature of his relationships. He has to relate himself not only to the external situations in which he finds himself and to other people, but he has to relate himself to himself, to integrate himself, and to relate himself to God, to the mystery at the heart of his being. In doing so, he finds himself incessantly faced with new inner and outer situations demanding a response, demanding a decision. These responses, these decisions, in the Now, in the Moment, are what Kierkegaard meant by "existential truth". Such decisions make no claim to ultimate, to objective validity, they are related to the Now, they are creative acts of a responsible person meeting the needs of every day. All personality, all progress in the life of the spirit, depends, nevertheless, upon this capacity, first of all, for relationship and, secondly, for the independent activity which is a response to relationship.

Brandt remarked, in my view justly, that the conception of the individual was "the pearl of great price which Kierkegaard offered to his time," and we cannot but be grateful for Kierkegaard's vigorous assertion of intellectual and spiritual independence, his attack (in which Nietzsche was equally engaged) on the moral and intellectual servility, not only of the masses, but of the main body of the so-called educated classes, showing, as they too often do, a tendency either to think in terms of their economic interest and social position or to attach themselves to some coterie and maintain a slavish adherence to its jargon. Nevertheless there is much in his thought that is far from admirable, and the new vogue of Kierkegaard is mixed with too much uncritical admiration. His mind was perverted by his neurosis which has still to receive an elaborate analysis by a psychologist of eminent qualifications. However, the effect on his teaching of his 'father-complex' does not need any special subtlety of interpretation. His childhood was dominated by his father who subjected him to what Kierkegaard himself recognized to be an extreme religious pressure. Kierkegaard describes himself as "the poor wretch whom a melancholy old man made unhappy out of love." "A young child," says Kierkegaard, "is incapable of Christianity in the existential sense. To stuff a child with Christianity is a thing that cannot be done, for it holds good generally that everyone appropriates what he has a use for, and the child has no decisive use for Christianity. . . . No one begins by being a Christian, but becomes one in the fulness of time, if he does become such. A strict upbringing in Christianity is a very risky undertaking . . . to force it upon the child with all its solemn earnestness is commonly the way to make a very unhappy youth."

Kierkegaard's training implanted in him a harsh super-ego, which made it unthinkable for him to disobey his father or ever to fall below the most exacting standards in performing his school tasks, while Christianity to him meant self-denial and suffering. It was inevitable, however, that he should go through a later phase of rebellion against his father's tyrannical if loving influence. In his early manhood Kierkegaard came to hate his father and to hate the God who had tormented his childhood. It was to the life of the senses and the intellect that he now turned, feeling that he was breathing free air for the first time, dressing like a dandy, giving himself up to all the pleasures of the time, and running heavily into debt. The figures of Don Juan and of Faust appealed to him strongly. The first part of *Either-or* portrays a man guided solely by his senses and imagination; the lure of Faust, in whom unrestricted freedom of the will was combined with unlimited power, shows his reaction against the destruction of his independent will by his father's discipline. A bitter attack on Christianity in his *Journals* indicates vividly his attitude at this stage:

Almost always when the Christian employs himself about the world to come it is desolation, punishment, eternal torture and pain which he envisages; and, exuberant and extravagant as his imagination is in this regard, just as meagre is it when it is a question of the blessedness of the believers or the elect . . . Very much more beneficent, it has always seemed to me, is the notion of seeing assembled together the great, distinguished, talented men of the whole world, such as have set their hand to the wheel of human progress. My enthusiasm has always been aroused by the thought of such a veritable high school of the human race, such a republic of science and learning. . . . The Christians, however, have been loath to grant these great men entrance into their society . . . so that the Christians might sit like a Chinese assembly of mandarins and rejoice that they had brought into completion their insurmountable wall against—the barbarians. . . . Why all this? . . . to warn everyone whose breast is not yet tight-laced in a spiritual corset of this sort to protect him from such narrow-breasted conceptions.

But the influence of his father was too deeply rooted for rebellion to be more than temporary. Kierkegaard capitulated, strangely enough, after his father's death; he announced his rejection of speculation for Christianity, and his rejection of the free life of the intellect and the tradition of humanism, for the life of faith. The ambivalence of Kierkegaard's feelings for his father, the alternation in him of love and hate, of rebellion and submission, an ambivalence which determines the mood and intellectual pattern of his numerous works, is a phenomenon familiar to psychologists. But it is a condition which shows that the father complex in him was never resolved. A man who has achieved a right relation with his father is neither meek nor defiant to him, but engages in dialogue with him, receiving and giving influence freely without fear. If Kierkegaard had achieved such a relation, his whole life and thought would have

been different; he would have been cured of his melancholy, he himself would have been integrated, he would have achieved a capacity for direct communication earlier in life and under happier auspices, and the unconscious arrogance and submissiveness that mar his work would have been muted. Nevertheless it must be admitted that much that is valuable in him, as well as much that we can only deplore, spring out of those intense spiritual struggles which were the fruit of his neurosis and his inner tension.

Three elements in his teaching seem to be, at least, not commendable. The first is his rejection of speculation which was a rejection of humanism and of reason. We have seen how, in his early phase of rebellion, his mind was turned in admiration towards the great humanists, the distinguished, talented men of the world, men whose attention was not given merely to the more painful aspects of life, lovers of learning, of beauty, of nature, of music, of spontaneity, of joy, men who were not indifferent to any experience capable of moving the heart, whether of grief or delight. No Christianity can meet the needs of the modern world which is not married to the gentle and kindly and liberal and tolerant spirit of humanism, which can find no place for the finer fruits of culture, for the variety and scope of human gifts. Kierkegaard's Christianity was a conscious renunciation of humanism, all the more remarkable because of the richness and breadth of his own talents, for Kierkegaard was perhaps the most gifted man that Denmark has ever produced, with the soul of a poet, a passionate interest in dialectic for its own sake, and a love of music and drama and every art that adds grace to life. Nothing is more significant in his development than the excruciating conflict which he experienced over his wish to publish, in the middle stages of his career, a tribute which he had written to an actress, the wife of Helberg.

Secondly, Kierkegaard's rejection of reason is a no less unfortunate aspect of his thought. He believed in Christianity through the paradox, the absurd, the leap of faith. Not only does he argue that the belief that a simple Galilean peasant was God himself is not demonstrable to reason, but he devotes his very considerable dialectical ingenuity to a series of elaborate arguments to show that the belief was an offence to reason. His *Philosophical Fragments* is scathing in its denunciation of any attempt to prove the truth of Christianity, the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and so on. Kierkegaard seeks, first of all, to expose the futility of historical arguments to show that a divine person named Jesus actually lived, actually performed the miracles attributed to him, actually uttered the recorded sayings, actually rose from the dead. That the truth of such evidence can never be more than approximate he believes to be shown by the fact that it did not convince the

majority of persons who actually knew Jesus, for few of his contemporaries accepted him as God. Such approximate evidence is, in Kierkegaard's view, quite useless for the purposes of faith. But, he adds, the speculative proofs of Christianity are even more unsatisfactory. Belief in Christianity, then, must spring from faith, not from reason; it must be a belief in the absurd. Kierkegaard's attitude to reason became less and less reputable as, in later years, he surrendered with more and more completeness to his father. His thought took on an increasingly authoritative tone, in fundamental contradiction to his earlier insistence on the subjectivity of truth, on inwardness, on existential appropriation. His new dictum was "subjectivity is untruth." In all seriousness, in *The Concluding Unscientific Postscript*, he put forward, as a valid argument for the existence of God, the argument that his father had told him so. Kierkegaard continually insists in his later works that the rejection of Christianity when it occurs is an act of rebellion, an affair of the will, not an act of reason. His only early rejection of Christianity was indeed an affair of the will, as his later acceptance was a return to submission. At bottom, Kierkegaard's leap of faith is determined by the fact that the Christian tradition, and more especially his father, had set up the dogma that belief in Christ as the God-man was necessary to salvation. What Kierkegaard calls in *The Concluding Unscientific Postscript* his "eternal happiness" is of such infinite importance to him that he can take no risks; thus he decides to believe. Unfortunately such a decision meant not only the throwing overboard of reason, "the one sacrifice," E. L. Allen remarks, "that God does not ask of his children, for it is the quenching of the Inner Light," not only a violent repudiation of all Christian apologetics (the vigour of his attacks on apologetics are an indication of the strength of reason and dialectic in him which he is consigning to the flames), but the growth in him of a combination of harsh authoritarianism with an ignoble submissiveness that has something of the spirit of Fascism, shown in such passages as this:

The human race, spoiled through its unthinking familiarity with Christianity, as something that is there for good and all, has got some such idea as this: For a long time now, God has given no news of himself as Master and Lord, Christianity has devolved on us, and we can either get rid of it altogether, or bit by bit adapt it *ad libitum* as our possession and our invention. We do not need to treat it as something which in obedient subjection under God's majesty we ought to believe; but if it is to find admission we must consider how it is to satisfy 'the time', 'the public', 'this distinguished company', etc., with the help of 'reasons'. Every revolt in science against discipline, every revolt in social life against obedience, every revolt in the political sphere against civil rule, is of a piece with this revolt of the race against God and Christianity, and springs out of it.

Thirdly, one of the symptoms of Kierkegaard's neurosis was a sense of guilt, a masochism, a disposition to self-torture, which bears

fruit in a tendency to present religion with an inhuman severity. We owe a debt indeed to Kierkegaard for his analysis of the condition of 'anguish' which is a feature of the experience of any genuinely religious man, as, indeed, of any sensitive person in the modern world. It is significant that every existentialist thinker, from Jaspers to Heidegger and Sartre, has given his own interpretation of this 'anguish' which they recognize to mark the experience of all men capable of authentic being, not sunk in that spiritual torpor or slavish conformity in which they virtually cease to have the qualities of persons. But with Kierkegaard's rejection of his earlier religion of immanence, with his acceptance of what he called religion B, with its insistence on God as the transcendent, the "wholly other", its emphasis on the abysmal unworthiness of man seen in relation to God's supernatural goodness, on the unbridgable gulf separating God from man, his Christianity becomes a religion that inspires terror. A finite man who realizes to the full, in the way Kierkegaard meant him to realize it, what is involved in attempting to relate himself to an infinite God, is shattered with a sense of his unworthiness, his total inadequacy. He is faced with the terrible necessity, if he is to be a Christian, of living day by day in the presence of the transcendent, a presence that cannot but fill him with the acutest sense of sin and shame. Kierkegaard often speaks in his journals of the necessity of presenting Christianity to the age with its due character of severity, while increasingly he came to believe that it was his own destiny to be, in the literal sense, martyred. Kierkegaard was always severe in his attitude to himself. He tells us in his Journals how he altered his life to see how much he could bear. To others he was sometimes gentle and loving, and in such moments he would rebuke himself for his severity at other times. Nevertheless there was at these other times, which on the whole were predominant, a note of inhuman harshness, as when he speaks of the need for a revival in the belief in eternal hell fire for sinners, and when he pours bitter scorn on the pastor who was influenced by considerations of worldly comfort and security, or by the wish (surely human and natural enough) of "Pastor Frederick to sleep in the soft arms of Juliana."

This aspect of Kierkegaard's Christianity seems to me to be as false as it is repellent. The God whom Kierkegaard portrays, whose demands on man are such as to terrify by their severity, who wishes man to abase himself and accept his complete worthlessness, who punishes him through all eternity for not attaining supernatural standards with human powers, is a repulsive figure. Any conception of man which does not recognize that he is made in the divine image, that he is endowed with a spirit whose attributes are divine, with a capacity for freedom, love, creativeness and an aspiration towards

value, and with gifts of supreme worth that can be devoted to great purposes, and any conception of God which does not recognize that God needs man as man needs God and that man can talk with God in a friendly and informal way without fear, seem to me not to be recommended. It is true indeed that the religious life involves suffering, that love itself means accepting the burden of others. Nevertheless, in religion, as in love, it is important to emphasize the element of joy, of peace, of superabundant life, of fulfilment; even the life of the instincts should not be merely denied, but transfigured.

It seems ungenerous to offer so much criticism of so great a figure as Kierkegaard, a man also whose heroic sufferings cannot but move us to the deepest sympathy, yet it is important to recognize how profound conceptions become perverted in him through that neurosis which tormented his life with such a profound melancholy and inner division. Martin Buber remarks that the person who relates himself to God while failing effectively to relate himself to other persons and to society, tends to find his very God-relationship perverted to a false spirituality while finally even the God in his own heart deserts him and he is engaged merely in a dialogue with himself. Kierkegaard's neurotic temperament disposed him only too gravely to evasion and abstention in his various human and social relationships. M. Mounier remarks that to Kierkegaard the world was *de trop*; he rejected the world, he rejected marriage, he rejected the church, he rejected communication, he rejected the tradition of humanist thought, he rejected reason, he rejected politics. Thus his experience was increasingly reduced to a relation with an incommunicable transcendence which isolated him from the concrete world.

It may well be that the very defects of Kierkegaard were largely responsible for his great originality and influence. The extent of that influence is becoming increasingly recognized. M. Mounier considers that Marx and Kierkegaard are the two greatest influences on contemporary thought, adding that the tragedy of the modern intellectual situation is that the followers of Kierkegaard have been unable to understand the followers of Marx, so that they have become separated by a profound hostility, yet a true synthesis for our time would combine what is valid in both. M. Mounier, indeed, and his Personalists, have attempted to make that synthesis, and it may well be that what our age needs is just that integration of religious insight on the one hand, and of the objective and scientific approach, on the other, which is what M. Mounier has in mind.

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BROADCASTING THE ELECTION

BY NEWSMAN

HISTORIANS and commentators find it convenient to distinguish general elections by affixing a label to them, for instance, "Midlothian", "People's Budget", "Khaki", "Zinovieff Letter", "Post Office Savings". If this practice is followed for the election of February 1950 it may well come to be known as the "Broadcasting Election". Some will perhaps consider "Stalemate" a more appropriate epithet, though that is a condition which has been known before, and in this instance broadcasting was probably largely responsible for bringing it about (a point which will be taken up later).

Broadcasting in 1950 completed the revolution in the nature of British elections which really began in 1945. Having in January listened with mounting interest to half-a-dozen "party political broadcasts", as the main parties hastily cashed their unexpended coupons in the B.B.C.'s ration book, broadcasts which became quite openly the first shots in the battle, the public proceeded to gather in vast numbers round its loudspeakers to listen to fourteen more addresses which constituted the official quota for the election period. In 1945 the average audience for each election broadcast, according to the B.B.C., was just under 45 per cent. of the adult population. It is expected when the figures for 1950 are revealed that this percentage will prove to be slightly smaller. For this two reasons may be adduced in advance. First, television viewers, now a considerable body but not included in the day-to-day survey of listening undertaken by the B.B.C., were able to listen to repeats of the broadcasts after their evening viewing was completed. Secondly, in 1945, Mr. Churchill, at the height of his fame as a radio personality, spoke four times, and increased the average audience by his own high figures. This time he spoke only once in the election series proper. But even supposing the percentage turns out to be below 40, it will still be astonishingly high. No spoken word broadcast normally attracts half this figure, except the King's. During the first fortnight of February, then, the listening public, we may say, was as interested in politics as in its favourite variety programmes. For a brief period, statesmen may, it seems, enter the Valhalla of Dick Barton and Mr. Ted Ray. Full employment becomes as fascinating as "Family Favourites",

housing as absorbing as Saturday Night Theatre.

The special circumstances of 1945 were not a freak. The radio campaign has maintained its hold, and with television rapidly spreading through the country, is likely to strengthen it. Broadcasting is now the most important single factor of persuasion, before which manifestos, meetings, newspaper reports, election addresses must all yield. Was not the Radio Doctor the only true sensation of the election? Nothing was more indicative of the powerful influence of broadcasting techniques of discussion than the arrangement in many more constituencies than ever before of "round tables" and "brains trusts" at which all the candidates appeared, or the "great debates" in various national newspapers, in which protagonists of the different policies were set up against each other in mock combat. Many newspapers "led" the morning after with the "nine-fifteen" broadcast, not because they wanted to trot at the heels of the B.B.C. but because of the general recognition that it was here that the important things were being said, the things that would decide the issue.

The days when the rumour would go round that So-and-so was going to spring something new at Birmingham or Leeds or Paisley or Plymouth, when excited crowds would assemble as a result of carefully dropped hints by campaign managers, when reporters would scatter and scramble for telephones as soon as the great man had sat down, to catch an edition ahead of their rivals with the news, those days are past, and many, not only in journalism, will say, alas! The attempts by the *Telegraph* and the *Express* to build Winston Churchill's tour in the west into a repetition of the victory tour of 1945 were not a success. Even the appearance of the old warrior in support of his son at Plymouth, an occasion which not so very many years ago would have been a tremendous and national one, aroused little interest outside the locality. The *Herald* had rather better luck with the Prime Minister's journeys in his wife's car, but the demonstrations were mild and there were no stampedes. Many reporters were set the melancholy and scarcely arduous task of sitting in front of office radio sets checking the spoken text of the night's performance at Broadcasting House with a printed handout from an all too efficient public relations officer. How the old political correspondents who were powers in the land, the great reporters who followed Joe Chamberlain and "C-B" and Lloyd George in their tempestuous progresses round the country, must be turning in their graves! They are not likely to know peace again for when sight is added to sound in the home on a national scale, the inducement to turn out to meetings where the local candidate is performing will be smaller than ever.

Even those who are the most strenuous supporters of the British form of radio campaigning and, with not unreasonable satisfaction,

compare the placid atmosphere of these talks, sometimes made, in the case of the senior statesmen, literally from fireside to fireside, or at any rate from the intimacy of a small B.B.C. studio, with the crazy operatic performances of Hitler in the Berlin Kroll, or the frenetic enthusiasms of the American party conventions, will not claim that the change of conditions under which the elector makes up his mind is wholly a good thing.

Certainly it permits a more rational and even intellectual approach to problems which are big enough and difficult enough to demand close and critical attention. And the stunt, that raising of an issue which will distract the electorate or render it fearful, a powerful weapon in days gone by, becomes almost impossible when the cool passionless microphone is the principal medium of communication. The 1950 election was freer of stunts than probably any in the last 70 years. No Gestapo-ridden Britain held up as a bogey. No Laski thrown to the lions to make a constitutional holiday. Even on 1945 the advance was striking. Only a few splutterings over petrol rationing on the one side, and an ill-advised application of the word, on the other, by Ernest Bevin to the Churchill *démarche* on a further meeting with Stalin. In fact once an extensive use of the radio has been planned and publicized, raising a hare goes out of season. A last-minute swing of votes in any great number is highly improbable. And that is one of the reasons, anyway, why the true division of the land into almost exactly equal halves, a new version of the "two nations", was revealed in all its perplexing nakedness when John Snagge and his companions had finished their marathon task on the evening of February 24. (Though the evening papers that day sold more copies than have ever been printed in the history of evening journalism, the 'ball by ball' commentary on the B.B.C. for nearly 24 hours on end, which held a sporting nation spellbound, put the final seal on the dominance of broadcasting in the election of 1950.)

Lucid exposition of policy for all by the leaders who hitherto were only heard by fortunate minorites, and the banishing of mass hysteria; these are solid credits to election broadcasting. But there is a debit side, and one by no means negligible. If national issues are the centre of attention, local issues inevitably suffer. If the leaders capture the limelight, local candidates remain in the wings. In a Newsman's own constituency, for instance, part industrial, with a direct interest in nationalization, part agricultural, with a similarly acute interest in protection against foreign competition, nothing was said on the air which more than remotely concerned the effect of five years of socialist government on the first section, and absolutely nothing at all about the problem which besets the second section. No personality of even third-rate importance came anywhere near

the area, though the distance from London does not even involve an overnight stay. Meetings, except in the deeply rural districts where an old-fashioned convention, soon no doubt to disappear, enjoins attendance by farmers and farmworkers alike at the meetings of all candidates, in the nearest village were ill-patronized. Excitement there was none. Yet the percentage of those who went to the poll was almost up to the national average.

This passive seriousness on the part of the electorate is matched by an involuntary unrepresentativeness in the successful candidate, who is unlikely, especially in the current circumstances, to have any opportunity to raise regional themes, and who must feel that he is first and foremost a voting unit under the crack of his Whips. Here, of course, we are up against a facet of the general problem of centralization, and verging on the great dilemma of Westminster. But it is odd that broadcasting should be contributing to them. Indeed, it is paradoxical that at a time when the B.B.C. has educated the whole country to prefer balanced discussion (thanks in the first place to Huxley, Joad and Campbell), to platform polemics, the earliest and most genuine form of encounter, between candidate and voter, should be on the point of vanishing. Such hecklers as there were at the February meetings were for the most part quite openly organized, and followed the candidate from place to place. What Mr. McCallum in his valuable book on the 1945 Election called the "sense of constituency"—"the foundation of the British representative system of Parliamentary government"—has also been weakened by the redistribution of seats, in many cases, perhaps, owing to the new conditions, beyond repair.

In one respect, the candidates themselves are at fault. They permit their election addresses to be grotesquely out-of-date. Not only are most of these badly printed—and it is a mistake to suppose that good typography is so expensive that it will automatically deliver the candidate into the hands of Sir Hartley Shawcross—but they show little sign of appreciation of the new surroundings. No longer is it necessary for a candidate to waste space over his party's national policy. That is being adequately propounded, by the greater and wiser and more eloquent than he, at the microphone. He has this chance at least of declaring his devotion to local topics, and of ensuring that every voter has an equal chance of reading his views. This is his prerogative, and no-one can take it away from him. By concentrating on these neighbourhood questions, he may even be able to make something of a nuisance of himself when he gets to Westminster. But in an age when propaganda in almost every other field is highly professional and streamlined, election addresses (and posters too for that matter) remain sadly anachronistic in their prim Victorian wooing. Even the journalistic candidates, of whom in this

election there was a record number, seemed to fall under the spell of custom, or their agent, and to manufacture effusions which cried out for a sub-editorial pencil. Apart from stressing local topics, the election address ought also to contain more personal detail about the candidate, of whom, as we indicated, the electors may well see little or nothing. In an age when personality is the mainspring of the popular newspaper, the broadcast programme and the film, the diffidence of most candidates in revealing any but the skimpiest details of themselves, their family and their record, borders on the absurd. If they are treated as nonentities, it may be to this extent their own fault. The individual must find his own weapons to beat the machine, in politics as anywhere else, and at an election as at any other time.

Individuality was somewhat half-heartedly pursued in the choice and the manner of the party broadcasters, both in the period immediately preceding the election and after the dissolution. Undoubtedly a great deal of thought was given to the choice, and a great deal of trouble taken with the manner. Heroics were brought down to the conversational level. But before political speakers as a group are likely to be short-listed for the Oscar of radio, they have still a long way to go. J. B. Priestley was a Labour gain; the Radio Doctor an even greater Conservative success. They were the only two masters of the microphone to be employed, and their mastery had been established under different auspices. There was, therefore, the important element of surprise about them; the comedian was playing Hamlet. Mr. Churchill is rather a master *at* the microphone. He subdues it to his oratorical purposes. But it was only in the closing passage of his broadcast on February 17—"Of course, I am, as I am reminded, an old man . . ."—that he once again reached that high communion of spirit which should ideally exist between the man who utters the word and those who hear it, and of which his wartime broadcasts were such superb examples. Sir Stafford Cripps is of course a model broadcaster, and a model of standard English. His resonant tone, his poised reasonableness, his subtle changes of pitch and force and speed, even his avoidance of pitfalls, such as the sibilants which strew the path of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Morrison, all contribute to a faultless performance. But despite his anxious determination to appear human—the anecdote about the grandchild who said "Granpie is balancing his bucket" would have seemed just right on any other lips than those of the Olympian of No. 11—the very perfection of his technique is to many people, irrational beings, an irritation. So Herbert Morrison, unmistakable Cockney, much less of an ideal performer, but one who has taken infinite pains to correct his faults, turns out to be more intimate and more persuasive. His ostensibly aimable references to Mr. Churchill:

"You know, between ourselves, anything concerned with economics just isn't up his street"—were poisoned barbs. Anthony Eden suffers from the same technical impeccability as Sir Stafford Cripps. Though there is every indication of his sincerity and thoughtfulness, a slight air of patronage hangs over all, and the use of such phrases as: "I put it to you" and: "My friends" was rank bad broadcasting. Some—floating voters, of course—who found Sir Stafford and Mr. Eden both too smooth may have felt the same about Lord Woolton's salesmanship, which of its kind was undoubtedly superb. The engaging over-the-counter frankness was heightened by the unexpected traces of a north-country accent which revealed him as a man of the people *au fond*. In the matter of deviation from standard English, and in these days of Welsh Separatists and Scottish Covenants, Labour undoubtedly was farsighted to employ James Griffiths and Margaret Herbison. Of the former's lyrical and affecting simplicity, masking a quite ruthless partisanship, the listener had had experience in 1945. This was an even finer example of the velvet Celtic gift. But Miss Herbison from Shotts, whose caressing tone might well excite the envy of Anne Shelton, was a new discovery. Beside her calculating artlessness, Miss Horsbrugh seemed like a schoolmistress in earnest colloquy with the sixth form. Some of us, we felt, might even be up to scholarship standard.

The Liberals, especially Megan Lloyd George—when women broadcasters are good they are very, very good—and the ageless Samuel, all gave excellent renderings of a theme which appears to have excited curiosity, no more. So, bathed in a sinister red glow like the Demon King's, which almost materialized as he spoke, did Harry Pollitt. At least he covered more of the world in eight and a half minutes than all the other candidates in their aggregate of hours. The booby prize must sadly be awarded to Ernest Bevin whose performance was without question the most lamentable any statesman has given before any microphone. As the interminable clichés stumbled over the air, from a man who in 1945 had, next to Churchill been the hero of the hour and whose every word had been waited for and weighed, one reflected that heavy as the burden of any Foreign Secretary must be at this time, the task of bringing sense out of obscurity must fall with equal severity upon the luckless secretaries and translators who stand behind the council tables of the Commonwealth, of Europe, and of the world at large. It needed all the skill of the Prime Minister in the final broadcast, when he once again gave his familiar but effective interpretation of the plain man doing his best in the face of colleagues and enemies alike, to overcome the impression created by his senior Minister.

Concentration of interest in these nightly displays, and the inevitability of reflecting them the morning after, led the press into curious

byways of activity. The *Herald*, whose reporting of speeches was governed solely by party criteria, ran a sideline contest for political cartoons, and was able to boast of 200,000 entries. The *Express*, which once again fastened gleefully on any references, friendly or other, to the £6 pay packet and Lord Beaverbrook's influence on the campaign also called for votes on the best and worst broadcasts of the election, but, unlike the editor of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, restricted its contributors to 50 words. The *Mail* invited its readers, with some success, to submit political cartoons. The *Sunday Despatch* and *Reynolds News* made ingenious use of the strip cartoon for propagandist purposes, and the former provided, for a few weeks, an alternative to the pools, one apparently much appreciated by its readers, by printing an assortment of photographs and calling for a decision on which sailor-suited child had grown into which mature politician. Besides this and the other fascinating occupations for those about to deliver a political testimony at a time of almost unprecedented crisis in the country's history, such surveys of the constituencies, and such straightforward reporting of speeches as were carried out by *The Times*, *Manchester Guardian*, *News-Chronicle* and *Yorkshire Post*, seemed tame. Yet the surveys in particular, aside from their immediate purpose, constituted a revealing social document of the new Britain. The allocation of more newsprint was, in these instances at least, dedicated to descriptive purposes as valuable in their own way as the new Ordnance Survey. This was at a time when the B.B.C., because of its self-imposed ban on reporting or discussing anything even distantly connected with the election (apart, of course, from the time put at the disposal of the parties) was reduced temporarily to the rôle of mere entertainer. It was therefore a moment well seized on by the papers referred to, and an exercise of talent more likely to point the way to a genuine newspaper revival than "promotion" devices. If the press is to recapture the initiative from broadcasting, it will be on quality and comprehensiveness, certainly not on a post-election pursuit of Aneurin Bevan, or on un-English hounding of Mr. Strachey.

THE CASE IS ALTERED

BY FREDA C. BOND

YES dears, it *is* a funny name, and my father told me
 When he was a little one, ever so long ago,
 They called the pub The Rifleman—but you know
 How the barracks was moved, to over beyond the railway :
 It finished the custom here. Not but what the beer
 Is good still, so my father says.

It was their Nanny who told the children this,
 It would have been say nineteen four or five.
 Miss Dorothy and Miss Phyllis, those were the children,
 The two Miss Mossops—they are still alive—
 Brought up like ladies, never asking to play
 In the public park, making friends with no-one knows who,
 But going for a walk with Nanny every day
 Up the road by The Case Is Altered and down the lane
 By the blacksmith's forge. In a minute or two
 With elms and hawthorn and elder the country began.

Wavering over the meadow, a pathway ran
 To Mrs. Potter's farm. They could come to no harm,
 Mrs. Potter said, if they ran round loose a bit
 While Nanny sampled the season's turnip wine.
 They went there every Friday, to pay for the eggs—
 Three dozen, or was it four—
 Delivered weekly to the door ;
 They fished for tadpoles in the pond and gathered
 Rose hips and old man's beard, and Mr. Cole,
 Who came each week to teach them how to draw,
 Arranged the rose hips in a china bowl
 With dragons on, and said it wasn't right
 To paint the high lights in with Chinese white.

Beyond the quickset hedge, the spears of poplars
 Stood up to guard the lane—the sun
 Striped the white roadway like the tabby cat
 Who lived at The Poplars' lodge, so Dorothy said.

She was always fanciful, Dorothy, always a one
 For getting notions in her head.
 She lives at The Poplars now : I'm coming to that.

The Poplars was owned by a rich old lady then,
 A beautiful house : the children used to go
 To parties at The Poplars, when
 There'd be a conjuror, and a magic lantern,
 Or perhaps in summer
 Fairy lights strung like fireflies in the trees.

Houses like these—like The Poplars, I mean,
 And Trafalgar Lodge at Dyers Green,
 And the Old Manor, a little way beyond
 The field that led to the tadpole pond,
 Were all owned then by people the Mossops knew.
 Mrs. Mossop was never a one to leave a card
 On jumped up families, so Nanny said.

Oh, it's long years now since Mrs. Mossop was dead
 And the Colonel, and Nanny too, and it would go hard
 With their timid, troubled ghosts, to find the way
 Past The Case Is Altered to Mrs. Potter's farm.
 The by pass cuts across the poultry yard,
 And where the children used to play
 By the tadpole pond, are the all-electric flats.
 (They drained the pond, when an evacuee
 Was drowned there, back in forty three).
 Trafalgar Lodge they pulled down, to make way
 For the new Picturedrome.
 But the Old Manor hasn't been pulled down.
 Although not very handy for the town
 It's the Food Office now.
 They took on Phyllis Mossop as a clerk ;
 She is quite good now at priorities.
 She needs the extra cash to pay the fees
 The Poplars charge for Dorothy. She was the one
 Was always getting fancies and the shock
 Of that V2 just finished her. They said
 She really would be happier in a Home.
 The Poplars still has pleasant grounds, although
 The fairy lights were broken long ago.
 The Case Is Altered : yes,
 You can't put back the clock.

AUSTRALIAN POETRY

BY T. INGLIS MOORE

AUSTRALIA'S Dr. Johnson of her nationalistic 'nineties, A. G. Stephens, once cried exuberantly: "And aha! Hope!" In some recent New South Wales military manoeuvres the (Australian) Scotchmen—not to be the target of opposing marksmen—adopted the precaution of wearing their hirsute tassel at the rear. A fine symbol. Put Scotland behind, put Ireland behind, put England behind—not as sources of inspiration, but as goals of aspiration—and go forward with Australia."

It is with this spirit of Stephens that Australian poetry is going forward with Australia to-day, expressing the spirit of the land and the people with a healthy vitality and self-confidence. Never before in the country's history have so many books of verse been published each year. With a population of only eight million, Australia is producing a poetic output almost as large as that of Great Britain. Some is only ephemeral verse, of course, and much is poetry of merely fair average quality. But poetic and critical standards have risen notably during the last ten years or so, and when Ian Mudie published *Poets at War* in 1944, this anthology of verse by Australian servicemen was distinctly superior to a similar one representing the Eighth Army. It was significant that the collection contained over 70 writers, and about half of these were practising poets, writing with the assurance of experience.

Among standard pieces, too, in recent collections one is always sure of striking a few excellencies, such as Judith Wright's war lyric, *The Company of Lovers*:

Death marshals up his armies round us now:
Their footsteps crowd too near.
Lock your warm hand above my chilling heart
And for a time I live without my fear.
Grove in the night to find me and embrace,
For the dark preludes of the drums begin,
And round us, round the company of lovers,
Death draws his cordons in.

The present renaissance in Australian poetry is part of a cultural activity now stirring throughout the nation. It is reflected in the fact that, despite a high mortality rate amongst literary magazines, three periodicals have offered valuable opportunities to writers during the last decade. Younger poets have been able to establish

themselves through the pages of *Southerly*, the organ of the Australian English Association in Sydney, *Meanjin*, a quarterly edited in Melbourne by C. B. Christesen, and *Poetry*, published first in Adelaide and then in Melbourne. For some years, too, experimentalists and surrealists found a voice in the Melbourne *Angry Penguins*. The Sydney *Bulletin* continues, however, to publish the best poetry in Australia. These periodicals have stimulated poetry considerably both by its publication and by critical reviews. The veteran publishing firm of Angus & Robertson has not only pursued a generous policy in publishing younger poets, but also produced an annual anthology, *Australian Poetry*. Literary associations, such as the Fellowship of Australian Writers and leading newspapers offer prizes for poems, the *Sydney Morning Herald* having set aside £30,000 for prizes in annual literary competitions, including one for poetry. The Commonwealth Literary Fund has sponsored the publication of books of verse and each year awards literary fellowships of £400 a year to writers. Two of the 1948 awards went to Judith Wright and Rex Ingamells. The second has been largely responsible for the Jindyworobak movement which has published a number of poets and produced an annual *Jindyworobak Anthology of Poetry*. Our contemporary poets, therefore, receive a measure of encouragement and recognition which would not have been dreamed of ten years ago. Moreover, the Commonwealth Department of Information has been successful in placing the work of Australian writers in English, American and European publications.

The comparatively favourable conditions for poets in Australia to-day contrast sharply with the heartbreaking struggles and hardships of the past. Indeed, the present renaissance can only be appreciated if seen against the perspective of Australia's history. From the founding of the first settlement at Sydney in 1788 to about 1890, Australian poetry passed through a "colonial" period. The conditions of the convict days and pioneering in the great continent gave little chance to writers. Poetry was derivative in character and second-hand in quality, whether written by exiles such as Adam Lindsay Gordon or by native-born poets such as Charles Harpur and Henry Kendall.

Then in the 'nineties of last century came a transformation. A new, dynamic nationalism resulted in the colonies joining to federate in the Commonwealth. The colonial period and mentality were over. Australia was born, not only as a nation constitutionally, but also spiritually. Its writers, under the aggressive leadership of the Sydney *Bulletin*, glorified Australia, especially through the short story and the bush ballad. Henry Lawson and A.B. ("Banjo") Paterson sang of the "bush", or country, in swinging Kiplingesque rhymes that were completely indigenous, and a vision of future greatness was finely expressed by the philosopher and patriot Bernard

O'Dowd.

This nationalism, petering out in the first decade of this century, was followed by a number of individualists, each taking his own track. The period from about 1900 to 1930, saw the emergence of Australia's finest poets, of philosophers and social critics such as C. J. Brennan, William Baylebridge, and "Furnley Maurice" (Frank Wilmot), and such first-class lyrists as Hugh McCrae, Shaw Neilson, and Dame Mary Gilmore. Almost unknown in England, where the "primitives" such as A. L. Gordon and Henry Kendall are still eulogised, the best work of these later writers can take a high place in the poetry written in the English language. All are now dead except Hugh McCrae and Mary Gilmore who, in their old age, are still writing lyrics of disinction.

These poets, however, were individual and isolated. It remained for the economic depression of the 1930's to produce a re-awakening of the national spirit through a social and cultural ferment. From then dates the present renaissance, with its revival of the hopes, aspirations and patriotic fervours of the 'nineties, but with these sharpened to a keener realism by the experiences of a world depression and a second world war.

In the contemporary movement several new trends are significant. The general emphasis is upon Australia, and particularly so in the work of the poets associated with the Jindyworobak movement, such as Rex Ingamells, Flexmore Hudson (Editor of *Poetry*) and Ian Mudie. They strive to "stress something of the possibilities of poetry based on the Australian environment," aiming at "a pure and realistic sense of national direction in literature." They employ, for instance, the language and lore of the native aborigines. Self-conscious, to some extent adolescent, the movement has proclaimed explicitly what the majority of Australian poets are now taking for granted—the natural use of the Australian environment, idiom and imagery. Now they naturally sing, not of "fields" and "dells" but of "paddocks" and "gullies". There is a fresh tang, often colloquial, to poetic speech.

Thus Kenneth Slessor, craftsman and modernist, writes his splendid elegy *Five Bells* on a drowned friend and uses the harbour and suburbs of Sydney with forcible effect:

Deep and dissolving verticals of light
Ferry the falls of moonshine down. Five bells
Coldly run out in a machine's voice. Night and water
Pour to one rip of darkness, the Harbour floats
In air, the Cross hangs upside-down in water.

. . . Your echoes die, your voice is dowsed by Life,
There's not a mouth can fly the pygmy strait—
Nothing except the memory of some bones

Long shoved away, and sucked away, in mud;
And unimportant things you might have done,
Or once I thought you did; but you forgot,
And all have now forgotten—looks and words
And slops of beer; your coat with buttons off,
Your gaunt chin and pricked eye, and raging tales
Of Irish kings and English perfidy,
And dirtier perfidy of publicans
Groaning to God from Darlinghurst.

Not only do poets seek to picture the Australian scene, but they also have shown in the last few years a strong interest in the national past—a novel feature amongst a people who hitherto have shown little historic sense. Now the poets are singing of the early explorers, and the memories of Captain Cook, Tasman, De Quiros, Pelsart and other adventurers are being recreated in lyrics, short narrative poems and poetic dramas.

With this new interest in the seafarers has come a kindred one in the sea, stimulated probably by the fighting of our servicemen in the Pacific theatre of war and in many theatres overseas. Formerly, Australian literature has largely been a landlocked one, turning inward to the bush. Now, for the first time, a number of poets are hymning the sea and ships and the coastal fishing towns. A young poet, Francis Webb, for example, has painted a remarkable picture of the past in his poem *A Drum for Ben Boyd*, which tells of the legendary founder of a New South Wales coastal town by means of a series of powerful dramatic monologues. Val Vallis's *Songs of the East Coast* and Nan McDonald's *Pacific Sea* are two recent volumes that represent this maritime trend.

Australia has become, too, not only a landscape or seascape to paint, but a land with problems for thought. Although there is no significant revolutionary, proletarian, or communist poetry, there is a new social awareness, a searching of the national science, a critical, often satirical, evaluation of Australian society and values by such intellectual poets as A. D. Hope, Leonard Mann, James McAuley and others.

These are some of the significant trends in Australian poetry to-day, which are supplemented, of course, by a number of purely lyrical poets, a few philosophers seeking universal themes, and exceptional cases, such as Peter Hopegood who presents world symbols and ancient myths in highly individual terms.

In spirit, despite the few satirists or tragic poets, the general tendency is a healthy, optimistic, pagan vitality. Australia has never become a poetic waste land, partly, I think, because it is a country of the dawn, a young land looking hopefully to the future, and partly because it is still close to the earth and has never known the malaise of a highly industrialized society. It is lacking in spirituality, rarely touching

spiritual depths or troubled by spiritual complexities. Rather it has the cheery gusto of a man in good health without any serious worries. Typical of this vigour, this positive affirmation of life, is this passage from Robert D. FitzGerald's long poem, *Essay on Memory* :

How should we hold us from wild enterprise,
Who use the limbs of the past and its quick eyes
And are eternally in debt to those
Who stung into the earth-dawn's turgid throes
Urge of keen life ? We'll crash the trestles down
That barricade clear laughter, take the town
On a burst of shouting that through fissures rent
Cascades its fervid glee, magnificent.
We'll slit gloom's gullet, oracling defeat,
And crack great barrels of song in open street
Free for the drinking. We'll make fabulous
This world, in honour of them who gave it to us,
Not just the Nelsons, Newtons, of our race,
The Phillips grounding at a landing-place
Continent-wide, but all whom violence of mind,
Violence of action, grew such singleness
That if they did but grow, ambitionless
Except to live in the sun, they served their kind
With that straight growth of will which bears for
Seed zest to create.

How far has this zest to create produced poetic achievement? On the whole, I think that Australia is producing the strongest body of such achievement amongst the British Dominions. The acknowledged leaders of contemporary poets—leaving aside such older writers still practising as Hugh McCrae and Mary Gilmore, whose place is assured—are Robert D. FitzGerald and Kenneth Slessor. Both are intellectual poets, who think in philosophic terms and reach out for universal significance, disregarding the political and social conflicts of the day. Both, too, are conscientious craftsmen who maintain a high standard in their published work, Robert FitzGerald in his *Moonlight Acre* volume and Kenneth Slessor in his *Five Bells* and *One Hundred Poems*. The one, however, is traditionalist in form and positive in outlook, while the other experiments in modern techniques and his work contains a bitter, tragic note.

With these two go Douglas Stewart and Judith Wright, both essentially lyrical poets. Originally a New Zealander, Douglas Stewart has made Australia his home and, being an excellent critic, edits the literary page of the *Bulletin*. It might be noted, incidentally, that professionally he and Kenneth Slessor are both journalists (the latter a former official war correspondent). Robert FitzGerald is a surveyor, whilst Judith Wright, the youngest of the four, is employed on statistical work at the University of Queensland.

The versatile Douglas Stewart first made his mark in the pure lyric of a romantic character, showing a distinctive ability for rhythm and

melody. Recently he used the old Scotch ballad effectively in his volume *Glencoe*. But he has devoted himself largely to poetic drama for both stage and wireless, using Australian themes in his *Ned Kelly*—the famous bushranger—and *Shipwreck* and New Zealand ones in *The Golden Lover* and *The Earthquake Shakes The Land*. But his finest achievement is his play on the Scott expedition to the South Pole, *The Fire On The Snow*, where the imagination and power of the poetry match the strength of the theme.

Judith Wright, born in 1915, published her first volume in 1946, *The Moving Image*, consisting of pure, descriptive and reflective lyrics. Personal feeling informs her use of regular forms and stamps them as original. In recent years her work has been the most prominent in our poetry, and her quality, already suggested, may be seen more fully in such a poem as *Woman to Man*.

The eyeless labourer in the night,
The selfless, shapeless seed I hold,
Builds for its resurrection day—
Silent and swift and deep from sight
Foresees the unimagined light.

This is no child with a child's face ;
This has no name to name it by.
Yet you and I have known it well.
This is our hunter and our chase,
The third who lay in our embrace.

This is the strength that your arm knows,
The arc of flesh that is my breast,
The precise crystal of our eyes.
This is the blood's wild tree that grows ;
The intricate and folded rose.

This is the maker and the made,
This is the question and reply,
The blind head butting at the dark ;
The blaze of light along the blade.
Oh hold me, for I am afraid.

Robert D. FitzGerald, Kenneth Slessor, Douglas Stewart and Judith Wright—here are four, who at their best, I feel, can hold their own with comparable leading poets writing in England to-day.

(Mr. T. Inglis Moore is himself recognized as one of Australia's finest poets. A Graduate of Oxford, he has lectured in English at various American and Australian Universities.)

LATE EASTER

BY MARGARET CROSLAND

IT is better when Easter is late,
 leaning on April away from winter ;
 else in our cold country
 spring comes lentenly and slow.

Then, straggling early to church
 holding our hats uphill
 against the wind,
 we cannot believe the story,
 how they found the stone rolled away
 and the linen clothes folded inside.
 When rain thuds against the porch
 and yews cringe against the rotting belfry,
 how then can we think of spring
 or know how Mary wondered?

Remembered most the cold Easters
 stretching back to childhood,
 always the hill looming bigger,
 the Church darker and the voices
 booming or wailing
 the long magic hollow syllables.
 Single promise of spring
 among the prim stone crosses
 wild daffodils crept,
 outshone the season's formal wreaths.

Children know only summer,
 with Christmas like a big moon
 in the winter night.
 Easter was cold, soon forgotten,
 and spring accepted.

Now for so long in our conscious gloom
 there is only winter ;
 assuming now, easy in pathos,
 that summer is unreal for us,
 seeing always beyond the torn orchards
 and lifeless fields
 the huge misery of children's eyes,

spring makes hesitant,
 turning to sentimental Janus.
 Only high festival, formality of thanks and joy,
 breaks us from our questioned selves
 or fashionable public doubt,
 to the first wonder, the first life.

Yet once in April-Easter,
 once in a blue daze of light
 the tide swung invisible and sharp
 away from sophistry and cold delight
 back to the first imagined spring,
 the unheard prelude to its sudden green,
 the first leaf when the fire was still,
 slow tree-glory breaking and branching,
 leaping the crowded fern and flower,
 springing tall to the sun.
 This first unspoken miracle,
 living reflected in the eyes of priests,
 the raised hands to the man-made gods,
 gleaming through centuries of sacrificial smoke—
 stretched out to these, whose shadows
 lean across our woods,
 Astarte, Rhea, Dionysos,
 older and younger than ourselves.

So, when Easter is late,
 and the cherry in flower,
 now blackbirds sing
 more magic than our psalms,
 leaves are like gems and clouds
 hang crystals to our wondering,
 the vision leaps from world to world,
 the stone rolls back on resurrected spring
 new fires blaze up on ancient altars now—
 we see the angel standing by the tomb.

THE CONCEPT OF DEITY

BY W. R. INGE

DR. JAMES'S book* is a valuable contribution to the study of comparative religion. It contains much unfamiliar information, for instance about the early religions of the Far East. It is only in the last chapters, when he deals with atonement, inspiration, and revelation, that he allows himself to be shackled by timidity or loyalty. "Apostolic fellowship preserved in the episcopate guarded the assurance that it was the community founded by Christ." "The literature recorded the official imprimatur of revelation." The factual occurrence of miracles, it appears, is to be judged without reference to laws of nature.

The main subject of the book, 'What do we mean by God?' is very well handled. He might have said more explicitly that 'God' and 'Theos' are not equivalent, and that the absolute, who dwelleth in the light that no man can approach unto, is not the God of religion. Plotinus is careful not to call 'the One' God, and Eckhart distinguishes sharply between the God-head and God. The God of religion is immanent as well as transcendent; for the Christian He is the indwelling Christ, whom St. Paul identifies with the Holy Spirit of God.

Dr. James is rightly emphatic that an evolving, emerging God, bound up with the fate of the cosmos, is not God at all. Nor is He only one of two well matched antagonists in a cosmic duel. An impersonal Power does not tally with religious experience. We may hesitate to speak of God as a Person, but the 'I and Thou' relation is never transcended. The saints are unanimous that prayer is neither a soliloquy nor a spiritual dumb-bell exercise.

The author deals with the problems of monism, dualism, and pluralism. Those who have followed Parmenides in denying objective reality to the phenomenal world find only an empty heaven. A journey through the unreal is an unreal journey and leads nowhere.

Dualism naturally suggests the combat between Ahura Mazda and Ahriman. The revolution in Judaism under Persian influence is a vexed question, on which Dr. James does not pronounce decidedly. He would not agree that we owe more to Zarathustra than to Moses.

But he fully recognizes the formidable challenge of metaphysical dualism. Manicheism, the Western form of the religion, had a long life, and it was only after many years that Augustine rejected it. He came to think that evil is not substantial; it is *privatio boni*. This was on the whole the conclusion of the Platonists. Plutarch, relying on a misunderstood passage of the *Timaeus*, thought that Plato recognized an evil world-soul. Dr. James says rightly that he never thought of such a thing; there is no devil in Platonism. But the moralist knows that there is a devil. The Platonists have not been more successful than other philosophers in solving one of the ultimate mysteries of human life. That evil is merely negative is contrary to our experience. Were "a Borgia and a Catiline," were Djerzinski and Goebbels only deficient in good qualities? In the hierarchy of values there are minus signs.

In the Dark and Middle Ages there was no doubt about the existence of Satan. Only in Scotland, where the De'il "shore the sow" and found

"much cry and little wool," was he a comic character. The early Christians had abandoned hope in the present dispensation, and were willing to allow Satan the title of prince of this world, as indeed he seemed to be in the sixth—as in the twentieth—century. Our age has abandoned hope in any other dispensation, but wishful thinking may make something of the present. We were too kind-hearted to think of hell, but, as McNeile Dixon says, to our surprise the gates of heaven closed also with a melancholy clang. An optimistic age, entirely misunderstanding Darwin, adopted the dream of automatic progress, which the Roman Catholics call the last great western heresy. There is, we are told, a *nisus* towards the good in nature. If we believe in God, He does not suspend natural law, but all the time He gives a gentle tilt which thwarts the activities of Ahriman. We find this idea in the post-Hegelian absolute idealists like Bradley and Bosanquet, and I think we may say in modern philosophy generally. The idealists identified the absolute with the all of being, not, like the Platonists, "beyond Being." Since God was the all, somehow or other He must include what seems to us evil. Evil must be good in the making; it only needs to be rearranged and incorporated in a benevolent universality.

Good must finally triumph over evil, not only in the spiritual world but in the temporal order, which Plato calls the moving image of eternity. This belief is very commonly held, not without some justification in the New Testament. St. Paul seems to have believed it. It is what we should all like to believe, and if there is "one increasing purpose" in creation, in Tennyson's odd phrase, we must believe that the purpose is a good one. That there is a teleology in nature can hardly be seriously disputed. Charles Darwin, who is often supposed to have denied purpose in nature, speaks of "that grand sequence of events which our minds refuse to accept as the result of blind chance. The understanding

revolts from such a conclusion." But where, except in a small minority of our species, can we find any *nisus* towards a higher mode of living? The bees and termites, oddly enough, seem to be satisfied with communism. If any bee were able to use its long-atrophied intelligence to think for itself, it would no doubt be quickly liquidated. There seems in fact to be no evidence for this theory of universal meliorism, and no reason whatever to believe in a unitary purpose, which unless we believe in a catastrophic end of the world in space and time, must be for ever unfulfilled.

Time, personality, and evil. These are the three rocks on which every philosophy must own itself beaten if it is to avoid shipwreck. Dr. James has given us an excellent account of the various attempts of mankind, savages, barbarians and civilized, to understand the world in which our lot is placed. Christian theism, as he argues, holds the field. Apart from the experience of personal devotion, which no philosophy can afford to neglect, God seems to have revealed Himself as perfect love or goodness, as truth, and as beauty. These are ultimates, and perhaps there are no others. 'Revelation' does not mean what you will be burnt or ostracized for if you do not accept it on authority.

THIRTY MINUTES TO RAISE THE DEAD, by D. R. Davies. *The Canterbury Press*. 8s. 6d.

This is a collection of sermons preached between July 1947 and September 1949 at St. Mary Magdalen, St. Leonards-on-Sea, by the reigning successor to F. W. Robertson and R. J. Campbell. Through their considerable diversity of approach and occasion runs one theme: the fallacy of "belief in man and his self-sufficient power, visibly embodied in science, to solve every problem, moral and social as well as material." It is the oft-recurring theme of the moment, in pulpit and religious press; but the reader is at once aware that here is not the usual, the too usual "defence of

* *The Concept of Deity*, by E. O. James. Hutchinson. 18s.

Christianity"; it is a most vigorous and sustained counter-offensive, as befits a man who was once a strong protagonist of the outlook he now ascends as vain in thought and disastrous in its fruits. Basing himself wholly on the Bible and often on the Prophets, he contends relentlessly that the full truth about man and his life on earth is all in these, and that the chaotic and bewildering present state of the world is the logical result of the neglect of them in men's minds. Yet he is wholly free from an unhelpful and uncharitable attitude of "I told you so," and he stresses unerringly an essential but far too often ignored article of Christian belief: that man is an immortal soul, who belongs to a world beyond space and time, and must govern himself in this present world as a citizen of the other.

Mr. Davies is no reformer, with a "social Gospel"; whereas a Christian must of course be interested in matters of social welfare and justice, these will never be more than by-products of the fundamental Christian attitude of other-worldliness; and he has small belief this world will ever be much other than a sorry mess, though on a less appalling scale than the present, and no use whatever for any idea that Christianity is a means to turning it into a vastly comfortable suburb of peace and plenty. It is a militant and aggressive creed, in which how a man reacts to whatever happens to him is the true aim, not a seeking continually after pleasant and welcome things. The futile search for this Utopian and impossible condition, he contends, is the root cause of all our troubles, and attempts to achieve it contain more than usually vigorous seeds of their own destruction.

No-one could accuse Mr. Davies of being an escapist: he leaves that to his opponents; and although his theme is always the same, there is not a dull page in the book. At moments he lets himself go to good-tempered sarcasm: "Intelligentia is comprised of those people who miss the obvious after pro-

longed and painful research"; "a committee is a social device for escaping personal responsibility." His attacks on other things, such as "Fascism, whether red or black" are sterner stuff. Always he offers a case to be answered, if it can be, not an answer to a case.

JOHN HALET.

MOONS, MYTHS AND MAN, by H. S. Bellamy. Faber & Faber. 16s.

Mr. Bellamy has a specialized interpretation of the ancient myths of all countries, based upon Hoebiger's Cosmological Theory. The cosmic jargon can be intimidating to earth-bound mortals—solifugal material, galactic blocks, faculae, the translatory flight of the sidero-solar system. Yet the theory itself is dramatic enough. It is that at a remote period, but not before men had developed upon it, the earth captured a satellite out of space—'Abyssinia, the Tertiary Satellite'—and drew it closer and closer until it was cataclysmically disintegrated and absorbed. Its pull caused the Great and Universal Flood. Later, and not more than perhaps 13,000 years ago, another satellite was captured out of space, our present moon. This capture caused the fourth Ice Age, and further cataclysms lie ahead.

With this revolutionary conception to work on, Mr. Bellamy uses an immense resource of reading in the myths of all nations to persuade the reader that the earliest legends of mankind are race-memories, or rather species-memories, of these literally world-shattering events. The tertiary satellite, as it passed three times a day round the earth, before its eventual collision, spread a trail of flying ice behind it like a gigantic comet. It showered down fire, warm rain, blocks of metal. It behaved indeed, Mr. Bellamy contends, as is described poetically in the Book of Revelations, the Jewish apocalyptic tradition generally, and in the earliest stories of the gods, from Australia to South America. He sees the trailing tail of

the tertiary satellite related as the Cyclops, the Gorgons, Cerberus, Varna, Homer's Scylla and the whole tribe of dragons, who by variation are the first conceptions of the Devil. Meanwhile the cherubim are ice and ore blocks, and the Babylon of the Apocalypse is naturally Atlantis. The meteorological changes of the earth are fitted to the theory with industrious enthusiasm, with the aid of such glosses on accepted tradition as that the grapes which Joshua's spies found in Canaan were, no doubt, bananas. In the same way 'moon' must sometimes be read 'sun' to make the myths fit the hypothesis, and by doing this and selecting your myths it is quite possible to achieve some sort of logic, although it can hardly be expected that it will convince sceptics. Indeed, the 'explanations' of Revelations seem as far-fetched as most other explanations, that are not cosmological ones.

Yet the work is one of patient ingenuity, and, if one allows the critical faculty to depart protesting, the various parallels can become absorbing. For there is far more to 'the Cosmic Ice Theory' and Mr. Bellamy's elaboration of it than it has been possible to indicate, and whether or not one can swallow the thesis whole, it is clear that the flood traditions (for instance) do need rather more explanation than as the worldwide versions of a local calamity in the Middle East. Early catastrophes do seem to be enshrined in some at least of the myths. Moreover in his most outrageous suggestions Mr. Bellamy's zeal and modesty fail to repel the reader. It is good detective fiction.

The first edition of this work was published thirteen years ago, but this one has been augmented and thoroughly revised. It is sad that the theory, so accommodating and ambitious, appears however to have no place for flying saucers. And it is a shame, too, with all those dragon images crowding the antediluvian wonderland, to have found no cosmological stable for the White Horse of Uffington.

PENNETHORNE HUGHES.

THE ARAB OF THE DESERT, by H. R. P. Dickson. Allen & Unwin. 63s.

TALES FROM THE ARAB TRIBES, by G. C. Campbell. Lindsay Drummond. 12s. 6d.

I read both these books with a feeling of real regret that they had not been published thirty years ago. For they are just what we young British officers in the Middle East should have been reading in those years between the wars, to learn from those who know, at any rate, something of the traditions, customs and outlook of the Arab life with which we were suddenly being brought into such intimate contact. Both Colonel Dickson's and Mr. Campbell's books are scholarly; but, what is far more important, they are not written solely for scholars or experts, and both are eminently readable. And now that they are published, it must be hoped that they will have the circulation they so well deserve. Both should be in every British Middle East Embassy, Legation and Consulate, in every British Chamber of Commerce, in every British club and library and in every British service mess in those parts.

Colonel Dickson was born in Syria. His foster mother was a young Badawi woman from the Anizah tribe. He spoke Arabic from childhood. And with the passage of time—spent mostly in India—he graduated through the Mesopotamian Campaign of 1914-1918 into the Political Branch first in the Lower and Middle Euphrates and later in the Persian Gulf. None of these details of his varied and distinguished career are stressed in his book. For Colonel Dickson is a modest and unpretentious writer. But what does emerge from the pages of *The Arab of the Desert* is the variety of his interests, his adroitness in negotiation, his shrewdness of observation and his vivid gift of honest narrative. And his story has the charm that it teaches without raising any oppression in the mind of the reader that he is being taught. I now feel that I know some-

thing of how the Arab lives in his black tents; how the family life of the desert is ordered; how he fights and raids; of his love and care for his horse—or rather his mare; of his camels; of his sheep and goats; of his hawks, and of his dogs—the slim hunting Saluqis and the watch-dogs whose ears are lopped as puppies so as not to be an encumbrance to them in their adult fights with marauders.

Colonel Dickson has devoted two of his chapters to tales and fables traditional in the simple society of the desert. But here we must pass on to *Tales from the Arab Tribes* in which Mr. Campbell has collected sixteen of the stories that have been handed down by Arab storytellers through the ages. They are magnificent reading—now amusing, now intriguing. All are heavily spiced with the dramatic and the sentimental. And there are some delicious climaxes and the one magnificent anti-climax of Prince Rustam, Ruler of Kermanshah who made the “Noise”. My pleasure as a reader was definitely heightened by my having just finished *The Arab of the Desert*. For as I read Mr. Campbell's tales I found myself steeped in the atmosphere of Colonel Dickson's world. I could see an Arab audience squatting round the story-teller: their gusts of laughter; their grunts of approval or disapproval and their sighs and their sobs as they swayed now from side to side, now forward, now back, while the story surged from adventure to adventure. Mr. Campbell's translations are happy and unaffected; and as I read for two unbroken and enchanted hours, my only regret was that I was by my own London fireside and not with him in the Muntafik. One day I must hear Hussein telling “The Story of the Lost Soul” in Arabic in its own desert setting. Colonel Dickson's book is well illustrated by photographs and his wife's drawings and has a fine collection of maps and Arab family trees and a first-class index. Mr. Campbell's tales are effectively supported by John Buckland Wright's woodcuts.

OWEN TWEEDY.

THE SCIENCE OF WEALTH, by J. A. Hobson, revised by R. F. Harrod (4th Edn.). Oxford University Press. 5s.

CURRENCY AND CREDIT, by R. G. Hawtrey (4th Edn.). Longmans. 25s.

The books of economists howsoever scientific and artful they appear to be on first publication are often falsified by the subsequent intrusion of ignored factors. The expectation of useful life of a new economic concept in our turbulent century is short. As a result the general reader is sceptical and lacks interest in economic literature. This is unfortunate, for within limits the economists know what turns and what stops the wheels of industry and that is something which concerns everyone. Here are welcome reprints of two books which have stood the test of time.

J. A. Hobson, commended by Mr. Roy Harrod, was a heretic also commended in his day by Lenin. His little book provides just that brief but lucid account of the workings of our industrial system which should be basic reading for all who enter the contemporary controversies on wages, prices and profits. What Hobson wrote in 1911 and revised in 1934 now receives modest revision from Mr. Harrod in a short epilogue confined to criticism of Hobson's concept of the unproductive surplus (payments to the owner of any service or factor of production in excess of what is needed to evoke its full supply). There may be holes in Hobson, but rationing, controls and municipal housing all provide examples of how far we have advanced from the reviser's views that “the best available measure of need is the willingness to pay” such a surplus. The *Science of Wealth* is a useful addition to the Home University Library; the stimulated demands of trade unionist for more wages and industrialist for more profits would be moderated after both had by its light seen the central problem of our mixed economy to be the proper adjustment of spending, saving and replacement.

Laymen are unlikely to explore the works of Professor Hawtrey. *Currency and Credit* is the best known and in it he describes (from his individual angle—the wholesale dealer's outlook) how the flow of credit operates to retard or accelerate, stop or start, industrial activity. The events of 37 years since first publication, and of 23 since the last edition, have not falsified his analysis although they have called for and now are given additions and changes of emphasis in the text. The historical illustrations of this analysis (which comprise half the book) achieve the unusual combination of interest for the general reader and authoritative studies for the expert. Dealing with recent history, war finance and inflation, the writer is succinct but adequate, providing incidentally some clear thinking for those who think the removal of controls would restore the value of money. Professor Hawtrey recognizes that stable money is an indispensable condition of the survival of capitalism, and maintains that credit regulation by bank-rate policy and a realistically managed currency can ensure this stability. He is a critic of the present expansionist policy and disinclination to employ bank-rate and ‘dear money’ as a corrective: “the demand is for a vehicle without a brake.” The one comment may be ventured that whereas monetary devices might control monetary influences which promote disequilibrium any central control of our economic development which relied exclusively upon such a mechanism would surely encounter real disturbances which are less responsive. Precision and a polished style are notable features of this standard work.

EWAN WALLIS-JONES.

A CONCISE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF BRITAIN: From the Earliest Times to A.D. 1750, by Sir John Clapham. Cambridge University Press 12s. 6d.

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earlier economic history than any other. It is only in comparatively recent years that our fully developed individualism has been confronted by that school of thought which suggests that it needs supplementing by the corporate action of the community, as in former days, if the problems of world economy and social justice are to be solved. Partly perhaps for this reason, the academic study of economic history has grown tremendously in importance in the last fifty years and few have played a greater part in its development than the late Sir John Clapham.

It is difficult to present economic history attractively, as few who were brought up on the great Cunningham, for instance, would dispute, but Clapham was able in the lectures which he gave at Cambridge from 1908-1935 to let plenty of sunlight into what he called "the basement of man's house." This book grew out of those lectures, but it is not just their text nor yet a mere re-hash of his notes. It is a new and important work, yet with much from those memorable lectures incorporated in it. So, as Mr. Saltmarsh, who saw the book through the press, says, "for me this book echoes, as few others, the sound of its author's spoken word."

The economic history of Britain is not a history of social habits, but of man's work, and it is concerned therefore mostly with the plough, the loom, the mine, the furnace and the distribution all over the world of their products. This can be arid enough, and Clapham himself in his inaugural lecture as Professor at Cambridge, describes the economic historian as a collector of historical bones, "saying deferentially to the pure historian—it is for you to call on Clio 'Come from the four winds and breathe upon these that they may live.'" Yet he more than anyone else made English economic history live.

The present book is but half of what he intended, but at the time of his death in 1946 the story from the earliest times to 1750 was complete in itself, and his

original intention will be fulfilled later by Professor W. H. B. Court's companion volume to cover the period from 1750.

The quality of this first-class book lies not only in the breadth of knowledge at its author's disposal, nor in his skill in selection from such abundant material, but in his felicity of wit and humble wisdom, and in his ability to connect economic activity with political, social and literary happenings. Thus he almost always opens up new avenues of thought for his readers, and is never dull. If criticism there be it is that the book demands some previous knowledge of the subject if full benefit is to be derived from it.

J. F. BURNET.

BENITO MUSSOLINI: MEMOIRS 1942—1943, edited by Raymond Klibansky. *Weidenfeld & Nicholson*. 18s.

Reading this book is like climbing a mountain: every time you succeed in surmounting one escarpment, hoping that it will be the last, another is seen rising forbiddingly ahead. The book begins with a Foreword by Professor Raymond Klibansky, explaining what it is all about; and almost every page thereafter carries footnotes in which the editor corrects or amplifies the text. After the Foreword, there comes an Introduction by Cecil Sprigge, giving the historical background and an interpretation of the Duce as journalist. Next, we reach the main body of the book, consisting of twenty-one self-defensive articles by Mussolini which were originally published in the fascist press of Northern Italy in 1944.

Then the fun really begins. The articles are followed, first, by an Appendix containing letters from Grandi and Badoglio and, secondly, by three eyewitnesses' accounts. Admiral Maugeri tells us what Mussolini told him during the first phase of the internment. (The Admiral's story is prefixed with another Foreword by Professor Klibansky.) The managers

of the Hotel Campo Imperatore provide a simple and vivid account of the Duce's captivity in that mountain resort, and of his liberation by the Germans who landed out of the blue in gliders. And eyewitness Cardinal Schuster describes his last meeting with Mussolini.

As though that were not enough, the principal Appendices then confront us. The first of them is a long commentary on the Italian attack on Greece, by Professor Klibansky. The second Appendix is a shorter editorial note. The third, an exhaustive bibliography. The fourth, a who's who. Finally (mixing the metaphor) the punch-drunk reader stumbles into the Index. He can't believe he has got to the end of it until he really sees the last words: Zog, King, followed by a mercifully blank page.

This thorough and meticulous book will be invaluable for the student of modern Italy. I defy the general reader to scale it.

GEORGE PENDLE.

THE BOOK OF THE P.E.N., edited by Hermon Ould. *Arthur Barker*. 12s. 6d.

This selection of essays, stories, poems, and plays by members of the English P.E.N. Club—arbitrarily arranged by Mr. Hermon Ould—is the kind of book to dip into at odd moments and not to take too seriously. Personal preference is given its head, elevated temporarily into a law, so that one may consort at will with the most congenial of these entirely unassertive companions.

The first three essays are recollections of famous men. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy sets the light tone with a nostalgic fragment about the arrogantly handsome Wilfrid Blunt; Miss Enid Bagnold's "grand recollection dressed up by Time" captures some of the irrepressible rascality of Frank Harris, whose aptitude for effrontery and literary exhibitionism was quite unrestricted during his imprisonment for contempt of court.

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contributions are perhaps the essays by G. M. Trevelyan and Miss C. V. Wedgwood. The first is a lover of the true historical novel that does not distort known facts, or denigrate historical characters. His consideration of the rights and possibilities of history in fiction is a most authoritative expression of opinion by one who recognizes the social importance of the art of literary reconstruction in our time. Miss Wedgwood's evocative study somehow manages to convey an impression of a whole formative period through the bewildered personality of Charles I.

Mr. C. P. Snow, writing of three creative men—Lord Rutherford, H. G. Wells and Lloyd George—says that the lesson to be learned from the 'thirties was that creative workers in any field "do not strain intolerably at their job." The lives of such writers as Lawrence and Conrad do not support such a view. Real creativeness is indeed a chipping of ideas from the breast-bone. The creative work in this miscellany varies greatly in quality and much of it has not passed through the natural stages of growth which is the gap between journalism and literature. The stories by William Sansom and H. M. Tomlinson have real unity and power; and the poems by Robert Conquest and Walter de la Mare have convincingness which comes from the utterances of "directed voices".

The plays by Miss Storm Jameson and Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson offer opportunity for comparison because both were originally written for broadcasting. The first play, *William the Defeated*, brings William, Duke of Normandy to the front of the stage in a meaningful way. He is presented as one who does not understand loyalty or know the practical applications of love. Miss Johnson's *The Duchess At Sunset* is an "imaginary conversation" and, unsupported by the emphasis of the human voice, makes dull reading because it is flat and superficial and without purpose.

Purpose is something that is replacing the older Victorian moral in contemporary literature. It is true that books may not be judged as commodities, nor evaluated by reference even to their moral utility, yet when an organization like the P.E.N. Club produces a book which is a kind of catkin caress, ignoring most of the cultural issues such an organization would be expected to promote, there will be misgivings as to the wisdom of such a departure. Is not this a lost opportunity? The moral obligations of the writer to society were never greater than they are to-day; and this book, issued at such a time and from such a source, disappoints because no awareness of the crucial need for creative insight is to be gleaned from its quiet competence.

E. W. MARTIN.

JOHN AUBREY: BRIEF LIVES.

Edited by Oliver Lawson Dick.
Secker & Warburg. 30s.

Few authors can have been so frequently quoted without acknowledgment or recognition as John Aubrey, and surely no writer of such important matter and with so diverting a quality has been so neglected at source. Aubrey himself, with a self-criticism rare in authors, saw the reason for probable neglect of his writing in the fact that he had no more than "tumultuously stitched up what I have many years since collected." Presumably a sense of the odd shapes of history, which the collecting of his material produced, enabled him to foresee among later historians—particularly literary historians—"somebody else (as is not uncommon) put his name to my Paines." Nevertheless, even as he contemplated the vast disorder of his initial writings and subsequent jottings, he could hope that "hereafter it may be an Incitement to some Ingeniose and publick-spirited young Man, to polish and compleat what I have delivered rough hewen."

Mr. Oliver Lawson Dick has recog-

nized in himself that "Ingeniose and publick-spirited young man" and has produced an important book. Aubrey has had many looters, but few editors and his editions in earlier periods have been affected by prejudices and pruderies which have not concerned his present editor. This volume is judiciously selected: it does not contain those of Aubrey's notes for 'Lives', which are fragmentary or merely the framework for data not subsequently recorded. His work has been here edited to produce 134 coherent essays on sixteenth and seventeenth century men and women of varying degrees of eminence, together with a substantial sketch of Aubrey's life and times as he recorded them.

The result is at once a book of reference and a sequence of lively peopled pages. Aubrey has not only the inclination to research of the scholar, but also the gossip's ability to illuminate history—a gift he shares with the more superficially confidential Pepys, and the deliberate Creevey and Greville. Mr. Lawson Dick has not found it necessary to go further for the vivid phrase than to careful search and arrangement of Aubrey's own work. Similarly, the author left behind the exact phrase for use by his subsequent reviewers—"when a Boy, I did ever love to converse with old men, as Living Histories." Thus sympathetically edited, Aubrey provides perfect material for the modern sense of period and human inquiry, and certainly no interest in the seventeenth century can be fully satisfied without recourse to his book.

Phrases, incidents, witticisms, startling twists of character in profusion, demand quotation. There is less doubt of Aubrey's complete good faith than of the complete veracity of all his statements, but every word he writes has the essential truth of imagination. More, great men, too long petrified in the arid tombs of the chroniclers' histories, are here to be seen with the lines of their faces mobile and instinct with the essence of their

being. The scholarly status of this edition is high indeed; however, the exhaustive bibliography, glossary and index are less memorable than such of its content as the report of the deathbed of Isaac Barrow—"As he laye unravelling in the agonie of death, the Standers-by could hear him say softly, *I have seen the Glories of the world.*" Or this, on Beaumont and Fletcher—"They lived together on the Banke side, not far from the Playhouse, both batchelors; lay together; had one Wench in the house between them, which they did so admire; the same cloathes and cloake, etc. between them." And, almost at random, the eye lights with delight on—"Sir John (Danvers) was wont in fair mornings in the summer to brush his Beaver hatt on the Hysop and Thyme, which did perfume it with its naturall Spirit; and would last a morning or longer."

JOHN ARLOTT.

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○ Lord God Almighty, I call upon Thee for deliverance for myself and for my family in adversities and accidents, and for PROTECTION in earthquakes, floods, and all convulsions of Nature. I also call upon Thee for PROTECTION in dangers, such as rioting and other social disorders, arising out of the confusion accompanying the end of the world's unhappy conditions. And I intreat Thee to make haste, O God, to frustrate the godless menace in Britain; to redeem the world from sin, sickness, and death; and to take it under Thy immediate Governance. Amen.

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wrote Paul to the Corinthians. It would be easy to say that life at his cathedral Deanery in London between the wars bore no resemblance to these hardships and so to dismiss the *DIARY OF A DEAN: St. Paul's 1911-34* (Hutchinson. 21s.) as a frivolous book.

"Nothing fails like success"

It is true that Dr. W. R. Inge records a formidable social round in association as he says, "mainly with persons above our station," and of tributes to his eminence, including waived doctors' fees and second class *Mauretania* tickets transferred to a *cabin de luxe*. And it is fair criticism that too much worldliness separated the Dean too sharply from God's other children; a note about "grimy miners, a rather rough-looking lot, walking about" (and this in 1930), or a surprise that "waifs and strays" (for whom at a function some Belgravia children were mistaken) "looked so respectable", come unselfconsciously from his pen. Then there is the typical regret that his own strata of society is being squeezed out, and it is here that the important indictment could be made. Over-insistence on the superiority of the cultured and moneyed set, with little sense of responsibility for the uplifting of "the mob", left the "working classes" to shoulder this task, with the present deplorable tendency to a general levelling down. Not a Labour Government then, but unthinking arrogance, complacency, incuriosity in a powerful minority, seem to be the clue to Dr. Inge's aphorism that "the ruling classes rule themselves out."

In conceding that he is almost always right for the wrong reasons, there is now no bar to the enjoyment of the book. It is full of the wisdom

and felicity of expression, buttressed by personal family happiness, that make the books and lectures of his middle years and his current articles in *THE FORTNIGHTLY* so durable a contribution to the thought of the twentieth century. Some close-cropped editing is perhaps responsible for tantalizing omissions. For example he warms the heart by saying of Mr. Bernard Shaw: "He is a good man, and a great man, and he is kind enough to wish to be our friend," only to fire the curiosity by a bare note that he met Axel Münthe, or André Maurois, or John Galsworthy, or that he "preached extempore at Whitefield's Congregational Church" in 1926. He is ever pertinent on such themes as superstition, the Oxford Group, bigamy, burglary, Warwick Castle, and poetry that scans. In fact, as a congenial subject threatens to monopolize these pages, Bishop Barnes's words, quoted by Mrs. Inge, must fittingly close it:

The Dean needs no introduction to an English audience. Our people are often surprised that an intellect so keen and piercing into human affairs should yet belong to so great a divine and the greatest mystic of his age.

Whisper Louise

From gaiters to *THE MAN IN THE STRAW HAT* by Maurice Chevalier (Odhams. 12s. 6d.) is far enough away to account for the names of the owners not figuring in each other's indexes. Yet the juxtaposition here is not so ludicrous; the life story of this poor boy, winning through to the glare of limelight, the son of a "drunk" and of "a saintly woman who brought ten children into the world" while working desperately at lace making, points the moral and completes a social picture in which comfort and security and inherited prestige are only a small part. Even Maurice Chevalier's astonishment that he has got so far provides a piquant comparison with taken-for-granted mental and material affluence. The

book is full of the singer's spirits, high and low, and written in a racy American idiom which presumably belongs to Caroline Clark who is credited only obscurely, on the dust jacket, with the translation. The stories are many and good. Those who have delighted in the poise and polish of Sacha Guitry's acting will appreciate M. Chevalier's comment as he watched him being presented to Alfonso XIII: "In fact Sacha assumed such a kingly manner and the King was so natural that for a moment I had them confused." The whole makes a charming and disarming plea for "the job I have always loved beyond anything all my life."

What is he like?

All his life to Denton Welch meant but 31 years, crippled for thirteen of them by a road accident in which his spine was fractured. His novel *A VOICE THROUGH A CLOUD* (John Lehmann. 10s. 6d.) is so obviously autobiography, with its setting of hospitals and its characters, patients, nurses and doctors, lit up in its extraordinarily vivid flashes of physical suffering, that the reader is sick and wrenched with his agony and numbed by the same shock of uncertainty. The decorations in the book are his, to prove how neatly he held a pencil, and the book stands as the sure promise of a power over words that was cut short two days before the New Year of 1949.—In the opening essay of *THE LIVES OF AUTHORS* (Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d.) George Gordon, once Professor of Poetry and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, discusses the many reasons why, in Addison's *Spectator* dictum, "a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure until he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor." This, of course, is classified as a mainly feminine foible by Professor Gordon; yet, anyone in publishing could swear how like old women some males are in the exchange of anecdotes about their fellow writers, and, delight and wonder at Shelley's *Adonats* has

nothing to do with the sex of its reader. The chapter on "The Art and Ethics of Modern Biography" has special reference to Lytton Strachey and his school and will receive the prolonged applause of those who know that irony is not enough to depict a man truthfully. Altogether, this book with its studies of Scott, Bridges, Lang, Milton, Bacon and others is as erudite as it is lighthearted, and as quick to reverence where due as it is slow to 'debunk' undeservedly.

The perfect spinster

Isabel C. Clarke approaches the author of *Castle Rackrent* with just the proper degree of friendship, tempered by respect in *MARIA EDGEWORTH* (Hutchinson. 18s.) that her "authoress" (silly word) seems to require. It must be confessed that acquaintance with M. E. has hitherto been limited in these pages to the village of La Celle where her friend and translator, Madame Swanton Belloc, made Arcadian the childhood of Marie and Hilaire, her children. Miss Clarke has now rescued from unfair neglect this full, varied and happy life, spent among an enormous family of brothers and sisters where Maria was the perfect maiden aunt, and where "her enjoyment of books made the evening hours delightful to all." She was the friend of Madame Recamier and of Scott, who acknowledged his debt to her, and with her death at the age of 82 there ended, Mrs. Edgeworth wrote, "the long friendship of fifty-one years unbroken by a single cloud of difference or distrust." Surely a remarkable tribute from a step-mother.

The Friends

The hasty second, third and fourth marriages of Maria Edgeworth's devoted father would have met with the strong disapproval of George Fox, the man most responsible for the ecclesiastical legislation of the Society of Friends. Arnold Lloyd with much scholarship and research has formulated *QUAKER SOCIAL HISTORY: 1669-1738* (Longmans Green. 21s.) in its many

aspects. He has chapters on individual freedom and group authority, on poor relief, on marriage, on Quakers and the State, the Church of England, and youth, on women's meetings, on the worship of the Friends, and on their finance. The book should become without delay an indispensable textbook for students of both the godly and the delinquent in the troubled seventeenth century.

Just as COURT CIRCULAR by Sewell Stokes (*Michael Joseph*. 10s. 6d.) might well become a standby for students of the vagaries of the equally troubled 1940's.

Life in the raw

For all its airy style, this chronicle is quite a solid study of the kinds of delinquency that find themselves before the magistrate. And so it should be, for the author was for four years the Probation Officer at Bow Street. He warns the reader that not a word must be disbelieved; truth being indeed stranger than fiction he has toned down episode or dialogue which "if reported with absolute accuracy must have appeared too much as if it had been manufactured," and he has scrambled his characters to avoid identification. The secret of its success is that his profession "never for a moment ceased to fascinate" the writer and naturally the telling fascinates the reader. Its effect is of a swift-flowing Scottish burn; the ripples sparkle and dance on the clear brown water; the gurgle can still be heard under the hillside, before white foam marks again its plunging track. In sober prose, few modern novels can equal its story value.

The psychiatrist guest

None of this is claimed for THE COCKTAIL PARTY by T. S. Eliot (*Faber & Faber*. 10s. 6d.), whose conversation and plot meander, and in some places stand quite still. It should be said by

this reader, who did not see the Edinburgh production, that probably the timing and pace of the spoken word, and the drawing room and consulting room accessories, force the play to take on life. The doctor utters common-places pleasantly enough; one can only concur with:

Half the harm that is done in the world is due to people who want to feel important adding that perhaps the other half is due to the same cause. The family reunion is here the emergence of a couple from the waste land of an unsuccessful marriage. The murder is not this time in the cathedral but on a tropical island where abruptly the natives crucify Celia Coplestone "very near an anthill." The play is called a comedy and there are phrases that might make an audience smile. As some audiences will smile at anything, this, it is feared, is not high praise. To read, it is mildly interesting; it refuses to be heralded as inspired utterance.

Bougainvillaea and olive

There is just space for a real island "where life after death is more important than life itself." To one who has been no nearer to it than the shores of the Gulf of Genoa, CORSICA (*Peter Garnett*. 7s. 6d.) as described and drawn by Christopher Gotch seems to possess most of the charms of Italy's mainland from Rapallo to Sorrento. This is assuredly high tribute—to the island, to the author, or to both. He is not less successful with human nature in the ugly, primitive towns, where he uses his architect's eye. As an English Catholic, he says, he is disgusted that chairs in the churches are paid for. Here an English Protestant recalls the "petty practice" at civilization's heart, in Paris itself, where on Sunday mornings it was the disconcerting preliminary to most wonderful music. Yet pew-rents elsewhere are respectable enough.

GRACE BANYARD.

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AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY INTERPRETED

BY WERNER LEVI

EVERY national foreign policy is characterized by a number of features which change only slowly in the course of time. As long as the sovereign nation State system prevails in the world, self-preservation is the primary goal of foreign policy. In the absence of a superior authority to guarantee the safe existence of nations, every nation is responsible for its own survival. The stronger it is, relative to all other nations, the better can this responsibility be fulfilled. The first and foremost aim of all foreign policy must therefore be to strengthen a nation's power. To admit this necessity is not *le bon ton* in international relations. Democratic nations particularly dislike the idea because power means control over human beings by human beings and this is difficult to reconcile with the democratic assumption of their basic equality. The tendency is therefore either to disguise the quest for power in ideological clothes or to admit it, rationalizing it in ideological terms or belittling it as a means to moral ends.

A second factor tending to endow foreign policy with enduring characteristics is the environment from which the policy springs. Its effect may vary with cultural, especially technological development. Resources of a nation may at one time vitally affect the power position, at other times be entirely irrelevant. But, generally speaking, environment has a considerable influence upon the shape of foreign policy. Then, thirdly, there is the make-up of the population. The government of a homogeneous people like the British or French can ignore certain considerations which loom large in American or Swiss discussions. A fourth factor is the historical culture pattern of the nation as it develops and conditions the thinking and aspirations as well as the institutions of the people. Fifth is the nature of foreign policy itself. As long as the quest for power makes international relations competitive, foreign policy must remain largely secret. The goal is always known, but the means to reach it are hidden, even from the people whose existence is at stake. Foreign policy is therefore less subject to public scrutiny and variability. Furthermore, its shape at any given moment depends to a considerable extent upon other nations' foreign policy. A people may have complete control over, say, agricultural

policy and turn it overnight into the opposite of what it was on the previous day. But no matter how much a nation wishes to change its foreign policy, the fulfilment of the wish depends upon the co-operation of nations over which it has no control. The necessity of dovetailing some sixty foreign policies into a world-wide pattern permits only a gradual change.

All these factors have affected American foreign policy and provided it with many permanent features. The over-riding pre-occupation with security is recognizable throughout the 175 years of the nation's existence. In one of the earliest American diplomatic documents, the first instructions of Congress relative to a treaty of peace with Great Britain, passed on August 14, 1779, are to end the further effusion of blood "by every means consistent with their dignity and safety," and the American peace commission was instructed to inform the French Emperor how much the United States relied upon his aid "in everything that may be necessary to the peace, security, and future prosperity of the United States of America." In the offer to purchase Cuba from Spain, James Buchanan wrote that "the highest and first duty of every independent nation is to provide for its own safety ; and, acting upon this principle we should be compelled to resist the acquisition of Cuba by any powerful maritime State, with all the means which Providence has placed at our command," the obvious implication being that the right or wrong of acquisition by any other power is secondary to American security. The decision to proceed with the manufacture of the hydrogen bomb was based on security considerations to which all moral qualms were finally subordinated. This quest for power to guarantee security and survival is the feature which all nations' foreign policies share alike. What distinguishes them are the means used, which are determined by the conditions peculiar to each nation.

The geographical position of the United States, with its oceans on either side, is usually cited as being largely responsible for the isolationism of American foreign policy. That America's "detached and distant situation," to use Washington's words, shaped the popular impression of what the rôle of America should be in world affairs can hardly be doubted. But isolation as such was never, even in theory, an overall principle of American foreign policy. The United States was never isolationist in its attitude to Latin America or the Pacific. The idea developed in American-European relations and is a misnomer even there. If it is "isolationism" for a nation to remain aloof from the conflicts of other nations for its own good and to risk involvement only if the so-called national interest requires it, the foreign policy of every nation is isolationist.

A more correct description of America's European policy would be to say that, relatively (in view of potentialities at home) and absolutely

(in view of Europe's unattractiveness from an economic and political standpoint), there was little reason for the United States to foster close relations with the Old World. Security remained the major consideration in the minds of American statesmen, though frequently in the background. Four thousand miles of water obviated the need for undue preoccupation with the problem. But this barrier was never completely adequate to relieve fears of possible aggression from Europe, and increasingly less so as communications improved. Anxiety over threats to American security, either as a result of European activities in the western hemisphere or as a result of American-European clashes of interest somewhere else in the world, persists almost continuously throughout American history.

The first statesmen of the Republic had seen how the balance of power on the European continent had enabled Great Britain to expand its overseas dominions in relative safety and there is good reason to believe that they felt the desirability of continuing such a balance, now including Great Britain, which would secure the new nation as it had before secured the colony. One reason why there is so little evidence, written or verbal, for this American policy is that balance of power is contrary to American ideals and even when it is consciously applied, it is not openly so called. A more important reason is that the United States, at least until early in the twentieth century, had no need to engineer it in Europe. Great Britain did it, for the United States incidentally, and primarily for itself. And as long as Great Britain was successful, American security was accepted by the Americans as part of the given environment, just as was the water barrier, upon which foreign policy was based but which was not itself an object of foreign policy.

In 1911 Theodore Roosevelt announced as his own opinion that if England should fail to maintain the balance of power "the United States would be obliged to step in, at least temporarily, in order to re-establish the balance of power in Europe, never mind against which country or group of countries our efforts may have to be directed." President Wilson was utterly disgusted with the 1914-1918 war, having no particular sympathy for the German and little for the other side and, in the opinion of Charles A. Beard, being concerned "mainly in the possible destruction of the balance of power." Colonel House told Wilson no good could result from the war for the United States ; if the Allies won, Russia would dominate Europe, if Germany, "the unspeakable tyranny of militarism." There is no reason to doubt that these considerations were among those which finally determined the American entry into the war at a time when Germany threatened to become overwhelmingly strong in Europe. Wilson's "peace without victory" fits into this pattern as well as into his humanitarianism. When Great Britain, after

that war, resumed the rôle of balancer of power, the United States could become "isolationist" again without risk to its security.

During the 1939-1945 war, Great Britain's existence was endangered once more and there was no doubt in the mind of the American Government that the United States had to prevent her being defeated. President Roosevelt made it quite clear that American strategy would assist Great Britain in order to ensure American security. This involved global policies, since the survival of Great Britain depended on the support of the Empire. For this reason the United States had to take a firm stand against any further Japanese expansion into south-east Asia. In February 1941, the Counsellor of the American Embassy in Tokyo told the Japanese Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs that, much as the American people abhorred the idea of having to join in the war, the consideration of helping England transcended even the consideration of avoiding war. "It would be absurd to suppose that the American people, while pouring munitions into Britain, would look with complacency upon the cutting of communications between Britain and British dominions and colonies overseas," the Vice-Minister was warned. "If, therefore, Japan or any other nation were to prejudice the safety of those communications, either by direct action or by placing herself in a position to menace those communications, she would have to expect to come into conflict with the United States."

As a result of the 1939-1945 war Great Britain has become too weak to assume the traditional rôle in Europe's balance of power, and this explains the continued preoccupation of the United States with European affairs. The desperate efforts of the United States to form a western union fit into the traditional American approach to European politics. If American policy should become successful, the United States might be expected to turn "isolationist" again, although undoubtedly not to the degree that it once was.

The demographic character of America further explains the impression of isolationism. But this fact primarily affects the form of America's foreign policy, rarely its substance, and never any decisions which are considered vital. The composite nature of the American population makes it difficult for a government that wants to be re-elected to take sides with any one nation and join alliances. In creating a community out of the heterogeneous groups composing the population it would be undesirable to split the American people by gratuitously joining a European power in combination against another. This handicap to the manoeuvrability of American governments disappeared as soon as the melting pot had performed its task. Now the United States can afford to conclude an Atlantic Alliance without fear of disrupting the community. Nevertheless, whenever a stand is taken against a foreign nation, American states-

men are usually careful to point out that the government rather than the people of the nation is the target of an American foreign policy that fits into the ideological and sociological background.

Most of these considerations do not apply to the Pacific area. The area was economically much more attractive and politically less involved than Europe. And American security was not as well taken care of by the policy of another power. American policy in the Pacific area was never characterized by isolationism. On the contrary, America's policy was aggressively assertive and at times expansionist far beyond the dictates of security. American expansion took place overland and overseas and in both cases showed typical manifestations of imperialist mentality. Its beginnings coincided with the Revolution. The stimulus came from New England merchants and whalers, missionaries, and the navy. These groups favoured the extension of American power for the protection of their own interests. They did not necessarily have imperialist designs, but they were the pioneers of imperialism nevertheless. Even the overland expansion toward the west coast was not the result of the natural fanning out from the east coast settlements but a typical drive of colonialism. The settlement of Oregon and California was envisaged as a colonial development. In the early decades of the nineteenth century, the central plains of North America were considered natural frontiers beyond which the eastern population could not move. In the mind of many among those who thought at all about the Pacific Ocean and the west coast, Oregon and California were not only potential colonies but belonged to an essentially Asiatic sphere. Thomas Jefferson, in a letter to John Jacob Astor expressed his satisfaction at the beginning of a settlement of Americans along the Oregon coast which, he anticipated, would be covered "with free and independent Americans, unconnected with us but by the ties of blood and interest, and employing like us the rights of self-government." In 1823, when the Oregon Bill was discussed, Congressman Tracy said: "I cannot believe that the people of the Atlantic and the Pacific can ever be brought under the banners of the same Government, consistent with the interests or happiness of either; nature has fixed limits for our nation; she has kindly interposed as our western barrier, mountains almost inaccessible, whose base she has skirted with irreclaimable deserts of sand. This barrier our population can never pass—if it does, it becomes the people of a new world, whose connections, whose feelings, and whose interests, are not with us, but with our antipodes," and, if the Bill were passed, he felt the United States would accept "the principle of colonization." In 1825 Senator Benton made an even more striking statement. "Upon the people of Eastern Asia, the establishment of a civilized power upon the opposite coast of

America, would not fail to produce great and wonderful benefits. Science, liberal principles in government and the true religion, might cast their lights across the intervening sea. The valley of the Columbia might become the granary of China and Japan, and an outlet to their imprisoned and exuberant populations. The inhabitants of the oldest and the newest, the most despotic and the freest Governments, would become neighbours, and, peradventure, the friends of each other. They have the same enemies, and by consequence, should stand together as friends. Russia and the legitimates menace Turkey, Persia, China and Japan; they menace them for their riches and dominions; the same powers menace the two Americas for the popular forms of their governments. To my mind the proposition is clear, that Eastern Asia, and the two Americas, as they have become neighbours, should become friends; that they should stand together upon a sense of common danger. . . .

When, toward the middle of the century, American interests on the west coast and in the Pacific Ocean were no longer the preoccupation of a few merchants, missionaries and naval officers, but of increasingly larger sections of the population, the overland and overseas movements melted into one. Popular enthusiasm for expansion west and into the Pacific reaches heights at that period which were hardly equalled in later years. It helped in establishing the principle that the Pacific Ocean is of vital interest to the United States; and upon this principle rested the eventual acquisition of territories in the Pacific late in the last century and the establishment of American supremacy as a result of the 1939-1945 war. Instead of isolationism this was a policy of active expansionism, involving all the paraphernalia of military force and the balance of power.

These fundamental features of American policy in Europe and the Pacific, some of which also apply to Latin America, contravene most directly the ideals which are part and parcel of the American's upbringing. Americans have no monopoly in their insistence upon decency and morality in the substance and methods of foreign policy. But any deviation in practice from these precepts is more disturbing to more Americans than would be true among other peoples. The reason is that, in Gunnar Myrdal's words in *The American Dilemma*: "America, compared to every other country in Western civilization, large or small, has the *most explicitly expressed* system of general ideals in reference to human inter-relations. This body of ideals is more widely understood and appreciated than similar ideals are anywhere else. The American Creed is not merely—as in some other countries—the implicit background of the nation's political and judicial order as it functions. To be sure, the political creed of America is not very satisfactorily effectuated in actual social life. But as principles which *ought* to rule, the Creed has been made

conscious to everyone in American society." The principles of this creed are applied constantly to every public enterprise. Every policy, internal or external, in order to appeal to or satisfy the public, must be phrased in the terms of American ideals. These ideals and the steps necessary to assure national survival are not always easily reconcilable. Hamilton and some of his contemporaries attempted to solve the dilemma by making the pursuit of the national self-interest itself a moral principle. "Indeed," he wrote, "the rule of morality in this respect is not precisely the same between nations as between individuals. The duty of making its own welfare the guide of its actions, is much stronger upon the former than upon the latter. . . ." Under William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, and their spiritual colleagues, moral principles were used to rationalize expansionism, perhaps to themselves, but in any case to the public. What, for example, convinced President McKinley to decide upon the annexation of the Philippine Islands was "to educate the Filipinos, and uplift and civilize and Christianize them, and by God's grace do the very best we could by them as our fellow-men for whom Christ also died." Woodrow Wilson, finally, represented the purest example of an attempt to make morals the guiding and exclusive principle of foreign policy.

The social background of the American people again explains the phenomenon. A set of values and beliefs is an important factor in the integration of a group. In order to hasten the Americanization of immigrants they were imbued with the American creed. This obviously had to be one which permitted its acceptance by people of the most diverse ideological and cultural backgrounds. Democracy fulfils this function admirably, especially when it is widely though wrongly interpreted as licence. In that case, the most diverse ideologies could be held by individuals as long as they granted the same rights to everybody. The emphasis in the American interpretation of democracy is upon the freedoms rather than upon the social responsibilities and obligations it implies (these are usually left to religion). The result of this stress upon ideology is that, to say the least, American foreign policy is always coloured by the moral standards implied in the ideology.

Ideology cannot ever overcome the quest for power, but within the leeway that the pursuit of this primary aim leaves, particularly in the choice of means, American foreign policy reflects the American creed. The non-recognition doctrine, the principle of non-intervention, the sponsorship of arbitration, even dollar diplomacy, which from a humanitarian standpoint is preferable as a method to militaristic imperialism, can be explained on these grounds.

The economic principles of the most-favoured-nation clause and the open door and free trade which have fairly consistently been

advocated, though not applied, by American governments can similarly be explained by the American tradition. In this sphere, especially, Americans are endowed with extraordinary optimism and confidence, which are maintained by vigorous propaganda from those who derive particular benefits from a free enterprise system. The experience of the frontier created trust in the unlimited possibilities of America, in the blessings of individual competition, which, in turn, breeds the conviction that the individual, if left alone and permitted to fend for himself, will receive rewards proportionate to his effort. Booms and depressions, like the uncertainties of the wilderness were parts of a destiny over which man has no control. The "promise of American life" is still to-day, as it was in the past to masses of immigrants, the promise of a career beginning with the selling of newspapers and ending with the ownership of an economic empire. Most of the American people still tend to believe that personal ability, not a system, decides who is to be at the top and who is to be at the bottom of the economic ladder, and that in a free enterprise system everybody is on the ladder where he ought to be according to his qualifications. These beliefs are applied to the international scene. And many Americans cannot understand, therefore, why other nations should refuse to compete for the goods and the markets of the world. Not realizing that competition is fair only—as it was to a degree on the frontier—when the start is the same for all, they do not see why unhampered competition, the open door, free trade, are unacceptable to nations which possess a mere fraction of the wealth of the United States.

This generalizing analysis of American foreign policy provides a clue to the contradictory reactions from abroad. It is the same clue which explains many contradictory reactions within the United States: the dilemma between the heavily accentuated idealism and the inevitable necessity to deviate from it. American pronouncements, always formulated in idealistic terms, have a strong appeal abroad and serve as inspiration in many situations. They raise expectations. American actions cannot always accord with them, of which fact foreign peoples are often more acutely aware than Americans. They create disappointment and resentment. Americans are puzzled by the bitter criticisms so frequently directed at them, while foreigners judge Americans to be dishonest. Americans, particularly those engaged in occupation duty in Germany and Japan, are just beginning to realize how much they are expected to live up to their own ideals, how great a responsibility the American Creed puts upon them.

(The author writes from Minneapolis where he lectures in the Department of Political Science at the University of Minnesota.)

OIL AND THE PERSIAN GULF

BY KENNETH WILLIAMS

IT is a curious phenomenon, well-known to oil men, but frequently unrealized by the world in general, that crude oil is often found in comparatively inaccessible and absolutely uncongenial parts of the earth. Of accessibility it may be said, truly, that the aeroplane can take individuals fairly close to most spots in which oil is likely to be discovered, but aircraft can by no means take the vast paraphernalia essential to the quest for oil. Of uncongeniality it may be said that in desert or jungle the oil man has to create his own amenities. To this general, or, at any rate, common condition may in large measure be attributed the fact that the pioneers are, almost by definition, of the "tough" type, inured, that is, to initial hardship and to lack of physical comforts and recreation, whether they be drilling in remote desert or foothill or laying pipe-lines across open steppe. Nor can those accessory to the oil industry, such as the men who build harbours and jetties where no port previously existed, or lay down prefabricated houses on land formerly innocent even of tents or mud huts, be omitted from the list of those who to-day are bringing to territories hitherto almost, or wholly, untouched by progress, what are called the blessings of civilization. These men transform the scene, both superficially and, more important, potentially; but it may be said that they solve the problem of financial stability for the particular State in which oil is found, only to create another, the problem of how best shall be spent the money accruing from the exploitation of oil by the authorities to whom oil royalties are due.

Nowhere in the world, perhaps, is this prospect of transformation more marked than in the Persian Gulf, a region which is infallibly destined to produce more and more oil, whether from wells drilled in dry land or in the shallow waters of the Gulf. During a recent visit to this area, I was thinking, in this connection, not of such a well-established industry as has been created by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company in south-west Persia, nor even of the considerable future which awaits the development of oil in the Basrah vilayet by a subsidiary of the Iraq Petroleum Company (these two enterprises are, or will be, identified with two States, Persia and Iraq, which possess a long history, each at various times in the forefront of

the story of civilization), but of the principalities or shaikhdoms in the Persian Gulf. The history of these is known to only a small number of students, and they are rarely visited by Europeans or Americans for pleasure alone. The story of these regions is, for practical purposes, to be reckoned rather in centuries than in millennia. One thinks, for instance, of Kuwait, which in 1949 produced no less than 12,371,000 tons of oil (from what is believed to be one of the richest single oilfields in the world); of Bahrain, which in 1949 produced 1,600,000 tons of oil; of Qatar, which in 1950 began a production which is expected to be, during the year, between one and two million tons; of Dubai, which already has in Ras Sadr an exploratory well; and of several other territories, the oil wealth of which has yet to be demonstrated but which is predicted with some confidence.

How are the relatively huge sums which are coming, or will come, to these hitherto comparatively poor countries to be spent? Are they to be regarded as the perquisite of the ruling family alone? Or are they to be devoted to the general welfare of the inhabitants in whose State oil has been, or will be, found? Or, if the human and physical resources of the State enjoying oil royalties are not such as to make feasible the internal spending of such sums, are the royalties in part to be devoted to some external object? These are questions which provide serious and almost daily discussion in the Gulf.

In one of these territories, Bahrain, the oil revenues are very sagely handled by the administration. The Shaikh of Bahrain is advised by a single-minded Briton, Mr. Dalrymple Belgrave, whose annual reports are available for anyone who wishes to see the details of income and expenditure. Bahrain by general consent is well-administered (a French diplomat in Baghdad, for example, told me that he thought it was a model in the Gulf), and though its royalties from oil are not large, compared with those of some other Arab States, they are admirably spent or husbanded. This independent Arab shaikhdom provides, indeed, an encouraging instance of Anglo-Arab co-operation, alike in planning and execution. The tradition of Anglo-Arab co-operation in Bahrain is, however, of some standing, and the discovery of oil during the 'thirties by an American company only meant, in effect, a further dove-tailing of British advice with the enlightened wishes of the Bahrain Government.

So intimate a connection as exists between the local government and the British Adviser in Bahrain has yet to be forged in other principalities in the Gulf; and a burden, heavy and urgent, would appear to be weighing upon the British Government, by which is implied, in the first place, the Foreign Office. This recently took over from the Government of India the cares of the External Affairs Department of that Government. That these territories will be

entitled to a steady, if not an increasing, flow of royalties would seem to be almost certain (though admittedly only drilling can pronounce whether oil exists in commercial quantities). Only a collapse in world demand for oil would make it unprofitable for the companies holding concessions in these territories not to develop them—and the history of oil is full of ups and downs. In this world demand, there may well be fluctuations.

Here, one may profitably insert an interpolation. Let it not be thought that, rich though the whole Persian Gulf area may be in oil, one has only to sink a well to bring up "liquid gold". Kuwait alone provides instances to the contrary. In their first investigations in the northern section of the territory, the Kuwait Oil Company (half British, half American) were unsuccessful; and in the "neutral zone" between Kuwait and Saudi Arabia, a wholly American organization sank a well which, early in 1950, provided no conclusive results. Even in "probable" territory, therefore, the oil company has to risk expensive tests.

Meanwhile, those territories in which no drilling has yet taken place are, understandably enough, jealous of those shaikhdoms in which oil has been found and from which it is now being exported. "What has Shaikh So-and-So got that I have not?" is an attitude by no means confined to affairs of the heart. The average Arab inhabitant of the Persian Gulf has a keen sense of money, and even if in many ways Arabs feel a kinship with each other, the Gulf Arab can scarcely be expected, in his present state of knowledge, to comprehend why a foreign oil company should prefer to begin operations in a territory other than his own.

But the main problem of the Gulf, however—of how oil revenues shall be spent—is one of considerable social and political significance. It has arisen rather suddenly, and it is imperative that the British Government should give it earnest and immediate attention. If the various Gulf rulers were to be allowed to fritter away their quickly obtained wealth, the resultant odium would attach to the British Government. One need not re-emphasize here the difficulty in which the Government already stands in meeting the charge that it is too closely identified with what the enemies of Britain call reactionary and feudal Arab cliques. But I am not dealing here with the better known Arab States. I am emphasizing that the British Government has the opportunity, which once missed may never recur, of helping to put the lesser known regions of the Persian Gulf along the right road of development and contentment. What happens during the next few years may determine for long whether good or bad use is to be made of the fortunes which no one before the 1914-1918 war could have predicted.

The rulers of these various small States must, in my opinion, be

given obligatory advice, on how to spend these oil royalties. There is likely to be little disagreement on this point among informed circles in the Gulf, though admittedly there is a difference of opinion on the degree to which nominally independent rulers can be told how to spend State revenues. In any case, there must be no repetition of the story, current in the Gulf, that one particular ruler simply buried in the ground the payments he had had from an oil company. It is not so easy, however, for the inexperienced observer to suggest precisely how these incomes should be used as it is to criticize the way some royalties have been spent by some States in the Gulf. That the monies from oil should be spent primarily on raising the standards of the whole community, and not merely those of the ruling family, is a truism. But the Gulf is no place for doctrinaires. It is futile for the omniscient visitor from the west to assert that so much should be spent on education, so much on public health, so much on security, so much on agricultural development, and so on. Such an attitude is all too trite. Diagnosis and recommendation (or command) must be made after profound study of local conditions. Things which seem obviously desirable in themselves are not necessarily applicable universally. To take a concrete example, it is of little use talking about greatly improved irrigation for agriculture if a State happens to lack all water supplies; and there is more than one Arab shaikhdom in which all drinking water has to be imported, or obtained from distillation plants. The British Adviser to these Arab territories has often to forget all about roads and sanitation, about trees and grass, and to remember, above all, that he is in desert land.

A beginning has been made in the appointment to some of these small States of British Advisers. Such advisers must patently be on excellent terms, not only with the Arabs themselves and with the oil companies concerned, but also with the local representatives of the British Government, who are headed by the political Resident, with headquarters at Bahrain. These Political Agents, or Assistant Political Agents, cannot of themselves dictate how the royalties should be spent; their hands are already full with other aspects of Anglo-Arab relations. The advisers must, therefore, be other men, possibly paid for by the shaikhdom in question, yet able virtually to impose their solutions of how State revenues should be spent. These men must possess not only tact and sympathy, firmness and resolve, but also imagination and vision; they must form to themselves a picture of what the Persian Gulf, with the progressive exploitation of oil, will be like in five, ten, twenty years' time; they must, in the literal sense of an over-worked word, be creative.

There is no need, moreover, to anticipate that the local authorities in the Persian Gulf, rough-hewn as they may be if judged (as they ought not to be judged) by western standards, will be averse to

enlightened guidance. It is true that in several places one can hear blessings offered to Heaven for the fact that the Gulf has not yet been invaded by the lawyer-type of Arab politician, by the vernacular press, by the "semi-baked Effendi" class, and so on. But the soil for reform could, metaphorically, be fertile enough, if only the right kind of adviser were to be found. Such an adviser must, if only because of the terrain and of the mentality among which he has to work, be possessed of a sense of mission; the Gulf is no place for the man with antecedently "bright" ideas who looks for rapid results. But, given patience, he has the chance of directing aright a region which is at the dawn of a new era, a region which willy-nilly, coming every month into closer contact with the outside world, will be going straight from the camel age to the age of the jet engine or the super-tanker.

It is possible that one of the chief difficulties which such advisers may experience will be the *penchant* of the Arab for individual projects and some initial shying at the notion of overall planning. One could point, as an example of the former, to the enthusiastic way in which the authorities in Kuwait have supported alike their new Civil Hospital, headed by a British doctor, and staffed by Palestinian nurses, and their growing number of boys' and girls' schools. It is true, moreover, that it would be folly to attempt to rush fences in any of these backward Arab shaikhdoms. The importation and imposition of foreign ideas must, manifestly, be done with great circumspection. Local susceptibilities must be taken into unceasing account. But the goal of a reformed and more virile society must be kept in view. No truck should be given to vested interests, if those interests can be proved to be held by a single individual or by a single family. The "get rich quickly" mentality, which is so distressing a feature of some more advanced Arab States, is not lacking in the Persian Gulf. The business-man in the Gulf is, indeed, as shrewd as are his counterparts anywhere else in the world, and if he is allowed to dictate the pattern of the future economy of the Gulf, there will be trouble.

From the complications and implications of such a pattern only one power can save the Gulf, and that power is Britain. In the eyes of the Arab shaikhdoms, there is still no country to compare with it. It was Britain which rescued the Gulf from the evils of gun-running, piracy, and the slave-trade; yet, such is the mentality of the Gulf, it is at least arguable that, if Britain's hand were withdrawn, some, at any rate, of those evils might soon reappear. Now, on the eve of the creation of what in some countries might be called a proletarian community in the Gulf, engaged in the oil industry (which is itself vitally alive to the implications of its operations and which is doing much in the way of hospitals, schools, and so on), it will be

to Britain that these shaikhdoms will again turn for guidance through an unprecedented period. Lacking guidance, or with misdirected guidance, the Gulf could become a sorry place, a hunting-ground for adventurers possessed of no social conscience. But if, *Inshallah*, that guidance is wisely and unstintedly applied, the Gulf may become a region to which the civilized world in general and Arabs in particular may in centuries to come look with pride.

Sometimes, possibly, it will not be easy to see the wood for the trees. Local "patriotism" in these shaikhdoms may take strange forms. There may be jealousy of Arabs from other lands taking part in the oil development of these territories. There may be special problems arising from the fact that poor Bedu, with the traditions of the free desert in his blood, may be tempted to accept well-paid jobs in the oil industry and agree to live under a roof, which to the nomad is frequently like a prison. There may be differences between local administration and adviser on priorities in local developments.

But through all such problems and many more that will almost certainly arise, good will and a steady purpose can find a way. It may be that Britain's rôle in the twentieth-century Gulf will, though less spectacular, surpass in achievement her glorious deeds in those remote lands in the nineteenth century. During that century, she inhibited certain evils, but in these present years she has the opportunity of creating benefits, not so much by stamping out glaring ills as by pointing the way to better things. The prevention of piracy and slavery meant misfortune to a few Arab individuals; the wise expenditure of oil royalties may mean happiness for thousands.

(The author has just returned from an intensive tour which included the Persian Gulf, Southern Persia, Iraq, the Lebanon, Syria, the Jordan, Arab Palestine and Egypt.)

POLITICS IN PAKISTAN

BY SIR WILLIAM P. BARTON

PAKISTAN had an unpropitious start in her introduction to statehood. The brief interlude between the decision to divide India and actual partition left little time for preparing the ground. A capital had to be improvised: there was no central government. The Muslim element in the Indian army assigned to the new State was distributed in class units all over India and had to be extracted and re-organized. That adequate forces were not available at the outset to the Muslim leaders was largely responsible for the communal clashes, with appalling loss of life, along the frontier between the East and West Panjab.

Lahore had obvious claims to be the centre of the new Dominion; it was rejected on the ground that it was too near the Indian frontier. The honour was conferred on Karachi, for many years the *entrepôt* of the trade of the undivided Panjab, and headquarters of the small province of Sind. Accommodation is limited and with a desert extending for hundreds of miles on the outskirts of the town and a negligible rain-fall, the prospect was not altogether attractive. The influx of half a million refugees from India was an added complication. The Qaidi Azam and an able group of Muslim officers and politicians speedily improvised a Government for the whole State with the essential departments: this too, despite the loss of many records and subordinate Muslim staff as the result of attacks by Sikhs on trains from Delhi to Karachi. The organization of the army was hampered by the withholding by India of Pakistan's share (140,000 tons) of the military stores and equipment to which she was entitled by the Radcliff Award. One may comment in parenthesis that very little of this material has been delivered. The fact that all the ordnance factories were in India was another disadvantage from the military point of view. It would have been possible to dismantle one or more of these factories and send the equipment to Pakistan.

Sind is to have a new capital for which the central Government will provide the finance, 50 miles away from Karachi on the Indus. It is planned to expand Karachi itself to fit it for the rôle it is to play in the life of the new Dominion.

The security of the North-west frontier, from Quetta to the Pamirs, has been a major element in British imperial strategy for the last

hundred years. Its main objective was to prepare against a possible attack from Russia ; partition threw the responsibility of holding this great international frontier on Pakistan. There was no pledge of support from India : none from Britain. Could Pakistan be expected to fulfil the rôle with less than a third of the resources of the sub-continent, its army still unorganized and lacking in equipment and stores ? What was the attitude of the Delhi authorities and Whitehall to this problem of military strategy ? Conditions on the frontier were, at the time, unstable. A revolutionary group of Pathans, known as the Red Shirts, financed and sponsored by the Indian Congress, had succeeded in setting up a Government at Peshawar with Dr. Khan Sahib, a strong supporter of Congress, as Prime Minister. The object of the Red Shirts was to form a republic in the North-West frontier which would reject Pakistan and ally itself with India. This obviously would have made the position of Pakistan impossible. The Qaidi Azam Jinnah saw the danger and insisted on a referendum on the question before partition. The result was that the Pathans of the province gave a verdict in favour of Pakistan. The Congress Ministry however continued to function till partition when it was promptly dismissed by Mr. Jinnah. But the Red Shirt movement was still alive : there was the added danger that the Kabul authorities, seeing in this break-up of the British Empire of India an opportunity of recovering Afghanistan *irredenta*, in other words, the North-West Frontier Province to the Indus, and in the South, Baluchistan, supported the demand of the Red Shirts at Delhi for the setting up of a republic in the province. This was beyond the competence of the Indian Government to decide : the Pakistan Government, when it came into power, naturally rejected it. Thereupon Kabul insisted that the Afghan tribes of the hinterland between the Durand Line (the international frontier with Afghanistan) and the boundary of the settled districts, should be handed over to the Afghan Government. There are 2,500,000 of these Afghans in the hill country referred to, known generally as the tribal belt. The inclusion of these tribes in Afghanistan would have made the administration of the Frontier Province impossible. Pakistan refused to discuss the matter.

Now the Delhi authorities, and, of course, Whitehall, must have been well aware of possible trouble on the Afghan frontier caused by the attitude of Kabul. For anything they knew the frontier tribes might have declared for Afghanistan. Had they done so, almost inevitably, with the support of the Afghans, they would have seized the Frontier Province. Pakistan with its army unorganized and only partially equipped, would not have been in a position to hold them up. Would India have felt secure with militant Islam on the Indus and only a weak Pakistan in the Panjab as a buffer ?

The unconcern of Delhi and Whitehall for the safety of the Afghan frontier at partition is indeed surprising. They seem to have forgotten that the trans-border tribes and tribal States like Swat, Dir, Chitral, Kelat, had a peculiar constitutional position which should have been defined. All that happened was that at the last minute a declaration was put out that the status and customs of trans-border territory would be preserved. Political circles in Karachi remark cynically that Delhi was prepared to risk trouble on the Afghan frontier because the embarrassment it would cause to Pakistan might lead to her collapse.

Fortunately for Pakistan, and for that matter, for India, the frontier tribes decided to join Pakistan. A particular inducement was that the Pakistan Government pledged itself to maintain the allowances and the border administrative system of the British régime, involving an expenditure of £5,000,000 sterling, a generous provision with which Afghanistan could not compete. It would have absorbed nearly its whole revenue. Most of it goes into tribal pockets. Without it the tribesmen would have found existence difficult.

How fortunate was India at partition compared to her rival ! She had a splendid up-to-date capital in Delhi ready to her hands and a highly organized central Government which she took over practically intact. She had nearly all the coal fields of the sub-continent, the major part of the foreign trade, and practically all industry organized on modern lines including engineering. Another advantage was that central finance and the Reserve Bank were part of her heritage from Britain. The Indian provinces were in close association with Delhi where their problems were understood.

The Pakistan provinces, on the other hand, had to adapt themselves to a new orientation ; to look to Karachi instead of to Delhi. They could hardly be described as homogeneous. East Bengal, separated from the western wing by 1,200 miles of India, was racially different—Mongolo-Dravidian, as compared with the Indo-Aryan of the Panjab and Sind, and the Turco-Iranian of the frontier. There were, at partition, no economic links between the east and west wings : the east speaks a different language—Bengali. There are differences too between the populations of the other wing. Thus Sind speaks a language of its own, distinct from Panjabi ; though there are racial affinities between it and the Panjab, they differ in traditions and history. The Afghans of the frontier, racially distinct with a different language—Pushtu—are more closely associated historically with Afghanistan than with the Panjab. The Frontier Province was, in point of fact, a part of the Afghan Empire for nearly a century, from the time of Ahmad Shah Durrani, to the occupation of part of the province by the Sikh Maharaja, Ranjit Singh, in 1819. Yet despite the differing characteristics of the various groups, the

cohesive force of Islam has brought about a surprising degree of unity, both of outlook and ideals. The firm and able leadership of the late Qaidi Azam and his successors, has played an outstanding part in laying the foundations and the building up of this great new Muslim State. But for statesmen like Mr. Liaqat Ali Khan, Mr. Ghulam Muhammad, a financial genius, Sir Zafarullah, H. E. Khawja Nazim-ud-Din, to mention a few of them, one doubts if Pakistan would have survived.

The central Government at Karachi had hardly got into their stride when the storm broke over Kashmir. Though the State is 80 per cent. Muslim and, geographically and economically, linked with Pakistan, the Indian Government accepted the Maharaja's offer of accession and sent troops into the Kashmir Valley. Later on, the Pakistan Government also moved troops into the country and, with local levies, their forces now hold the northern regions of the State and on the west, a strip from Gilgit to the Panjab frontier. UNO was invited to mediate, and induced the two Governments to stop the fighting and adhere to a truce line pending a final settlement. Both are ready to accept a plebiscite; the difficulty is to establish conditions that will ensure absolute impartiality. The issues on this point have now been referred to a UN mediator.

On the whole the administration, both central and provincial, has been satisfactory. Partition found popular governments functioning in all the provinces except in the backward area of Baluchistan. All are still in operation except in the Panjab where the quarrels of rival groups of the Muslim League almost paralysed the administration. In the end the central Government intervened; the Assembly was dissolved and the administration placed in the hands of the Governor, at that time a British civil servant, Sir Francis Mudie. He resigned shortly after in consequence of difficulties in appointing his advisers. A member of the central Government, Sirdar Abdur-Rab-Nishtar, succeeded him. So far popular government has not been restored in the Panjab.

Local administrations have had to contend with corruption and nepotism. The centre have, where necessary, intervened: there have been cases where Ministers have been indicted in the courts for irregular practices. Some members of local branches of the Muslim League do not regard it as inconsistent with democratic principles to attempt to bring pressure to bear on the local administration in their own interests. Many of those who played a leading part in the agitation for self-government consider themselves entitled to share the spoils. Provincial feeling is strong and the central Government have to make allowances for it. This is particularly the case with eastern Bengal. As against this, there are no left wing movements: no socialist tendencies. So far communist infection

has not spread widely. There is, however, some trouble from it in east Bengal, mainly due to Communism from Calcutta and Assam.

A wise policy in the provinces has aimed at improving the economic position of the peasantry. Thus, in eastern Bengal, the Permanent Settlement, a British blunder of 150 years ago, which riveted a semi-feudal system on Bengal, mainly in the interests of big Hindu land-owners, has been abolished. In the north-west frontier, the *jāgir* system, under which large blocks of land revenue were assigned to feudal land-owners, has been done away with. Similar measures are pending in Sind. The Constituent Assembly functions as a Parliament. There is practically no opposition; such as it is, it consists of a handful of Congress Hindus, mostly from Bengal and a few disgruntled Muslim leaders. It is useful as a sounding board for public opinion. So far the central Government have been too pre-occupied with Kashmir and other troubles with neighbours to admit of concentrating on building a new constitution. The prevalent idea is to evolve a State based on Islamic principles, social equality, religious freedom and equal opportunity for all. A federal form of Government with a bi-cameral legislature will probably be adopted. Some political thinkers in Pakistan are doubtful of the suitability of the British democratic system to an eastern community: others fear lest adult suffrage should offer too much scope to the demagogue.

Finance, both central and provincial, is generally on a sound basis. A Reserve Bank has been established which is functioning satisfactorily. Commercial banking in pre-partition days in Pakistan was mostly in the hands of Hindus who fled the country when the Muslims took over the administration. The difficulties caused by the break-down of banking facilities have now been, more or less, overcome. The three central budgets since partition, including that for 1950-1951, have been balanced with small surpluses. This has not always been the case in the provinces, but there are no serious deficits. One great advantage that Pakistan possesses over the neighbour Dominion is that she is self-supporting in food; indeed in a good year, has a surplus for export, most of which India used to buy. India, on the other hand, has to import nearly £100,000,000 worth of food. Another advantage of Pakistan as compared with India is that she has a favourable trade balance arising from large exports of jute, high quality cotton, tea and hides.

The prospects for a great development of agriculture are favourable. Over a million acres are being brought under irrigation from the Indus at Mianwali in the Panjab: the foundation stone of a barrage on the same river at Kotri in Sind from which 3,000,000 acres of desert will be irrigated was laid a month or so ago by the Governor General. Electricity will be developed at this point and canal water

will be taken as far as Karachi. There are possibilities of irrigating large areas from tube wells in the Panjab and the North-West frontier as electric power becomes available. Millions of acres in the Thar desert in the Panjab and in Rajputana, now an Indian province, could be irrigated from reservoirs constructed in Kashmir: this might be a joint enterprise carried out by India and Pakistan if they could compose their quarrels. After all their economic systems are complementary. Neither can really thrive without the other.

The Pakistan Government realize that to improve the standard of living and to build up the industries necessary if the country is to be militarily strong, there must be planning on a comprehensive scale. Progress is handicapped by the lack of coal and iron ore. It is true that coal of an inferior quality is found in Sind and Baluchistan, but the deposits are not large. To provide power, big hydro-electric schemes have been devised and there are many possibilities of the kind. An electric grid will be set up over the Panjab and other provinces as these schemes develop. There is oil near Attock on the Indus and other deposits in Sind and the West Panjab; it is hoped that the yield will, in time, cover about one sixth of the country's requirements.

The economic life of the country is blighted by the enormous charges incurred for defence, absorbing nearly 75 per cent. of the central budget. Another impediment to progress in the economic field has been the practical breaking off of all trade relations with India following on the decision of the Pakistan Government not to devalue their rupee. India followed the policy of His Majesty's Government in devaluing sterling and the result of the Pakistan policy is that the cost of the cotton and jute which Pakistan supplied to India has increased by over 40 per cent. in Indian rupees. India refuses to buy at the price and declines to supply to Pakistan the 2,000,000 tons of coal a year which her Government have contracted to make available. Pakistan no longer buys Indian textiles. Most of the jute crop of Pakistan goes to the Calcutta mills; the refusal of India to buy leaves a considerable surplus in east Bengal. Pakistan hopes to get rid of this by increased sales in Europe and the United States. The trouble will probably be met later on by a compromise. But it may be remarked that there was no reason whatever why Pakistan, with a favourable trade balance, should sell her exports to India in return for depreciated rupees.

The Pakistan Government have established friendly relations with most countries in the international field. Muslim States, Persia, Turkey, Egypt, Iraq, for example, criticize the attitude of Afghanistan towards her Muslim neighbour and condemn India's policy in Kashmir. Many countries have sent trade delegations to Pakistan and have entered into trade agreements with Japan,

Czechoslovakia, France and Belgium. A Russian trade delegation spent some time in Karachi last summer without reaching an agreement. Ambassadors have now been exchanged between the two countries and trade negotiations have been resumed. Last year when the Kashmir trouble had reached an acute stage, the Kremlin invited the Pakistan Prime Minister to Moscow. The reactions in the country were startling. "Russia is with us" was a common headline in the press; the people felt that, should a crisis develop in the quarrel with India, they could rely on Russian intervention. In political circles generally in Karachi, one heard it said that it would be better for Pakistan to become a satellite of Russia than to be re-absorbed into India. So far no date has been fixed for the Prime Minister's visit to Moscow. Meanwhile, he has been invited to Washington and is expected to go there early in May. The American invitation is much appreciated.

Pakistan intends to stay in the Commonwealth. Nevertheless, one hears doubts expressed in many quarters as to the advantage of the association if the member Dominions are unable to intervene in such disputes between their partners as that between Pakistan and India over Kashmir. Many Pakistanis will tell you that they appealed to Britain at the outset to help bring about a settlement; there was no response. His Majesty's Government preferred to remain neutral. Then again one hears criticisms of the policy of the British Government in what Pakistanis describe as the extreme lengths to which they went to make it possible for India to remain linked to the Commonwealth as a republic. It was considered that Pakistan needed no blandishments. "But," some Pakistanis say, "why shouldn't we follow India's example and set up a republic? The glamour of the status it would give us in the political world might have a dangerous attraction and make it difficult for steadier opinion to prevail." Resentment is felt as already noted, at the British Government's failure to take strong action to induce Kabul to abandon its provocative attitude towards Pakistan. Another matter in which Pakistanis feel that Britain has not shown a friendly interest, is the economic development of the country. They look to British enterprise to play an important part in carrying out the big schemes to industrialize the country. It is to be hoped that the British trade mission that has recently visited Pakistan may have succeeded in convincing people generally that Britain is ready to give them the help they need. British co-operation is well worth while. Not only would it strengthen the ties between Pakistan and the Commonwealth but would provide a market for British goods which would expand rapidly as the great natural resources are exploited.

Unfortunate developments effecting the problem of minorities during the past two or three months have increased the tension

between the two Dominions and brought about conditions in the two Bengals almost as explosive as those arising from the quarrel over Kashmir. There have been Hindu-Muslim clashes in Calcutta and the neighbourhood, in Bihar and Assam on the Indian side, and in east Bengal-Pakistan, involving heavy loss of life and destruction of property. Mass movements of terrified Hindus and Muslims in both directions embarrass both Governments. Exaggerated reports, both in the Pakistan and Indian press, have inflamed feelings on both sides. It is almost impossible in existing conditions to assess responsibility for the outbreaks. Each side naturally accuses the other. One may comment, however, that the irredentism of the Hindu Mahasabha and its left wing, the R.S.S. (Rastriya Swayam Sewak Sabha) militates against the chances of an enduring settlement. The Mahasabha and the recently formed committee for the protection of the rights of minorities have brought pressure on the Indian Government to take 'police action' in east Bengal. "Take over Bengal", a prominent Hindu leader asserted the other day, "and the whole of Pakistan would collapse like a house of cards." A reassuring feature in the situation is that Pandit Nehru, Prime Minister of India, is opposed to provocative action. Mr. Liaqat Ali Khan, Prime Minister of Pakistan, for his part, is endeavouring to allay Muslim fears. Both men are anxious to evolve an organization that would give minorities the protection and security they must have if the two Dominions are to exist peaceably side by side.

While Hindus and Muslims are at daggers drawn, a danger that threatens them both—a danger that might bring them down in ruin—is growing on the northern and north-eastern frontiers of the two Dominions. The red tide of Communism is moving inexorably towards them. Tibet will soon be over-run and Sinkiang, on the Kashmir border, is in communist hands.

That Pakistan and India should settle their differences and work together in peace and harmony almost becomes a question of survival. Time is of the essence of the matter. Unless UNO's efforts speedily lead to a settlement of the Kashmir problem, the Commonwealth should unquestionably intervene and endeavour to end the quarrels between the rivals. Americans are beginning to realize that those quarrels are an obstacle to the defence of south-east Asia and the Middle East against Communism. The U.S.A. might think it worth while to add their moral weight to the Commonwealth approach by giving it their support.

(The author has recently returned from Pakistan.)

THE FUTURE OF DEFENCE

By W. T. WELLS, M.P.

THE annual Statement on Defence* has since 1945 become as regular, if scarcely as welcome a feature of the spring as the snowdrop or the daffodil. This year, several factors have contributed to making public discussion of the subject of more striking and manifest importance than in any year of this period. First, the Government's white paper itself was based to some extent on the report of "a comprehensive inter-Service review of the future development of the forces which"—to use the document's own words—"the Government put in hand just over a year ago in order to establish the rôles of the three Services in present circumstances and to ensure that full value was obtained for the money spent on the defence budget." Secondly, a meeting of the Defence Ministers of the powers that subscribed to the Atlantic Pact, while little information of its doings and decisions has, rightly enough perhaps, been made available to the public, has at least served to accentuate the fact that the Atlantic powers are addressing themselves seriously to the task of making the defence of the western hemisphere a reality. Thirdly, this meeting has served to dramatize, for the public mind, the increasingly sharp and dangerous nature of the division of the world into two aggregations of power whose thinly veiled hostility may at any moment be transformed into an open conflict, and one whose potentiality for destruction seems almost unbounded.

The problem of present-day security clearly presents difficulties, both of a technical and a political order, of a magnitude unprecedented even in relation to the perennially baffling problem of the defence of the British Commonwealth and Empire. Even if it were possible to look at the technical problems alone, as though they existed in a political vacuum, they would appear almost insuperable. In essence, the questions are the extent to which, and the pace at which, science and technology will revolutionize warfare; and even here, the real issues seem to be political and psychological rather than technical. Will an aggressor in modern war be guided by the kind of calculation that shaped the thoughts of statesmen of the eighteenth century; whether on balance a given strategy will do more harm or good to the rational, material projects that he is seeking to further, or will he

* Comd. 7895

be inspired by the belief that the world is not large enough to hold both himself and his opponent and that the latter, therefore, must be destroyed even if the cost be to inflict grievous injury on himself? If he goes to the one extreme, it is probable that he will use comparatively few of the new weapons that have come into being, or at least into common knowledge, since 1945; only if he goes to the latter extreme will he be minded to use the hydrogen bomb. And between the two extremes lies an infinite field for speculation the whole process being not much more within the scope of clear and accurate thinking than is crystal-gazing.

Yet even so, leaving on one side, as it were, the most difficult problem of all, namely the mind of man, the purely technical possibilities are sufficiently diverse. After Hiroshima and Nagasaki, as invariably happens with a new weapon, the talk was all that there could be no defence against the atom bomb, and even, in defiance of the history of a number of other weapons, that since it was there it was bound to be used. To-day, not only is the latter argument being brought into perspective and the word 'may' being substituted for the word 'must', but the prospect of the defence mastering the attack has been brought within the bounds not only of possibility but perhaps even of probability.

It is against this background that the Government's white paper on defence must be read. If, in the midst of a technical revolution, the statement, relating to the inter-Service review already referred to, that: "This review made it clear that there were no grounds for any substantial change in the relative rôles of the three Services, or for the drastic curtailment of the strength of any one of them," may fall somewhat flat, the reasons for its being made are tolerably clear. There is no real certainty that, should war break out within the next few years, its character would be fundamentally different from that of the closing phases of the war in the Low Countries and Germany in 1944-1945; and while the probability is that even if the materials used were the same, the shape they would assume would be quite different, dogmatism on what that shape would be is the prerogative of the inane. In these circumstances the only possible course is to prepare for the use of conventional weapons while carrying on with research into new weapons and the measures to counter them, and, so far as economic considerations allow, to press on with the practical development of both.

To state this as being the central aim of our defence policy, at least in its technical and domestic aspects, is simple enough. The limiting factors that restrict the possibility of applying this policy logically are our current commitments, in Germany, Austria, Malaya, and elsewhere overseas; the continuing need for economy in manpower; and the expense. This last affords a simple indication of the

total drain on our resources imposed by the need for maintaining military preparedness. In 1950-1951 the expenditure on defence is estimated at approximately £780 millions, an increase of some £21,000,000 over the previous year in spite of a decline of some 65,000 in the manpower employed. These are figures that reflect not only the high cost of defence in these years, but also throw light on the dilemma that Soviet policy has thrust, or, at least, is seeking to thrust, upon the western world, of choosing between open defeat through weakness on the one hand, and the undermining of our economies, and of the possibility of presenting an attractive alternative to Communism, through excessive military expenditure, on the other.

This sense of frustration and mounting danger underlay all the recent debates on defence. These brought out, in detail, a number of valuable criticisms and suggestions. Taking the Services singly, the reference made in the Admiralty memorandum accompanying the Navy Estimates* to the threat of "attacks by . . . submarines with underwater speed, submerged endurance and capacity for deep diving greater than anything we have faced in the past" was carried further in the debate on the Navy Estimates and, indeed, in the Defence Debate itself, when inquiries were made about the progress with anti-submarine devices, the need for which was repeatedly stressed. The chief anxiety expressed about the Army, except Mr. Churchill's expected criticisms of the lack of highly organized formations to serve as the kernel of expeditionary forces on the lines of 1914 and 1939, was the shortage of regular recruits. Whether higher pay is the cure for this evil must remain an academic question so long as an attempt is made to operate a policy of freezing wages. And the most important announcements about the Royal Air Force were the projected doubling of the jet fighter strength of fighter command and the projected increase in the striking power of bomber command by the formation of new squadrons equipped with B.29 aircraft supplied under the Mutual Defence Assistance Programme.

These, and a number of other interesting points raised in the course of the debates, have a great deal of bearing on the capacity of the several services to meet effectively whatever demands may be made of them as, so to speak, separate fighting units. But when every possible answer has been given, to these and all similar questions, the fundamental problems, whether Great Britain is under modern conditions defensible, and, if so, how, remain unsolved. The truth is that the country can be defended, against the kind of threat it is likely to have to face to-day, only as part of a whole, and on the security of the whole depends the security of the part. It is because the most important problems of defence are really questions of international

* Comd. 7897

policy that at times a certain air of unreality enters the annual defence debates.

In a sense the defence of Britain has for generations begun overseas. From time immemorial it has been one of the cardinal aims of our foreign policy to prevent the Low Countries from falling into the hands of our enemies. In later years, when Britain has played a part in world policy out of all proportion to the comparatively small though over-crowded population of these islands, it has done so largely because of the wealth and resources of the overseas Empire ; and since so large a part of this has become self-governing the military importance, and indeed the safety, of this country have depended upon the measure in which its policies have received the assent of the countries of the Commonwealth. In this limited sense, there is nothing new in the fact that our military strength is a reflection of our political wisdom and our diplomatic skill ; and in an even more narrow sense it is clearly true that the political and strategic requirements of any country at any time must interact on each other—hence Clausewitz's celebrated dictum that war is the continuation of policy by other means.

In so far, then, as the greatest skill and the greatest courage by those who control and man our fighting services could not suffice to offset the consequences of our foreign policy, were that a mistaken one, there is nothing peculiar or unexpected in Britain's present predicament. What differentiates our position to-day so sharply from the earlier years of this century is that our security is linked up not so much with groups of countries as with groups, or parties or schools of thought, within countries ; for although the United States and the British Commonwealth form, together, a massive bulwark against aggression, they are not, by themselves, enough. The enemy within the gates, in France, in Italy, or in western Germany, might betray positions vital to the protection of the whole ; and what is true of Europe is true also of Asia, and may become true in relation to Africa.

This danger is the weakness both of Western Union and in a lesser degree, of the North Atlantic Council. Our dilemma may be stated in this way : there can be no security for Britain without security for western Europe ; therefore the closest alliance and understanding between Britain and the countries of western Europe are essential. But western Europe is divided, and perhaps fatally divided, against itself ; therefore to base our defence on such a foundation is necessarily insecure. At any moment a vital flank may be turned, or a crucial secret betrayed. This danger is only, on a merely logical view, less in relation to the Atlantic Council in that the membership of the United States and Canada render the part of France and Italy proportionately less important than that of France among the five

(Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg) signatories of the Brussels Treaty.

To state the problem in these terms alone would be not only to make it appear insoluble but, as so often with analyses that do not go beyond logic, to misunderstand its nature. In great conflicts of power, much turns on the common opinion which of the contestants is the stronger ; and so it is in the cold war. The success, transient though it may prove to be, of the air lift in opening Berlin to the western powers, followed by the signature of the Atlantic Pact, has had immense moral effect. The more that western Europeans realize that they do not stand alone, but that the United States and the British Commonwealth are fully resolved to maintain free institutions in their countries, the more they can be trusted with American and British military secrets ; and nothing, on the other hand, will make so many converts to Communism as despair. In the last analysis, the survival of Europe, the security of Britain, and the defence of North America all turn on there being a common conviction that all three possess a way of life based on common qualities that they will not exchange for a communist society organized by a secret police protected by Russian arms.

In spite of the strength of the Communist Party in both Italy and France, this foundation is less difficult to build on in either of those countries than in Germany. The rearming of western Germany or, to be more accurate, of western Germans, was one of the topics that roused controversy in the House of Commons both in the defence debate and in the later debate on foreign, particularly European, affairs. The thesis that Germany is an essential part of Europe and that without her participation the comity of Europe cannot be realized is indisputable. It does not necessarily follow that to treat western Germany as an equal in every respect from the beginning is the most effectual means of achieving that comity. There are elements in Germany that are prepared to learn the elementary lessons of politics and to understand that there are other forms of happiness than domination. But such elements in the past have not conspicuously been found in the German armed forces, and to give Germans the idea that the co-operation of German forces in defending Europe was urgent and crucial would be to encourage precisely those elements in German life that have brought disaster to Europe and the world twice in this century. The right balance here is singularly hard to strike, but neither determination wholly to exclude nor haste to embrace seem to be at all appropriate. The Germans must be given some hope of attaining equality, but though there is much that is to be regretted in French public life to-day it is on France, the creator, rather than on Germany, the destroyer, of the old European community that the new must be founded ; and it is impossible to

flout French opinion, French sentiments, or even French self-interest, in dealing with the German problem. Even appeals for justice when made in German sound strangely on the ears of those who have been reared on the Continent in the twentieth century ; and the Germans, in fact, must work their passage.

It is satisfactory, when contemplating our defensive arrangements, to find that nearly £280 million out of the total estimated expenditure of £780 million for the current year is to be devoted to research and production understandably not specified. There seems little reason to doubt that the Government have, with fair consistency, steered a reasonable course between yielding to political and economic pressure, on the one hand, in withdrawing indiscriminately from military commitments and reducing military expenditure, and, on the other hand, giving way to military pressure and to panic in stressing the need for maintaining great military establishments even at the cost of economic recovery, under the constant menace of the cold war. But the question whether our defensive arrangements correspond with the new political realities remains unanswered.

Elaborate charts are available, showing the interrelationship of the various committees set up to work the organization under the Atlantic Pact. But how far has public opinion come to understand that, however admirable may be the organization, equipment, and training of the armed forces, with whatever judgment statesmen hold the balance between the claims of economy and defence, there can be no real security within the traditional framework of the sovereign nation State ?

If it has not yet reached this state of mind, if the public in considerable numbers believes either that the pattern is still that of 1939 or, on the contrary, that the atomic bomb has so revolutionized the world that all precautions are useless, then a great work in the education of public opinion lies ahead. Research by scientists, its application by technicians, the maintenance of equipment, the training of sailors, soldiers and airmen, are all vital, but they will all be wasted unless the public understands the nature of the problem with which they have to deal. It is not so much in their dealings with the forces, which on the whole seem to have been wise and courageous, or with foreign statesmen, where they seem, again on the whole, to have behaved both with discretion and with imagination, as in the leadership they have given our own people that there seems most room for criticism of the Ministers who have been responsible for the Service departments since the war. There is still time, but none to lose, for our people to realize that the technical revolution, important though it is, is secondary to the political revolution of our time.

THE TASK OF THE CHURCH

BY THE BISHOP OF BRISTOL

A READING of Canon Roger Lloyd's new volume* provokes a variety of questions. He has not attempted to write the history of the Church in the period ; that, as he himself says, must wait till events can be seen in a longer perspective. What he has done is to depict, in a series of vivid outline sketches, significant aspects of its life and work in a variety of fields, and to estimate the measure of advance or decline which such a survey reveals. Naturally one asks oneself whether, if one had been rash enough to undertake the task, one would have made the same selection of material. Amid the wide range of topics which might claim treatment in such a survey, has he selected the really significant ones ? Have the events of the ten years which have elapsed since his story ended in 1939 justified his estimate ?

The question is in part answered by his own frank admission that any such choice must be in a sense arbitrary. It will depend to some extent upon the writer's own priorities of interest. But it will depend even more upon his fundamental conviction as to the essential standard by which the true character and effectiveness of the Church must be judged. And it is from this point that one may perhaps start, in what is not to be regarded as a review of his book but rather some "second thoughts" prompted by his own reflections.

His entire presentation of his case is coloured, as he himself makes clear, by his judgment that the true ideal of the Church's work is a pastoral one. The health of the Church, in his view, depends upon the effectiveness of the work of the parish priest. And the parish priest is first and last a pastor. That is what his people expect of him. That is the standard by which they judge the value of his work and of the Gospel which he seeks to commend.

No one, least of all a diocesan Bishop, would dissent from that verdict. For beyond all question it is the personal ministry of the clergy in town and country which forms the backbone of the life of the Church. Ordinary folk will tolerate scholarship, taking perhaps a certain pride in the fact that it is sometimes remote and barely intelligible ; they will respect really competent administration ; they

* *The Church of England in the 20th century : Vol. II 1919-1939*, by Roger Lloyd. Longmans Green. 18s. 6d.

will venerate saintliness, even if sometimes at a respectful distance. But they will love and respond to a humanity which brings God within reach of their daily concerns, and makes religion a natural part of ordinary life. The principle of the Incarnation still holds. Men can recognize God when he is "brought down to earth." And that is only done by men who spend their lives close to their fellows, and bring a sacramental touch into the relationship. There is no question that such a ministry commends the Gospel—as its absence undermines it—as nothing else can.

But one may take leave to ask whether the nature of this pastoral ministry does not require a rather closer inspection. One of Canon Lloyd's most striking chapters, "The Religious Famine", draws a vivid picture of "the renascence of godlessness," that rapid and vigorous growth in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties of a neo-pagan outlook, ranging from a rather anaemic cynicism which found its chief outlet in the art of 'debunking', to a full-blooded secularism which, in the name of natural science or of Marxism, roundly denounced the Christian view of life as an outworn, or even pernicious, illusion. It is claimed commonly enough that that particular tide is by now past the full. And indeed there are significant signs that, at any rate at higher levels, definite reaction from it has set in. But none the less that tide has left a very considerable deposit. Over large areas of the population the impression has been created that the Christian faith is intellectually untenable or practically irrelevant, or both.

Now a pastoral ministry can only be effective if the sheep want to be fed, and more particularly if they have a taste for the brand of feeding-stuff which is being offered. The plain fact is that to a large extent this is not the case. People are unwilling to hear the Gospel or to use the Church's means of grace because they frankly doubt whether the presuppositions on which they are based are true. It is waste of time talking to men about their need of God's forgiveness if they are by no means certain that God exists.

This means, of course, that a pastoral ministry must transform itself into a teaching ministry. But again we must know what we mean by the terms we are using. Teaching, to be of any value, must take account of, and adjust itself to, the mentality of the recipient. It must "speak to his condition." And that is where at this moment much of the Church's attempt to teach is just missing the mark. Too often the teacher and those with whom he most desires to get in touch have no common language. The great words of this Christian vocabulary are to the latter an unknown tongue, and the former has not yet acquired the art of translation. The kind of personal ministry which is required is one which sets itself to develop "communication", the discovery of talking-points at which

Christians and others can find common ground, and begin to explore one another's thought and experience.

This is not, to the extent to which at first sight it might appear, a "third-programme-level" undertaking. That most emphatically is one of the levels at which it is needed, but it happens at the moment to be the one at which it is perhaps easiest to achieve it. It is needed as much, if not more, at the industrial and technological level. For here again it is painfully true that a pastoral ministry, to be effective, must speak in relevant terms: and too often the terms in which the Christian gospel is presented have little bearing on the condition to which it is trying to speak. Even on the personal side it is too individualistic: it fails to take account of the problems arising from large scale human relationships and adjustments.

It was of course to this particular task that Archbishop Temple had begun to make one of his most outstanding contributions, a contribution based equally on acute thinking and on an irresistible sincerity. We are sometimes tempted to think that no-one of lesser gifts can take up his work. That is not so. It needs a genius to blaze the trail, but lesser men can follow if they are prepared to fulfil the conditions.

And this leads naturally to a second major issue raised in Canon Lloyd's survey, the function and responsibility of the laity in the Church of England. His period covers the inauguration of the Church Assembly, and he devotes some space to describing the enthusiasm which that notable experiment evoked, and to the disappointment consequent upon its failure to become what many had hoped.

For myself I believe that the chief cause of the comparative—for it is only comparative—ineffectiveness of the Assembly lies in the failure to match the attention devoted to the central machinery by a equal concentration on what is clearly an essential condition of effectiveness at the centre, the education of Parochial Church Councils and of the laity in general.

We speak somewhat glibly of "the rediscovery of the laity" by the Church of England. But truth to tell, we have not got very far with it. Many of us, clergy and laity alike, are pathetically timid in our explorations and experiments. We are still prone to think of the layman's sphere as primarily administrative or even financial. In my own diocese I have been confronted, in response to a carefully worded inquiry as to the responsibilities of the laity, with the devastating answer: "The responsibilities of the laity are all the non-spiritual work of the parish." We are not likely to get very far on the basis of that kind of thinking.

That mercifully may be regarded as an extreme case, and there are evident signs of better things. In many quarters the laity have of course for long enough been increasingly pulling their weight. They

have recognized their responsibility for a pastoral ministry to their fellow laymen. And now they are beginning to take the second essential step ; they are recognizing that for this they need training, and are beginning to demand it.

This is one of the most encouraging signs of our time. But again everything will depend upon the accuracy with which we discern the true character of the training required, and the skill and patience with which we set ourselves to supply it. What is needed is, quite bluntly, not more of what is sometimes spoken of as "good Church teaching"—the ordinary layman has his own name for that : he calls it "trimmings". What he knows in his bones that he wants, though he cannot always put it into words, is a straight presentation of the Christian faith in a form which shows it to be an intelligible and reputable alternative to a secularist or materialist view of life, and some indication of how such a faith works itself out in the moral judgments and conduct of those who are trying to live a life of lay, not clerical, Christianity.

A real enlistment of the laity for its true share in the work of the Church would, I believe, result in a variety of by-products, which might go a long way to solving some other pressing problems. It would, for instance, lead to a considerable development of vocations to holy orders in families in which at present that idea is scarcely considered. It would remove one of the greatest sources of apathy and even frustration, by making lay men and women realize that they can do something more than keep accounts or organize a "Christmas Fayre". Above all it would help to bridge the fatal gap between the clerical and the lay view of life, which is a good deal wider than some of us are prepared to recognize.

I turn now to another question to which Canon Lloyd inevitably devotes a whole section of his book, the question of Unity. There are one or two aspects of it which deserve attention. The first may be called the problem of unity within the Church of England. On pp. 59-60, in estimating the effects of the recovery by Sir Clement Hoskyns and others of a true New Testament theology of the Church, he writes : "The immediate 'practical' result of this movement of theological emphasis is that the strife of the historic parties in the Church has almost completely ceased"—"Partisanship on the century-old lines became out of date"—"High Church and Low Church rapidly became technical terms without meaning." One would dearly like to ask him whether if he were writing in 1950 he would still use the same language. It is certainly true that there has been a real growth in mutual understanding, and that our controversial vocabulary has lost some of its pungency. But whatever the situation may have been in the years of which he is writing, he would be an optimistic, or a very blind, commentator who did not detect a serious

hardening of the familiar lines of cleavage in more recent years.

When one begins to look for the causes of this, it is perhaps hard accurately to distinguish causes and symptoms. Certainly one contributory factor is to be found in the training given in our theological colleges, too many of which specialize in one or another brand of Anglicanism, and as a result send out into the ministry men who are apparently incapable of recognizing that the glory of the Church of England is that it is at once Catholic and Reformed. This is not a plea for a levelling out to a colourless indifferentism. On the contrary, it is a plea for precisely that fresh and radical New Testament approach to the doctrine of the Church which makes most of our partisanship look not merely sinful, but extremely ignorant and out of date.

But it is in the second aspect of the Unity question that the greatest cause of our internal divisions is to be found. During the past thirty years the oecumenical movement has made startling progress. But this very fact has created for the Church of England a very difficult choice. Just because we are Catholic and Reformed, because we carry in our tradition unmistakable traces of the two great strands of Christian history, we find ourselves faced with the intensely difficult task not of war, but of negotiation, on two fronts, advance on one of which is almost inevitably regarded as weakening our position on the other.

The inevitable result is an increasing pressure on members of our own Church to align themselves in two camps. We look wistfully—and with singularly little encouragement—towards Rome : and the whole Protestant tradition is immediately on its guard. We make a more definite move in the opposite direction, in which advance is more possible : and we are denounced as betraying our Catholic heritage. It sometimes looks as though the two most signal experiments of our time, the inauguration of the Church of South India and of the World Council of Churches, might have the tragic result of dividing the very Church which by its history should be the mediator between the two estranged traditions of Christendom, both of which it embodies in its own life.

In such a situation we may well heed those who counsel the virtues of patience and charity. But we must not allow threats of dire consequences to cow us into mere inaction. Already there is evidence that a policy of boldness can produce interesting reactions in quarters in which they might be least expected. There are convictions and trusts which must not be surrendered. But there are also conditions which must be firmly repudiated.

If one attempts for a moment to close this rough commentary on Canon Lloyd's survey by asking the question : "Are the last ten years years of advance or decline ?" one realizes that the answer

to this question would require another volume of the same scale as his own. The years which have elapsed since then have been what we all know. Standing as close to them as we do it is almost impossible to pass considered judgment upon them. But if one were to hazard a judgment it would be on the whole rather more hopeful than outward circumstances at least might seem to warrant.

The Church of England is beset by difficulties : shortage of men and money ; an antiquated and intolerably clumsy administrative machinery which clamours for reform ; a multiplicity of claims upon the time and strength of its officers which leaves far too little room for considered thought and spiritual refreshment ; an apparent inability to speak a relevant and decisive word to the needs of the age.

But there is something to set on the other side of the account. In the phrase which is by now becoming almost a cliché, the real task of the Church is to be the Church. Signs are not wanting that that lesson is being learnt anew. And it may well be that it will be learnt more quickly and more thoroughly in a time of adversity. The historian of a hundred years hence may yet be able to say that the twentieth century was the century in which the Church recovered from the disastrous prosperity of the nineteenth.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT FOR CRIME

BY CLAUD MULLINS

RECENT judicial regrets about the removal of the power to order corporal punishment for those found guilty of crimes of violence against individuals have undoubtedly met with much sympathy. There is every reason for widespread concern. In a debate in the House of Lords on March 23 last Lord Simon, one-time Home Secretary, gave comparative figures for 1938 and 1948, which alone would be sufficient justification for alarm. In 1938, 287 cases of robbery with violence were known to the police, but in 1948 the corresponding number was 1,101.

If proof were forthcoming that a return to sentences of corporal punishment would have the result of reducing materially the number of these grave crimes, few would be found to oppose such a step, however distasteful it might be. Unfortunately many of those who advocate this change of policy have not read the report of the Departmental Committee on Corporal Punishment (1938). That report converted me, but among the general public the same arguments that were proved to be unsound in this report are still being used. Thus even now it is said that garroting was stopped in Liverpool by the severe sentences of flogging given by Mr. Justice Day. In fact, as the report stated, the official figures of charges of robbery with violence, both before and after Mr. Justice Day's sentences, "do not substantiate the statement that these methods stamped out" this crime. The number of these cases actually increased after these sentences were passed. The numbers rose from 176 in three years to 198 in the following three years (p. 84).

Another argument that is frequently put forward in favour of sentences to corporal punishment is that such sentences are deterrent to offenders. But it was found by the Committee that, both with children and men, the subsequent records of those who had been birched or flogged was worse than the records of those who had been otherwise dealt with. In the areas investigated 574 children were birched during a certain period. Of these "76 per cent. were charged with a fresh offence within two years of being birched." Similar figures were obtained of the results of the comparison of a large number of delinquent children who were dealt with by probation, fines or binding over : "Birching had been less effective as a deterrent

than other methods of treatment." (pp. 23 and 24).

Another study was made of 440 men. This resulted in the opinion that : "It appears that a sentence of imprisonment was no less effective in deterring the offender from committing a further offence of robbery with violence than a sentence of prison, or penal servitude, combined with corporal punishment." This investigation was extended to further offences other than robbery with violence and it was discovered that "the record of the men flogged was worse than that of those who had not been flogged." (p. 81).

But, the argument continues, sentences of corporal punishment at least deter others from committing the offences of violence. The Committee found that "the amount of robbery with violence decreased steadily in the years before the (first) war in spite of a small and decreasing use of corporal punishment, and in recent years has shown a tendency to rise, in spite of a much greater and increasing use of corporal punishment." (p. 89). That rise continued, despite more sentences to flogging. To quote the official volume of *Criminal Statistics* for 1948, the higher courts found 793 persons guilty of serious violence against the person in 1947, and in 1948 the number rose to 939. But, there was a fall in the number of offences that could have been punishable by corporal punishment after September 13, 1948, when the abolition came into force. In the nine months previous to that date the number was 711 and in the corresponding nine months of 1949 it was 596. These figures were given by the Home Secretary in reply to a question on March 9 of this year. A fortnight later the Lord Chancellor gave similar figures and added : "Later figures are not available, but inquiries that I have made do not disclose any evidence for thinking that the reasons which led Parliament to abolish corporal punishment have been invalidated." I am unable to explain the fall in numbers and it is of course, possible that there has been an increase since September 1949. But none the less the fact that there was a substantial fall is a remarkable comment on the argument that corporal punishment is essential for the deterrence of others.

These facts are necessary to refute arguments based on prejudice. More important is the fundamental objection to corporal punishment that it is a blind way of dealing with delinquents. The Committee of 1938 stated that "where the courts resorted to the use of the birch, there was a tendency to deal with the case at once, without giving an opportunity for the probation officer to make full inquiries into the offender's previous history and home circumstances." (p. 28). Does not the same apply to flogging at the order of the higher courts ? In the course of his recent speech Lord Goddard, Lord Chief Justice, told the House of Lords :

When I have people before me, of whatever age, for these murderous attacks, whether for felonious wounding or robbery with violence, I am afraid I cannot stop to think whether it is lack of police officers which is responsible for it. We have to deal objectively with the case. The man is there in the dock and we have to sentence him there and then.

But is there anything to prevent the higher courts from making full inquiries about these evil-minded offenders ? Crimes of this nature mostly take place in big cities, where the assizes have sufficient work to occupy judges for many days. Thus adjournments after verdicts of guilt should be possible. Is it not essential in the public interest that our courts should have the help of probation officers and, where necessary, of psychiatrists to enable them to understand the reasons for the conduct of those before them ? The recent Criminal Justice Act made special provision for such inquiries in magistrates' courts. There seems to be no reason why they should not take place in the higher courts.

Sentences passed quickly after decisions about guilt are apt to be passed in anger. (So also may be judicial comments about the absence of power to order corporal punishment.) Those on the bench in all criminal courts often have full reason to be angry at the conduct of the defendants before them. But it cannot be wise that decisions about the fate of the guilty should be made before anger has been transferred from the criminal to the deed. This is one of the many reasons why after verdicts of guilt there should be an adjournment for inquiries. During such an interval, which should be for a week at least, the bench finds itself in a better condition to weigh up the situation without emotion.

Sentences to corporal punishment imposed quickly after verdict also give no time for a consideration of the effect that punishment is likely to have on offenders. On one of my visits to London prisons many years ago the governor told me that it was a rule that men who had been flogged were excused work for the rest of the day, but that, while some men were both physically and morally overwhelmed by the flogging and were for days unfit for work, others asked to return to work at once, being fearful of boredom while alone. This is intelligible, but those on the bench who ordered these floggings without expert assistance could have no idea as to how such punishment would affect the offenders, or of its later consequences when the sentences have been served.

The fundamental need to-day in all our criminal courts is that sentences in serious cases, whether for imprisonment, fines, probation or ordinary binding over, should be given only after full inquiry. After an interval for investigations reports by psychiatrists are often helpful to the bench, and in all cases of violence against the person they would seem to be essential. The very fact that a youth or man

violently and gravely assaults anyone should tell a criminal court that there may be some abnormality not due to mere greed or wickedness.

Not being an expert in psychiatry, I cannot explain the conditions, factual or mental, that might result in an urge to commit this brutal kind of crime. But my experience in handling those whom I had to find guilty of lesser crimes of violence taught me that aggression can be the consequence of hidden feelings that have no apparent connection with an individual's conduct. The 'tough guy' may be in fact a youth who has been deprived of normal affection and who, being in reality weak and dependent, has over-compensated for his disadvantages by becoming a danger to other people. Such types are often recalcitrant and defiant; they are difficult to treat, but skilled expert handling may have good results. Mere punishment, and particularly brutal punishment, can easily produce a life-long enemy of society.

Illegitimate children, if deprived of a feeling of security and of paternal love and care in the early years, as so many of them are, are specially prone to develop unconscious hatred against those for whom life has been more normal. Dr. E. Graham Howe once wrote that "feeling about father . . . is the basis of our unconscious attitude towards all authority and law." (Paternal authority when used in excess, as happens in some apparently normal homes, can produce an attitude similar to that resulting from its absence.) If there could be a census of churchwardens and Sunday School teachers, for instance, it would probably be found that very few of these worthy people were either born illegitimately or suffered from excessive paternal rule. The rebels against the fundamental demands of society, on the other hand, would be found in large numbers among these categories. A Dutch criminologist, Dr. W. A. Bongers, once wrote that "a natural son runs twice as much danger of becoming criminal as he would if legitimate . . . This danger is even four times as great in the case of a natural daughter." Whether in fact there is a higher percentage of criminals among the illegitimate than among those born in wedlock we have no means of knowing. Such facts are not collected by the Home Office. But that there is a greater danger of criminality among the illegitimate seems obvious and in accordance with the elementary principles of psychology.

Many children who were born in wedlock, but whose parents broke up their home while they were still young, are subject to similar dangers. The action of Parliament in providing free legal aid for those seeking divorce, without having first provided any system whereby unhappy married couples could first discuss their difficulties with sympathetic and trained social workers, was in my opinion an action that may result in an increase in the number of those likely to become enemies of the community.

If in fact an evil deed has been prompted by some unrecognized urge that only psychiatrists can detect, blind punishment may not only fail to deter the offender from future crime, but may well actually encourage its repetition.

There is another reason why those who sit on a criminal bench should be acquainted with the general principles of modern psychology. All who have authority over others, be they teachers, members of a police force, or of a criminal bench, need to realize that they, as well as those in their power, may be influenced by unconscious forces. They need to guard against the possibility that their own reactions to conduct which they have to judge may be influenced by some conflict or tension within themselves. Whether prompted to anger, sympathy or comparative indifference, there is always this danger. Samuel Butler's well-known words are a primitive example of the consequences of this psychological truth:

Compound for sins they are inclin'd to
By damning those they have no mind to.

Anger producing a desire to order corporal punishment might also be explained on these lines.

One of the main duties of a criminal court is to pass such a sentence on a guilty offender as will be likely to deter him from repeating his offence. In this important matter magistrates' courts in London and in our large cities have a better record than most of the higher courts. An adjournment for inquiries after finding of guilt, lasting at least a week, is the rule in all serious cases. If the higher courts obtain reports upon the offenders whom they convict, these reports are usually the product of inquiries made before the trials. Such pre-trial investigations are inherently wrong; they offend against one of the fundamental principles of British justice, namely, that defendants are not guilty till they have been found to be so in open court.

Most calendars of busy assizes and quarter sessions contain cases where those found guilty have long records of earlier crimes. No one is in the position to say that these offenders would have abstained from further crime if the courts before whom they appeared early in their criminal life had enlisted social and scientific help. But it is highly probable that the passing of sentence, possibly in anger, shortly after the finding of guilt and with no help from experts in abnormal conduct may well fail to be deterrent. A sentence that is not deterrent may be in fact an invitation to further crime.

A consideration that urgently needs attention is that our criminal courts, whether presided over by legally qualified judges or magistrates or by lay justices, are not tribunals equipped with the knowledge that is required for passing sentence under modern conditions. This has to-day become a task for which scientific knowledge is required.

While in the conduct of a trial legal training is an asset, in the framing of sentence it is mainly of value in the knowledge of the maximum sentences which the law prescribes, which is merely clerk's knowledge. However great a lawyer a judge or professional magistrate may be, he, like the lay justice, is a layman in the science of abnormal conduct. This view was well put by Dr. R. M. Jackson in his book, *The Machinery of Justice in England*: "An 'experienced' judge means one who is well used to trying defendants and who, speaking generally, makes an excellent job of that side of his duty. But when we come to the passing of sentence, our 'experienced' judge is experienced merely in making up his mind and delivering sentence with complete composure." This very composure can mislead onlookers into believing that in matters of passing sentence the bench is making its decisions after adequate consideration of all relevant aspects of the case. The truth is only too often the opposite.

I am not one of those social optimists who believe that, given the best possible treatment, all criminals can be cured. I believe that some offenders have reached a stage when they should never be allowed again to be free to continue their depredations. But I do most sincerely believe that it is in the best interests of society that all who have committed certain grave crimes, and all those who have shown a tendency to repeat petty crimes should never be sentenced by a court before a study of reports by both social workers and psychiatrists. It is because I believe this that I object to quick sentences to imprisonment and that I welcome the section in the last Criminal Justice Act which abolished all sentences to corporal punishment.

An argument that I have deliberately left to the last is that sentences of corporal punishment are necessary for the satisfaction of the victims of violence and their friends and relations. It is quite natural that injury should provoke a desire for revenge. But if this consideration is to dominate our penal system, all the reforms that have taken place during the last fifty years must be regarded as being on a false basis. If cruelty is to be met with cruelty, in order to satisfy the aggrieved, there must be an end to all attempts to reform those who have offended against the criminal law. I prefer to believe that the feelings of sufferers from crime and of those who sympathize with them are better soothed by the knowledge that everything that is possible is being done to cure the offender and thus to prevent other innocent people from suffering similar outrages.

(The author was formerly Metropolitan Police Court Magistrate, South-Western Police Court.)

THE ROMAN SITE AT LULLINGSTONE

By D. P. CAPPER

IN a description of the "ancient demesne of Lullingstone", near the Kentish village of Eynsford, the *Gentleman's Magazine* records in 1823: "Near the north-eastern boundary of the park a tessellated pavement was discovered in the course of the last century and several coins and other relics of Roman occupation were dug up." There on a tree-clad slope above the little River Darent, excavations were begun in the spring of last year on what may well prove to be one of the outstanding villa sites in Britain. Although only a part of the area has been touched, it has already yielded a succession of finds with features that are unique. The bare list of the discoveries is imposing in itself. It includes a mosaic pavement which is in the front rank of Romano-British mosaics, portrait busts of Italian marble, a hoard of unwrought bronze, an underground chamber and an inscribed votive-pot—all these in addition to coins, pottery and bronze ornaments.

The reference in the *Gentleman's Magazine* had long been lost to mind when the site was rediscovered, shortly before the war. It was located by Lieutenant-Colonel G. W. Meates, who is investigating the evidences of the Roman settlement which extended along the bank of the Darent from Otford and Kemsing, north of Sevenoaks, to the Thames at Dartford. Deducing that a villa had stood in the vicinity, he searched at the entrance to Lullingstone Park and, within a few yards, in a hole left by a fallen tree, he found some tesserae.

The excavations soon revealed a complexity of walls and floorings. Gradually it was realized that three successive buildings had occupied much the same site. The original villa, dating from the latter half of the first century, is believed to have been rebuilt and enlarged some fifty years or so later. Apart from other indications, there are traces of coloured wall-plaster of the second century that has been superimposed on a first century fresco. It seems probable that the residential part of these earlier villas still await discovery under the soil and that the remains now on view are chiefly those of the bath-wing and storage rooms, which seem to have served to some extent for both the houses.

However this may be, there is no doubt that a third villa was erected on the spot, possibly after a lengthy interval. The bath-wing

of the previous ones, or at least the greater portion of it, was filled in with rubble and excavated earth for the needs of new building in the fourth century. Practically the only part of this last villa so far uncovered is the great room, fronting eastward on to the river, with its mosaic floor. Estimated by experts to date from between 280 and 300 A.D., the mosaics are peculiarly interesting and not only on account of the beauty of the two inset panels and of their state of preservation. On a higher level of the floor there is a semi-circular panel of Europa being carried across the sea by Jupiter in the form of a bull—the only known instance of this motif in England. Along the top runs the lettering of a jesting couplet alluding to an episode in the *Iliad*. This can be deciphered, except for the one doubtful word, as :

*Invida si (tauri) idisset juno natatus
Justius aeolias isset ad usque domus.*

The floor beyond the inscription drops down a tessellated step of exceptional length to the main level. Here, in the heart of the mosaics, is a lozenge-shaped panel of Bellerophon killing the Chimaera portrayed with skill and sense of movement. The mosaic is intact except for two holes dug through it for the erection of a deer fence in the eighteenth century, when the pavement was first discovered. One of these post-holes has unfortunately destroyed one of the four conventional heads typifying the four seasons which encircled Bellerophon but, otherwise, the damage is comparatively slight. The artistry of the two panels consorts oddly with the poor workmanship in the surrounding key-pattern and with the jumble of objects—swastikas, hearts, crosses and so on—in the accompanying design. Their relationship forms a puzzle and one inclines to the view that the panels were the work of different hands and were inserted at a later date.

Close to the mosaic floor, on the northern side, is the remarkable underground chamber. Constructed as part of the original house, it was furnished at some period with a flight of concrete steps leading up to the ground level and there is the theory that it was open to the river on one side with a water gate. At all events, a fourth wall seems to have been added later, perhaps in the fourth century, while the stairway was filled in except for three steps at the foot. On each of these steps was placed a bust, splendidly sculptured, of Carrara marble. One of them, with a pedestal, is claimed as portraying the Emperor Antoninus Pius, a second is unidentified and the third, that of a woman, lacks the head. Since the head has not come to light, the hypothesis is that the busts were found among the ruins of the second century villa by the fourth century builders and that they were then deposited in the basement room, which became some kind of shrine

or sanctuary. In fact one well-known archaeologist is convinced that the deeply-sunken chamber was actually a Mithraic temple.

Associated with the busts and below the steps were four votive-pots. They vary considerably in size and in quality. The smallest of them is about three-and-a-half inches in height of finely-decorated Rhenish ware and it bears the letters *SUAVIS* in six thumb-print impressions. Though very fragile, it is still in almost a perfect state.

Not the least interesting of the finds in the chamber was the skeleton of a cat, lying curled up as if the animal had died while asleep. Its presence has caused a good deal of speculation in view of the extreme rarity of cats' bones near Roman sites. It is believed that mice were unknown in this country before the time of the occupation—they appear, like the cats, to have been brought in Roman ships—and it may be that a cat in a Romano-British household was kept solely as an uncommon and valuable pet.

Fragments of charcoal and charred wood provide abundant proof that the final villa was destroyed by fire. The mosaics have been scorched and in the basement room there was not only a charred piece of rafter lying under a roof tile but, also fallen from above, there was a calcined beam more than three feet in length and nearly one foot in thickness.

On the south side of the mosaic pavement several curious discoveries of different kinds have been made in a small area. The concrete flooring of one room had been broken through in the fourth century to form a deep cavity in which a large amphora had been laid obliquely and wedged in place with three pieces of a broken plate. When found it contained about twenty coins of Constantine, the bones of a trout, a bronze ornament in the shape of a lion's head and a considerable number of oyster shells.

A few feet away, under the same floor but in a place where it had not been disturbed, was a bronze fibula with a hinged pin, lying in the surface of the natural clay as if it had been dropped during the building operations. It is one of a collection of several bronze articles, which includes another brooch, two bangles and a curved needle with an eye and a triangular point. Eighty coins, nearly all Constantinian, have been found scattered about the site.

Adjoining the floor is a wall with a smooth cement top, which still bears the stud-marks of Roman sandals. There is a series of impressions, obviously from the feet of two persons who had walked back and forth on the concrete before it was dry. Incidentally, no fewer than four pieces of tile have been found, each showing a clear imprint of a dog's paw. The size of the paw-marks and the depth of the claws suggest that they were made by a running dog of a medium breed though there was probably more than one culprit.

The bronze castings, which are believed to be the largest of their

kind yet found in Britain, were buried in the soil beneath the solid concrete of another floor in the same vicinity. Four heavy rectangular ingots, each of them about fifteen inches in length, five inches in width and one-and-a-half inches thick, supported a disc-shaped sheet of bronze, some eighteen inches in diameter. All of them, the ingots and the disc, are of unworked raw material and, as they have traces of sand adhering to their surfaces, they may have been cast locally. In association with them was yet another votive-pot. The odd feature about them is that they appear to have been deliberately hidden at some depth.

The hypocaust system which heated one or two of the bath-chambers has been traced for a large part of its course and the actual site of the furnace has been uncovered below an accumulation of white ash. The concrete base of the furnace is pierced with five circular holes that presumably formed the sockets for the metal uprights of the fire-bars. It would seem from various evidence that the hypocaust was in use not only in the two earlier villas but also in the fourth century one for, at any rate, some part of the period.

An enormous number of pieces of decorated wall-plaster, brightly painted in a wide range of colours, has been found scattered over the site. Most of these fragments show scroll-work or fretted designs but there are also portions of human figures and one piece has an unmistakable bird perched on a twig. An attempt is being made on the laborious task of piecing them together so far as is possible. In addition to the fallen pieces some plaster was still in place on a wall of the basement room, painted with two bunches of grapes on a vine.

The limits of the site, or at least the limits of the main buildings, are known only on the western side, backing on to the hill. The walls clearly extend in the other three directions for distances that can merely be guessed at present. On the river frontage they are overlaid by a metalled roadway, under which runs a sewer; raising problems that, if not insuperable, are at any rate difficult.

The chief interest, however, lies to the northward, where the remainder of the fourth century villa and perhaps some relics of the earlier ones are believed to be. It would not be surprising if the present mosaic floor should prove to be linked with one or two smaller mosaics that may now lie hidden under the grass and the trees. The pavement, with some of the material for its tesserae imported from Italy and from France to contrast with the local stone, would seem to be too finely executed to have been laid in solitary grandeur; one would expect the house it served to decorate to have been of notable size and importance. There is an unhappy doubt, nevertheless, as to the amount of damage that may have been caused to the unexplored parts by the medieval plough. Europa and Bellerophon

lay perilously near to the surface in the Middle Ages even though the hill-wash has been adding to their covering through the centuries. The tessellated area of the pavement, shallow as it must have been, has been scored in one or two places by a ploughshare which incidentally turned in a coin of Edward II's reign and so helped to establish the date.

What may conceivably have protected some of the area is the presence of the ruins of a lost church. Until the fifteenth century there were separate parishes of Lullingstone and Lullingstane but, after the depopulation due to the Black Death, they were united and the Lullingstane church was allowed to decay. Early records speak of the church as having been built largely of Roman materials and a seventeenth century map places it on the exact spot of last season's excavations. Even if the mapmakers were a little careless, it can scarcely have been far away and there is every possibility that it may have stood on Roman foundations. Should this prove to be the case, there will obviously be problems of several kinds to be faced.

These, however, are matters for the future. In spite of the range of the discoveries that have already been made, the work is hardly more than in its initial stages. It is being carried out, wholly on a voluntary basis, by enthusiasts of both sexes and of all ages, some of whom have been travelling considerable distances in order to take part in the digging in their spare time. Throughout the winter a small party has been at work on the site preparing in various ways for the coming season. The excavated area was cleared of its protective coverings towards the end of March. It was found that the walls and floorings—especially the mosaics—had suffered no harm from weather. The site was re-opened to the public on April 1 and on that date new excavations were begun, chiefly to the south but also adjoining the mosaic floor. Whether it will be feasible to extend the digging northward will depend on the amount of volunteer labour and on weather conditions. Much lies ahead, for it is anticipated by Lieutenant-Colonel Meates that the excavations will not be completed in less than another three or four years. The prospect may appear to be formidable but, if the results of the last season afford any guide, there should be ample recompense.

(The author, an amateur archaeologist who has excavated sites in other parts of the country, has spent much spare time in digging at Lullingstone.)

THE THREEFOLD WORK OF MARTIN BUBER

BY HELEN WODEHOUSE

I.

PROFESSOR Martin Buber's latest book* is a sympathetic review of socialist writings and experiments which Marx, after some wavering, condemned as 'Utopian'. Their authors were men who set their hopes on human thought and will rather than on the vast mechanical forces on which Marx relied; and they pictured a society renewed from the bottom upwards with a new tissue of living cells, rather than one remodelled by the power of the State. "To the question of the elements of social re-structure, a fateful question indeed, Marx and Engels never gave a positive answer, because they had no inner relation to this idea. Marx might occasionally allude to 'the elements of the new society which have already developed in the womb of the collapsing bourgeois society' and which the Revolution had only 'to set free'; but he could not make up his mind to foster these elements, to promote them and sponsor them. The political act of revolution remained the one thing worth striving for."

Hence, Martin Buber holds, the Marxian movement has missed elements of prophecy in which guidance might have been found. Granted that some 'Utopian' writing is little more than deductive fiction, yet other parts show genuine empirical study, aimed at finding and cherishing now what is fitted to enrich the society of tomorrow. Saint-Simon and Fourier to some extent, but more especially Owen and Proudhon, Kropotkin and Gustav Landauer, saw truths that the Marxians have neglected. Similarly the Marxist movement has neglected the values attained in the co-operatives of England and France, in the Russian village community and the *artel*; and, in our own day, it has progressively distorted and destroyed the tremendous possibilities latent in the network of Soviets, springing up spontaneously from below in response to the actual needs of the time. Lenin and Marshal Stalin recognized their importance indeed, but only as means to an end; only as weapons for driving the Revolution forward. "One cannot in the nature of things," says Professor Buber, "expect a little tree that has been turned into a club to put forth leaves."

* *Paths in Utopia*, by Martin Buber. Translated by R. F. C. Hull. Routledge & Kegan Paul. 15s.

But such willed and decentralizing growths are essential. It is not these but the centralized State power that is only a temporary means. The experiments may often have failed, but the final chapter of this book is concerned with what the author calls "a signal non-failure"; the Jewish village communities in contemporary Palestine. From his present position in the Hebrew University Professor Buber watches these new small societies, so varied in form yet kindred in spirit, each bringing its own contribution to the new life of a nation, within that Zionist movement to whose service he has given so much of his long working life. At the same time, sensitive to all promise and aware of all danger, he can watch within them precisely the subject-matter of his special studies in moral philosophy. "Forms of organization are useless and empty," we say glibly, "without the spirit within." But what is that spirit? How is it to be analysed or described? Martin Buber's obstinate effort to think clearly on the subject, and to convey his thoughts to us, runs through all his books, including this one.

The primary aspiration of all history is a genuine community of human beings—genuine because it is *community all through*. A community that failed to base itself on the actual and communal life of big and little groups living and working together, and on their mutual relationships, would be fictitious and counterfeit. . . . The idea of community must be guarded against all contamination by sentimentality or emotionalism. . . . Community is the inner disposition or constitution of a life in common, which knows and embraces in itself hard 'calculation', adverse 'chance', the sudden access of 'anxiety'. It is community of tribulation and only because of that community of spirit; community of toil and only because of that community of salvation.

His final pages touch on the special difficulty arising within the Communes since, under the pressure of world crisis, they have had to deal with the flood of immigration and absorb a new and different kind of human material.

The point where the problem emerges is neither the individual's relationship to the idea nor his relationship to the community nor yet to work. . . . The point . . . where people are apt to slip, is in their relationship to their fellows. . . . It is not a matter of intimacy at all; this appears where it must, and if it is lacking, that's all there is to it. The question is rather one of openness. A real community need not consist of people who are perpetually together; but it must consist of people who, precisely because they are comrades, have mutual access to one another and are ready for one another.

To sum up:

I have said that I see in this bold Jewish undertaking a 'signal non-failure'. I cannot say: a signal success. To become that, much has still to be done. Yet it is in this way, in this kind of tempo, with such set-backs, disappointments, and new ventures, that the real changes are accomplished in this our mortal world. . . . We must designate one of the two poles of Socialism between which our choice lies, by the formidable name of 'Moscow'. The other, I would make bold to call 'Jerusalem'.

II.

Behind this study of man in society there lies the sequence of Professor Buber's most technically philosophical and meditative works; represented specially by *Daniel* (1913), *I and Thou* (1923)*, *Dialogue* (1929), *The Question to the Single One* (1936), and *What is Man* (1938). They might be called metaphysical, if we accepted the definition of metaphysics as "an unusually obstinate attempt to think clearly." But some difficult thoughts take shape most readily in poetry, and both *Daniel* and *I and Thou* tend to become prose poems, sometimes lyrical, sometimes gnomic and oracular. In other parts a certain monotony of style makes it hard for the reader to keep his attention fixed, yet every now and then the meaning glows again through some illuminating and memorable phrase.

The theme to which they all return I would describe as that of creative comradeship. It is easy (Martin Buber suggests in *I and Thou*), and largely unavoidable, to spend our time in dealing from the surface of ourselves with the surface of men and things; to treat men and things alike as objects to be moved about in a safe commonplace world. "You cannot hold on to life without it, its reliability sustains you; but should you die in it, your grave would be in nothingness." To know reality, we must say not only 'it' but 'thou'. We must be ready to meet it face to face, with the whole of our being and with an open heart. The act is plainest in our dealings with men, but it is not confined to these. The baby's hands grope after relationship until they win from a woolly Teddy-bear "its precise form, apparent to the senses, and become lovingly and unforgettably aware of a complete body . . . It is simply not the case that the child first perceives an object, then, as it were, puts himself in relation with it. But the effort to establish relation comes first—the hand of the child arched out so that what is over against him may nestle under it; second is the actual relation, a saying of *Thou* without words." The nature-lover can say *Thou* to a tree or a rose, "and the friendship of the elements accompanies the man into the stillness of dying and becoming." The artist or the poet

is faced by a form which desires to be made by him into a work. This form is no offspring of his soul, but is an appearance which steps up to it and demands of it the effective power. The man is concerned with an act of his being. If he carries it through, if he speaks the primary word out of his being to the form which appears then the effective power streams out, and the work arises. . . . Through the meeting that which confronts me is fulfilled, and enters the world of things. . . .

So likewise, we may add, thinking of paths in Utopia, a youth

*Translated by Ronald Gregor Smith. T. & T. Clark (Edinburgh) 1937. The three which follow are included in *Between Man and Man* (same translator) published by Kegan Paul, 1947. *Daniel* has not been translated.

or a statesman may respond with his whole-being not only to some human comrade but to the beloved community itself which is seeking to be born. And in both cases "Love is responsibility of an *I* for a *Thou*."

This is life in the spirit; spirit not shut inside us but around us and "between"; "not like the blood that circulates in you but like the air in which you breathe." In one of his early works Professor Buber coined the word *Zwischenmenschlichkeit* for the subject-matter of economics and sociology—the network of relationship which joins, encloses, and upholds. With a most serviceable originality he has carried forward and developed this thought of an enclosing and uniting sphere. In and through this we meet the oneness of the 'eternal Thou' speaking through every particular *Thou* to the man who will respond. In so far as we make room for the flow of grace, we can meet every person, every task, every event, as a comrade. "We do not find meaning lying in things nor do we put it into things, but between us and things it can happen.*

III.

Good and evil . . . cannot be a pair of opposites like right and left or above and beneath. 'Good' is the movement in the direction of home, 'evil' is the aimless whirl of human potentialities without which nothing can be achieved and by which, if they take no direction but remain trapped in themselves, everything goes awry. . . . As a condition of the individual soul evil is the convulsive shirking of direction, of the total orientation of the soul by which it stands up to personal responsibility before God. . . . The passionate man refuses by his passion, the indolent man by his indolence. . . . The real historical daemones are the exploiting by historical powers of this shirking.

The body politic . . . seeks, knowingly or unknowingly, to realize in its genuine formations men's turning to one another in the context of creation. The false formations distort but they cannot eliminate the eternal origin.

These two passages come from *The Question to the Single One*. But their doctrine is continuous with experiences of Martin Buber's youth and with the third strand of his lifework—his studies of Jewish religion and especially of the movement known as Hasidism. In what follows I paraphrase *Mein Weg zum Chassidismus*, a short essay which he published in 1918.

Ever since Maccabean times there have recurrently arisen communities of 'hasids' or 'pious persons', who sought to build the daily life of men on the foundation of divine truth. The one we are concerned with arose from the teaching, in the mid-eighteenth century, of Israel ben Elieser, called Baal-Schem (Master of the Name). It had a brief time of bloom, rich in memorable personalities, before it degenerated, and even up to our own day it has been widespread amongst the Jews of eastern Europe. Its central doctrine

* *Dialogue*, p. 36. The other quotations in this section are taken from *I and Thou*.

can be summed up briefly : God is to be seen in everything and to be reached through every pure action. Everything is a shell, a vessel, for some spark of divinity, which the man who meets it in purity and devotion can release and send home. The whole world is a word from the mouth of God, and salvation lies not in forsaking the world but in sanctifying it ; serving God joyously in eating and drinking and labouring, in family life and community life.

Martin Buber came in early childhood from Vienna, his birthplace, to be brought up by grandparents in Galicia, and spent every summer near a little town which was the seat of a dynasty of Hasidist Rabbis. The tradition had long been in decay ; the synagogue's congregation was ignorant and superstitious ; yet in the strange convulsed worshippers the child seemed with a child's eyes to discern what a community was, and in the Zaddik passing through the throng of postulants, to discern what a leader was ; the one based on a common reverence and a common joy ; the other, even at the lowest, standing for the Helper, for the man complete. "Here was something ancient and immortal ; lost, abased, yet ever returning."

There followed, in boyhood and youth, years of alienation not only from the Hasidists but from Judaism as a whole. Then came the touch of Zionism, transforming life by bringing the lad back into that human relationship and continuity so sorely needed by youth adrift, and needed above all by the fatherlandless Jew. For Martin Buber this was "no bounded haven but the way into the open sea." Henceforth, he felt, he must study what his people had handed down, and study it not merely as an anthropologist or historian from without but as an Israelite from within. He must learn to know Judaism as its creators knew it. So the young man learnt his forgotten Hebrew over again, and "read and read", winning his way gradually through much poor shapeless matter to the soul behind. Memories out of childhood came back to illuminate it, and at 26 he withdrew for five years from journalism and public speaking and all the active work of the Zionist party, into the silent business of collecting material and burying himself therein ; editing, translating or paraphrasing, and beginning the series of publications connected with Judaism and Hasidism, some directed specially to scholars but many to the laity, which for more than 40 years have accompanied the other lines of work which we have traced*. The Zionist Professor who at 68 published *Paths in Utopia*, and the philosopher poet who at 45 published *I and Thou* in Germany,

* Few of these publications have been translated into English, at any rate within the British Commonwealth. But a selection in English has been published by Lucy Cohen under the title of *Jewish Mysticism and the Legends of Baalshem* (J. M. Dent, 1931) ; and several essays are translated by Dr. Greta Hort in *Mamre* (Melbourne University Press, 1946). For readers who can enjoy simple and beautiful German I would recommend beginning if possible with Martin Buber's charming booklet *Hundert Chassidische Geschichten* (Schocken Verlag, Berlin, 1933).

unite in the scholar who has known a religion "as its creators knew it" and who, amongst other things has collaborated in a new translation of the Hebrew Bible. And all three have grown from the little boy who once watched the Zaddik with his flock in Sadagora, and stared at the Hasids dancing with the Book of the Law.

IV.

Dr. Greta Hort remarks in her introduction to *Mamre* that "the English language lacks a word for the type of literature which in German is described by the word 'populär' We do not possess many men who out of their learning give the laity of their best, men who undergo the discipline and drudgery of research . . . in order to communicate the best of which they are capable to the general public. If a specialist (in Britain) writes for the general public, his writing is incidental to the greater part of his work, and the presumption is that it does not contain anything which merits the serious attention of other specialists ; we have '*Professoren und Pastoren*' but few '*Lehrer*'." With no derogation from his work either as professor or as pastor, we may say that Martin Buber has been pre-eminently a teacher. He has never set easy tasks to his unspecialized readers ; he has required their full attention ; but, without compromise, he has done his very best to enable them to read with understanding. He has published comparatively small books rather than large volumes, and has included many essays and lectures ; forms whose characteristic danger is the opening they give for gaseousness and self-repetition. I do not believe that this danger has anywhere overcome him. Whether he is thinking of political systems, or wrestling with a mystical experience, or addressing an audience of school teachers, or commenting on Kierkegaard or Spinoza, he seems to me always to be grappling with something fresh and solid, difficult and important, and trying to get it across. When he returns repeatedly to the same subject, one can feel working the double motive of the teacher : "Try looking at it this way" and "I believe that now I have seen it better and can make it clearer." We may grant, as he might grant himself, that all his subjects have been facets of one great subject, "men's turning to one another" (and to the creatures, and to the universe, and to God) "in the context of creation." In *Between Man and Man* he says :

Kant's question *What is man* ? . . . can never be answered on the basis of a consideration of the human person as such, but (so far as an answer is possible at all) only on the basis of a consideration of it in the wholeness of its essential relations to what is. Only the man who realizes in his whole life with his whole being the relations possible to him helps us to know man truly. And since . . . the depths

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of the question about man's being are revealed only to the man who has become solitary, the way to the answer lies through the man who overcomes his solitude without forfeiting its questioning power.

That may be the most appropriate final comment upon Martin Buber's teachership.

(*Dr. Helen Wodehouse is the author of One Kind of Religion and was Mistress of Girton College, Cambridge.*)

SNOWFALL IN MAY

BY A. V. STUART

A fantasy of snow
Fluttering softly to the lawn below !
It is the cherry tree whose petals rain
In mimicry of winter : a tree so high
That the delicate drift of flakes seems from the sky,
This boon sky of mid-May.

See, once again
In the light breeze the branches stir and sway,
Softly discharging to the sward below
Their mimicry of snow.

The daisies, with their innocent eyes,
Look up in mild surprise.
They star the lawn with white : this heaps it over
With its pure billowy cover.
Spring, the sweet witch, has stolen, in swift caprice,
Winter's loveliest device,
And laughs, mid song and sunshine, to cheat our eyes
With her snowy fantasies.

TREASURE-TROVE

BY LORD GORELL

I.

Poor am I, aging, fameless, and oppressed
By the recurrent burdens of Mankind
Breeding like carrioned maggots—but I glow
With such a passion of unconquerable zest
At all the infinite beauty that I find
By Nature, master-architect, designed
Everywhere, everywhere my glances go
That no man in his leaping heart can seize
A richer treasure-trove : light-foot, it strays
From clouds and colours, hills and birds and trees,
From all the varied wealth of earthly ways
Beyond enumeration, beyond praise.

II.

There is the fervour of wild magic's wings
About the wind's mad rush and a caress
Within its quiet breathing like the sense
Of lover's hand regained : the ocean flings
Great bursts of music and even motionless,
Asleep in the arms of Summer's gentleness,
Is all a glory and a gift intense.
O if the sentient mind of Man could raise
His heart to Heaven, flooding eye and ear
With the world's beauty, and be steeped in praise,
How rich-apparelled all Life would appear
And shrouded lie the wormy ghouls of Fear !

EDWARD LEAR, POET

BY J. T. BROCKWAY

HE, himself, might have been the first to object to the title, insisting instead on what he regarded as the more august appellation of landscape painter. Yet poet he is, and you have only to turn to that diminutive and delightful book, *The Collected Nonsense Songs of Edward Lear*,* for the evidence. You can go to it expecting to be amused and enchanted once again by nonsense rhymes, but you will need to have the soul of a pedant and a dullard's ear, if you are not to come under a far more subtle spell. If you do not instead discover poetry.

How is it possible to make poetry out of a Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò and a Dong with a Luminous Nose? That is a question worth asking, for if you can answer it you will have learnt something not only about Edward Lear, but about the nature of poetry as well.

The rhymes are all about an owl and a pussy cat who sailed away for a year and a day, married in the land where the Bong Tree grows and danced by the light of the moon. About a chair and a table who, although they were not able, went out for a walk, lost their bearings, and were eventually led safely back home by the friendly intervention of a duck, a mouse and a beetle. About the unpredictable Jumbles, as irrational in their behaviour as the contemporary world, but with how utterly different, how ineffably happier an irrationality. About that haunting, haunted and melancholy creature, the Dong, who nightly illuminated the forest with his nose. About the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò and his unlucky love for that unhappy lady, the Lady Jingly Jones on her little heap of stones, surrounded by early pumpkin flowers and Dorking hens.

Fantastic nonsense? Not a bit of it! There is not a landscape, not a figure, a gesture, an event, which is not relevant to the human situation, which does not conjure up a reflection on our human fate. And although we laugh quietly at the delicious absurdities and are constantly ravished by the felicity of invention, rhythm and rhyme, the enchantment and the ultimate satisfaction we experience do not, after all, come from our amusement, but from a very different emotion. Lear's subject is not comedy, but tragedy. Tragedy thinly and charmingly disguised—but never wholly obscured—by an original

gift of whimsicality and a highly individual sense of the humorous-fantastic. Lear is almost the tragic clown. He moves us to laughter and at the same time magically, by the same means, towards tears. Yet it is a very quiet, subdued clown, free from all acerbity and innocent of the maudlin and the sentimental. For the comedy the clown mixes with his tragedy, Lear substitutes his own inimitable brand of fantasy; his verses are never comic. In a rawer environment, an age other than the Victorian, deprived of material comforts and a reasonable measure of social security, Edward Lear might have resembled that other clown, the fool of that other Lear on the heath. The tragic touch, the tender whimsicality are both there; but the knife-sharp wit, the acute comment on man's weaknesses, are lacking. With him tragedy is always leavened by fantasy—and by what is, perhaps, his most significant, most characteristic trait, a universal, never faltering gentleness of spirit. Add innocence, which is another aspect of that same gentleness, and you have the three main ingredients of the magic and the poetry of Edward Lear. Tragedy, gentleness and innocence. All three are unmistakably communicated not only by the songs themselves, but also by the illustrations he made to accompany them.

Surely, you may say, it is his technical facility that is so magical, so unique in his verse. I do not think that the magic and the poetry lie in the technique—though many a serious poet could well be proud of an equal mastery. Others have possessed a comparable talent. W. S. Gilbert was, perhaps, even more ingenious, though always less subtle. But Gilbert rarely, if ever, achieved poetry, and the spirit of his verses is quite antithetical to the spirit of Lear's; is harshly satirical and often savage to the point of sadism.

I do not think that the magic lies in the fantasy either. An owl and a pussy cat at sea in a pea-green boat with a pot of honey and plenty of money wrapped up in a five pound note! Isn't there magic in the sheer inventive fantasy of that? It is undeniable. Yet the true magic lies, I would suggest, not in the fantasy, pure and simple, but in its connotation of gentleness. Lewis Carroll's fantasies are as bizarre and even more elaborate. Yet they lack Lear's magic because they entirely lack Lear's tenderness of spirit. There are no 'Off with his heads!' in Lear. Violence seldom occurs and when it does, in the form of the Cumberbund and Mr. Discobolos's dynamite, it is always tempered by the innocent absurdity of the fantasy. That fantasy is free from Carroll's enormity. There is something repellently grotesque in the Mad Hatter, the White Queen, the Duchess; even in the Cheshire Cat—and especially in the elongation of Alice's neck. These phenomena belong to the land of night, of incipient nightmare, while Lear's creatures belong to a daydream world, awakening in us, not fear, but pity and compassion.

* Crown Classics: The Grey Walls Press.

The nose of the Dong, unlike Alice's neck, is no deformity of the human organ, but a false nose, a contraption tied on with cords with bows at the back of the head; it is even more innocent than the false nose of the circus clown with its lingering suggestion of the horrific. This difference is, I think, highly significant and is confirmed by a comparison of Lear's illustrations to his own verses with those of Sir John Tenniel to *Alice*. Tenniel has something of the grotesque horror of Da Vinci's caricatures. But look at Lear's Sage taking his "certain aim" at the bald heads of the two old bachelors and you will remark at once the almost loving gentleness with which that devastating blow was delivered. Lear's fantasy is innocent of horror and of the mere suggestion of it; while, in Carroll, it is the grotesque, which bordering on the horrific, simultaneously fascinates and frightens the child, exerting on it the same ambivalent spell as the witch and the ogre do. Thus it is that *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* appeal to the child and to what remains of the child in the adult whereas Lear's *Nonsense Songs*, limited in their appeal to the child, appeal to what is mature in the adult. His innocence is far from the innocence of the child. It is of a kind that gathers its force from our lack of it, appealing, therefore, with a powerful nostalgia, especially to those who in a disingenuous world, have lost their innocence.

An examination of the events recorded in the *Nonsense Songs* will give us a clearer idea of the nature of this innocence which we have lost. Through them all runs a very remarkable theme. It is of the companionship between creatures—not reconciliation, because hostility between them is never presupposed, never contemplated. Diverse animals, birds, insects, men and women and inanimate objects are bound together in Lear's world by a natural inclination to comradeship and mutual co-operation. In this world an owl and a cat are no longer foes, but companions, fellow voyagers who eventually unite in matrimony. The primeval conflict between fur and feather is never for a moment contemplated. Companionship and mutual assistance replace hostility and appetite. The kangaroo takes the duck ariding on his tail. The obliging turtle, "with a sad, primaeval motion," conveys the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò to the sunset isles of Boshen. The Quangle Wangle, without so much as a murmur, accords accommodation to a whole menagerie of the fantastic—and "all were as happy as happy could be." Messrs. Poker and Tongs go out riding with the Misses Shovel and Broom. Mr. Daddy Long-Legs and Mr. Floppy Fly, fellows in misfortune, join together and set sail for the great Gromboolian Plain. The Jumbles, whether at sea in their sieve, or ashore in the land of the Chankly Bore, are a happy family. The pig surrenders his ring for a mere shilling; and the Lady Jingly Jones, although unable to offer

her hand, reveals her innate generosity of heart by a polite offer of three Dorking hens. Not one of these beings is proud, bustling about, filled with his own importance like some of Carroll's creatures. None stands up and says: 'What a fine fellow I am!' Instead all are blessed with an abounding humility. And humility, service, self-surrender and co-operation are the virtues of the mature, are foreign to the child and the child-minded. It is this which makes the fantasy in Lear mature and gives it its adult relevance.

On the rare occasions when violence is contemplated, as, for instance when the two old bachelors propose to cut the Sage into little bits and mix him with the stuffing, it is transformed by the innocence of the fantasy (in this case the play on the word 'sage') into something quite harmless; we feel from the outset that Lear will never allow his Sage to be so outrageously manhandled. And even when violence does actually occur, it has no esoteric significance: there is no ulterior reason for psychologists to fathom in Mr. Discobolos's sudden murder of his family, or in the fate which befalls the anonymous and beautiful victim of the Indian Cumberbund. The verse, itself, never becomes grim. For these reasons I think that it is not in the fantasy, *per se*, but in the nature of the fantasy, at once gentle, innocent and mature, that Lear's magic and his poetry lie. But not entirely. There is still another ingredient. To innocence and gentleness of spirit is added the magical stuff of tragedy.

All Lear's creatures inhabit a curiously silent, lonely and unpeopled world. We feel that the moonlit sea on which the owl and the pussy cat set sail is some lonely, forgotten sea. The hills and streams of the Chankly Bore a forlorn landscape. The Great Gromboolian Plain a desert. His landscape is wholly in period. It is the world of his fellow romantics, the landscape painters of the mid-nineteenth century; of Samuel Palmer and especially of Francis Danby. It has Danby's romantic extravagance, his melancholy, and his deserted air. Look, for instance, at Danby's "The Enchanted Isle" in the Victoria and Albert Museum, with Calypso grieving her lost lover, and you will see a world in which the Dong could plausibly have roamed. Though Lear's landscapes are relieved, of course, by a touch foreign to the nineteenth century romantics—by a whimsical humour. In his lands you are always coming upon Bong Trees, Twangum Trees, Oblong Oysters and Cranberry Tarts. Yet the melancholy of the romantic landscape is now and then temporarily unrelieved:

Lonely and wild—all night he goes,—
The Dong with a luminous Nose!
And all who watch at the midnight hour,
From Hall or Terrace, or lofty Tower,
Cry, as they trace the Meteor bright,

Moving along through the dreary night,
 "This is the hour when forth he goes,
 The Dong with a luminous nose !
 Yonder over the plain he goes ;
 ' He goes !
 ' He goes ;
 The Dong with a luminous nose !"

There, the humorous note is almost lost, the Dong become far from funny. And here, again, the sadness of the romantic picture banishes laughter for a while :

And far away in the twilight sky,
 We heard them singing a lessening cry,—
 Farther and farther till out of sight,
 And we stood alone in the silent night !
 Often since, in the nights of June,
 We sit on the sand and watch the moon ;—
 She has gone to the great Gromboolian plain,
 And we probably never shall meet again !
 Oft, in the long still nights of June,
 We sit on the rocks and watch the moon ;—
 —She dwells by the streams of the Chankly Bore,
 And we probably never shall see her more

while the use of repetition is masterly in creating an effect of melancholy desolation.

The very names Lear finds for his lands of fantasy are redolent with the extravagance and melancholy of the romantics : the great Gromboolian Plain, the land of the Chankly Bore, the sunset isles of Boshen. What are these sunset isles but that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns ? From these fantastic lands it is the Jumblies alone who ever return. The others go to dance by the light of the moon or to play games of "battlecock and shuttledore" until Doomsday. Too many of them are never heard of again. They are travellers seeking an escape from this world, from its private sorrows : "legs too short, and legs too long," and from its boredom : "Must we drag on this stupid existence for ever ?" But the moonlit lands for which they set sail, though they offer peace and an unworldly serenity, cannot give true happiness. It is those who stay at home, round the hearth, or in the Quangle Wangle's hat, who are as happy as happy could be. The others are lonely—even in companionship.

What is the pig doing there alone in the middle of the wood ? The turkey on top of the hill ? Lady Jingly Jones on her little heap of stones ? Is that dance of the owl and the pussy cat really a dance of joy, a wedding dance ? Or is it not rather transformed by Lear's moonlight into something lonely and unfathomably pathetic ? The Dong with a luminous nose roams a deserted forest for ever, vainly seeking the one he will never find. The Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò sails

away on the turtle's back and leaves the Lady Jingly Jones deserted by her Mr. Handel Jones Esq. and Co. The two old bachelors live alone in a house as empty as Mother Hubbard's cupboard and they, too, finally disappear never to be heard of again.

Thus we see that the scene and the note of Lear's tragedy is loneliness. It is only rarely that it is specifically and deliberately stated, yet it is everywhere, creeping in, unobtrusively but inevitably, even into scenes of domestic bliss. Mr. and Mrs. Discobolos are very isolated and alone on top of their wall. Mr. and Mrs. Spikky Sparrow alone in their bird world. You will find this trait everywhere and in the most unlikely places. He will start off lightheartedly with :

Calico Pie,
 The Little Birds fly . . .

but the final note is always :

They never came back !
 They never came back !
 They never came back to me !

In the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò and the Dong, where the tragedy is less disguised and more intimately related to Lear's own personal tragedy, it assumes a new poignancy. But even here it is still veiled by humour and fantasy and this very veiling of the tragedy inherent in his work keeps it latent. It gains thus enormously in suggestive and evocative power. It is, after all, the latent that is the magical in poetry, that is the poetry, just as it is the latent in a human being which constitutes personality. Because it is involuntary and unselfconscious, we know that the tragedy which everywhere pervades the *Nonsense Songs* is genuine ; that it is the inevitable projection of Lear himself. This it is which completes the magic of Lear, gives these songs their human significance and sets on them the stamp of genuine, enduring poetry. T. S. Eliot, a poet as unlike Lear as it is possible to imagine, has said that what determines the immortality of a poem is its truth to "the permanent in human nature." It is just this truth which Lear's songs possess. It is this truth which makes this nonsense sublime.

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THE ESSENCE OF LAW

BY SIR HENRY SLESSER

Pragmatism, in all its aspects, has always had a great attraction for the American mind, and in his latest work* Jerome Frank does not hesitate to apply relativist and subjective conclusions to the problem of the nature of judicial reasoning and the law. As to the latter, he is entirely opposed to the scholastic view, accepted by Blackstone, that there is an eternal law and a natural or, indeed, anything but a local national one, made up, as he thinks, very largely of the personal inclinations and prejudices of the judges. Those jurists (including nearly all American ones except Wendell Holmes) who speak of the judges interpreting a constant code of logical principles are derided as suffering from an "infantile complex"; borrowing from the psychologists, he describes them as seeking subconsciously in the law, a juridical "father". They are guilty of "childish thought ways". The law is regarded thus by all those who uphold the notion of absolute right as a "Father as Judge."

It is perhaps disconcerting to those who mould their ideas on older conceptions of law to find that this work (though only now through the enterprise of Messrs. Stevens, published in England) has been through no less than six editions in America, for, if the views of Mr. Frank be accepted, it would be the end of all appreciation of law as an exact science; in his opinion law is but empirical and subjective.

Thus, in criticizing the methods of judicial reasoning, in its recourse to logic, sociology or ethics, the author, citing other American jurists to the same effect, is of opinion that a judge, in the last resort, derives his conclusions from his personal character

and prejudices, working, it seems by a sort of intuition. This subjective method, controlled only by precedent and direct legislative ordinance, and then apparently, imperfectly, he calls a "hunch"; in the word of Judge Hutcheson, an "apologia" for his decision. That a judge, by his decision, will "control the future" is denied, and indeed if succeeding occupants of the bench will, in their turn, "act as poets" Mr. Frank may be right. But whence then comes that certainty which we of the now impugned school were taught to believe was of the essence of true law? Veneration for what was done in the past is now become "rule-fetichism". "Once entrapped by the belief that precedent and principles are the paramount thing in the law, and that uniformity and certainty are of major importance—" a judge may refuse to do justice to the case on trial because he fears that "hard cases make bad laws." And thus, comments the author, "produce" what may be aptly called "injustice according to law." In his opinion the hope of legal certainty is "infantile".

The notion that a jury can correct the pedantry, as Mr. Frank sees it, of judges is also questioned. To begin with, he denies that the jury, in their turn, do not necessarily apply law in finding the facts—here I think he is right. But in any case the notion that while the judge is bound to existing law, the jury can mitigate the severity of its application, a view expressed by Chalmers in all simplicity, means that juries are authorized to misapply the law—an impossible conclusion. Then again, as the author writes: "The decisions of many juries are products of irresponsible caprice and prejudice"

* *Law and the Modern Mind*, by Jerome Frank. Stevens. 25s.

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but, while not pushing the matter too far, it might be said that Mr. Frank in his demand that judges shall not follow the ideal of certainty is asking them to act in a manner not very different from the jury whose activities he scarcely defends. The judicial directions to juries he describes as "ritual" and doubts whether the jury pay much attention to them; they are "exorcising phrases—cabalistic formulas."

I find this book, and the other many works which resemble it, disconcerting; it is in harmony with the notion of that subjectivity of morals which so many modern writers on ethics support. At the end we are left wondering, on the assumption that law is the intuitive discovery of judges, whether the most important feature may not emerge to be the method by which these creative judicial supermen are appointed. In this view the choice of the particular judge, not so much for his experience, but on account of his "hunches" would appear to be the central consideration.

Despite his denunciation of our "infantilism" I am glad to think that few English judges would accept Mr. Frank's denial of the certainty of law, or indeed his whole condemnation of juridical principle.

A *HISTORY OF ENGLAND*, by Keith Feiling. Macmillan. 30s.

Mr. David Ogg, writing of H. A. L. Fisher's *History of Europe*, remarked that "it was read, and read to the last page, by that large and intelligent public which is anxious to know about history, but is naturally shy of historical manuals." It seems safe to prophecy that Professor Keith Feiling's *History of England* will have something of the same success. Far too much English historical writing of the highest class recently has been for the scholar. It would be wrong as well as ungrateful to criticize the valuable work done in this way, particularly on the medieval

period. Without it a book like Mr. Feiling's would have far less sound foundations. But the mantle of Macaulay and Froude as narrative historians—men of stature, in spite of bias—has fallen on few. Usually the popularizers have not been scholars, and the scholars have not been popular.

Mr. Feiling, Chichele Professor of Modern History at Oxford, commands as much authority as any man who is bold enough in these days to take twenty centuries for his province. He is a historian who can write, not a writer with a taste for history. His book runs to over a thousand pages, though half of it is given to the years after 1688—the aim being "to lay the emphasis on the period within which Britain became a great Power."

It might be supposed that the historian of the Tory Party would spoil his work by grinding axes. There are few signs of this except in the last chapter bringing events down to 1938 and even here there is little to complain of. In a moderate apologetic for our foreign policy from 1930-1938 some mention might have been made of Mr. Churchill's criticism of Neville Chamberlain's policy. It is wrong, however, to seize upon a short last chapter in a long work marked by great fairness. There is no sacrificing of Gladstone to Disraeli; Cromwell is rated highly: "upon United Kingdom and Empire, sea-power, toleration, and democracy the mark of the Protector is plain to see." A more weighty ground for criticism lies in the book's comparative neglect of the revolution in thought and in the character of daily life brought about by the growth of science.

It is a fine work for the general reader, and lives up to its claim to be the first modern successor of J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People*. Its style, with its flashes of colour, steps along at a lively pace, and there are no sloughs of dullness and obscure argument. There are moments of restrained eloquence, as in this

passage on the Saxon invaders: "They sang of war, of boar-crested helmets, of nights when the swords flashed 'as if all Finsburg were on fire', of the linden shield shattered by the ash spear, arrows sleeting like hail, booty and women, of the eagle, wolf, and raven shiftily watching dying men." It is a worthy history of a great nation.

WALTER JAMES.

HUMAN ACTION, by Ludwig von Mises. *Hodge*. 42s.
INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF ECONOMICS, by Henry Smith. *Sylvan Press*. 10s. 6d.

Professor von Mises, once of Vienna and now of New York University, has subtitled his bulky volume (880 pages) "a treatise on economics." Whether this is a fitting description of its contents depends on one's definition of the term "economics". As the reviewer sees it, the book is in reality largely a treatise on the theory of economic knowledge, a sort of Critique of Pure Reason (Economic). Kant's aprioristic categories of human knowledge have a parallel in Mises' categories of human action which, says the author, are "in us", like logic and mathematics (p. 64).

All this may sound somewhat frightening, but the book, despite its manifest one-sidedness and dogmatism, is highly interesting. Whoever enjoys a well-conducted logical argument will be fascinated, although there will be struggles with the author's Germanic syntax. His erudition no less than his obvious sincerity and conviction command respect, even from one who wholly disagrees with his premisses and his conclusions: the respect, at least, that Renan is said to have shown to the rites of the Church which he had left when, on meeting the Corpus Christi procession in his native Tréguier, he doffed his hat: "*Nous nous saluons*," he remarked to a friend, "*mais nous ne nous parlons jamais*."

Professor von Mises is one of the last all-out defenders of capitalism and the

private-enterprise economy, an uncompromising opponent of interventionism and, *a fortiori*, of anything remotely connected with Socialism. He writes on p. 850:

The truth is that capitalism has not only multiplied population figures (sic), but improved the people's standard of living in an unprecedented way. Neither economic thinking nor historical experience suggest that any other social system could be more beneficial to the masses than capitalism. The market economy needs no apologists and (sic) propagandists. It can apply to itself Sir Christopher Wren's epitaph in St. Paul's: *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*.

If the author admits that the cause of economic liberalism was harmed by the "almost regular return of feverish booms and of the dramatic breakdown of bull markets followed by lingering slumps," that was of course due to "policies directed toward a lowering of the rate of interest by credit expansion" (p. 441). Indeed, but for interventionism, the free market, in which the price mechanism assures the most efficient distribution and utilization of the various factors of production, is in his view amply sufficient to make this "consumers' democracy" work. Unemployment other than of the transitional kind is an "institutional" phenomenon also produced by interventionist policies.

A job-seeker who does not want to wait, will always get a job in the unhampered market economy in which there is always unused capacity of natural resources and very often also unused capacity of produced factors of production. It is only necessary for him either to reduce the amount of pay he is asking for, or to alter his occupation or his place of work (p. 595).

Only, indeed; it is as simple as that. And all economists since about the 1880's have lived in vain, from those of the German historical school right up to Lord Keynes. Of him it is said that he "did not add any new idea to the body of inflationist fallacies, a thousand times refuted by economists." From which one must conclude that Professor von Mises does not count him among the economists.

If the author's premisses are admitted, his reasoning may be logically im-

peccable, but it bears no relation to economic life. The difficulties of economics derive precisely from the fact that man, having reached a certain degree of economic development, prefers deliberately to sacrifice the "maximization" of economic satisfaction to non-economic considerations such as greater social justice. It is here that the author fails. It is not enough to refute Marx's theory of value in order to refute Socialism. In any case, to attempt such a refutation, some comprehension of Socialism is necessary. Professor von Mises' shrill extremism in this field is self-defeating.

The *Introduction to the Study of Economics* by the Vice-Principal of Ruskin College, Oxford, contains a quiet and balanced *exposé* of the methods of economic analysis based on the concepts of marginal utility and the Keynesian theory of employment. Although it is called an "introduction", it requires some previous knowledge of economic theory if only because over-condensation, no doubt compelled by lack of space, has made certain passages somewhat difficult to follow. Cases in point are the *rapprochement* attempted by the author, between the Marxian labour theory of value and the marginal theories in this field (pp. 109-117) and some developments on marginal cost, average cost and marginal revenue (pp. 129-130). The patient reader who refers to the Annex on indifference curves to be found at the end of the volume, will however be able to overcome this difficulty with the help of the tools provided by analytical geometry. He will then find the book a useful general survey of first principles.

R. P. SCHWARZ.

BEYOND REALISM & IDEALISM, by Wilbur Marshall Urban. *George Allen & Unwin*. 18s.
MY PHILOSOPHY, by Benedetto Croce. *George Allen & Unwin*. 15s.
By quickly convincing the reader that a philosophical *dénouement* of the first importance lies only a few pages away Professor Urban makes a notable book

also an exciting one. With much dialectical skill and pertinent historical illustration he elaborates the idea, which he first broached a quarter of a century ago and which recurs in many thinkers, of the need for transcending the opposition between realism and idealism as theories of knowledge.

Neither view, he shows, is susceptible of proof or disproof either empirically or logically. Mutual 'refutations' have notoriously been inconclusive. Phoenix-like idealism ever rises from its ashes: realism Anteus-wise renews its strength every time it touches ground. The suggestion that each is the expression of a psychological type—the idealist being the introvert and the realist the extrovert—is specious but unsound. In the last analysis it begs the question.

Beneath the ostensibly empirical and logical arguments propounded for and against idealism and realism Professor Urban distinguishes an evaluation of knowledge in terms of 'cognitive values'. For the realist knowledge is destroyed if its object is not held to be independent of the mind. For the idealist, on the other hand, the value of knowledge is lost if its object is not in some sense mind-dependent. It is these differing cognitive valuations which severally constitute the ultimate 'drive' of idealism and the 'resistance' of realism and explain their perennial opposition.

With the transference of that opposition, however, from the empirical and logical planes to that of cognitive values a way out of the apparent impasse is made possible. Oppositions between values do not necessarily spell irreconcilable contradictions. Viewed from the dialectical standpoint (of which he gives an able exposition and defence) the mutual 'refutations' are seen, Professor Urban argues, as indirect testimonies to an irrefutable and indispensable element in both realism and idealism, a primal epistemological 'intention' persisting amid the numerous transformations which reciprocal criticism has induced and

each embodying a cognitive value or meaning without which genuine knowledge is made void. For as dialectical analysis shows, the denial of either, to be significant, has to presuppose that which is denied. This is self-refuting and therefore *widersinnig*.

"Both realistic and idealistic postulates are necessary to an intelligible theory of knowledge." One gets the impression that the author, in arguing for the necessity of the idealistic postulate, is leaning much more heavily on metaphysical than on strictly epistemological considerations—which serves to indicate, I think, that his latest book cannot stand completely detached from his earlier one; that his "intelligible theory of knowledge" is so far metaphysical as only to fit comfortably into that 'intelligible world' of the character of which Professor Urban has elsewhere most ably written.

Signor Croce's volume consists of some 37 essays selected by R. Klibansky and translated by E. F. Carritt. Varying in length from 28 pages to less than one, many of them dated (ranging from 1931 to 1945), they illustrate their author's general philosophical position and his philosophy of politics, ethics, aesthetics, and history.

The essay that provides the title of the volume will confirm and edify the faithful but is hardly likely to make converts. It presupposes too much that is most deeply questioned by the prevailing anti-idealistic philosophy of to-day. It is to the essays devoted to the philosophy of politics that the average English reader will probably turn with greatest sympathy and from which he will derive the most satisfaction. In the five essays expounding the fundamental philosophy of liberty he will find the animating spirit of the credo of liberalism proclaimed with pristine conviction by one of its supreme prophets, ever jealous to preserve it inviolate from confusion with any of its particular manifestations, political, economic, or social. Acute in distinguishing that spirit from temporary and changing expressions,

oracular in declaring its abiding essence, have the prophet's 'thus saith' the power still to start kindred spirits? There are many who will say that for Europe to-day, "that is the question."

Those who, after reading the essay "Why We Cannot Help Calling Ourselves Christians", consider the inclusion of the whole of Signor Croce's works in the *Index Expurgatorius* a lamentable, if futile, piece of benighted clericalism, should not, in fairness, overlook the fact that in his systematic philosophy the sole reality acknowledged by Signor Croce is that of one spirit, wholly immanent in man.

PETER STUBBS.

POEMS FOR SPEAKING: An anthology with an essay on reading aloud, by Richard Church. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

CRITICISM AND CREATION, by H. J. C. Grierson. *Chatto & Windus*. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Church is known to be an ardent supporter of speaking aloud, one who has had a long experience of poetry adjudication, and what he has to say must be taken seriously. His main thesis is the not unfamiliar one that the printing press destroyed the bard (but were Langland or Chaucer bards?); that poets now write for the printed page alone; but that there is a revival of interest in speaking aloud, as witness poetry broadcasts, festivals and recitals.

He argues that because we do not hear poetry spoken aloud in public we lose the power to hear-as-we-read; and that this has led poets to write and the public to read in a stone-deaf condition. What Mr. Church does not say is that speaking or singing ballads to groups of the quite illiterate fulfilled a function entirely different from speaking poems of the complexity of, say, the "Ode to a Nightingale" to an audience of the semi-literate who have access to books, before and after, whether they can understand them or not.

Speaking aloud to the illiterate is the only means of publication to them—it

does not imply, in itself, aesthetic pleasure. Mr. Church states that a community without verse-speaking is aesthetically unhealthy, but he does not examine the problems relevant to the speaking of verse in 1950.

His argument that poets ought to return to the simplicity of oral composition is anachronistic, but it agrees with his contention that poets ought to know how to speak their verse in public. Why should they? Poets are writers; if they are good they do compose with their inward ears acutely open. For the furtherance of their art there is no need for them to be public performers any more than there is for composers to be concert pianists. If the poet does perform in public he is doing something else, and something utterly different from the performance of the fourteenth century bard. The speaking aloud of poetry is now a specialized and sophisticated affair both to speaker and listener; it is neither artless nor simple, as Mr. Church knows. He could have spared a paragraph to examine the difference between communicating to an actual audience, speaking aloud, and to a radio audience, reading aloud. But the confusion in Mr. Church's mind is perhaps exemplified by the fact that his essay is called on the cover of his book "on reading aloud," that the burden of the essay is about speaking, yet his final advice to speakers is: "Try to see the words as they form and roll out . . ." Surely the ghost of print haunts that advice?

He does not add to the strength of his argument for a simple visual approach to poetry by commenting on the first verse of Burns's "O my love's like a red, red rose" that "these lines are diamond-bright. And they sound like diamonds." Surely they are warm; and is not the quality of diamonds to be cold, very hard, and glittering? And is not the sound of diamonds (if that means anything) nearest to the sound of ice?

And cannot we have done with the words 'music' and 'musical' to describe poetry? Words are sounds

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which we may find ugly or beautiful to hear (apart from meaning), but the experience of hearing Robert Donat reading "Venus and Adonis" is not the same either emotionally or intellectually as hearing Schnabel playing a Beethoven sonata.

Mr. Church's selection of poems—aimed at the Pickles public?—follows well-worn grooves. Would he not have done poetry a far greater service had he listed, like the compilers of the *Weekend Book*, all the poems here which are already available in a hundred other anthologies, and given us instead a more original choice? (There is one really grave error in proof-reading where the first line of a famous extract from "The Prelude" leaves out three words, thus totally destroying the rhythm, and reads "One summer evening I found". This should give a beginner a sticky start. The title of Robert Frost's poem should be "Mending Wall.") Knowing the wealth of experience that Mr. Church can bring to this subject it must be said that this is a disappointing book.

Professor Grierson's essays maintain their high standard of scholarship and critical insight, the first essay on "Criticism and Creation" and the last upon "Verse Translation" are perhaps the best of a good lot.

PATRIC DICKINSON.

THE MIND OF PROUST: A Detailed Interpretation of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*. By F. C. Green. Cambridge University Press. 25s.

It happens not often, but frequently enough to be recognizable, that the man deemed an idle sycophant and snob produces work of lasting value. When to these imagined traits are added the real handicaps of chronic asthma, and an eccentricity that inverts the natural order of day and night, it is not surprising that Proust, victim of this situation, met a wall of prejudiced scepticism in his lifetime. His letters show that the inverted mode of life was no indulgence but a hard-won com-

promise with bad health, representing a condition of unstable equilibrium, nervously sustained. The marvel is that he could summon the physical force to produce his masterpiece.

It is easy to forget all this, and to forget how editors and publishers rejected him, now that the Proustian way is a part of Europe's consciousness. Whether superficially or profoundly he has so penetrated the western mind that to-day his followers are indulging in memories of times past, family houses, vanished social circles—followers who have never read a word of him but only breathed his fragrance on the air. Others have practised deliberate abstention from his pages, afraid of meeting with an opacity comparable to Henry James's "Old Pretender" period. Beginning at last maybe, they are surprised to find how smoothly, like a web of silk, the work runs through their fingers. The simplicity, however, is deceptive, and Professor Green is not here to enhance that feature, but in a sense to bury it. His volume-by-volume interpretation was never intended as a primer. Rather it is an approach to the ultimate understanding where what seemed a unity becomes more than a duality. The silken threads would knot and tangle now, were it not for expert guidance.

The separating of Marcel, the young man in the picture, from Proust its explorer and presenter, is a relatively simple split. When to this we add the rivalries of imagination and reality, the power of certain simple actions to evoke their remembered parallel in a richer setting, the development of Proust's own outlook as he writes his novel—all this makes for a maze-like wonder. The deep core of the matter seems impalpable, like one of those atoms or asteroids whose invisible presence is inferred by their field of influence. To follow Professor Green in such an analysis as the following is about as far as the average alert reader need hope to go in the appreciation of his *Temps Perdu*:

It is not just the story of Marcel's (or Proust's) progressive efforts to understand and interpret the behaviour and the psychological states of the characters whose lives at every moment impinge upon and intermingle with his own life. It is not merely the narrative of his attempts to endow with the beauty or unity of art, to externalize for us, his sensations or impressions of the material world surrounding him. It is also the story of Marcel's gradual discovery that the self, the *moi* called Marcel which is always striving to penetrate by sympathy and at the same time to perceive by the intellect, the reality of external things and people—that this self is never static, never, as Proust says, *une âme totale*, in the sense that all its powers of imagination, sensation, perception and memory are completely and ever available.

Are we in fact playing croquet with Alice's flamingoes which would always walk away?

But such criticism is not continuous. Following the entire narrative closely, Professor Green observes events, relationships and characters, grasps at the colouring of a situation, at the thought behind the words that contradict it, or the echo that has changed its timbre with the passage of time. The Verdurins, the Charlus and Morels, the Guermantes, with all their comedies and customs, walk in his pages as they do in the original, only that here they have, as it were, their outer skins off. So they appear more complex on the surface simply because their motives are laid bare. Some features do not readily take a part in Professor Green's interpretative synthesis. For example, comment does not intensify the aesthetic impact of those Combray landscapes—pictures such as the magic of pink hawthorn—enough in itself to inspire the hastier painter of the "School of Proust". On the other hand, Proust's contention that the homosexual habits of a Charlus may be fused into the harmonious beauty of a work of art is not backed by Professor Green who cannot so easily banish the ethical conscience. For him the moral revulsion from these scenes remains; to an austere rejecter of all art but the impersonal, Marcel's "*delicieuse*

girandole d'azure", transforming a Medusa, might present no difficulties. Such an attitude was commoner at the time Proust won his popularity than it is to-day. In the long run it will probably be swallowed, like the harshness in Elizabethan drama, as an unescapable feature of the acceptable whole.

This study, if read in conjunction with its subject, contains undoubted richness. It is further coloured by quotations, with Professor Green's translation of the longer passages. A comparison of these with the Scott-Moncrieff classic reveals frequent small divergencies in meaning, and goes to show that so nervous and exact a prose as Proust's, itself seeking ever for the complete accuracy in a fading vision, is and must be the despair of any translator who is not content with a loose approximation.

SYLVA NORMAN.

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IN THE PENAL SETTLEMENT, by Franz Kafka. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. Secker & Warburg 9s. 6d.

This is the last volume of the fine translation by which Willa and Edwin Muir have made Kafka part of English literature. A good many of these pieces have been printed in periodicals and elsewhere, but they are now newly translated and sometimes appear under new titles which do not always seem an improvement. The present reviewer, for instance, first became acquainted with Kafka through a rendering of "The Metamorphosis" in *Transition*, and, though the Muirs's version is more felicitous, it seems rather less challenging under its new name of "The Transformation."

In this early piece, the allegory is much more clearly realized than in most of the later works. The thought behind it may be less subtle and less profound, but the story of the clerk who turned into an insect can be read for the sheer excitement of the telling. Every motion of that insect, and every detail of its environment, are visualized with a thoroughness which is often intensely painful. In "Investigations of a Dog" (one of the later stories in which the predicament somewhat resembles that of "The Transformation") the problem of the individual and the community is examined with greater understanding, but the narrative has much less edge. Compared with that vivid and horrible interior in "The Transformation", the picture of the dog-kingdom is left vague and indeterminate, and in whole passages it is only necessary to substitute the word 'man' for that of 'dog' for the allegory to dissolve into metaphysical speculation. The early pieces are often bitter and almost hysterical, but they give the fancy more room to move.

Kafka's conception of the human paradox (the total demand of the law set against the infinite incapacity of man) was closely linked with his own personal problem. First of all, as is

well known, he felt a misfit in his own family, and an exile from the community of men. And again, as a sentient creature, he felt displaced, inconsistent, in the world of irrational nature and of the dead matter. Quite apart from the difficulties of family and race, duty and religion, he was at a loss among natural phenomena. He could not quite trust the road on which he put his foot, nor be quite sure how a stone or a bird would behave. It is this which accounts for much of the comedy in his work (for instance, the extraordinary muddle of stairs and attics and beds and buckets through which K. is continually having to struggle in *The Trial*), and it led also to a certain asceticism which was in part a repudiation of life. As he grew older he became more at home in the world of *things* and renounced (or at least criticized) his asceticism in two of the most delightful stories in this volume—"First Sorrow" (which is about a trapeze artist) and "A Fasting Showman." But as he moved towards a partial acceptance of life, Kafka's imagination lost something of its sharpness; his problem became less urgent to him as he understood it more. This volume, spreading as it does across the whole of his creative period, helps us to see him, as it were, in his own perspective.

NORMAN NICHOLSON.

THE BOAT, by L. P. Hartley. Putnam. 12s. 6d.

THE FACTORY, by Vera Panova. Translated from the Russian by Moura Budberg. Putnam. 9s. 6d.

A FEW FLOWERS FOR SHINER, by Richard Llewellyn. Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.

The stories of many novels run straight and fairly rapidly between firm and sharp-cut banks, but Mr. Hartley's new novel is like some broad river that meanders "slow and pure and deep" through the English wartime countryside. There is a leisurely amplitude about *The Boat*, much practised and civilized writing, with an excellent

variety of ingredients that should make it very popular with those who like a long book, particularly as the many characters are most of them admirably drawn. The portrayal of Mrs. Purbright, the Rector's wife, shows a fine talent.

The hero, Timothy Casson, is a middle-aged bachelor who, after living in Italy, has now rented *The Old Rectory*, with a pseudo-Gothic boathouse attached, in an English village. He has bought a new boat—symbol both of his spiritual apartness and integrity, later of social revolution—which he intends to use on the river; but he is opposed in his wish by the gentry, retired soldiers and professional men, who are jealous of their fishing-rights and do not accept him into their society. A feud ensues, which is slowly clarified in his letters to his three friends, Magda, a fashionable communist, Esther and Tyro. Tragedy is latent in the situation, and duly reaches its climax. But the book is a strange mixture of comedy, tragedy, satire and fantasy, the comedy perhaps at its best in the behaviour of the servants, Beatrice and Effie, and the gardener Wimbush. *The Boat* would possibly have been better a hundred pages shorter, and one may doubt whether the various ingredients fuse to an entirely satisfactory whole. Yet the author's serious intention is clear beneath the comedy surface; nor is the meaning of his symbol, the boat, in question. "It was a death-wish. He couldn't face modern life—he never has faced the self-evident truth that civilization progresses only by disagreement—and the boat was his way out, a symbol of absolute peace. . . ."

In *The Factory* Mme. Panova describes the life in a Russian village dominated by the armament factory. We grow to know quite intimately a group of publicly dedicated Soviet workers, finding them in their semi-private lives to be rather like tender, temperamental, and not unhappily devoted children. The unity of a somewhat formless book is preserved

by the warmth of the human link. The story begins during the intense drive and sacrifice, the life-and-death struggle of the historical moment when Russia turned the tables on Germany; then on to victory and the changing from war production to peacetime production in the factory. The restraint with which suffering and violence are depicted is a relief after the bludgeoning methods of some English novelists.

Though *The Factory* is not propaganda against the west, it is, of course, written from the Soviet point of view. The private lives of these anxious, toiling, at times quite high-spirited Russians are clamped in the grip of the factory organization where the director Listopad, the hero, excellently drawn, is himself controlled by the spider-direction at Moscow. The love of Nonna Sergeevna for Listopad is passionate, but you know that she is an engineer and that their lives will be determined by the Idea. The youngsters, though too old for their years, sometimes break out in childish gay spirits, as when Tolka, in a lovely few pages, plays truant for a day in the country. The book is a microcosm within the greater world of the Soviet Union.

Mr. Llewellyn's *A Few Flowers For Shiner* is disappointing. The scene is set in Italy during the end of the fighting there, and there is much ado about a truck called Rosie. One can admire the realism of the protracted, sardonic army back-chat, the yearning of the men for their girls at home, the misery and boredom and beastliness of war. But this is a product of the 'tough' school of writing, and there seems to be overmuch self-conscious proletarian bias, also too much that is either boring, sentimental or strained. I could not easily believe in Snowy's incredibly beautiful, enigmatic Princess Castelfalcone, and often the style of the writing, as "the glissant rumours of her laving hands," is unduly tormented.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

In the construction of these opening lines an undertone of smugness is ill-suppressed. This is due to the contemplation of the "agricultural school" unreservedly idealizing country life and the Catholics the Middle Ages, which gives a scoffing pleasure, and when the linking of Conservatism and Marxism is added, joy is unconfined.

"Good Old Days"

As a brake on the headlong harking back now so popular a pastime, R. C. Churchill's cantankerous and lively *DISAGREEMENTS* (Secker & Warburg, 12s. 6d.) is spectacularly effective. He believes with William Morris that "the greatest foe to art is luxury" and demolishes the case that culture and aristocracy in Britain must be inseparable. He does not think it possible to over-estimate the cultural significance "of the refusal of our citizens in the distressed areas to fall for the revolutionary bait offered them by the Marxist upper classes." For their saucy claim to lead the workers, Conservative and Communist Parties are alike denounced; so is Fascism. He shows how cheap it is to pot at the masses, and how hard it is to excuse, for example, the Northcliffe new journalism for "being deliberately vulgar and sensational" and "deliberately unreliable and sketchy on political affairs." To the liberal-minded citizen, always dodging upper and nether millstones, this book will provide a breathing space, a pause in which to tighten the clutch on fundamentals not to be pulverized by current 'isms, and a lighter heart for hope in democracy. Purveyors of catch-phrase and generalization are warned that reading it may pummel them into uneasy consciousness.

One man's philosophy

Another book which has no use for the jellyfish mentality, with or without

sting, is *SCIENCE, LIFE AND LITERATURE* by M. P. Shiel (*Williams & Norgate*, 10s. 6d.). The author, who died in 1947 leaving a considerable body of work as novelist, playwright, poet and critic, has had assembled here by John Gawsworth (who writes an old friend's Foreword) his personal philosophy on such topics as reading, wealth, tolerance, religion, vengeance, time-travelling and panic, with a warning against dictatorial behaviour in his last essay. A sample of his explosive style:—

Reading, spelling, useful as they are, are no business of the educator, whose job is to educate, not to give useful things in general, only to give two useful things—scepticism and inventiveness: which two things, I repeat, are one thing—WISDOM.

True enough—yet, perversely, sympathy with Shiel in what he calls "caprices of spelling" does not stretch to his rendering of the word "aggressive" close by.

Dr. Johnson and Company

And now for *Dictionary* days, the age of reason, *THE AUGUSTAN AGE* by John Butt (*Hutchinson's University Library*, 7s. 6d.). The Professor of English Language and Literature at King's College, Newcastle, has traced the influence of the Restoration, and particularly in Dryden, on the important writers of the first half of the eighteenth century. The work of Addison, Swift, Pope, Thomson, Gray and Johnson is assessed with special reference to the "poetry of the time and, incidentally, the critical theory that supported it." With this forty-third volume, the University Library makes manifest its implications of benefit and pleasure, not merely to students proper but to those disguised as general readers.—Another series which promised well and continues to excel, is the *English Novelists of HOME & VAN THAL* (6s. each). Two additions are *MARIA EDGEWORTH* by P. H. Newby and *ANTHONY TROLLOPE* by Beatrice Curtis Brown. The reading and notice last

month of Isobel Clarke's biography of Maria has proved no deterrent to the absolute enjoyment of Mr. Newby's more critical study of her special niche in the realms of fiction. When he says:

Maria struck out and subdued stretches of new territory, the psychology of children, the dignified and humorous mind of the peasant, an impetus for the writing of all regional fiction, for Scott in Scotland, for Fenimore Cooper in America, for Turgenev in Russia

he covers this century's neglect of her with shame.

The successful novelist

Such blame cannot be laid to its treatment of Anthony Trollope. For whatever reason—black-out, escapism, or broadcast serials, he has enjoyed a popularity in the past decade to vie with his heyday in the 1860's and '70's, which also coincided with that of Victorianism, personified in the great new middle class for whom he wrote. Beatrice Curtis Brown says that for those who love him now it is enough that he will never fail "to delight with his comedy and acuteness, to stimulate with his wisdom and experience and to open the heart with his tenderness and understanding." She concedes that he had prejudices which we cannot share, yet in other ways, as in the founding of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, he showed himself much at home with ideals still valid. It is understandable that Beatrice Curtis Brown's treatment of Trollope as novelist should not record this venture into journalism. So readers must go to his *Autobiography* to learn that "the matter on which we were all agreed was freedom of speech." Though he records his defence of fox hunting in these columns, and the serialization—begun in the first number—of *The Belton Estate*, and his critical contributions, he does not express any views about the poetry which *THE FORTNIGHTLY* was in the habit of publishing. Yet Meredith, Swinburne, Morris, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, were writing frequently in those early days of the paper.

Noble heritage

It is always a delight to see the work of their successors here, gathered into books. Two such are on the table. The first is *NO SUMMER SONG* (*The Fortune Press*, 6s.) by James Brockway—the J.T. who further forward in this issue considers Edward Lear as poet. His nature poems, especially those about flowers—cyclamens, camellias, azaleas and chrysanthemums—are full of lovely turns of phrase, delicate feeling and allusion, and are preferred to some of his more ambitious "portraits" which smack, not stridently but nevertheless, of the pamphleteer. Then he might beware of the too easy rhyme and of the reminiscent metre. The tender little piece "The Girl on the Tram" is marred for one reader because it asks inevitably to be sung to *Aurelia*, the tune of "The Church's one foundation". These are surface faults—the banal word or rhythm by no means indicating in Mr. Brockway the banal mind or heart—and pondering and polish should work a cure. A full, clear lustre is confidently anticipated with the application of a third *p*: Lady Catherine de Bourgh's majestic, "*practise*, Miss Bennet."—Geoffrey Johnson is obviously still following such advice. His latest collection *THE IRON HARVEST* (*Williams & Norgate*, 6s.) shows a maturity and a certain sinewy strength that was only latent a few years back. His reverence for words, expressed in the cry at the end of the poem of that name:

Oh! not to these would I do any wrong:
They are not least in the bright heaven of song

makes him handle them carefully in such a poem as "Break in Late Summer".

Tusitala

For Robert Louis Stevenson it was always "the fine song for singing, the rare song to hear." His astonishing fertility and facility, probably reflecting something of the fever-flushed indomitableness of his disease, have become lost to sight in the legendary lure of

his name. As is the way of the cult, he went out of fashion. Attempts have even been made to 'debunk' him but they were not able to explain away his unrelenting care for style in the spite of his invention. A reminder comes with *THE STEVENSON COMPANION* (Phoenix House, 10s. 6d.). This is the happy title of a selection of his stories, essays, travel pieces, poems and the unfinished *Weir of Hermiston*, edited and introduced by John Hampden. Stevenson is due to pass out of the anthology, school text-book phase of his eclipse and this collection, illustrated with discrimination and re-telling the magical story of his life, should hasten the process.

The author of "Boule de Suif"

It is not clear that the progress of syphilis clears the way for inventive genius. In *MAUPASSANT* (Collins, 12s. 6d.) Francis Steegmuller puts his subject through the psychological hoops so that his mother, like Hamlet's, becomes too, too significant. Guy de Maupassant as the incomparable writer of short stories deserves even more attention than the author gives him; Guy de Maupassant traced to his private muddy depths with this particular Virgil for a guide is a bore. The hard research that has gone to the making of the book is palpable, which makes the disappointment with the result all the more crushing.

Two celebrations

It is pleasant to think of other born story-tellers, Israel Zangwill, S. L. Bensusan, George Eliot—and Winston Churchill—whose names figure in the pages of *THE JEWISH CHRONICLE* 1841-1941 (*Jewish Chronicle Ltd.* 15s.). Wartime prevented due celebration of the paper's centenary and this volume now handsomely repairs the omission. British Jewry has cause for pride in a newspaper that has been published weekly since 1847 and which from 1935 has been the world's oldest Jewish periodical. Some of the many illustra-

tions will give an idea of the struggles through which Jewry has had to pass. There is the notice about "commemorating in some permanent manner the admission of Jews to Parliament" dated 1858, and there is the Nazi order of 1933 forbidding the paper in Germany. Everyone, of whatever faith, who is lured by the smell of printers' ink will enjoy this history of journalistic enterprise and success.

Similarly, there is no need to be a Roman Catholic making the pilgrimage in Holy Year to enjoy *THE VATICAN* by Ann Carnahan with photographs by David Seymour (*Odham's Press*, 12s. 6d.). This is a picture book of treasures in what the author describes as "the miniature city-state that would fit an 18-hole golf course." It is also about Swiss guards, papal gendarmes and chamberlains, the Holy Father as he appears in audiences, the radio station, the telephone system, the newspaper, and the Pope's private world. Details of his diet will be appreciated by his adherents presumably; although, it must be admitted, this reader's attention last year was distracted, as so often happens in historic moments, from the wonders of a Vatican gallery to the papal hens—as egg-providers suddenly significant—which could be seen from a sunny window, pecking in his garden. Three of the five Vatican libraries are completely bare of books, says the author, and this recalls the disappointment of a literary-minded tourist when told that books and manuscripts are behind the locked doors of seemingly endless painted cabinets. There is a proneness perhaps to point out gilded gifts to popes and to leave to chance your discovery of Henry VIII's letters. But this is churlish to guides whose erudition, reverence and sense of the dramatic are generously at hand as Raphael and Michelangelo, the Greek marbles, Gobelin tapestries, Etruscan and Egyptian museums, and "The Last Judgment" and the Sistine Chapel, open to the incredulous view.

GRACE BANYARD.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

JUNE 1950

THE EXTENT OF PRIVILEGE

BY SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, M.P.

THE privileges of Parliament consist in the rights and powers which each House has established by long practice as being necessary to the maintenance of its dignity and particularly of its independence as the high court and legislature of the land. They include freedom of speech, a limited freedom from arrest, and the right of members to be protected against pressure or bribery. Some of these rights originated in the struggle of the Commons to assert its independence of the Crown. And later, in the seventeenth-eighteenth century, the matter was carried to an extreme and it became dangerous to trespass on a member's land or to fish in his waters. Now the pendulum has swung the other way; I hope it will stick there. The courts do not interfere with a particular commitment by Parliament for breach of privilege and theoretically Parliament could commit anybody for anything, and the independence and the dignity of Parliament must certainly be maintained. But public opinion and the political sanction is usually enough and it would be a grave disservice to our Parliamentary system if Members did anything in the exercise of their privileges which went beyond what was absolutely necessary even if there were some ancient precedent to justify it. Whether collectively or individually, they ought not to be wrapped in any special cotton wool protection simply because they are Members.

How far are they so wrapped? It is true that a Member of Parliament has an absolute privilege to say in Parliament whatever he likes—although it is a rule of honourable practice that he should not say that for which he does not accept personal responsibility. But that immunity is no cotton wool protection; it is obviously essential to the discharge of his duties as a Member. And even so it is a privilege that only attaches to what he says in the House. If he publishes his speech outside, for instance, by sending it to the local paper as some do, or by sending a correct copy to a newspaper which has incorrectly reported him (which of course they never do!) there is no Parliamentary privilege. He may of course run up against the right of the House to suppress reports of its debates. This had a very valid origin, as a measure of self-protection against the Crown. And in the old days it was very strictly enforced.

Dr. Johnson got round it by reporting proceedings under the heading of "The Senate of Lilliput" and said "he always took care to put the Whig dogs in the wrong," adding that the "reports were frequently written from very slender materials and sometimes from none at all." Nowadays the power to suppress reports has fallen into disuse, and Members are usually reluctant to hide their light under a bushel.

By a rather circuitous process, Parliament may treat as a breach of privilege any inaccurate or partial report of its proceedings. Publishing a deliberate misrepresentation of what a Member has said would certainly be a contempt. But Parliament may be expected to take a broad view. It did so in a case which was raised last year. It did so last century when one of the Irish Members complained that *The Times* had not adequately reported what he said. Mr. O'Connor replied: "If *The Times* did not accurately report what the hon. Member did say, other papers reported what he did not say and he might set the one against the other." Parliament let it go at that. But this should be said: it is certainly within the power of Parliament to take action for contempt if there were a deliberate misrepresentation or a deliberate policy of suppression against particular Members or if reports were persistently unfair or partial. It really is of great importance to all political parties—because it is important to the Parliamentary institution itself—that news reports should be as full as space permits and should be impartial.

What can the press say about the Member of Parliament? So far as the law of Parliament is concerned—but there is also the law of libel—it can say a lot. In fact, so far as the law of Parliament is concerned, the press can say pretty well what it likes, provided this is not said of the M.P. in his capacity as a Member. To say something which imputes that a member is unfit to have been elected or to serve may be a contempt. But how far the press can go is illustrated by another case involving *The Times*. In 1887 the paper alleged that certain Members "drew their living from the steady perpetration of crimes for which civilization demands the gallows." But it was held that the statement did not refer to them in their capacity as Members. Not that I advise the saying of such things now. And anyway there is always the law of libel.

I have always advised my friends not to engage in libel actions, on one side or the other, if they can help it. And, a most unusual thing for a politician, I have often taken my own advice. Of course, there are some cases in which an action is inevitable, and I certainly would not take the view that the law of libel should be abolished altogether. But we are perhaps a little too squeamish nowadays, and perhaps a little too resentful of criticism. (Not only politicians are guilty; if I were to make a list of those who resent criticism most, I should put them in this order: prima donnas, newspaper owners, film stars,

bridge players, politicians and working journalists.) People in public life are well advised to consider it undignified and unnecessary to resort to the courts. Generally speaking, the man who is not content to rely on the broad reaction of the tribunal of public opinion when he is unfairly attacked deserves as little confidence from the public as he has in himself. Fortunately, however, for the lawyers, libel actions continue.

Sometimes these actions are very unmeritorious, and demands are made that the law of libel should be amended so as to give still greater freedom to the press. Broadly speaking, I personally am in favour of extending the protection which the press possesses. But there are some lawyers and some politicians—and in both political parties—who think it would be wrong because basically freedom of the press is simply the result of the freedom we all enjoy to say what we like, subject to the law. And, of course, there is substance in this argument. Certainly the reason why I would set myself against any restriction of the freedom of the press is that it would involve a restriction of my freedom as an individual; I will put up with the press criticizing me because I may some day want to criticize the press. But there are some matters which, while they ought not to be retailed with impunity from mouth to mouth as a matter of idle gossip, it may be in the public interest that the press should be free to publish without the risk of an action for damages. And so I personally am in favour of the broad proposals of Lord Porter's Committee which would give some special privileges to the press. The press ought to be trusted to exercise a greater responsibility as to what it publishes than the private individual.

Privilege carries responsibility and, in general, where special privileges exist, machinery is set up to ensure that they are exercised with responsibility and not abused. Parliament would deal with a member who abused his privileges; at the Bar, where we enjoy complete privilege to say what we like, there is a very strict professional control to make sure we do not overstep the mark, and those who, like myself, would wish to increase the privileges of the press would be greatly encouraged and helped if the press itself established some machinery commanding public confidence which could deal with abuses of freedom if any arose. Lord Porter's Committee itself recommended something of the kind and there was also the specific recommendation of the Royal Commission on the Press. The importance to the community of full and frank discussion of matters of public interest may outweigh the importance of protecting the individual against injury to his reputation, but it would be easier to press for the additional privileges which it is suggested might be granted to the Press if it were made obvious to the public that there would be some remedy for a departure from responsible and decent

standards. The problem, significant in a political democracy, is how to protect liberty of speech without promoting licence.

There are, as the law recognizes, some occasions when it is a man's duty to express his real opinion fully and frankly to those who have a legitimate interest to hear it. If on such an occasion something defamatory is said the defence of privilege can be raised. Indeed in a few cases the importance of securing complete independence of speech is so great that the defence is absolute: a protection even though what was said was said maliciously or dishonestly. But that is unusual; in the majority of cases the defence is qualified by this; that if it is shown that the occasion was abused by saying something which there was no duty to say, and, saying it for some malicious or indirect motive, then the protection goes. The troublesome thing for the press (and the lucrative thing for the lawyers) is that it is by no means on every occasion on which the press might think there was a duty to speak that privilege arises. There is a case for reform.

So far as absolute privilege is concerned, I think there is only one case in which a newspaper can claim it, and that accidentally. At common law, reports of judicial proceedings were entitled to qualified privilege if they were fair and accurate. In 1888 the Law of Libel Amendment Bill was introduced to give an absolute privilege to such reports. Parliament was not so friendly to the press then as now and in Committee absolute privilege was struck out, the deliberate intention being to limit the defence to a qualified privilege liable to be destroyed if it were shown, for instance, that the object of the publication was not to report a matter of public interest, but to damage a man politically. In fact, owing to the way the statute was drafted, the better opinion is that there still is an absolute privilege provided the report is contemporaneous.

In all the other cases in which the press is likely to be able to avail itself of privilege, it is qualified only: a protection provided the publication is fair and accurate and not published for some ulterior, political or personal motive. Even reports of Parliamentary proceedings are only entitled to qualified privilege. And so on that basis there is high authority for the view that if a newspaper published a single speech only, out of a whole debate, that would not be protected. Sometimes only one speech is worth reporting, sometimes there is only one speech which has news interest and that because it contains something defamatory. Other speeches may qualify or explain, and so the rule is fair enough.

Then there are reports of public meetings and of local authority meetings. The meeting must be a public one. If the press attended a meeting of creditors and reported any of defamatory things said, there would be no protection—unless indeed it could bring itself within the old common law rule that privilege will attach to anything

which there is a legal or social duty to communicate to the public generally because all the public ought to know it. Thus to report, mistakenly, that a certain doctor had been struck off the medical register might be privileged on the ground that the public at large ought to know that the doctor, who might treat any one of them, had been struck off. Not so with a report that the doctor had been warned off Newmarket Heath; reports of proceedings of the Jockey Club are not protected. The case of privilege, that there is a duty to communicate to persons who have legitimate interest to hear, creates a wide umbrella. But hardly wide enough for the press, for it would be rare for the duty to involve publication to all the world. And of course the defence on which the press should always seek to be able to rely is truth.

The rule about meetings being public is important. The public and reporters must be admitted, not necessarily freely but without discrimination. A meeting of members of the Communist Party might contain much of public concern which it would be for the public benefit to report, but the report is not privileged. It is a limiting rule which ought to be modified so as to cover some meetings—for instance those of Companies—which are of public concern.

Business conducted by local authorities is obviously of public concern; usually reporting of it is for public benefit. But reports are privileged only if the meetings are public. Some local authorities occasionally seek to prevent reporting by referring discussion to committees, and not admitting the press. That destroys privilege even if a report could be obtained. Some things obviously ought to be discussed in private; there is franker and more objective discussion, with less playing to the gallery and less fear of political consequences. And that is more so in the case of local authorities than of Parliament, especially since members of local authorities are not protected in what they say by absolute privilege. All the same, general business of local authorities ought to be conducted in public. Private discussion of public affairs should be the exception rather than the rule. Generally the harm done by publicity is less than the dangers attached to discussion behind closed doors.

There is one other class of meeting reports which ought obviously to be protected but which are not. No privilege attaches to reports of foreign legislatures, UNO and so on. From time to time the Slav representatives have attributed to me the remarkable versatility of being a fascist beast, a tiger, a chameleon, a boa constrictor and a pimp. Is that defamatory? But if the delegate of Byelorussia in the course of some otherwise dull debate calls me thief and murderer, a report of that would not be privileged. It should be, and so also should reports of statutory boards, so far as their proceedings are public.

As a matter of law then, as well as a matter of political and professional ethics, privilege exists only if the occasion and the right to speak frankly are not abused for some ulterior purpose. In some cases the very violence or intemperance of what is said may be some evidence that what is alleged is not being said in good faith. But when the tone of public life generally and of newspapers in particular is compared with a hundred years ago there is a marked improvement in many respects. In some matters there is still room for greater responsibility. There have been cases of group libel which have caused anxiety: the careless use of facts in order to found partisan comment, and invasions of privacy—what Mr. Justice Brandeis called “the right to be left alone.” And then there are the harsh and cruel attacks of a personal kind which are occasionally made on men and women in public life. If they are exposed not merely to criticism of their policy—as they ought to be—but to personal obloquy and abuse we shall eventually have the kind of public men and women which that kind of conduct deserves. If politicians and civil servants are constantly accused of evil motives, harried in their private lives, held up to public scorn, only those with evil motives will interest themselves in the public service of the country.

It is a long time since Lord Baldwin charged a certain section of the press of exercising the privilege of the harlot throughout the ages, of power without responsibility. You would not easily get now a public encounter such as occurred between John Wilkes and the then Earl of Sandwich. “I am convinced, Mr. Wilkes,” said Sandwich, “that you will die either of a pox or on the gallows.” “That depends, my lord,” was Wilkes’s reply, “whether I embrace your mistress or your morals.” And the improvement is not the result of changes in the law. It is due in the main to improvements in manners, ethics and personal responsibility all round; the last election was a notable example of this; time was when personal abuse, rhetorical extravagance, misrepresentation, and so on, were not without effect.

There is a major safeguard, whether it be in the case of the press or of the individual against abuses of the freedoms we possess. In the end, abuses recoil on the heads of those who commit them and it is on the sense of decency and responsibility, not only of the public at large, but also of the great professions rather than on legal restrictions that we must rely in order to ensure that liberty is promoted and licence discouraged.

(The Attorney General’s contribution is based on his recent address to the Women’s Press Club.)

PARLIAMENT AND FINANCE

BY PAUL EINZIG

BRITISH Parliament owes its existence to the determination of the English people to secure, through its chosen representatives, strict control over the nation’s finances. It took centuries of hard struggle to establish two of the fundamental principles of the British Constitution that there must be no taxation without consent and that the proceeds of taxation must be spent in accordance with the wishes of Parliament. Yet the fruits of Parliament’s hard-won victory over the executive power are now being wasted or are losing their practical value under our very eyes.

The last two years have witnessed a drastic curtailment of Parliament’s control over taxation. Until 1949 it was the right of every Member to move amendments to the Finance Bill proposing any tax reductions. In 1949 Sir Stafford Cripps drastically curtailed this right, by including in the Budget resolutions a provision* which ruled out the possibility of moving amendments aiming at a reduction of purchase tax, or even of discussing purchase tax reductions at all. On the face of it the Government acted openly; the provision was in the published text of the last Budget resolution on which the Budget debate took place. The Opposition could and should have discovered it, and even though its resistance would have been foredoomed to failure owing to the Government’s overwhelming critical majority in the Parliament of 1945-1950, it would have been the duty of the Conservative Party to register its protest before the Budget resolutions were adopted. When the Opposition realized what had happened it did protest against the curtailment of its rights. But the fact remained that the provision which assailed the very foundations of the British Constitution was passed unchallenged.

It must be said, however, in mitigation of the negligence of which the Opposition was undoubtedly guilty, that its oversight was almost entirely the result of the change of Parliamentary procedure introduced by the Government in 1947 through a revision of the standing order under which the Budget resolutions, having once been passed by the Committee of Ways and Means, can no longer be debated by the House on the Report stage which has been reduced to a pure formality. This change was brought about by Mr. Herbert Morrison—who as

* “That it is expedient to amend the law with respect to the National debt and the public revenue (other than purchase tax), and to make further provision in connection with finance.”

Leader of the House was responsible for the adoption of the new standing orders—in defiance of the emphatic recommendation to the contrary by the Select Committee on Procedure set up for the purpose of advising the Government and Parliament on this and other matters. In its third report dated October 31, 1946, this committee pointed out that the elimination of a debate on the Report stage of the Budget resolutions would deprive Parliament of every opportunity for debating and scrutinizing those resolutions. For it is the practice that the resolutions are communicated to the House on Budget day immediately after the Chancellor of the Exchequer has concluded his Budget statement, and that thereupon, before Members have had time even to read these texts, all but the last of the resolutions are passed formally on their Committee stage without any discussion whatever. It is true, the last resolution is not passed on that occasion. The whole Budget debate takes place technically on that resolution which usually contains nothing but a vague formula to enable the debate to proceed on very broad lines, covering not only the entire Budget but, in recent years, also the general economic situation. Because of the purely procedural character of this resolution, nobody pays much attention to its wording during the Budget debate. Thus it happened that, when the provision depriving Members of their right to move or debate reductions of purchase tax was inserted in the last Budget resolution in 1949, nobody noticed it.

There can be little doubt that, had the Budget resolutions been dealt with in the same way as they had been before the modification of the standing orders, this omission would have been repaired on the Report stage. On that occasion each resolution is closely scrutinized individually, and it seems most unlikely that the inclusion in the last resolution of the provision regarding purchase tax would have escaped the attention of Opposition M.P.s. Not being accustomed to the new procedure they did not realize the need for a close examination of the last resolution on its Committee stage.

The adoption of the procedure was in itself a by no means unimportant curtailment of Parliament's right to debate taxation. The use made of it by the Government in 1949 fully justified the objections contained in the report of the Select Committee, objections which were brushed aside by the Government. It is worth mentioning that there was a strong socialist majority on the Select Committee which opposed the virtual elimination of the Report stage of the Budget resolutions—the Party Whips have no power in Select Committees—but the Government, relying on Party discipline, forced the measure through the House, in contemptuous disregard of the Select Committee's findings.

Technically Sir Stafford Cripps is in a position to claim that the provision curtailing Parliament's ancient right to move tax reductions

was printed in the text of a Budget resolution for everybody to see. It may well be asked, however, whether there can be any excuse for bringing about a fundamental change in the Constitution by such means. Surely it would have been the Government's duty to point out the proposed change, to put forward the arguments in favour of making it, and to defend it during the Budget debate, instead of inserting it into a text which was not likely to receive much attention. In his Budget speech lasting over two-and-a-half hours, Sir Stafford Cripps dealt in detail with many less important matters; he might have used two minutes for telling his audience that, for considerations of convenience, he was about to propose a modification of one of the basic principles of the Constitution.

To realize the full importance of what happened in 1949 it is necessary to bear in mind that, ever since Parliament made its appearance in a rudimentary form in the thirteenth century, the Crown had the initiative for moving the adoption of new taxes and the increase of existing ones, while Parliament had the initiative for moving the repeal or reduction of taxes. During the long struggle for financial control between kings and parliaments, it often happened that some of the more despotic rulers responded to resolutions to cut taxes by dissolving Parliament. There is no precedent, however, for any attempt to deprive Parliament of any part of its right to oppose tax reductions and to debate taxation.

When in May 1949 the Finance Bill came to be debated the Opposition, realizing somewhat belatedly that it would be out of order to move amendments in respect of purchase tax, or even to discuss purchase tax, raised a storm of protest. This year Sir Stafford Cripps did not go so far. Under the provision inserted in the last Budget resolution, Members are entitled to move amendments proposing the reduction of an entire class of purchase tax items (there are three classes, subject to a duty of 33½ per cent., 66½ per cent. and 100 per cent. respectively) but they are precluded from moving amendments relating to reductions of individual items. This means that, if an M.P. feels it is absurd that gramophones should be charged 66½ per cent. and wireless sets 33½ per cent. only, he is entitled to move the reduction to 33½ per cent. of *all* items on which the duty is at present 66½ per cent., but he is not allowed to move the reduction of the tax on gramophones alone. He can only try to remedy the existing anomaly by moving the reduction of the tax not only on gramophones but on a very large number of other goods, even if he sees not the slightest reason for their reduction.

In practice the new formula does enable a Member at least to advocate the reduction of individual purchase tax items by tabling an amendment moving the reduction of an entire class. He will then be in order to argue in favour of his amendment and to quote

the instance of the item which he would like to reduce, as an illustration of his argument. Since he is presumably not in favour of an all-round reduction for the sake of obtaining the reduction of one item, he will probably not press his amendment to division. This state of affairs is beyond doubt an improvement compared with that of a year ago when he was not allowed even to mention purchase tax reductions. Nevertheless, his right to propose tax reductions has remained curtailed.

This time the curtailment was not the result of the Opposition being caught unawares. It is the result of a compromise accepted by the spokesman of the Opposition. It is true, when the question of the interpretation of the restrictive provision was raised in the House and Sir Stafford Cripps gave his interpretation on the above lines, Mr. Oliver Stanley accepted it on behalf of the Conservative Party with the reservation that it must not be regarded as a precedent, and suggested that some compromise should be negotiated between the two parties before the next Budget. Nevertheless, since the Opposition submitted passively to the new formula, and did not divide the House over the last Budget resolution in protest against the principle involved, in 1950 the Government curtailed Parliament's right to reduce taxation without encountering active resistance by the Opposition.

Sir Stafford Cripps's case in favour of this curtailment rests on the inconvenience caused to the Government by a large number of amendments moving the reduction of individual purchase tax items at the committee stage of the Finance Bill. Beyond doubt, it is a nuisance for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to have to cope with such amendments, especially as some of them are bound to be popular among his own supporters. Why the Opposition has not displayed more vigour in resisting the curtailment may be explained perhaps by the possibility that the next Budget will be introduced by Mr. Stanley, and it would be understandable if he too would like to be spared the unenviable task of dealing with a multitude of amendments relating to individual purchase tax items. The case against the unrestricted exercise of Parliament's right to move tax reductions is not very strong, however, even on purely practical grounds. For the Speaker has the right to select the amendments which he calls, and he is in a position to prevent an undue disorganization of the timetable of Parliamentary business through the need for debating an unlimited number of amendments. The exercise of this right cannot be regarded, from a constitutional point of view, as a curtailment of Parliament's ancient privilege. The Speaker is identified with the House of Commons, and any refusal on his part to call certain amendments may be regarded as a self-imposed restriction, not a restriction imposed on the legislature by the executive.

In any event, even if the free exercise of Members' right to move tax reductions were to entail delay in the adoption of the Finance Bill on its committee and report stages, the additional Parliamentary time would be well spent since it ensured the maintenance of that right. If it left less time for new legislation, it must be remembered that during the past eleven years the country has been subjected to a flood of new laws, and a partial respite would be welcome from more than one point of view. That the inconvenience caused by the unrestricted exercise of Parliament's right was not unduly grave is proved by the fact that even before the first adoption of the restrictive provision in 1949 the Government always managed to achieve the passage of the Finance Bill according to schedule. But even if the practical argument against the freedom to move tax reductions were unanswerable, it would be well worth while for Government, Parliament and country to put up with a fair amount of practical inconvenience for the sake of upholding one of the major constitutional safeguards.

We ought to bear in mind that the present departure from that principle might prove to be the thin end of a wedge which could have grave constitutional consequences for centuries to come. Chancellors of the Exchequer may feel tempted to follow the precedent, and to enforce, with the support of servile Government majorities, additional curtailments of Parliament's right whenever this suits their immediate practical convenience.

The weakening trend of Parliament's control over public finance is not confined to the revenue side. The House of Commons appears to have lost its grip also on the purse-strings and its control of expenditure has weakened considerably in recent years. Technically, it is true the rôle of the House in respect of estimates and audited accounts of expenditure has remained the same as it was before the war; in fact, there has been some progress towards increasing the efficiency of the Select Committee on Estimates. That committee now performs its functions through the intermediary of a number of sub-committees. It is no longer content with cross-examining heads of Departments but takes evidence also from senior officials and even from outside bodies concerned with Government expenditure. Such improvements as have been achieved in this and other spheres are negligible, however, compared with the growth of the task Parliament has to face if it is to perform effectively the rôle of controller of expenditure.

Even before the war Parliament's actual control over estimates was very far from satisfactory. Indeed, critics of the system during the 'twenties—amongst them two former Financial Secretaries to the Treasury, Sir Hilton Young (now Lord Kennet) and Major Hills—condemned the hopeless inefficiency of Parliament's control in such emphatic terms that no post-war writer could possibly improve on

them. Yet the need for closer control has increased beyond comparison since the war, partly because of the spectacular increase of the amounts spent, and partly because of the frequency of changes that are liable to occur from year to year in the nature of expenditure. During the inter-war period Government expenditure had settled down more or less, and the number and extent of changes from one year to another was comparatively small. Since the war, however, the Government has embarked on various kinds of new expenditure, and in the absence of the guidance of tradition and experience the Departments concerned are apt to overspend. In fact, a spendthrift mentality prevails throughout Whitehall as a reaction from excessive caution before the war. This alone would call for a higher degree of vigilance by Members of Parliament. Moreover, since taxation, after five years of peace, is still very near the limit of endurance, and the only hope for its reduction lies in the enforcement of economies, the taxpayer looks towards Parliament for long overdue relief.

Parliament is not equipped adequately, however, to face this formidable task. In theory it passes every item of civil estimates not less than 26 times; the House of Commons passes them 18 times, the Select Committee once, the Public Accounts Committee checks the audited accounts, and the House of Lords goes through the gestures of passing the Consolidated Fund Bills in March and August on first, second and third reading, without the power of altering them. In practice the overwhelming majority of items is passed without any examination whatever. Debates on supply days and on the various stages of the Consolidated Fund Bills are usually on broad general subjects of popular appeal, instead of technical details of expenditure. The two Select Committees may scrutinize some selected items with great care, but they are not expected to scrutinize closely all items. In any case they are merely advisory bodies, and there is no need for the Government to take action on their findings.

The Select Committee on Procedure recommended the amalgamation of the two committees into one single committee on expenditure. This reform would enable the combined committee to split into a larger number of specialist sub-committees which could cover the ground more thoroughly. Moreover, the Comptroller and Auditor General and his staff of experts, whose task is now confined to examining the accounts of expenditure and submitting their findings to the Public Accounts Committee long after the money is spent, would be able to examine estimates, and their findings would help Parliament to bolt the stable door before the horse goes. The Select Committee's recommendation has remained, however, a dead letter.

(Dr. Einzig is political correspondent of the "Financial Times.")

THE UNEASY CARIBBEAN

BY N. P. MACDONALD

RECENT developments in the cold war in Europe and Asia have overshadowed less spectacular but not insignificant events in the Caribbean. Tensions there which have smouldered for more than a century have tended, during the last three years, to come to a climax in the form of open war. Such hostilities, by threatening the Panama Canal, and thus the security of the United States and of the whole Western Hemisphere, would have played straight into the hands of Moscow. But the danger has been averted, at least for the moment, by the Organization of American States, which is composed of the United States and the 20 Latin American republics.

In these events President Rafael Trujillo y Molina of the Dominican Republic has occupied a prominent place. That is a reflection of the fact that the roots of these tensions in the Caribbean are entangled with the hostility that has persisted between the Dominican Republic and the neighbouring Republic of Haiti since the early years of the nineteenth century. The two States share the island of Hispaniola, first discovery of Columbus in the New World; but they have been at odds since Haiti, led by Toussaint l'Ouverture, cast off her allegiance to France, and Santo Domingo, as the Dominican Republic was then known, declared her independence of Spain.

The explanation of present disputes is to be found in the subsequent history of the two republics. When Columbus first touched at Hispaniola he was lyrical in his praise of the natural beauties of the place, and described the inhabitants as "intelligent and cultivated." But before many years had passed the natives had been almost exterminated by the Spaniards who, to make good the resulting deficiency of labour, then imported Negro slaves from Africa. This admixture of Negro blood, coupled with the practice by the Spaniards of barbarities unparalleled anywhere in the Americas, encouraged a way of life in which human life was cheaper, and enmities more bitter, even than in other parts of the Spanish Empire. It was against that background that the foundations were laid of the disputes that have been engaging the attention of the New World of the twentieth century. Once independent, Santo Domingo and Haiti proceeded to build on those foundations an edifice of distrust and hatred.

In 1822 the predominantly Negro inhabitants of Haiti, desiring

to make a black paradise of the whole island, invaded and occupied the year-old republic of Santo Domingo. This black avalanche led to the exodus from Santo Domingo of the better-class white families, so that, by the time Haitian rule came to an end in 1844, those who might have tempered despotism with a sense of responsibility in the direction of affairs were too few to influence the course of events. As a result, the republic was characterized by struggles between rival strong men for the privilege of ruling—and taxing—their fellow citizens. The first of them survived four years, but the next 13 years saw the assumption of power by eight presidents, the outbreak of five revolutions, and the introduction of three new constitutions.

By 1861 the few clear-headed men who remained, convinced that annexation by some great power able to preserve order was the only hope for their country, appealed to France. But Napoleon III was heavily committed in Mexico. The United States were barred; the advantages of American rule were outweighed by the unfavourable status accorded to Negroes. An approach was therefore made to Spain, and in 1863 Spanish rule was re-established in Santo Domingo. But the inhabitants had become too accustomed to rebellion, and within two years they had expelled the Spaniards for the second and last time. The republic which was then re-introduced was no less prolific in internal disturbances than the first. Even during the so-called War of Restoration to oust the Spaniards one general had been murdered, and another imprisoned, by political rivals. A three-cornered intrigue now established a president whose agility in constitution-making—he proclaimed two in the space of four months—did not prevent his fall in less than half a year. During the next 53 years the republic suffered under 35 presidents, 23 successful and nine abortive revolutions, against a background of 14 new constitutions. Those responsible for this turmoil as often as not laid their plans in neighbouring Haiti, whither they or their rivals promptly fled if the luck of the revolution was against them. In the meantime it was the nine-tenths of the inhabitants of Santo Domingo with no part in politics who had to pay for them. When the smoke from their burning crops and homes had cleared away they were expected to provide wealth for the latest dictator. No less than £4,000,000, a vast sum for so small a country, was squeezed from the poorer classes, nominally in payment of taxes, while the wealthy few escaped all impositions.

By 1905 the country was in dire distress. Agriculture was as good as ruined and commerce was at a standstill. Treasury loans stood at £6,000,000, with only a short narrow gauge railway and a couple of rusty gunboats to show for them. All port dues were mortgaged to foreign creditors who were about to foreclose.

An appeal was made to the United States, but President Theodore

Roosevelt refused to intervene directly. Instead he devised a *modus vivendi* designed to restore Dominican economy. As a result, the Government share of the Customs revenue, 55 per cent. of which was set aside for the service of foreign loans, became greater than the entire revenue had previously been. Such large sums were an attractive prize, and disturbances once more broke out, with the president who had accepted the *modus vivendi* in revolt against his own government. Three new presidents, and two fresh constitutions, brought the country once more to the brink of ruin, and in 1916 Washington intervened directly, to prevent any more disturbances. The same year saw American intervention in Haiti, where similar chaos prevailed.

Under United States tutelage both States began to turn the corner, and as American control was progressively withdrawn the Dominican Republic began to forge ahead of its Haitian neighbours. The aftermath of the world depression, with its effect on Dominican exports of sugar, her main product, brought Señor Trujillo into the picture, and he has remained virtual dictator of the country, either as president, or as the power behind a presidential puppet, for 17 years. Superficially, at least, he has been a success. Neon lights now glitter in the towns; the highest mountain in the republic, new bridges and even the capital, have been named after him. More important, the country now exports twice as much as it imports, and it has become one of the few Caribbean States virtually able to feed itself, thanks in part to the labours of refugees from European oppression. Señor Trujillo had the imagination to invite 100,000 of them to take refuge in his country just before the war, at a time when other and larger States were inclined to let the exiles fend for themselves.

But, as has been seen, the 2,000,000 inhabitants of the Dominican Republic are prone to make a hobby of political upheaval. And so Señor Trujillo, with historical evidence at hand that disturbances and development do not go hand in hand, has ruled with a firm and often ruthless vigour. As a consequence many of his opponents have fled, in the traditional way, to neighbouring countries, whence they have plotted his downfall. Their activities contributed to a prelude to recent disputes when he was accused of responsibility for the alleged massacre of 5,000 Haitians on the frontier between the two countries in 1938. The Dominican dictator was accused of harbouring ambitions to occupy Haiti, and so turn the tables on his country's former rulers, and he was freely accused of having equipped himself with twelve modern bombers and numberless machine-guns for that purpose.

The dispute between the two countries continued to smoulder through the war, and by the end of 1946 the plotters were again active, and at the end of last year President Trujillo used their doings

as a pretext for asking Congress to give him power to declare war against any Caribbean nation which knowingly harboured anyone intriguing against the Dominican Republic. While promising that he would never use this power for aggression, Trujillo accused Cuba of allowing her territory to be used by a force of 1,600 men to prepare an attack on him, and declared that Guatemala and Costa Rica were aiding and abetting them. There was some foundation for these charges. Since the war at least two abortive expeditions had been launched against the Dominican Republic from neighbouring States, supported by the shadowy and partly communist Caribbean Legion. Señor Trujillo reacted by spending 20,000,000 dollars on arms. Thus his new power to declare war, the announcement of which was broadcast to a crowd of 10,000 in a square of his capital, and placarded throughout the country, was buttressed by well-equipped forces.

But there was more to this potentially dangerous situation than plots by exiles against a dictator and his reaction to them. Trujillo had accused Haiti of intrigue at various times since the war, and in his message to Congress he had added Cuba, Guatemala and Costa Rica to the ranks of his opponents. On his side it was thought that he had military understandings with Nicaragua and Honduras. Thus, not only was the Dominican Republic ranged against the neighbouring republic of Haiti and Cuba, but in Central America four more States were liable to become involved in any hostilities. Nor was that all; for Venezuela was reported to support Guatemala. In short, the ingredients were in existence for a conflict which would set ablaze the Caribbean, Central America and, inevitably, involve the Panama Canal. Disturbances in Panama and Colombia a few weeks before President Trujillo asked for his special powers showed how much tinder was to hand.

Somewhat unexpectedly, it was Haiti which took the first steps to meet the danger. Alarmed by the Dominican Republic's new powers, the Haitian Government complained to the Organization of American States that her Dominican neighbours were harbouring plotters against her. Three days later President Trujillo lodged a similar complaint about Cuba, Costa Rica and Guatemala.

The Organization of American States constitutes a regional pact within the United Nations. It was set up under the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance signed at Rio de Janeiro in 1947. That agreement was primarily concerned with action by the American republics against an attack from outside the hemisphere. But it also provides that a cease-fire order shall be issued if any two of the American republics themselves take up arms against each other. The Organization of American States therefore set up a committee of inquiry to investigate the basis of the complaints from Haiti and

the Dominican Republic, and their background of rumours of mysterious aircraft flying by night, and of plots and plans devised by the mainly invisible Caribbean Legion.

Within a few weeks President Trujillo abandoned his special power to declare war. Mr. Acheson had already told him that sabre-rattling had no place in the Americas, and a storm of criticism from other Latin American countries had emphasized that such special powers were contrary to the spirit of the Rio Treaty. Not least, and possibly by coincidence, the American Atlantic Fleet, with more than 100 ships, carried out manoeuvres "in the area of Cuba and Haiti." These reactions may have made Señor Trujillo realize that, in the eyes of his neighbours, he had put himself in the wrong. Or he may have hoped that, by relinquishing his special powers, he could ingratiate himself with the committee of inquiry. But whatever the reason for it, his action was an essential step towards a restoration of confidence in the Caribbean.

In due course the committee of inquiry presented an 18,000-word report which minced no words. This document declared that the Dominican Republic had failed to prevent activities on its territory directed against Haiti. Cuba was found to have been equally negligent in preventing plots against the Dominican Republic, and Guatemala was severely censured for having allowed the fitting-out of an expedition intended to attack the Dominican Republic from the air. This was the most spectacular of the episodes investigated by the committee. They reported that aircraft for this attack were "fitted out and made ready at San José military air base in Guatemala under the supervision of the chief of the Guatemalan air forces." They added that the inspection of some sub-machine guns captured by the Dominican authorities showed them to have serial numbers which "corresponded exactly to those of precisely the same quantity of weapons acquired in the United States by an agent of the Guatemalan Government and exported in January 1949, with the Guatemalan Ministry of Defence as their destination." Haiti alone was found innocent of any designs on her neighbours.

Against the background of these and many other facts the Council of the Organization of American States ordered the Dominican Republic to take immediate and effective steps to prevent its Government officials from "tolerating, instigating, encouraging, aiding or fomenting subversive or seditious movements against other Governments." Cuba and Guatemala were ordered to take adequate measures to break up armed bands such as the Caribbean Legion which, it was held, had conspired to undermine the security of other nations. On receiving the committee's report the Council decided to set up a second committee to see that its orders are carried out. As in the first committee, the members of this body represent Colombia,

Uruguay, Ecuador, Bolivia and the United States. It is backed by a warning from the Council that sanctions will be applied under the terms of the Rio Treaty if there is any further unrest in the Caribbean.

This action by the Organization of American States is encouraging evidence that the machinery set up by the Rio Treaty can function when put to the test. But although the Council has threatened sanctions for any violation of its rulings, it is questionable how far the present culprits will, despite the watch-dog committee, do as they have been told. Cuba and Guatemala are inclined to deny the offences laid at their doors. For his part, President Trujillo has proposed an amnesty for political exiles, to be followed by mutual guarantees among the various countries concerned that they will not tolerate political activity by refugees. But it is doubtful if a device of this kind can succeed. There are too many refugees, they have too many grievances, and there is too much traditional bitterness in the politics of the Balkans of the New World. Not least, the communists, whose hands have been faintly detectable in these disputes, have a vested interest in perpetuating unrest in this strategic area. At best, it seems, the Organization of American States can only sit on the lid and prevent plots from boiling over into open war.

(A special correspondent, the author has studied Latin and mid-American affairs over a long period.)

JERUSALEM AND THE UNITED NATIONS

BY NORMAN BENTWICH

IN Israel to-day they speak of a new kind of capitalism, which has nothing to do with the accumulation of wealth or with the exploitation of human effort by capitalist employers. It signifies the agitation about Jerusalem, which has been declared by the Government the capital city of the State of Israel, but which a resolution of the last Assembly of the United Nations proposed to place under an international trusteeship régime. The feeling of the Jewish people about Jerusalem is exactly like the feeling of the Italian people about Rome, the other Eternal City, after the Risorgimento. Their freedom, their independence, their intellectual and spiritual renaissance cannot be achieved unless the city which is bound up with their greatest and deepest memories is the centre of the nation. And it is notable that the power which stands in the way of their desire is the same power as stood in the way of the desire of the Italian people for unity in the last century, the Vatican of Rome. As G. M. Trevelyan pointed out in his history of Garibaldi, Rome had to be won from the forces of the great tradition of Catholicism.

Ever since the siege of the Jewish area of Jerusalem by the armies of the Arab States was relieved by the Israeli forces in the summer of 1948, the Jewish people have made up their minds that Jerusalem must be the capital of the Republic of Israel. The General Assembly of the United Nations in November 1947, which adopted the resolution for the ending of the British mandate and the division of Palestine into an Arab State and a Jewish State, envisaged a special régime for the city of Jerusalem and a considerable area around it, including Bethlehem. It should be a *corpus separatum*, detached administratively from both Jewish and Arab states; and in order to protect and preserve the unique spiritual and religious interests located in the city, it should be placed under an international trusteeship, with a Governor appointed by the United Nations, an executive council representing both the inhabitants of the city and foreign interests, with its own legislature and judiciary, with a special police force, of which the members should be recruited outside of Palestine, and with a special citizenship for all its inhabitants who elected to receive it. One of the functions of the Governor would be to preserve the holy places of all the communities and the religious buildings, and

maintain free access to them for all. The Trusteeship Council of the United Nations was to draw up and approve the detailed statute of the city; and the international administration would be responsible to it and give a yearly accounting. The Committee of the Council has completed its work of drawing up the statute but prudently did not fix any date for its coming into force. The detailed statute indeed already appeared to be a work of supererogation, an academic exercise. Before the plan could be referred to the Assembly, the Soviet Union, which had been largely instrumental in carrying the resolution for an international régime, announced that they were no longer in favour of that policy, since they had discovered—rather late in the day—that it was not in accord with the wishes of either of the two peoples mainly concerned.

The Jewish Agency for Palestine had accepted the decision of the Assembly, reluctantly indeed, but as part of the settlement. The Arabs at once fiercely repudiated it, and engaged in a determined effort by force to prevent a settlement on those lines. Attempts made by the British mandatory administration and the bodies of the United Nations, before the end of the mandate, to neutralize Jerusalem in the conflict which was already seen to be impending, completely failed; and as soon as the last British forces were withdrawn, on May 14, 1948, the city and the approaches to it became a main strategic objective of the Jewish—Arab war. The majority Jewish population was subjected for two months to a pitiless siege and bombardment, and the United Nations were unable or unwilling to intervene, except by the appointment of the late Count Folke Bernadotte as a mediator between the belligerents. The Synagogues in the Old City, the Hebrew University, and the Hadassah Hospital on Mount Scopus were shelled; and there were religious buildings on the Arab side of the line which suffered from the retaliation of the Israeli forces. It was only the faith and endurance of the Jewish population which saved them from destruction. The opportunity of executing the resolution of the United Nations, and setting up an international administration, which would assure the security of the city, its holy places and its inhabitants from acts of war, was lost by the vacillation and the pusillanimity of the Trusteeship Council and other organs of the United Nations, and the Jews became no less opposed than the Arabs to that solution. They had obtained during the struggle mastery of the greater part of the city outside the Walls, all the suburbs to the north, west and south; and except for a few hundreds, all the Arab inhabitants of these sections had fled.

The first step of the Israeli authorities to integrate Jerusalem into the State was to establish a military administration during the first cease-fire. Then in the autumn of 1948, after the second cease-fire,

when the command of Israel over the main road-approach to the city was greatly strengthened, the next step was to declare the application of the laws and regulations of the Republic to the whole area of Jewish occupation. During that same winter the transfer began of some departments of the Government to the city.

When the State was proclaimed in May 1948, in the midst of the chaos and anarchy of the last days of the British Administration, the provisional capital of Israel was fixed in a suburb of Tel-Aviv, which was formerly the German Templars' agricultural village of Sarona. It was renamed Hakirya, meaning literally, the city; and the Ministries of the provisional Government took up their abode in the houses of the former German farmers. The provisional Council of Government—the legislature—found its temporary home in the Art Museum of Tel-Aviv. When, however, a constituent assembly was elected in January 1949, by a system of adult suffrage of all the inhabitants of Israel, Jew and Arab, and including the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the first meeting of the assembly, known by its Hebrew name of *Knesset*, was held in Jerusalem. It was the overwhelming feeling of the people that the first parliament of the nation must hold anyhow its first sitting in the historic capital; and it was in the hall of the Jewish Agency for Palestine in Jerusalem that Dr. Weizmann was elected President of the Republic.

The regular sittings of the Assembly during the rest of the year, however, were held in Tel-Aviv, in a cinema which was transformed into a dignified chamber. And the Government of Israel explained that the symbolic act in Jerusalem did not prejudice the decision of the United Nations about the future of the city. The third Assembly of the United Nations, by one of its last acts in December 1948, appointed a conciliation commission with the function of working out some international régime for the Jerusalem area. But when the application of Israel for admission to the United Nations was discussed before the Assembly in March 1949, the representative of Israel made it clear that the Jewish part of Jerusalem must be an integral part of the State:

When a law is promulgated in Israel, the Jews of Jerusalem obey it. When a tax is levied in Israel, the Jews of Jerusalem pay it. When Parliamentary institutions of Israel are elected, the Jews of Jerusalem help to elect them and participate in their operation. When litigation arises in Jerusalem, it is to the Courts of Israel alone that the Jews of Jerusalem take their case.

He might have added that the High Court of Israel, like the Supreme Court of Mandatory Palestine, had from the outset sat only in Jerusalem.

The coinage and stamps of Jewish Jerusalem are the coinage and stamps of Israel. The slowly reviving economy of Jerusalem is being sustained by the Government of Israel. The language, religion, cultural sentiment and national allegiance of

the Jews of Jerusalem are, those which they hold in common with the State of Israel and its people.

Moreover, in the days of dire peril salvation came to the Jews of Jerusalem only from the State of Israel.

Every man, woman and child of Jewish Jerusalem to-day can ascribe the fact of his physical survival directly and completely to the State of Israel and its Government.

The conciliation commission published in August 1949 a draft instrument establishing a permanent international régime for the Jerusalem area. Their plan harked back in its main lines to the original proposals of the Assembly of 1947, and took scant account of the fundamental change of circumstances. It proposed not only a governor appointed by the United Nations but a general council consisting in equal numbers of Jewish and Arab representatives, special international tribunals, and a force of international guards, which should ensure the safety of the holy places and religious buildings and free access to them. The Government of Israel had previously declared to the United Nations its approval of the establishment of an international authority to be concerned with the control and protection of the holy places and sites, not only in Jerusalem but in other parts of the State; and its willingness to offer safeguards and guarantees for the security of all religious institutions in the exercise of their functions. But it made clear immediately its opposition to the plan of the conciliation commission which it regarded as altogether unworkable.

In the summer of 1949 there was another symbolic action by the Government of Israel, to bring to Jerusalem from Vienna for re-burial the remains of the founder of modern Zionism, Dr. Theodor Herzl. They were laid to rest in a commanding site high above the Jewish suburbs; and an announcement was made at the same time that the future buildings of the Zionist Congress and the other gatherings of the Jewish people in Israel should rise in that area of the city. Jerusalem should be visibly the centre of the Jewish people.

It was hoped that the Assembly of the United Nations in 1949, which had to consider the report of the conciliation commission, would adopt a modified proposal, to set up an international authority under the Trusteeship Council which would be concerned only with the holy places and the rights of the religious communities. That proposal, made by two smaller States, was believed to have the backing of the United Kingdom and the United States. At the last moment, however, a drastic resolution put forward by Australia, which went further than the draft scheme of the Commission in restoring the original project of 1947, for a *corpus separatum* of a greater Jerusalem, received more than a two-thirds majority of the delegations that voted. An anomalous alliance of the Latin States

of America, moved by the Vatican, of the Arab States actuated by their hostility both to Israel and to the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, and of the States of the eastern bloc dominated by the Soviet Union, brought about this unexpected and embarrassing result.

King Abdullah of Jordan, whose Arab Legion occupied the old walled city of Jerusalem and the eastern suburbs, had established his administration in the city, and proclaimed that the Arab section of Palestine, the Quadrilateral of the Judean and Samaritan plateaux, was joined to his kingdom. He was not less hostile to any proposal for the international government of Jerusalem, or any part of it, than to the Government and people of Israel. He announced that any attempt to impose such a system, and to take away the city from the Arab State, would be resisted with force. It was clear then that the resolution of the Assembly would not receive any support from the two peoples who were most concerned. The British representative at the Assembly also made it clear at once that Great Britain would take no part in implementing the resolution by force, just as she had refused to implement by force the original resolution of the Assembly in 1947 about the partition of Palestine into two States. She would endeavour to work for some solution acceptable to Arabs and Jews. So far as the United Nations Assembly were concerned, the last act was to refer the working out of the scheme to the Trusteeship Council.

On the side of Israel, there was no threat of violent resistance, but the most determined practical and moral opposition. The day after the resolution was passed, thousands of the Jewish inhabitants of Jerusalem, headed by the religious and the lay leaders of the people, gathered by the burial place of Herzl, and took a solemn oath in the words of the Bible: "If I forget thee, Jerusalem, may my right hand forget its cunning." A few days later, the Premier of Israel, Mr. David Ben Gurion, announced that Israel's Parliament, the *Knesset*, would be transferred from Hakirya to Jerusalem, and that most of the departments of the Government would straightway be transferred. In spite of all the difficulties in the truncated and war-devastated city, that operation was carried out in a few weeks. Only the Ministry of Defence and the Foreign Office, which had to maintain its relations with external States—whose legations were centred in Tel-Aviv—remained in their former place. Meetings of the many parties of the Parliament were held in Jerusalem to affirm in brave words the determination of the people. And in its first session in Jerusalem the *Knesset* adopted a resolution on the status of Jerusalem, declaring that, with the creation of the Jewish State, Jerusalem again became its capital, and welcoming the announcement that the technical difficulties, which previously prevented the Government organs and the *Knesset* from moving to Jerusalem, have now been overcome. The opposition parties of the right proposed that a legislative act be

passed making Jerusalem the capital, and that this should be an article of the Constitution. The Prime Minister replied that no legislative act was required ; Jerusalem had been made the capital by King David.

In the meantime the Trusteeship Council has been struggling doggedly, at Geneva, to produce some plan of an international régime, out of the *damnosa hereditas* of the Assembly, which will have a possibility of acceptance both by the two nations in possession of Jerusalem and by the members of the United Nations. The French president of the Council, Monsieur Garreau, who holds office for the year, put forward a project for consideration by the meeting of the council in Geneva which, while maintaining the principle of a *corpus separatum*, went a long way to adopt the principle of limiting the authority of the United Nations to the holy places and religious sites. The greatest part of what is at present Jewish Jerusalem would remain in the State of Israel. The greatest part of what is to-day Arab Jerusalem would remain in the Arab State, including the holy Moslem area, the Haram, which comprises the Dome of the Rock and the Mosque of El Aksa. An area within the old city, in which the principal Christian holy places and religious buildings are gathered, a small area of Mount Zion outside the walls in which there are other Christian holy places, and the Mount of Olives and Mount Scopus where, besides Christian holy places, the Hebrew University of Jerusalem is situate, would be an enclave of the United Nations and under their special protection. A governor appointed by the United Nations, an international council, an international court of justice and an international police force would be established for this enclave. And the inhabitants of the city who wished it could claim citizenship of the international authority. That option might be exercised by members of the Christian religious orders, but by few others. In the scheme of the president of the Trusteeship Council there are other proposals difficult to realize. The whole area of Jerusalem, it is suggested, should be economically a free zone, and it should be demilitarized and neutralized. The plan as a whole would be tentative, to be tried out over a period of ten years, and thereafter the inhabitants would decide their future. It received a cold reception from the Members of the Council, and seems to have been abandoned. The Council has been since discussing laboriously a statute on the lines of the resolution.

The crux of the problem is to find a form of territorial sovereignty, or rather ex-territorial sovereignty, of the United Nations over any part of Jerusalem, in which both Israel and the Arab State would acquiesce. The problem is in some ways like that which was settled between the kingdom of Italy and the Pope of Rome by the Lateran Treaty recognizing the symbolic territorial sovereignty of the Pope

over the Vatican city. It is, however, immeasurably more complex, because, on the one hand, of the many conflicting interests of the members of the United Nations among themselves, and of the two parties most directly concerned, Israel and the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, and because on the other hand of the scattered geographical distribution of the Christian holy places. Certain factors, however, must be assured for a solution by consent ; the reduction to a minimum of the limits of national sovereignty, the agreement of the great powers, and the agreement of Israel and Jordan.

Meanwhile the position of both Israel and Jordan has been strengthened (1) by the *de jure* recognition accorded by the British Government, at the end of April, to the State of Israel, and (2) by its *de facto* recognition of the present division of Jerusalem. That recognition is expressed to be subject to the ultimate decision of the United Nations ; but the indication is clear that there will be no more pressure on the two possessing States to give up their sovereignty.

Whatever be the outcome of the Herculean labour of the Trusteeship Council, the fixing of the capital of Israel in the Jewish part of Jerusalem is not likely to be disturbed. Faith, sentiment and will are a triple cord which binds the city with the Jewish people.

(Professor Bentwich has recently returned from a prolonged stay in Palestine.)

THE MERE

BY RUTH TOMALIN

White buttercups swam on the cressy mere ;
the slender heron stood
poised like a reed, and peaceful as a deer
treading anemones in a green wood :
over the sobbing mosses and clear springs
when the marsh country heard the snow geese pass
the green-veined April orchids spread their wings,
sorrel and rose and silver in the grass.

Slow flaxen lilies swayed on the faint tide ;
the willow warbler rang
a treble bell in June where withies sighed
and purple steeples of high orchids sprang :
under the wide white roads their relics lie,
drowned, with the bells and spires, their silver year—
lilies and fronds and weeds, the heron's cry,
the delicate wild children of the mere.

THE AGE OF LASKI

BY MAX BELOFF

GR^{EAT} teachers are very rare, and the modern university with its complex organization and increasing specialization of functions does not help to make them less so. The sudden and premature death of Professor Harold Laski was, above all, a loss to his profession and a source of intense personal grief to colleagues, students and ex-students all over the world. Few men of his ability have in our own times given so much of themselves to a single academic discipline; and the establishment of politics as a proper subject of university study in this country owes more to Laski than to any other single individual.

It must be for those who knew Laski well, when time has softened the blow of their loss, to produce a balanced and definitive assessment of his career. What seems most worth doing at the moment is to attempt to solve a particular problem. Why is it that one feels so strongly that, despite Laski's great influence upon us all, his death marks the end of an era in the history of political thought in this country, that the lines upon which fruitful work will be done in the immediate future are lines upon which Laski himself had long ceased to travel? It would not be too much to say that just as we can call the period 1840 to 1870 (from this point of view) the 'Age of John Stuart Mill', so too the future historian may talk of the period between 1920 and 1950 as the 'Age of Laski'. In continuing the story after Mill's lifetime, one has to take new factors into account, and give room to the discussion of points of view that take their starting-point a long distance from Mill's own. It is equally likely that we are entering upon, or have already entered upon, an era when our major preoccupations will be quite different from those towards which Laski endeavoured to bend our attention, with all the compulsive mastery of his knowledge and eloquence. It is surely significant that Laski's last major work, *The American Democracy* (published in 1948) should have seemed above all, a very old-fashioned book, as though appearing a quarter of a century after its time.

There are of course two ways in which it might be said that we are passing into a new era. Of one of them, it is only necessary to speak briefly. In a brilliant and searching article entitled "Political Ideas in the Twentieth Century" (*Foreign Affairs*, April 1950), Mr. Isaiah

Berlin has justly observed that the most significant thing about the totalitarian political doctrines of our own era, is not the answers they give to the major philosophical questions about man and society that have for centuries preoccupied the minds of thinking men in all countries, but that they deny the importance of the questions themselves and the utility of asking them. The spirit of intellectual inquiry which has been the particular glory of our civilization is regarded by the Russian Communists as it was by the Nazis as something to be got rid of by annihilating the strong and conditioning the weak. To ask questions other than severely pragmatical ones is to show symptoms of psychic weakness; what is required is not an answer, but treatment. In that sense, Laski even in his most pro-communist phase, was never in harmony with the new era. It is a part of his just title to fame that he never abandoned the appeal to reason, and never stopped asking the major theoretical questions implied by his studies—either in deference to someone's infallibility or because of the tepid indifference to ideas, as yet more common in Anglo-Saxon countries—the indifference which can reduce political science to the level of "who lays the drains and where?" Laski with an ever-keen social conscience knew well that for many people the impact of political decisions was just that; but he never, even at his most earthbound, suggested that issues of principle were at any stage irrelevant, or that the ends of social activity are ever material in the narrow sense.

But assuming that we shall hold off the totalitarian challenge and that the study of politics will continue to be something in which the intellect may freely be engaged, it is still true, though in quite another way, that the 'Age of Laski' will be over. And curiously enough the reason for this is suggested by the popular and distorted version of Laski's rôle that was trotted out once again by the larger part of the British press on the morrow of his death. In the public mind, two things were remembered about him. The first was that he had been used by conservative propaganda in the 1945 election to symbolize some dark external compulsive power in whose hands any Labour Government would be a puppet. The second was that he had been accused during the campaign of advocating violent revolution, and had failed in a celebrated libel action to convince the court of the falsity of the charge.

To anyone who knew anything either of the Labour Party and its leaders, or of Laski, it was fantastic to endow him with even the non-sadistic attributes of a Himmler or a Beria. To regard as the partisan of bloody revolution a man who had spent a lifetime exploring the nature of democratic government, and endeavouring to suggest methods of remedying what he regarded as its surviving imperfections, was equally nonsensical. Yet even the grossest

caricature must have some substratum of fact to start the caricaturist on his work. There was a remote point at which the tracks of both these myths crossed the path of the real Laski.

The first is not germane to our present theme. But it is worth pointing out (and some future writer will no doubt elaborate it) that the election of 1945 was in a sense a triumph for Laski, not of course because he happened, accidentally almost, to be the party's chairman at that juncture, but because the Labour majority based upon massive working-class support, but extending well beyond this basis, and committed to a specifically socialist programme along with an extension of existing welfare services, represented precisely that social and ideological amalgam of which Laski had long been the leading intellectual exponent. The victory also proved the essential rightness of Laski's tactical foresight in supporting the whole-hearted participation of Labour in the wartime coalition in 1940 in defiance of the strict doctrines of pure Marxists.

The second myth—that of Laski as the violent revolutionary, the man of the barricades—represents the popular reaction to something more complex. Indeed it takes one to the very roots of his intellectual and moral dilemma. And this dilemma was not one personal to him, although it is in his writings that it is revealed most clearly. Just as the essential theme of all political speculation in the age of Mill, and of Tocqueville whom Laski so much admired, was the relation between the creative individual and the social pressure for conformity characteristic of all democracies, so for Laski's generation, the essential theme was the relation between the emancipation of the masses from what they regarded as the servitudes of capitalism, and their own inherited predilections for the democratic process. For Laski, liberalism as a doctrine might be indeed "effectively, a by-product of the effort of the middle-class to win its place in the sun" and now to be transcended, but he could hardly escape so easily from the liberal habit of mind, or repress in himself the liberal generosity of spirit. With a loyalty to the main body of the Labour Party, rare among the party's "intellectuals", he was yet prepared in his later years publicly to denounce in the name of wounded humanity, the bleak and uncomprehending hostility of Ernest Bevin and of the party's solid core to the persecuted remnants of European Jewry. And this surely not through some vague ancestral loyalty, but because of the same essential liberalism that twenty years after the Sacco-Vanzetti case could still inspire the indignant references in *The American Democracy*.

But before Laski in his *The Rise of European Liberalism* (published in 1936) came to employ the Marxist hatchet to cut away the roots of his own fundamental position, he had travelled far from his own intellectual origins. At the beginning, at the time when Justice

Holmes was describing him to Sir Frederick Pollock, as "one of the most learned men I ever saw of any age" and as "diabolically clever and omniscient," he seemed to have as the Justice observed, slightly sardonically, "a *spécialité* for Church history." Indeed, his *Studies in the Problem of Sovereignty* shows Laski in his twenties, as a brilliant disciple of Pollock's greater partner, Maitland. "Men have grown in the course of time," he wrote, "to love freedom and slavery has become a losing cause." And so he tried in an exploration of group loyalties in the past, religious and secular, to combat the harshness and intractability of Austinian sovereignty. But in that same year, 1917, a group of men seized power in "one sixth of the world"—men to whom slavery and freedom, as centuries of human experience had defined them, were altogether without meaning.

It has been suggested that Laski's turning away from his original "pluralism" to a totally different view of politics was a product of the Russian Revolution and of the new interest in Marx that it produced in the west. The watershed in his intellectual history is then held to be his little volume *Communism*, in the "Home University Library", which was published in April 1927. But it may be questioned whether any first-rate mind ever arrives at a new position by a route external to his own thought. In *Authority in the Modern State*, published in 1919, where Marx is mentioned only in order to point out that he has been displaced by Proudhon "as the guiding genius of French labour" one can already detect the signs of the transition. Already the emphasis on the group is passing from the religious to the economic sphere—Laski still writes of Churches but he feels with the trade-unions. It is the exercise of sovereignty by the capitalist State that is now condemned. "Labour," he writes, "could admit the complete sovereignty of the State only if it could be assumed that the State were on its side." At this juncture it is true that he still refuses to see salvation for the worker in the "simple formulae of a complete collectivism." He still hankers after a pluralistic and federal society based upon a balance of producer and consumer interests, he can still denounce the panacea of State-ownership—"to surrender to government officials not merely political but also industrial administration is to create a bureaucracy more powerful than the world has ever seen"—but the essential step has been taken. The social order must become what he preferred to call a "labour order" rather than a "socialist order". He meant by this, the progressive inclusion in the rights recognized by the State, of the rights that labour demands, as it becomes conscious of its rôle in the economic process. "No political democracy can be real," he wrote, "that is not as well the reflection of an economic democracy."

So far indeed, there seems on the surface to be no break with the extended liberalism of Laski's English predecessors. The crux was

that henceforth it was the displacement of capitalism rather than the extension of rights that took priority, and that from searching for a genuine meaning to give to "economic democracy", Laski passed to assuming that it could and should exist, and concentrating upon the obstacles to its attainment. Since it became progressively clearer that as far as the western world was concerned, the war of 1914 had not been capitalism's death warrant, the only safeguard for a man of Laski's way of thinking against the attractions of the Marxist form of Utopianism and the great Soviet illusion, remained his capacity for optimism. In 1919, he admitted that it was progressively less true that "government is exerted in the interests of those who control its exercise." But the optimism evaporated, and Utopianism took its place.

There can be little doubt that it was his belief in the strength and purposefulness of American capitalism that was a major cause of Laski's despairing of his original hopes of a progressive attainment of a pluralistic "economic democracy", with self-government in industry as its key. In ways undreamed of by Canning, the New World had come in to redress the balance of the Old. The American business-man had become the serpent in the democratic Eden. And he remained so to the end. Indeed there is in the whole story of Laski's intellectual career no more dramatic and tragic element than the tensions involved in his attitude to the United States. In the country where he passed some of the most fruitful years of his youth, where he first achieved recognition and where there existed precisely that absence of social inequality, that contempt for hereditary power and its manifestations, which were so cardinal to his thought, he seemed to find in later years only the symptoms of frustration. Even his admiration for Franklin Roosevelt could make him see in the New Deal little more than a reformist attempt to buttress the capitalist citadel. And in *The American Democracy* he was to picture the U.S.A. in terms that suggested that Calvin Coolidge was still in the White House, that ignored a quarter of a century of social progress and intellectual ferment, and that saddened, when they did not repel, those very groups in America who would so willingly have looked to him for inspiration in their task.

But the real centre of Laski's interests, intellectual and political, remained in England. And here perhaps, the decisive event was the collapse of the 1929-1931 Labour Government. It was after this point that Laski's pessimism about the possibility of Labour being allowed to achieve its ends by ordinary constitutional means became dominant in his writings. In his *Democracy in Crisis*, published in 1933, he still argues as he did throughout, that in a country like Britain, a socialist government must not lose the moral advantage that it would gain by acting within the traditional legal and consti-

titutional framework. The communist tactics of taking the offensive might result and probably would result, in countries with a strong middle-class, in a right-wing, rather than a left-wing dictatorship. But he was far from convinced that in the event of a Labour victory, the possessing classes would not themselves resort to open violence or sabotage. And rather than compromise on Socialism, a socialist government must in such a case, fight back.

It was arguments of this kind, appearing right down to the election of 1945 that made Laski so vulnerable to the charge of advocating violence. But this crude distortion hid the real weak point of his own argument, the fact that in accepting this version of the Marxist doctrine, he had altogether abandoned his earlier fruitful insistence on government by consent. Political pluralism was abandoned and a majority, provided it was a socialist majority, had the full right to proceed to the socialist transformation of society.

In *Democracy in Crisis*, Laski argued that even a communist dictatorship in England, would be "different" and would have to discover some wider basis of consent if it were to be durable. But this did not mean that for other countries, Laski condemned the Soviet model itself. At this period, and for a long time afterwards, Laski, like other intellectuals of the left found much to admire in the Soviet world. His essay in 1935 on "Law and Justice in Soviet Russia" probably marks the furthest point of his progress in this direction—a point at which he could in utter seriousness describe M. Andrei Vyshinsky a "a man whose passion was law reform." At the same time, the growth of Fascism and National-Socialism seemed to be bearing out his fundamental thesis elsewhere. So that by 1938, his *Parliamentary Government in England* both denies that non-socialists can really care for democracy, and blames the Labour Party for its refusal to co-operate with communists in a popular front.

The weakening of Laski's readiness to credit the good faith of communists dates of course, as with so many other people, from the Nazi-Soviet pact. But in 1943, in his *Reflections on the Revolution of Our Time* he could still place his hopes for the future on co-operation between the British and the Soviet brands of "Socialism", he could still hold that "there is nothing in the nature of the Bolshevik State which is alien from the democratic ideal" and still believe that the western countries would find it easier to co-operate with the Russians, if they were "progressive".

As Laski's view became steadily more directed towards the international aspects of politics in the post-war years, his views on the communists hardened:

The passion for conspiracy, the need for deception, the ruthlessness, the centralized and autocratic commands, the contempt for fair play, the willingness to use lying and treachery to discredit an opponent or to secure some desired end, complete

dishonesty in the presentation of facts, the habit of regarding temporary success as justifying any measure, the hysterical invective by which they wrought to destroy the character of anyone who disagreed with them; these, in the context of an idolization of leaders, who might, the day after, be mercilessly attacked as the incarnation of evil, have been the normal behaviour of Communists, all over the world.

It was finely spoken. But by a breath-taking paradox, these lines appear in Laski's "Introduction" to the Labour Party's centenary edition of the Communist Manifesto. The perversions that Laski castigated were still, he held, the results of the application of Marxist principles to the specially difficult circumstances of Russia. Laski's own faith in these principles had seemingly, not wavered. The lessons that he drew for British Socialism were not seriously altered in 1948, from those he had drawn in 1938, and earlier.

It may seem fantastic, that a thinker of Laski's depth should never have asked himself whether the moral flaws that he detected among communists had not some relation to their doctrines, whether there was not in Marxism itself, in Marx himself, some enormous unseen philosophical flaw. There are signs that at the end, Laski was disquieted by one strand in the historical process that seemed to be going astray. In a pamphlet "Socialism as Internationalism", published by the Fabian Society in February 1949, Laski suddenly faced the fact that Socialism and socialists whether of the Soviet or the "democratic" variety were nowhere showing themselves internationally-minded. On the contrary. The "workers" in power showed the same narrow selfishness as had the capitalists, and were as ruthless in safeguarding their special interests through the machinery of the State. There is a nostalgic glint of the old Laski in his plea for "the separation of nation from State by means of functional federalism" as the best road he knew "to the erosion of sovereignty." What would Marx have made of that?

We shall never know. Nor alas, shall we ever know what Laski would himself have made of it. But clearly nothing is answered by marrying Austinian sovereignty to the historical destiny of the proletariat. Clearly, political pluralism is still a vital need nationally, as well as internationally. Clearly, the liberal impulse is not yet exhausted or explained away by the barbarous and puerile sophistries of Marxism. In approaching these formidable problems, it can be hoped that the post-Laski generation of political scientists may show the same eager curiosity as Laski did, the same capacity for work, and the same disinterested devotion to the pursuit of truth.

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THE UNMARRIED MOTHER AND HER CHILD

BY AGATHA H. BOWLEY

HAPPY families normally consist of father, mother and the baby (or better still several babies in various stages of growing up).

All families have their ups and downs, their crises and complications; they may not find it easy to find a house, to pay their bills, to win prizes or to pass examinations; they may suffer from poverty, ill-health, unemployment or cramped living conditions, and they are likely to quarrel at times, to disagree about discipline or dress, about boy friends or budgeting, or about politics. But nevertheless in most families there exists a certain solidarity, a sense of clanship, of togetherness which will see its individual members through most emergencies. Each member contributes to the welfare and to the enjoyment of family life.

It is a sombre thought, therefore, that there are a large number of fatherless families in which a child born out of wedlock can never experience the same warmth, the same sense of belongingness as a child in a normal family. The illegitimate child grows up at a grave disadvantage. He misses both the affection and discipline of a good father. He is liable to feel insecure, deprived, unwanted, displaced, rejected and anxious. He is not going to find it easy to be a happy and satisfactory citizen.

The number of illegitimate births in England and Wales in 1865 was 46,585. In 1940 the figure was 25,873. But the 1939-1945 war caused a startling increase—64,064 illegitimate births were recorded in 1945. The proportion of illegitimate to legitimate births gives a fairer estimate of the position—in 1860, 6.5 per cent., in 1907, 3.7 per cent. and in 1918, 6.2 per cent. In 1945 the figure rose to 9.3 per cent., decreasing in the following year until in 1947 it was reduced to 5.3 per cent.

It was reported that the mortality of illegitimate infants was 231 per thousand in 1911, 247 in 1915, and 241 in 1916. This has improved however. In 1939 the death rate of illegitimately born infants under one year of age was 90 per thousand while in 1944 it had fallen to 69 per thousand. But an increased birth rate with a falling death rate results in a large number of illegitimate children who are likely to grow up under special difficulties and will require special care and provision for their welfare. The statistician can read

between the lines and interpret these figures in human terms. But the man in the street requires further information and a more vivid presentation of the facts before his conscience may be stirred and his indignation roused.

The vicissitudes of public opinion on the subject of illegitimacy have been many. In feudal times the lord of the manor accepted and provided for the child born out of wedlock, for he was likely to prove an economic asset in years to come. The misguided mother in the early sixteenth century left her unwanted offspring on the nearest convenient doorstep of a monastery or convent. In Tudor times redundant infants became a charge on the parish. They were rounded up and usually apprenticed to respectable citizens and if they ran away they had to be kept in chains like slaves. Erring parents were publicly reprimanded by the archdeacon and churchwardens and were enjoined to do penance in a white sheet in their parish church before the congregation. Apparently this treatment did not act as a severe deterrent and illegitimate infants continued to be abandoned in church porches. The mother was confined to a House of Correction, which was in part a prison and in part a workhouse in the seventeenth century. Imprisonment for life was her lot if she produced a second bastard and it was not surprising that infanticide became common.

After 1700, destitute children were usually accommodated in workhouses which were being set up in many parishes. The children though provided with adequate food and shelter and much religious education, were required to work as long as 12 hours a day. Private charity took steps to help the foundling as early as 1552 when Christ's Hospital was founded, but in 1696 illegitimate children were no longer admitted. In 1741 the Foundling Hospital was opened and the requests for admission were so numerous that babies had to be selected by ballot. In 1758 the Magdalen Hospital for Penitent Prostitutes came into being. Here unmarried mothers, often little more than girls, were treated with kindness and consideration. They wore a becoming dress and were well fed. Their occupations included lacemaking, dressmaking, millinery, knitting, embroidery and the manufacture of toys, gloves, shoes and artificial flowers.*

The death rate of unwanted babies continued to be high whether cared for inside or outside an institution. Hanway's Act of 1767 provided for the boarding out of parish children at not less than 2s. 6d. a week and a bonus of 10s. was paid each year if the child was in a good condition. Sir Frederick Eden's survey revealed that the conditions under which children lived in the workhouses were appalling. Education was almost nil, discipline was severe, hours of labour long, diet often grim, and contact with insane, senile, disabled,

diseased and immoral adults widespread. It was not until 1790 that workhouses were inspected.

Poor Law children were apprenticed in coal mines, cotton mills and to chimney sweeps from the age of seven or earlier. The Royal Commission of 1840 followed by the various Factory Acts introduced by Lord Ashley, later Earl Shaftesbury, did something to improve conditions. The publication of *Oliver Twist* and *The Water Babies* did even more to stir public indignation, but it was not until 1875 that the employment of children as chimney sweeps was finally prohibited. In the nineteenth century the practice of baby farming was widespread and the abuses of this profitable occupation were many. The Infant Life Protection Act of 1872 did something to improve the position, but was apparently widely evaded. The work of the Poor Law Commissioners investigating the condition of the poor between 1834 and 1847 culminated in the Poor Law Acts, and union workhouses were set up all over the country. Here material conditions were improved; food, adequate clothing, better medical care were provided, and in 1870 some sort of compulsory education became necessary. The Guardians considered that they had done their work well.

It was left to Thomas Stephenson, who opened a house to shelter destitute children in London in 1869, to lead the way to a more enlightened treatment of homeless children, and he later founded the great Wesleyan charity known as the National Children's Home and Orphanage. Dr. Barnardo, from humble beginnings working in a Ragged School, established the Barnardo Home in Stepney in 1870 where boys were given food, clothes and warmth and taught a trade. And The Waifs and Strays Society, now known as the Church of England Children's Society, was established in 1881 and to-day has about 5,600 children under its care. In 1884 the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was established in London. Following the Royal Commission on the Poor Law in 1905 the destitute child over three years of age was removed from the workhouse and accommodated in public assistance or voluntary homes.

The situation has steadily improved. In 1918 the National Council for the Unmarried Mother and Child* was founded to co-ordinate and develop the work of voluntary societies and public bodies on behalf of the illegitimate child. In 1926 children were legitimized by the subsequent marriage of their parents and the Adoption Act legalized adoption for the first time. In 1933 the passing of the Children and Young Persons' Act provided for the placement of children "in need of care and protection" in voluntary and statutory Homes. In 1944 Lady Allen of Hurtwood drew the attention of the

* See *Nobody Wanted Sam*, by M. Hopkirk. John Murray 15s.

* N.C.U.M.C., 21 Coram Street, London, W.C.1.

readers of *The Times* to the plight of many unwanted children in this country, and in 1945 the Curtis Committee was set up to investigate the methods of providing for the child deprived of a normal home life.* In 1947 an alternative shortened form of birth certificate was authorized giving no particulars of parentage or adoption in an attempt to reduce the stigma. Finally in 1948 the Children Act was passed incorporating most of the recommendations of the Curtis Committee. By this means at long last some serious consideration was given to the psychological as well as the material welfare of the deprived child.

The welfare of the unmarried mother and her child has become the special concern of the N.C.U.M.C. This council was set up in 1918, the same year as the Maternity and Child Welfare Act became law, and arose from the public concern over the need to improve public health following the 1914-1918 war. The death rate of the illegitimate child was then at least twice as high as that of the legitimate—sometimes over 200 per thousand. The function of this council was, first, to obtain reforms of the existing Bastardy and Affiliation Acts, secondly, to secure adequate accommodation for unmarried mothers and babies and, thirdly, to deal with inquiries on behalf of unmarried mothers.

The advisory work of the council has been very great. In the early years of its existence it handled some 600-800 cases a year; in 1946 over 400 cases were dealt with each month. The problems during the war were evacuation, the shortage of foster mothers, of nurseries and of voluntary Homes, the presence of foreign soldiers, and all the difficulties of the wartime mother.

Throughout the council has been emphatic that the separation of the mother from her baby should be avoided whenever possible. The baby is best cared for by its natural mother. "Because we believe that in the majority of cases the child's well-being is most fully attained by keeping it with its mother, we must consequently help her to become physically and morally able to fulfil her motherhood to the best of her ability."†

In an analysis made by Miss L. Bateman of 280 unselected cases of unmarried mothers who applied to the council during the past year some interesting facts emerged. Of the 187 mothers whose ages were known, the majority were between 19 and 21 years. The youngest was 16 and the oldest was 39 years. A falling off of the percentage was noted after 22 years of age. Of 167 where the occupations were known, 23.3 per cent. were engaged in office work and the same percentage in domestic jobs, and 16 per cent. were nurses. Out of 192 known cases, 69 per cent. had both parents living, while in 14.5

* Lady Allen of Hurtwood discussed the Curtis Report in the March 1947 issue of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*—The Editor.

† Page 15 of 21 *Years and After*: the story of the N.C.U.M.C., by Mrs. H. A. L. Fisher.

per cent. both parents had died. In 93 per cent. of 169 known cases, the mothers had spent their childhood in their own family, while two per cent. had been brought up by foster parents, two per cent. by relatives and two per cent. in institutions. Among the 280 cases, the applications were concerned with the first illegitimate child in 260 instances, and in only 12 cases were there other illegitimate children. 59 per cent. of the 280 cases wanted help in finding a mother and baby home, and on the first application only 20 per cent. suggested adoption and four per cent. foster care. Facts were known concerning 59 putative fathers; 35.5 per cent. of them were married men, and 23.7 per cent. were aliens. In three cases conception resulted from a carnal encounter, two from alcoholic intoxication, one from assault and in one case both the mother and the father were mentally defective.

From a study of these very human documents it becomes clear that illegitimacy is too often the result of unhappiness, loneliness, restlessness, ignorance or mental instability or deficiency on the part of the mother. In many of these cases an unhappy home life is the common experience of girls who get into trouble. It is significant that in nearly every case the mother is eager to keep the child after his birth, whatever may have been her view before.

The unmarried mother and her child nowadays are treated with far greater consideration and humanity than in the days of the Poor Law. There are at present about 153 Homes for mothers and babies in England and Wales. In London there are 21 alone. These Homes will accept the mother before the birth of her baby and will keep her for some time afterwards. They are of all denominations—Church of England, Catholic, Methodist, Salvation Army, Church Army and some are undenominational. The staffs work in close association with the moral welfare workers.

I have been favourably impressed on visits to these Homes. The mother is treated with every care and consideration. There is no attempt to take her baby from her or suggest that she is not fit to care for him. In fact she is helped to look after her baby herself, and is shown how to feed and bath and dress and pet the child. She is taught to understand his needs, and many matrons report that quite young girls make excellent mothers. She is encouraged to keep her baby, and every effort is made to find a post where she can continue to care for him, or a day nursery where she can leave him during the day. If this is not possible, foster care or adoption is arranged in most cases.

In the words of Mrs. H. A. L. Fisher*: "We still believe, and all our experience has strengthened this belief, that keeping together the mother and child not only helps the moral and physical well-being of both, but by giving to the mother a responsibility, something to work

* *Ibid.* p. 15.

and live for, helps to prevent a second illegitimate birth." This is an important point of view. Psychological studies have shown how vitally important is the relationship between mother and child and that later satisfactory development depends very greatly on the establishment of a happy relationship in the first few months of life. "If human babies are to develop eventually into healthy, independent and society-minded adult individuals, they absolutely depend on being given a good start, and this good start is assured in nature by the existence of the bond between the baby's mother and the baby, the thing called love. So if you love your baby, the baby is getting a good start."*

It is natural for mothers to love their babies; it is ordinary for them to be devoted to them. But the unmarried mother may at first be resentful at the prospect of bringing a baby into the world without a father to help care for him, and she may feel overwhelmed by the difficulties of providing adequately for herself and the baby. The baby is likely to have a bad start, and it is not easy for the mother to enjoy her baby. Three things may happen. Nature may triumph over circumstances and the mother may respond naturally to her baby's helplessness and need, and determine to do all in her power to keep him. Fortunately this seems the most usual result. But resentment and bitterness may overcome the mother's natural affection and she may reject the child. If he is left in her care he is likely to grow up as an unwanted child, and probably adoption in early babyhood is the wisest solution. Sometimes the situation appears more subtle. The mother may feel very guilty about the whole matter. She may openly blame the father who has not stood by her, and unconsciously reject the child. But she does not allow herself to show these feelings. She tends to cover up her hostility by an elaborate show of concern and solicitude for the baby. He tends to be over-protected, sheltered, guarded with anxious care and is liable to grow into a neurotic adult. His mother's love is not natural, unstinted and sincere, and her hostility is only thinly veiled. Both mother and child are likely to need a great deal of help.

The natural relationship between mother and child may become unnatural in these circumstances. "The baby does not want to be given the correct feed at the correct time, so much as to be fed by someone who loves feeding her own baby."† If the mother is worried and ashamed and anxious, these natural love feelings cannot arise so readily. Those who care for such women can by their kindness, tolerance and understanding help greatly in the rehabilitation of the mother and assist her to face her future responsibilities courageously

* *The Ordinary Devoted Mother and her Baby*, by Dr. W. Winnicott, p. 5
† *Ibid.* Dr. W. Winnicott, p. 9.

and wisely. Sometimes granny will accept the baby into the family and the child may then grow up with a real sense of belongingness. Sometimes a good home can be found temporarily with a foster mother who is willing to act as guardian and share the child with his mother with the ultimate aim of restoring him to her when she is settled and can make a home for him. There are, of course, many difficulties about this situation. Mother love tends to become possessive but in some instances the plan works out well. From the baby's point of view it is better to be loved too much and by too many than never to be loved at all.

The illegitimate child is likely to grow up at some disadvantage compared to the child from the ordinary family. There is something sadly lacking in the family where there is no father to act as play-fellow or as breakdown gang for broken toys. A father means strength, safety, security and support to a child and to his mother. His warm affection and wise discipline help a child materially in the growing up process. A father helps a child to learn to share his mother, and to control his anti-social impulses. He sets a model for the child and presents him with standards which are especially valuable as the child grows older. All this must be appreciated and due allowance made. Someone to take the place of the father in the child's life is really essential, whether it be uncle, grandfather, teacher, youth leader or sometimes a step-father. But the acceptance of a step-father in place of the child's own father, who is often idealized in the child's mind, may be fraught with difficulty.

I think it is wise to tell the child as much as is reasonable of the truth of the situation when he seems old enough to understand and when he shows any anxiety or curiosity about the matter. This may be as young as four or five or six years of age. Every mother must choose her own time and her own way of telling the child. "Your daddy had to go away to the war, and he was killed," if that is a true statement, may be fairly well accepted. "Your daddy had to go away to work and he couldn't come back to look after you and me" is another way of giving the bare facts to the child. It may be necessary to say: "Your daddy was not a very good daddy and he didn't want to stay at home and look after us. He would only have been unhappy and he would have made us unhappy too, so perhaps it is better that he stayed away." Children are remarkably matter of fact and will accept the truth, if wisely told, quite reasonably. Some information about the father, that he was a soldier or a sailor, or worked in a garage or on the railway, should be given the child and it usually helps if he is shown a photograph. All this may be painful to the mother, but it does make it easier for the child to face the reality of the situation, and build up a realistic rather than a fantastic picture of the father in his mind, and I think the mother owes this to

the child. It is likely to do considerable damage, on the other hand, if the mother blackens the father's character and stresses his cruelty or unkindness too much. A child needs to believe in the goodness and adequacy of his parents if he is to reach forward to adulthood with confidence himself.

The child is in no sense responsible for the mistakes of his parents and it is important that those of us who care about the welfare of children, and incidentally are also concerned to prevent delinquency, should do all we can to recreate a satisfactory family life for him. A high percentage of juvenile delinquents come from broken homes. " . . . poor little Sam trots forlornly through the years, clinging desperately to any friendly hand. Whatever the treatment meted out to his parents, it has always been he who suffers. Whether his parents are imprisoned, punished, reprimanded, ostracized, rescued, exhorting, emigrated or financed, the outcome remains the same for Sam. At the worst he suffers agony of body and mind ; at the best he is well-housed, well-fed, and well brought up in an atmosphere of hygienic impersonality and against a background clean contrary to that intended by Nature. And all his life he experiences the bitter longing to be loved."*

The twentieth century can claim to have adopted a more understanding attitude to the problems of the unmarried mother and her child. The N.C.U.M.C., the Child Guidance movement, and now the Children Act have all contributed to educate public opinion. Let us hope that we are now less eager to cast the stone, and more aware of the mother's need for rehabilitation and the child's need for love.

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SOCIAL POLICY AND THE WAR

BY A. F. WELLS

THE 1939-1945 war affected the civilian in an infinity of ways. For six years it was the dominant fact in his life ; every activity was in some way distorted by its influence. The preparation and conduct of a war often strike the reader of history as rather like a blindfold boxing match. One party, with an expression of anxiety, puts up a guard against a straight left while the other is preparing a tremendous right-hook which misses by feet. Something of that Alice in Wonderland atmosphere is conveyed by *Problems of Social Policy*.* The subject clearly could not be comprised in one volume, however concentrated, and Mr. Titmuss has not endeavoured to do so. Here he deals only with three topics : evacuation, hospital services and the care of the homeless. Studies dealing with problems of the family during the war are proposed for a further volume.

The sifting of evidence contained in "several million files in Government Departments in England, Wales and Scotland, and records of thousands of local authorities and voluntary agencies, and countless reports, surveys, books, journals and newspapers" (p. ix) is an enormous task from which the heart shrinks. Mr. Titmuss has performed the remarkable feat of making out of all this material a very clear and balanced narrative, fully documented and remarkably ballasted with facts and figures, yet sufficiently pointed and vivid to recall very forcibly one's own experiences as a civilian and civil defence worker. It is an essential book for all concerned with social psychology and the art of government.

The reader of such a book is strongly tempted to be wise after the event. Not that Mr. Titmuss falls into so obvious a snare. Clearly much could not have been foreseen. The Government of the time had to make the most elaborate and detailed plans for the protection of civilians in the event of war while being hampered by a complete ignorance of the effects of large scale bombing on towns ; by the fact that the enemy, being the aggressor, would always have the initiative, and, thirdly, by the fact that most of the public, even to the last days of peace, naturally wanted to persuade themselves that there

* Ibid. M. Hopkirk. p. 176

* *Problems of Social Policy : History of the Second World War*, by R. M. Titmuss. H.M.S.O. & Longmans. 25s.

would be no war. The Government's plans, it is well-known, were based on the expectation of mass obliteration raids from the very start. In March 1939 the Air Ministry thought that the possible weight of bomb attack might average seven hundred tons each day for the first fortnight. (In fact, only 70,995 tons fell on the United Kingdom during the whole period of the war.). It was also widely believed that air attack might continue for an indefinite period: "Day after day, and night after night, the capital of the Empire would be subjected to unrelenting bombardment of a kind which no city effectively acting as the military, naval and administrative centre of a country engaged in a life and death struggle, has ever had to endure." (p. 5).

These official views seem to have been supported by most unofficial writers who dealt with the subject. Accordingly, the Government were wise in preparing for the worst, and in making as careful plans as possible for the evacuation of millions of persons from vulnerable areas and for the reception in hospitals of air raid casualties by the hundred thousand. Had they not done so they would have been gravely negligent. But, as Mr. Titmuss's study shows, it was these plans which, when expectations were falsified, contributed largely to the secondary ill effects of the war. "The theory of a 'knock-out blow' which the enemy would aim at the country's nerve centre influenced many of the early plans, and explained much of the birth and development of the war time emergency services." (p. 11).

Another factor which apparently influenced the Government is to us, with later events in mind, less easy to understand. "The contingency of wholesale neurosis and panic . . . was a possibility which was never far from the minds of the civil authorities when they considered the need for emergency services to provide for the social consequences of a war on civilians. It seems sometimes to have been accepted almost as a matter of course that widespread neurosis and panic would ensue." (pp. 17, 18). It is difficult, says Mr. Titmuss, to find even a hint that this fear of collapse in morale was based on much else than instinctive opinion. It may be suggested that it was contributed to by the considerable element of distrust between the Government and the governed in the years immediately before 1939. Again when bombing did arrive in the autumn of 1940 it found the people to some extent "battle-conditioned" and the country comparatively well prepared for defence. Had the attacks been of the weight expected and had they come at the time of Munich, unpleasant recollections of the state of mind at that time suggest that the Government's gloomy view might not have been wholly falsified. In any event, their view was again shared by responsible, non-official opinion. "In the middle of 1938 a number of eminent psychiatrists from the

London teaching hospitals and clinics formed a committee to consider the mental health services in time of war. A report was drawn up and presented to the Ministry of Health which envisaged a large and elaborate organization providing immediate treatment centres in the bombed areas, out-patient clinics running a twenty-four hour service on the outskirts of cities, special hospitals, camps and work settlements in safer areas, and mobile teams of psychiatrists and mobile child guidance clinics. It was suggested that psychiatric casualties might exceed physical casualties by three to one. This would have meant, on the basis of the Government's estimates of killed and wounded, some three to four million cases of acute panic, hysteria and other neurotic conditions during the first six months of air-attack. In September 1938, the medical director of one well-known London clinic thought that it was 'clear to everyone that there must be an immediate inundation with cases of neurosis on the declaration of war—and certainly after the first air-raid'." (pp. 19-20). These views led to the consideration of such expedients as the use of the army to control civil defence personnel and even the throwing of a police cordon round London (a suggestion made in 1931 by an evacuation sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence).

While it rejected these, the Government—with such of the public as thought about the matter at all—were clearly expecting the dramatic: massacre and madness. On that assumption their over-riding duty was to clear as many people (at any rate of the more vulnerable or less needed) as possible out of the towns and to provide ample accommodation (coffins or beds) for the dead and wounded. Considerations of welfare that went beyond this seemed to many to be unnecessary refinements.

The expected consequences of air attack were, it is interesting to see, almost as catastrophic as the effects which we fear to-day from the atomic bomb. It is tempting to wonder to what extent they were the outcome of a guilty national conscience. In any event, although the Government had done what they could in some respects, in others they had fallen far short. The Government and the country were fully prepared neither for war nor for peace. The task of civil defence would have been very much simpler had it not been necessary to make social adjustments which should have been made long before the war. Had the Ministries been less neglectful of the poor and the working-class during the pre-war years, the preparation against air attack would have been far more efficient; for many of the social problems which arose during the first years of the war were the outcome of negligence and slovenly administration in peacetime. One of the most lamentable facts about the pre-war period (it is fully borne out by Mr. Titmuss's book) is the extent of official ignorance about important aspects of the condition of the country. One of

these, which had a direct bearing on the history of evacuation, was the condition of school children. It was generally believed at the time that the arrangements for sending off evacuees in September 1939 were, on the whole, successful. Mr. Titmuss endorses this view with reservations (one being that only about half the number arranged for actually went). But reception problems and difficulties, which led to the failure of the scheme, appear to have been completely unexpected. For example, the extent of head infestation among child evacuees caused horrified amazement. Now, there had been routine head inspections of school children by local education authorities for many years previously. The reported results of these inspections gave a far more optimistic impression than the facts revealed by evacuation warranted. "Without exception, so far as the writer is aware," says Mr. Titmuss, "the reports of local authorities for the large cities under-estimated the incidence and drew a self-satisfied and optimistic picture." (p. 130).

The children's clothing provided another shock. It was said that "quantities of clothing had to be burnt, that no change of clothing had been brought by the children, that footwear was cheap and shoddy, and even that some children arrived sewn into a piece of calico with a coat on top and no other clothes at all." (p. 115). The horror which accompanied these remarks was justified; but the consternation showed that the implications of widespread and long-standing unemployment had not been grasped by the general public. "It has been estimated," continues Mr. Titmuss, "that before the war there were about 4,000,000 families in Britain living from hand to mouth or from pay-day to pay-day. Of this number, one-half were continually in and out of debt. For all these families, the purchase of boots and clothing often meant a capital outlay beyond their immediate resources. Many of them, therefore had to buy cheap and generally shoddy equipment. Besides a widespread use of pawnbrokers, second-hand dealers and jumble sales, there grew up, partly in response to demand and partly because the housewives were easy to exploit, a vast instalment purchase organization—the clothing clubs of the poor" (p. 116)—institutions still unstudied by the sociologist. Ties such as these were among the numerous influences which led evacuated mothers to return home.

All this, the bulk of the middle class public appeared to be unaware of until after the evacuation movement. Yet social surveys of the poor had been made in England for the greater part of the previous half century, and particularly in the ten years before the war. It is true that most of these had been somewhat restricted in their scope; at the same time it is clear that they had aroused little interest among the general public. The Two Nations still existed in 1939. The importance of sociological field-work was increasingly realized

during the war, as it became evident that the whole country was in it together, and that what was happening was happening to everybody. The realization led, among other things, to the setting-up of the Wartime Social Survey organization, a section of the Ministry of Information. Activities of this kind are not dealt with by Mr. Titmuss; presumably they will be treated in another volume of the series.

The same condition of almost wilful ignorance was shown in relation to the pre-war state of the hospital services. When, as a part of civil defence planning, the Government needed to estimate the available hospital accommodation, it was found that necessary information was lacking. "Very little was known, for instance, about conditions in voluntary hospitals. . . . Nearly 200 out of approximately 1,030 of these hospitals did not even furnish *The Hospitals Year Book* for 1939 with elementary information." (pp. 64-5). Records were badly kept. The standard of poor law hospitals was often very low: a departmental survey of public assistance institutions in a county within fifty miles of London described them just before the war as "pest-houses". "Of twenty-one institutions for the chronic sick existing on the eve of war in South Wales and Monmouthshire, nine were over one hundred years old, eight over fifty years, two more than forty years old, while the remaining two were put up in 1904 and 1908. All were built as workhouses for paupers. The surveyors (of the hospitals in this area) classified all hospitals (voluntary and municipal, but excluding tuberculosis and mental institutions) and found that, out of a total of 7,945 beds, 3,855—or nearly one-half—were in premises graded as totally unfit to be used as hospitals." (p. 70). The amount of re-equipment and re-conditioning of hospitals which was found necessary during the war imposed a considerable strain on the country's resources when they could badly bear it.

If you expect war prepare for peace. It was realized too late how both manpower and social services had been neglected in the period before the war; a time when they ought to have been brought to the highest state of efficiency. This aspect of the matter had made no real impression on the Government. It is horrifying to think what the results might have been. As it happened, the country was afforded the opportunity of putting right its mistakes. A vast amount of zeal was devoted to this; it could have been used to much greater advantage. The fact that all parties now announce support of the National Health Service and the policy of full employment merely means that mankind always buys its experience at too high a price.

Mr. Titmuss gives arguments to show that one of the contributing causes why evacuation was relatively a failure lay in the strength of

family and local ties. One defect of pre-war Governmental planning was the inability to realize the importance of such ties in the formation of a spiritually strong community. The evidence suggests to the reader that the Government at the beginning of the war tended, consciously or unconsciously, to look on the civilian community in a military or a poor law spirit—to regard them as a crowd of “bods” rather than as persons with wills and aspirations and spiritual links with the rest of their community. This helped to founder the evacuation scheme, for people would not stay evacuated; which, in the circumstances of the war, was all to the good. “The principal enemy of evacuation was the solidarity of family life among the mass of the people” (p. 180). This feeling of solidarity rejected the sudden break which evacuation made with familiar habits of living. Contrasts of family standards and outlook were sometimes pathetic. Mr. Titmuss tells a story of two children, billeted in the county of Dumfries, who were sent to a comfortable bed with clean white sheets. “When the householder went mother-like to see them in bed she found both children huddled in a corner of the room. ‘We’re no’ goin’ there,’ they said, pointing, ‘that’s a bed for the deid folk.’” (p. 180). Conflicting loyalties troubled the young evacuee in situations where differences such as these were sharply marked. Mr. Titmuss suggests that “among the young this may have been simply an expression of love and a desire to keep alive memories of home; with older children it was simultaneously an expression of a refusal to be unfaithful to their parents’ standards.” (p. 181). The evacuation movement was unsuccessful because it again neglected considerations which, in the event, proved all-important: in this case, the desire to feel oneself part of a group. Therefore the fact that so many went home may have given them the strength to see the war through. “Life had meaning . . . in the environment they knew so well. In a billet in the country it lost its meaning. They understood Mr. Churchill and the *Luftwaffe* among their own people, and in their homes, not in somebody else’s. And so they went home.” (p. 182).

Anything which helped to strengthen family and group spirit was good. It will probably come to be felt that the worst effect of the war lay in its mental and physical deracination of the young. In Britain their bodies suffered comparatively little; the effect however, of the disintegration of the home owing to calling-up of fathers, absence of mothers on war-work, evacuation, bombing of houses and closing of schools, is impossible to measure. But while these must be contributing largely to post-war juvenile delinquency the effects, direct and indirect, of the previous decade of large-scale long-standing unemployment with consequent physical and mental squalor and disorder must not be overlooked.

Children—and old people too—suffered in some ways which can be confidently identified as secondary effects of the war. Mr. Titmuss produces interesting statistics showing increases during the war years in the death rates for certain classes of accidents. While the death rate from road accidents, for instance, fell considerably among adults during 1940-1943, many more children were killed—a result of less schooling and supervision. But, on the whole, apart from obvious slaughter, the effects of the war on civilian life and mind are not yet fully apparent and will be difficult to disentangle from the effects of expectations of future prosperity or war.

It is no impediment to zeal but rather a stimulus to realize that the history of societies is continuous, and that their state at one moment is affected by all their past. Thus child-health during the 1939-1945 war showed little overall deterioration, partly because mothers bearing children during the war came themselves of better physical stock than previous mothers. The social progress of the previous thirty years was gradual and left much still undone; but at any rate it produced some fruits when they were badly needed.

(Mr. A. F. Wells is the author of *The Local Social Survey in Great Britain*.)

THE LAST DAYS OF PAPEY

BY RAYNER S. UNWIN

THE island of Papey lies some three or four miles off the east coast of Iceland. It is not large, a mile square perhaps, but it has grazing enough for a hundred or two sheep. Its rocky cliffs and surrounding islets are the haunt of innumerable nesting sea birds ; but it is best known to sailors, for its lighthouse is often the first landfall on the Icelandic coast that a ship from the east will make. Papey was probably the first inhabited land in Iceland. A century before Ingolfur Arnason, the first Viking settler, landed at Reykjavik in the year 874, Irish hermit monks had crossed the seas in fragile coracles, still used by the Blasket islanders of south-west Ireland, and, as was their custom, established their lonely cells upon islands round the Atlantic coast. Pap-ey or Priests' Island was one such place, but little besides the name and the tradition remains to record their sojourn. They left, according to report, as suddenly as they had arrived, owing to the heathen ways of their new neighbours the Vikings. Papey is an untouched field for the archaeologist. A single wooden crucifix has been found and ascribed to this period, and an inland cave is reputed to have been their dwelling. There are also in one or two places traces of circles on the ground which may well be from the beehive huts which they used to build. Strange lights have been seen near one of these sites and on one stormy night early this century, men from the mainland manned their boats and struggled in terrible seas to reach the island thinking the farm buildings were on fire. When they reached the harbour there was darkness and nothing to be seen.

Since early days Papey has always been inhabited. The solitary farm is a good one with a large tun, or homefield, from which hay was being gathered while I was there. Allowing for the vagaries of a farming life it is a prosperous community, but it is incredibly isolated. To reach the nearest point on the mainland requires three days of strenuous travel by bus from Reykjavik, the capital, and a lost connection means a week's delay. From the mainland to the island requires a special boat to be chartered and in rough weather this is impossible ; so, apart from the telephone by which weather reports are sent twice daily to the shore the island is absolutely cut off, often

for weeks on end. Few people nowadays are willing to live under the privations of such isolation, and the farm requires two able-bodied men and two women to run it. The old farmer died and only one son was left and now, although the family desperately wished to remain, the island must be left, unsaleable, and abandoned for the winds to play with. (My signature in the lighthouse book, the two-hundredth since 1922, may well be the last.) Nevertheless work on the farm was being performed meticulously ; the homefield was extended, although no-one will reap the benefits, and repairs were carried out that might well have been left.

Papey is not new to calamities. In the seventeenth century Turkish pirates harried the Icelandic coasts, capturing slaves and looting as they went. They landed on Papey, burnt down the farm, carried off the inhabitants and killed those who were too old or too young. Only two men escaped ; they ran towards the high cliffs that front the sea and appeared to jump over the edge. In fact they clambered down a spine of rock into a small cave half way down where they sheltered for 24 hours until the marauders had departed.

Although the farm has always been on the same site, the present buildings of corrugated iron with banked turf outbuildings are only 50 years old, and the wholly turf dwellings that preceded them had to be renewed every generation. But the community has always been self-sufficient. From the mainland they buy flour, coffee, sugar and a little oil. Everything else they can make themselves. They knit their own clothes with wool from their own sheep. Their cows supply milk and butter, the sea yields them fish when they need it and, during lucky summers, shark and seal. They have a church, the smallest in Iceland, a tiny corrugated iron box held down by chains ; but nowadays no pastor visits it and although the family is deeply religious they consider it no crime to use the church for storing their spare furniture, their best clothes, and for pinning out the skins of the seals they catch. Under the church there is said to be buried treasure and a fortune teller has predicted that it will soon be found. There is, however, no sign of it yet. But it is the seabirds that provide the farm on Papey with its greatest source of livelihood. The eider duck nests on the island and the down is carefully collected, separated from the moss and grass which help to make up the nest, and sold ashore. Puffins are netted in prodigious butterfly nets and young puffins are dug from their burrows. Last year the women on the farm plucked 8,000 puffins, young and old ; for weeks they had been eating puffin every day, and an excellent food it is if properly cooked. The puffin season was nearing its end when I was there and young fulmars were also being taken for food, but there was no sign of a diminution in the enormous numbers of seabirds that inhabit the island. The place itself seems to flutter with their wings and even

by night the terns keep up a sleepless altercation above their nesting colonies.

Not only is the farm royally self-supporting during the summer, but when winter sets in with its almost endless night there is plenty of salt fish and meat with perhaps a few potatoes or rhubarb left for vegetables; and afterwards a bowl of skier, a traditional dish made from sour milk. There is light indoors during these dark weeks from the windmills of their own generating plant and there is always a variety of less active work to do; carding eider down or wool, fashioning out of wood that has been cast up by the sea anything from a windlass for hauling the motor-boat up the beach to a new handle for the kitchen door; or feeding hay to the sheep in their turf and stone shelters. But the weather during the long winter months is often wild and tempestuous; the island is curtained in spray and the waves cast great stones over the cliff tops on to the yellow grassland. It is a battle against the wind to reach the constantly flashing beacon in its high house and tend the light.

It was during such a winter storm a few years ago that a mine exploded against the coast sending splinters of metal all over the island and chipping the wall of the lighthouse itself. Another mine which drifted in calmer weather into the mouth of the anchorage was secured by the farmer's son, single-handed in a rowing boat. These were not the only mines to reach Papey, whose coast intercepts much flotsam from the northern seas. During the 1914-1918 war a mine was washed ashore and the farmer, not knowing what it was, tethered his horse to one of its horns; luckily it did not explode.

Last year the farmer, then an old man, died and was buried like his forbears in an unmarked grave by the side of the little church. He was a great character, and his fame spread far beyond the little island of Papey. One incident I remember was when he sold a cow to a farmer on the mainland. The price was agreed but when the boat in which the cow was transported arrived it was found to be closely followed by another containing the gratuitous addition of enough hay to keep the cow during the winter. Like his wife, who has not left the island for ten years, the old man had little desire to wander from his farm. This spirit his son, Snorri, has largely inherited. While I was staying on Papey Snorri took a holiday on the mainland. He did not go far, as he considered a town of any size to be unpleasant. He chose rather to exchange one isolation for another and spent his three days rest on a farm not far off. He enjoyed himself immensely and to crown his pleasure there had been a dance, or "ball" as he called it, at the adjoining hamlet. "It was a great success," he confided later, "although I was too busy to go to it myself." But Snorri returned to Papey without regret, for there was much to do, its very diversity making the life attractive to him. A glance at the equip-

ment inside one of the innumerable outhouses was proof of that. A row of large barrels stood against one wall. In the first of these were puffins, kept fresh in layers of loose feathers while waiting to be plucked. The next two contained sharks' liver in salt and in the bottom of the last barrel were lumps of seal meat, rancid and maggoty the best bait when shark fishing. Against the opposite wall rested the carding machine for eider down, nearly hidden by bags of the down itself, grey, soft, and almost inextricably mixed with dry moss and grass. A seal skin had been thrown stiffly and carelessly into a corner; against it leaned the only gun on the island, rusty with age. On a rack overhead rested a medley of implements; hay-rakes, thin-blade oars for the rowing boat, puffin nets and nooses on long poles used for catching the young fulmars which spit a foul-smelling orange excrement when too nearly approached. The remaining floor space was occupied by a jumble of floats for fishing nets, a sea-anchor, coils of rope for descending the cliffs during the egg-collecting season and some sacks of dried sheeps' dung, the staple fuel for the house during the winter. The roof of the shed was of turf supported by wooden beams. Like all turf roofs it was completely waterproof, but it needed frequent repairing because cows in search of grazing sometimes walked up the roof and fell through. The roofs of the sheds nearest to the farm were often incorporated in the tun and scythed for hay.

It is such providence over details that has brought Papey to its short-lived prosperity. Nothing is wasted or despised. A handful of wool picked up among the tufts of thrift and cotton grass in the centre of the island will be carefully brought home. Two men with a rope will go out to retrieve a packing-case from the sea below the cliffs. It seems to me a tragedy that for lack of one strong man such thrift must give place to the negligence of nature. Within a year of the evacuation of the island the homefield will have reverted into moorland, the wind and the rain will have battered the house into a ruin, and strangers will come at will to rob the nests. When this happens Papey will once again be as it was when the Irish priests first landed on its shores more than a thousand years ago, a desolate and uninhabited island indistinguishable from a thousand others that flank the coast lines of the world.

(After leaving Oxford, the author spent a month in Iceland before going to Harvard for post graduate work.)

SIDNEY'S LOVE

BY RICHARD CHURCH

Is it not sad to think
Of Penelope Devereux,
Child-love, as it were,
Of a man whose word and act
Will never be forgotten
Till time itself shall sink
With fable and with fact,
Finally confused and rotten
In the sedimentary floor
Of earth bereaved and bare
Even of its cloak of air,
And mankind is no more ?

He met her, we are told,
When she was twelve years old,
A touzled little thing
With hair a fiery red ;
But a voice which even then,
Were she induced to sing,
Would make men drop their swords
And clinking cups, to listen.
Such is man's thrall to words,
Especially when they fasten
Their magic to the sound
Of a human throat endowed
By some freak will of the gods
With music never found
In the rest, the speaking clods
Who fill Court, Theatre, Church,
Nor know that what they touch
With verbiage, they smirch.

Also he heard her laughter.
Through the halls of Kenilworth
It suddenly would break
Bounds, piercing decorum through

With innocence and mirth,
That happiness which hovers
On the brink of knowledge, when
Still undeclared as lovers,
Hesitant girls and men
Shun love, for love's own sake ;
To succumb the moment after.

" Biting my truant pen ",
Sir Philip Sidney wrote,
" Beating myself for spite "
—This in a perfect sonnet—
He stared at that singing throat,
And knew that if he won it
He were blind from too much light.

As for the child, she felt
The magnet in his eye.
The spirit in her knelt.
Her soul was prepared to die,
If souls *can* die, to give
That recognition scope
To cling, and clinging, live,
And living, feed on hope.

Neither dared speak, the Queen
And a shallow-hearted brother,
—But not too shallow to hate—
All-powerful at that time,
Were watching. And once seen
By that sovereign, golden eye,
Who knows what the crime
And punishment had been ?
Sir Philip, foreshadowing fate,
Let pass the cup to another.

PLAYS IN ENGLISH PROSE ?

BY DAVID HIGHAM

" THE reappearance of the poet in the English theatre is a heartening feature of the times in which we live." So opens an advertisement for the published plays of Christopher Fry, one of the small number of writers of plays in verse who has appeared since *Murder in the Cathedral* showed the way a dozen years ago. Lower down, Mr. Fry's " rich, rumbustious language " is commended and then we read " The speed, the vigour, the humour, the flicker of *The Lady's Not for Burning* and *A Phoenix Too Frequent* offer something to the modern playgoer which has been absent from our stage since the seventeenth century." Speed, vigour, humour, flicker—all, in effect, qualities of language—are not these attributes of, say, *Decline and Fall* or *The Loved One* ? And richness of *The Heat of the Day* ; or, in another sense of the word, of Sir Osbert Sitwell's novels ? The qualities quoted are certainly those of good prose no less than of good verse. Yet when we look for the plays whose prose is to rank with that of the novels quoted, we cannot find them.

Let us first be thankful for the verse plays. The very use of the verse medium implies an understanding that a care for language is indispensable if a play is to be more than ephemeral, for no play has survived without what we must call literary quality, though that quality by itself is not enough. And, given a lead by T. S. Eliot, a famous field has been re-explored by talents as diverse as those of W. H. Auden, Christopher Isherwood, Stephen Spender, Ronald Duncan, Christopher Fry and Norman Nicholson. Mr. Eliot's experiments and his discoveries have been so far the most interesting and important : and, in particular, *The Family Reunion* does solve one of the greatest difficulties the modern verse-playwright seems to face—of assimilating the verse-medium and the modern setting. Most of his fellows have avoided this crux by choosing settings in the past or, as Norman Nicholson in *The Old Man of the Mountains*, by using no more than a modern disguise. This in no way invalidates their plays for us, any more than we should hold a modern epic poem to be diminished if its story and setting were medieval. But a modern epic would almost certainly take the form of a prose novel. Is there the verse-play the only answer that can be made to the charge that

the values of literature, of which drama is a part, have disappeared from the English stage ?

Edmund Wilson in *The Triple Thinkers* makes a distinction between prose and verse, on the one hand, and poetry on the other. Prose and verse "are simply two different techniques of literary expression." The choice of medium has, over a wide range of matter, differed at different periods. Much that was written in verse in Elizabethan times, for instance, is to-day written in prose. If D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf had lived a century earlier, would they not both probably have written their novels in verse ? And when Elizabeth Bowen, in her *Notes on Writing a Novel*, comes to state what the object of a novel is, it is "the non-poetic statement of a poetic truth." (In an age in which the epic poem in verse is virtually extinct, I take her "non-poetic" to be opposed to "lyric" : and so to be equivalent to prose as opposed to "verse".) The whole history of the modern novel upholds her.

The statement of a poetic truth is as proper an object for a prose as for a verse technique—the choice will go by the author's feeling about the particular statement he wishes to make. The Edmund Wilson of "Is Verse a Dying Technique ?" (an essay written before 1939) seems to think the verse-technique unseasonable to-day for a long work of fiction, though the work done for the stage since 1939 is evidence against him and, in the sphere of what is now called the novel, we have W. H. Auden's *Age of Anxiety*. Edmund Wilson has not claimed a decline in the technique of verse, but the development of prose technique in the sphere of imaginative writing.

Novels and plays are alike works of fiction ; and while the same subject can rarely if ever be presented equally well in both forms, yet the same poetic truths certainly can. It is thus a question of the most suitable form or technique for the presentation of the given poetic truth which determines whether a work is to be for the stage or the study. Yet the English prose novel has developed into so remarkable and varied an instrument for conveying poetic truth, while the prose play has in that regard fallen far behind.

When the modern stage began in Elizabethan times, it had a monopoly of fiction, for the novel was unknown. It was quickly established that the medium for serious work was verse, prose being used for comic passages only or for farces and rustic stuff. The Restoration brought in sophisticated comedy ; but the "serious" play—then still the tragedy—was written in verse. This dichotomy continued throughout the eighteenth century, despite the decline in the quality of the verse play and despite the appearance of the novel. The waxing power of prose in fiction showed itself on the stage only in comedy, which besides could claim a closer ancestry in the Restoration prose dramatists. Even so, only Goldsmith and Sheridan have

survived from this period. Their verse-writing fellow-playwrights are to-day unread and unacted. By Victorian times verse had faded from the stage, but the prose plays that took it over proved to be feeble stuff. The theatre had clung too long to traditions that were dead ; important writers had ceased to look upon it as a means of communication. Between Sheridan and George Bernard Shaw it was given over to the hacks.

Yet this same Sheridan to Shaw period brought forth great writers of fiction, in prose and in verse, though the territory of the prose writers was still generally limited to entertainment—it would almost be fair to say amusement. The subjects—the poetic truths—that novelists from James on were to deal with were still in the hands of the authors of *Endymion*, *Aurora Leigh*, *Idylls of the King*, *The Ring and the Book*, even *Don Juan*. There were a few exceptions—*Wuthering Heights*, *Moby Dick*—but these were so far out of the main trend as to be prophetic rather than symptomatic or immediately influential. And the verse-writers were still occasionally attempting the play-form, though without success because there was no living stage to write for and they had not understood the need to create one by inventing fresh forms.

At this point the situation in Europe generally was not so different. But by 1850 or so it was beginning to change there ; by the 'eighties that change was profoundly affecting the stage. Stendhal had published *Le Rouge et Le Noir* in 1831 and was dead by 1842. The other great Frenchmen followed him, the great Russians, too, all taking over into prose the expression of poetic truth hitherto reserved for verse. But translation was slow ; and it is not until James appears in the 'seventies and 'eighties (with little material success) that the novel in English begins to follow suit. Even when it does, the theatre is at first quite unaffected and then, by a series of accidents, diverted.

Ibsen, beginning with verse-plays but quickly turning to and sticking to prose, does not reach England until the very late 'eighties, contemporary with and—this is of some importance—sponsored by Bernard Shaw the social propagandist author of *Widowers' Houses*. Bernard Shaw fights for Ibsen valiantly, but puts the emphasis on the social reformist effect of the plays. Ibsen's exposition of character and of the tragedy of the human situation resulting from conflict of character and environment go for much less than they should, being indeed the core of his work. And so does Ibsen's prose, veiled by Archer's pedestrian English, through which the salient points of action loom, leaving the rest obscured. All the direct beauty of sound in rhythm, vowels, consonants, is of necessity gone and with it much help for the actors. But so, too, one feels sure, are the overtones that build up significance, that play on the audience's

memory and half-memory of what has gone before or on the associations which words in a language have for those who speak it. Ibsen's stage symbolism, which in English comes through sometimes so crudely, must be particularly weakened by translation, but especially by a translator who does not appear to have conceived poetry as an element in a prose play.

George Bernard Shaw, however, can write prose for the stage as well as we feel sure—and are told by Norwegians—Ibsen can. With that weapon, and dragging Ibsen by the hand, he launches his attack on the English theatre which, by the 'nineties, has become a mixture of the trivial and the artificial, lit only by the wit and comedy in Wilde's few plays (which in their serious passages are as absurd as anyone else's). The artificial, at least, is ripe for destruction and it collapses before the attack of the social reform batteries. To the artificial is then opposed the real—but in terms, alas, not of poetic truth but of social reform. Forward the problem play; and from there it is not far to "realism", a kind of fiction of which a good deal was by now appearing in novel form. Realism, with its technique of using naturalistic transcription of everyday speech for its dialogue, has held the stage ever since, growing duller and feebler and ever less capable of conveying poetic truth.

But what happened, then, to Bernard Shaw, who has been writing ever since the 'nineties and whose powers as a dramatist have only lately waned? Why, when his plays are both excellent and successful has he had so little influence on other dramatists since his first sharp impact? The answer lies in his reaction to Ibsen already stated. His interest lay originally in social reform and from there quickly reached out to intellectual and moral ideas. But to character and the situation of human individuals, no. He is no creator of character; he sets before us human points of view. (Compare *Candida*, perhaps his nearest to a complete person, originally created, with Madame Ranevsky in *The Cherry Orchard*). What he has given us is a series of superb debates in dramatic prose. In doing so he has set up for himself an imposing monument beside the main highway of the drama. All dramatists will doff their caps to him as they pass on their way to the larger world beyond, noting however that it is his command of the art of dramatic prose that will yet preserve his work when the content of his debates may seem to his hearers irrelevant.

After Bernard Shaw, but not out of him, came another movement, the Abbey Theatre, which had its own triumphs in its day but which left small mark on the prose play. Synge and Lady Gregory contrived a splendid language in which to convey poetic truth—a language close akin in some ways to verse itself. But the language itself was no more than nominally English and quite unusable by a playwright not himself Irish and even in the movement. Sean

O'Casey, who followed at the Abbey, derives from a different impulse, using in his earlier satisfactory plays a language based on what he himself had known and spoken. This is another vivid speech, but again not open to others. Denis Johnston has come nearest to making use of speech which retains the edge and power of a local idiom without losing the accumulated riches of the English language.

But if major names are missing, the achievement of the theatre of Galsworthy, the Lancashire school, Granville Barker and their successors is still a solid one. They have at least restored the theatre as a place to which serious people might resort. If the hungry sheep as a place to which serious people might resort. If the hungry sheep looked up and were not full-fed, at least there were sheep and not merely goats. For a good many years the novelty of what was offered was enough to create the illusion that major plays were being written. And yet each revival makes it more obvious that the qualities for survival are not there. Earnestness and a sense of effective "theatre" is not enough. Imagination is lacking, the grasp of the eternal in life, above all the style, to carry them over beyond the period in which they were written. The naturalistic convention which they followed is a severe handicap, for its attraction at the time lay chiefly in giving the illusion of actuality—that the audience was seeing and hearing people it might leave the theatre and meet next day. To achieve this illusion, the theatre's other and more potent illusions were sacrificed. And to-day we are left not with works of art, but with transcripts of conversations and records of fact in dramatic form.

Now style can be no more than a mirror of content; it cannot reflect what is not there. But a style of dialogue which takes it as an over-riding requirement that all speech should directly imitate that of everyday life puts itself at an unnecessary disadvantage. It confines the power of prose within very narrow limits; it shuts out verse entirely. It reduces the sword of words to the prick of a hatpin. Yet words are the dramatist's main weapon, words which exactly reflect what the dramatist has to convey.

Words alone are not enough to make a good play: or a good novel, as the later George Moore shows. But they are an essential without which the rest is unavailing. The stage has its own technique. as many a novelist has found, notably Henry James. Yet what a good play came out of *Washington Square* when skilled dramatic technicians were joined to James's literary qualities to express James's poetic truth in dramatic form, with the strong aid of James's own dialogue. The mention of poetic truth reminds how closely Miss Bowen's *Notes on Writing a Novel* are applicable to writing a play, above all the section headed "Dialogue".

Yet side by side with a theatre whose best expression ignored the uses of style and language, the novelists, first led and then inspired by

James, and basing their work on those very qualities, had set out to extend the range and depth of their branch of prose fiction. James himself, Lawrence, Conrad, Joyce, Woolf, Graham Greene, Henry Green, Evelyn Waugh, Elizabeth Bowen—that is naming only some. Who in the theatre could we set beside them but those whom we have already seen as beside, rather than on, the main road? Somerset Maugham has written no play of the quality of *Cakes and Ale*: when he writes plays, they are, he says, purely for entertainment. So, one would have thought, was *Cakes and Ale*, yet that short book has at once a style and careful art that puts it far above, say, *Our Betters*. Mr. Maugham seems to be of the strange school which will not admit subtlety to the theatre, as if *Hamlet* and *The Cherry Orchard* lacked it. J. B. Priestley's style is too commonplace, Noel Coward's and Terence Rattigan's are too shallow, for the statement of poetic truths, an object with which the last two seem rarely to be concerned. Not so J. B. Priestley; and fails repeatedly for lack of feeling for words. But the great means of subtlety in the theatre is language. The one practising playwright who seems to know this is James Bridie, whose language and style often carry him when other qualities fail. A younger man, Peter Ustinov, approaches the same knowledge from the actor's angle.

And language: the style which it expresses is one thing that writers in a foreign language can hardly give us, especially on the stage, where the language is spoken speech, with all its intricate and subtle suggestions of type, class and character to be conveyed. In a translation, however good, such fine points must be blurred; and the three most important foreign playwrights wrote in Norwegian, Swedish and Russian respectively. Our own playwrights have thus known them only through translations, and Strindberg as well as Ibsen is notoriously ill-rendered. But even the Constance Garnett Chekov versions hardly leave us feeling that we know how Chekov really wrote. The smudge of translation over foreign masterpieces has taken the attention away from the style and the language: and left English playwrights so disregarding these qualities in their own work that by the 'thirties a clamour for, at any rate, language had arisen. This the poets have set out to try and still.

The clamour was of course not at bottom for language, but for the ideas—the poetic truths—that need and command language to express them. With the range of the modern novel in mind, surely a technique of prose can be found which will be on the stage as subtle and as moving as it can be in a novel?

It must of course be a technique of spoken prose—of dialogue. It will be for the ear rather than the eye; and this will open the range of sound and rhythm. The affinity of the stage with music will be emphasized. A play will be seen to require the employment of

contrasted instruments—voices; appropriate sets of sounds and rhythms will have to be devised for those voices. Yet all must be woven into one over-riding pattern of meaning, the sounds and the dynamics and tempi too, reinforcing and developing the pattern. It may be harder for the playwright than the composer, for the playwright's sounds have the additional significance of being the currency of our daily lives. But the familiarity of his medium will help him to satisfy those who can take only his outward meaning while also conveying the deeper intentions. He can operate successfully at several levels, as we can see that the great plays have operated, from Shakespeare on; and as some great music has. Shakespeare did this in the verse medium; but to-day the medium of prose has been so developed that it is ready now for use in just such a way. It is subtle and flexible enough to convey mood, and that through the mouths of diverse characters, types and classes, within one play. It is now an instrument of precision. And prose on the stage needs precision no less than verse, if it is to convey poetic truths.

Does the use of prose in this full way mean an end of "naturalistic" plays, plays in which "real" people appear in the situations of life? I do not think so. It is a matter of what people in a theatre will suspend their disbelief of; and that is much. They cannot turn back to the earlier pages, cannot put the book down to reflect, though they may reflect afterwards. But by then, they can reflect only on the totality of what they have heard and seen: the test will be the total effect of the play. (Chekov is the extreme example here—a writer whose effect is gained by a whole made up of parts that taken one by one often appear to have little significance, though we must reckon that without a real knowledge of Chekov's language.)

Much will depend on the skill of the opening: but, to combat any unfamiliarity (which not all of an audience will rebel at) the full powers of language and of a uniform style will come into action. What has been achieved in *The Family Reunion* in verse should surely not be beyond a prose that can give us such diversity as in *The Heart of the Matter*, *Decline and Fall* and *The Heat of the Day*.

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BIG SHIPS AND SMALL

By ADMIRAL ROBERT N. BAX, C.B.

THE convoy system, which was a revival from the old eighteenth century wars, saved Britain in the 1914-1918 war and enabled us to weather the storm again from 1939 to 1945. Japan, another island empire like ourselves, and dependent on the import of oil, rubber and raw materials had her trade strangled by American submarines by the time the attack on Okinawa was launched. When invasion of Japan herself was undertaken her fleet was immobilized for lack of fuel and her aircraft unable to leave the ground.

An outstanding feature of the war was the development of amphibious operations, carried out in all quarters of the globe, mostly over vast distances, and often on a momentous scale. The war in the Pacific is an epic in itself. America recovered from the treacherous attack on her fleet in Pearl Harbour in time to arrest the Japanese advance in the Solomons and New Guinea. She created a new technique in naval warfare for the conquest of the Pacific, organizing the Joint Expeditionary Force, its task forces as spearhead and shield, and the mobile service squadrons to obviate the necessity of ships returning to their base for supplies. A new scheme of command was instituted which enabled senior officers to be relieved for periods of much needed rest.

To attempt a short history of sea warfare is a bold undertaking, but Captain Creswell has written* a most interesting and instructive account of it. The changing scenes are well portrayed without too many technicalities, and the book will appeal both to the professional and lay reader.

The Battle of the Atlantic is graphi-

cally described with its savage wolf pack attacks, the vigilant convoy escorts both surface and air, and the perilous Black Gap. The grim experiences of the Russian convoys in the Arctic night are another picture of gallant convoy work. The bitter struggle in the Mediterranean with the heroic defence of Malta makes thrilling reading, while the South East Asia campaign with the tragedies of Hong Kong and Singapore was a severe lesson for us. Other tales brilliantly told are the hunting down of the *Bismarck* and *Scharnhorst*, with their uncertainties, their set-backs and their eventual triumph.

Captain Creswell concludes with an excellent summary of the six years war at sea. After the atom bomb the greatest factor on the material side was the invention of radar, in which we fortunately started with a lead and maintained it. On the tactical side success in any operation without mastery in the air was proved to be impossible. On the vexed question of the capital ship he says: "The core of naval power is now the aircraft carrier rather than the heavily gunned battleship." This is undoubtedly true, but Admiral Spruance, President of the U.S. Naval War College, whose experience as a fleet commander in war is second to none, spoke a word of caution when lecturing at the Royal United Service Institution on October 30, 1946. He said: "I am not one of those people who believe that the battleship is obsolete. The carrier people were very glad to have with them the new fast battleships." It should also be remembered that if battleships are kept paid off in reserve instead of in commission it will take many weeks if

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not months to render them and their crews efficient fighting units when required.

It is unfortunately a fact that when war breaks out every democratic country starts well behind the zero line in preparation, and the aggressor nation has the advantage of the initiative. Fortunately for us our insular position has hitherto enabled us to hold out until we have produced "the necessary tools to do the job." In 1914 the navy was able to hold the line until the German advance had been checked, and luckily it was stopped short of the Channel ports. In 1939 the navy and the air force were able to stave off invasion and keep our commerce going, but we were unable to save France and we lost a large part of our eastern empire. If we are unfortunately involved in another world war we may be worse off than in 1914 or 1939. In 1914 we had the Southern Irish ports and the Allies had command of the Channel and Mediterranean. In the last war we were without the Southern Irish ports and lost command of the Channel. Now our only footholds in the Mediterranean are Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus. Palestine, Egypt and the Suez Canal may be denied to us; our army in Egypt may have moved to East Africa. There are no British troops in India, Burma is gone, and in Malaya we are struggling to quell a communist supported banditry.

Sir Denis Boyd, late naval C. in C. in the Far East, gives a very disquieting account of our position in that part of the world. In the course of a lecture at the R.U.S.I. on November 19, 1949, he stated very definitely that "Australia should be our centre of military organization and supply. If we, with the help of the U.S. had occupied Formosa when we might have done so, it would have contributed much to the defence of Hong Kong and the control of the coast of China." What do Australia and New Zealand think? Hong Kong and Singapore are much nearer to them than to us. Both Admiral Boyd and his chairman, General Sir

Neil Ritchie, deplored the lack of interest displayed by Great Britain with regard to the Far East.

The old tag "*Si vis pacem para bellum*" is as true as ever. We must ensure that we keep well ahead with scientific research and invention. Big ships take years to build and require large and highly trained crews. Small ships and air craft will be required immediately in large numbers but you cannot keep large numbers of them lying idle in peacetime. They will also require highly trained crews.

We must be in a position to play our part adequately in Europe but it will be disastrous if our obligations in the Far East are not also properly met. How all this is to be done by a democratically governed country is an ever recurring problem.

THE MAKING OF PAKISTAN, by Richard Symonds. *Faber & Faber.* 12s. 6d.

In his introduction Mr. Symonds points out the extraordinary dearth of bibliography of Pakistan both in England and America, in contrast with abundant publications on every other dominion and colony. His fine book is thus the result of considerable service in India and personal investigation. He has carefully checked all details by cross references in many quarters and while he writes with sympathy (and who could not on such a subject?) no-one could accuse him of partisanship.

The making of Pakistan, fifth largest nation in the world, is truly one of the greatest epics in history. Every observer, British and American, had agreed that it was impossible and undesirable. The British Government and Lord Mountbatten made its birth as difficult as possible by advancing the date of Britain's departure from June 1948 to August 1947, against the Muslim League's agonized entreaties. In two-and-a-half months a Federal Government had to be contrived in Karachi from which all the Hindus, the most educated of its residents, had fled. Grave problems consequent on parti-

* *Sea Warfare 1939-1945*, by John Creswell. Longmans Green 25s.

tion remained, and still remain, unsolved. And within a few weeks Pakistan was swamped with 6,500,000 refugees from the Punjab terror. Yet now, two-and-a-half years later, Pakistan has a stable Government, balanced Budget, sound finances, a clear-cut policy; and all the refugees have found work and been absorbed.

One chapter of special interest is given to three great Muslims who laid the foundations on which Mr. Jinnah (with such able lieutenants as Liaquat Ali Khan and Kwaja Nazimuddin, the Governor-General) has built—Sir Syed Ahmed Khan, founder of Aligarh University, Ameer Ali, and Sir Muhammed Iqbal, poet and prophet, who actually forecast the geography of Pakistan as it is, except East Bengal. The basis of their teaching was Islam as a progressive force, expressing social principles laid down by Mohammed and familiar to every Muslim. Mr. Jinnah underrated his own superb leadership when he said in 1940 that "no power on earth can prevent Pakistan." But Islam undoubtedly has been her inspiration and the cause of her success.

Problems of partition, constitution-building, natural resources and education are well treated and there is an attractive appendix by Ahmed Ali on Pakistan's culture. Pakistan's grievances against Great Britain are sorry reading. It is difficult to understand the line taken by the Radcliffe division of the Punjab and still more Lord Mountbatten's acceptance of Maharajah Hari Singh's accession to India under the then conditions in Kashmir, whence so much strife and misery has followed. The crowning offence was the permission to India to become a republic. There was a serious danger a year ago that Pakistan would leave the Commonwealth. The better feeling to-day is chiefly due to the wisdom and tact of that true statesman Liaquat Ali Khan. Now in the light of his recent agreements with Pandit Nehru, one closes a most interesting book with the hope of brighter days both for Pakistan and India.

O. M. GREEN

SECRET FORCES, by F. O. Miksche. *Faber & Faber.* 15s.

MURDER IN MEXICO, by General Sanchez Salazar. *Secker & Warburg.* 9s. 6d.

"War for a communist state is the continuation of the revolution by other means"—so wrote Lenin in a celebrated marginal comment in a volume of Clausewitz. Lieutenant-Colonel Miksche suggests that if we regard world events in this light then "we are already at war with the east to-day." If by war is meant the activities of what Colonel Miksche variously and somewhat confusedly describes as secret forces, partisan forces, guerrilla forces and underground movements, it would perhaps be more accurate to conclude that the Russians are already at war with western civilization but that we of the west are not as yet at war with the Russians. The possibility that sooner or later the present uneven balance will be levelled up adds particular interest to the methods of warfare analysed in this book.

The author considers that the success of an underground war depends on a number of definable factors. The movement must spring from a wide cross-section of the population; the war must last long enough to allow the underground movement to achieve full development; the guerrillas must have plenty of space in which to operate; the movement must either be supported by a regular army or it must receive political assistance from a foreign power; and finally the character of the people must be such as to allow them to fight this type of war. It is interesting to study the probable effect of national character, as Colonel Miksche estimates it, in the light of the developing struggle between Russia and the west. "Not every nation" he writes "is adaptable to underground war. The Germans' inborn sense of discipline and respect for constituted authority are serious handicaps. In general the Germans are not natural conspirators and it is interesting that

many German 'werewolves' would fight only in uniform." It is probably for similar reasons, the author concludes, that the English have never been skilled guerrilla fighters. Whether his conclusion be true or not, this in fact is not a very sound comparison. For the past thousand years scarcely a century has gone by without invading armies engaging in warfare on German soil; in these more fortunate islands we have had no occasion to take up arms, secret or open, against an invader since the defeat of the last great English guerrilla, Hereward. But if neither English nor Germans, in the author's view, are likely to make successful guerrilla fighters, "with the more individualistic and passionate Latin nations, such as Italians, Spanish and French, it is a different matter. With the Slav peoples, it is their native treacherous cunning and taste for intrigue and conspiracy that make them good organizers of underground movements."

General Salazar's book on the assassination of Trotsky in August 1940 by an agent of the Russian secret police describes what was, in effect, a single isolated operation of secret warfare. It is doubtful whether, in 1940, Trotsky and his followers by themselves constituted any serious threat to Russian security. But Trotsky in German hands—and the Germans would presumably have made use of him had he lived—could easily have become a danger. The death of Trotsky must therefore have appeared in the Kremlin as an inevitable preliminary operation before open war between Germany and the Soviet Union. Looking back, there is nothing surprising in the events that *Murder in Mexico* records. What is surprising is that the Gestapo did not take steps, or more successful steps, to thwart the intentions of the G.P.U. General Salazar, as Chief of the Secret Service of the Mexican Police, was in charge of the investigations that followed the murder. His description of G.P.U., or N.K.V.D. methods reveals nothing new though it throws up

their moral basis—or lack of it—in sharp relief. Once any corps reaches a stage in which no man can trust either his subordinate or his superior it must ultimately become inefficient. It is interesting to wonder how far the Russian secret police has developed in that direction.

GORDON WINTER.

RELIGION IN CHINA, by E. R. Hughes and K. Hughes.

THE GROWTH OF THE OLD TESTAMENT, by H. H. Rowley.

THE ORIGIN AND EVOLUTION OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, by T. G. Jalland.

Hutchinson's University Library. 7s. 6d. each.

There is little to say about the two first of these volumes except to commend them warmly as really competent and up-to-date expositions of their themes. One can read them with confidence as to their facts, and with pleasure because of the competence and ease with which those facts are handled.

Mr. and Mrs. Hughes write out of their own experience of a quarter of a century in China and as warm and sympathetic interpreters of Chinese thought; the book has the "feel" of reality about it. They know that we ought not to speak of so many million Confucianists, Taoists, Buddhists and so on in China, for in truth the effective religion of China is none of these by itself but a syncretism which includes elements derived from them all, and which moreover builds on at least a substratum of primitive religion not very far removed from animism. That living complex of reality is faithfully presented with a simplicity and mastery which bespeak both wide and profound knowledge, and the result is a book which comes nearer to the truth about Chinese religion than many more pretentious volumes.

Few scholars have played a greater part in the re-vindication of the place of the Old Testament in modern Christianity than Professor Rowley himself and this volume can be taken as

an authoritative exposition of the present state and conclusions of Old Testament study. It may be that "conclusions" is too strong a word, for though the point of view adopted may be described as that of the Graf-Welhausen critical theory, Dr. Rowley is at considerable pains to say that there are movements in Old Testament study which call for at least some reconsideration of that theory. It adds no small strength and value to the book that these newer points of view are clearly indicated and their importance for the understanding of any given book underlined. Dr. Rowley is always clear, concise and easy to follow, and the little volume is easily the best popular aid to the understanding of the Old Testament that we have.

It is not possible to speak in such unqualified terms of Dr. Jalland's book. He has in fact written an account of the development of the hieratic form of the Christian Church up to the fourth century, to which he has brought much learning, but, it is to be feared, much less light or perspective, and, above all, without much sense of the fact that the creation of the Church did in fact imply a great and moving adventure of the human spirit. No-one would guess from this book that the early Church lived and moved and had its bearing in the context of the Kingdom of God with all the new quality of life that that implied and involved. Dr. Jalland reduces that conception to just one among many others, and it is hard not to feel that at this crucial point his scholarship rather resembles a heap of loose stones than a planned edifice.

One feels the same loose and somewhat indiscriminating use of terms in the relationship between the book and its title. "Evolution" is a continuous process, but according to the suggestion of this book, it seems to have stopped short somewhere about the middle of the fourth century, and all the "evolution" that has taken place in the fifteen hundred years since can be apparently both discounted and discarded. Dr. Jalland is, of course, perfectly entitled

to a belief that the hieratic form of the Church is the true one; what he is not entitled to do is to use the word "evolution" for what is much more accurately described as the development of one form amongst many which the Church has in fact taken in history.

Nevertheless, if readers will read this book with the caveat that they are reading an account of the growth of one form of Church government and organization only, and that they must make their own selection of creative facts from the very thorough enumeration of them which Dr. Jalland gives, they will find this a useful account of the growth of the Church through the first three centuries.

B. C. PLOWRIGHT.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, by Basil Mathews. *S.C.M. Press*. 18s.

Son of an unknown white man from a neighbouring plantation and a Negress, who was a plantation cook, Booker T. Washington wrote his simple autobiography in *Up From Slavery*. Originally appearing as a serial in the influential *Outlook* it can be read to-day in "The World's Classics", a tribute on this side of the Atlantic to the tale of one who, born a slave in 1856, died, after signal achievements for the Negro race, in 1915.

The spirit of Booker Washington was indomitable. Mr. Mathews makes this plain enough in his admirable biography which rightly draws heavily upon *Up From Slavery* for the earlier years, completes the story and aids it with valuable critical comment. Had Booker Washington done no more than succeed with his own education and thereafter run efficiently a small Negro school his story would still have commanded admiration and respect. In fact he built up from nothing a superb Negro institution at Tuskegee, and found time to become a public figure, the spokesman of many of his people and the adviser of Presidents.

As Mr. Mathews points out it was Washington's burning belief in the Negro's need to overcome economic

servitude that was at the root of his educational plans. At Tuskegee he taught the dignity of labour, all labour, with the aim of economic independence and hence acceptance by the white people. Strangest of all he taught in such a way that the most modern efforts of our best secondary modern schools would have been perfectly comprehensible to him. He knew all there is to know about activity methods puzzled though he might be by our teaching profession's antagonism to vocational training.

Washington first gained the encouragement and confidence of large sections of the white population at the Atlanta Exposition. The fact that he had been invited to speak at all was sufficiently astonishing as this was the first occasion that a Negro had appeared "in the South on any public occasion of an official character in association with white speakers." His speech was a triumph, notwithstanding that parts of it alienated some Negro leaders who sought by political means to redress grievances.

Some of the words that won him white support were: "In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress." And again: "The wisest among my race understand that the agitation of questions of social equality is the extremest folly, and that progress in the enjoyment of all the privileges that will come to us must be the result of severe and constant struggle rather than of artificial forcing."

That was Washington's basic philosophy, the need for every Negro to become a skilled citizen before he expected recognition and acceptance from the whites. That he overlooked other factors is perhaps besides the point; at Tuskegee under his own surveillance and elsewhere through his influence, he raised thousands of Negroes from squalid ineptitude to prideful usefulness.

IDENT

Thy People, My People Elisabeth Hoemberg

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THE CITY OF TWO GATEWAYS,
by Savitri Devi Nanda. *Allen & Unwin*. 16s.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY, by Brian FitzGerald. *Staples Press*. 15s.

If it is true that half the world does not know how the other half lives, it is certainly not the fault of Savitri Devi Nanda, if henceforward we remain in ignorance of the way of life of an Indian girl of a well-to-do family, one who is now practising as a doctor in England. She was ten years old before she encountered a single British person and then she found that they were not, as she had been told, white, but pink. Her childhood is charmingly depicted; she was not afraid of saying what she thought and altogether she did not lead the suppressed life that we imagine is the fate of all Indian girls. When she was asked her opinion of a new aunt, who had been officially called beautiful, "her face," said the outspoken girl, "is like a wasp's nest."

The city of Lahore had won her heart; it was odd, by the way, that she saw no British people there. She wished she could live there for ever, eating 'Falooda', which is like vermicelli, made of rice flour, scented pistachio nuts and ice-cream. Her small cousin Usha was still in the teething stage and needed something to bite on. This she decided should be our authoress and wherever that hapless girl was standing, she would crawl up behind her and bite her ankle. "She's fond of you," Aunt Tara would say. But the victim, for all that, yelled.

When at last she had to do with British people it was in a hill station, where the nearest neighbour was an elderly English colonel, his young wife and their two children. The colonel, it seems, told strange tales of man-eating tigers; but our friend thought that he went too far when he said that a tiger made a hole in the roof of his cow-shed and carried off a whole bullock. This she could not quite believe, but she smiled amiably and looked surprised "for one must be

kind to a stranger in a strange land." After reading this most interesting chronicle we can no longer say that India is for us a strange land.

Stranger, indeed, than Indian scenes are some of those to which we are introduced in reading of the life of wealthy families in the eighteenth century in Ireland and England. When they visited the Playhouse in Dublin, illuminated by tallow candles which hung from the middle of the stage and were every now and then snuffed by some performer, two soldiers with fixed bayonets stood like statues on each side of the stage to keep the audience in order, for the galleries, we are told, were very noisy. But what the soldiers were expected to do is not revealed.

Lady Louisa, a daughter of the Duke of Richmond, married at the age of fifteen a gentleman whose estate in Ireland was self-supporting, seeing that it possessed a brew-house, malt-house, pigeon-house, coach-house, with spinning, turf-cutting, tanning, cattle-rearing and many other activities being carried on. We are taken to her other home in Cheshire and to the gayest life in London, where the youthful George III. would have liked (but his mother decided otherwise) to marry Lady Sarah, Louisa's younger and very lovely sister. A nephew was Charles James Fox, whose father as Paymaster-General had amassed a fabulous fortune. We also meet the fantastic Earl-Bishop of Derry, the eccentric Fighting Fitzgerald, the beautiful Perdita Robinson and many others. The rivalry between Pitt and Fox was prophesied by Louisa's sister Lady Holland when Pitt was only eight years old, "Mark my words," she said, "that little boy, the cleverest child I ever saw, will be a thorn in Charles's side as long as he lives."

We are told how the Redcoats arrested Lady Louisa's other nephew, Lord Edward FitzGerald, for whose apprehension the Government had offered a reward of £1,000. When he died of his wounds in prison Louisa made the arrangements for the funeral which

took place at night, in order to prevent any rioting. Those were sad days for Ireland in the summer of 1798; but there were silver linings to the clouds. It was customary at charity sermons for attractive ladies to make the collection and Louisa tells us of one at her Irish home when, for some female orphans, "we had a charming collection of £819," and this although the preacher was so ill that after ten minutes the congregation begged him to say no more.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

THE CUMBERLAND WORDSWORTH, by Howard Sergeant. *Williams & Norgate*. 7s.

THESE YEARS, edited by Howard Sergeant. *E. J. Arnold* (Leeds). 4s. 6d.

Howard Sergeant's book on Wordsworth begins with a most interesting comparison between the language and imagery of the *Immortality Ode* and those of the more recent work of Dylan Thomas, together with a comment on Herbert Read's theory about Wordsworth's decline. After this he goes on to say that his aim is to consider Wordsworth from the "regionalist approach", and then he proceeds largely to ignore this aim and to give us a straightforward and readable biography of the poet in which the "regionalist approach" provides little more than a setting for the events of his life.

Mr. Sergeant fails to differentiate between the various types of country and landscape found within the Lakes. Because Hawkshead and Grasmere are reasonably close together he does not recognize that there is a great difference between the wild upland of Tom Heights, Conistown Old Man, Walna Scar, and upper Dunnerdale (all of which were within reach of the boy at Hawkshead), and the mild, cosy valley of Grasmere and Rydal. Again, he over-simplifies the matter when he calls Hawkshead the poet's "spiritual home". It is probably true, as he says, that in attaching his affections to Hawkshead rather than to Penrith,

Wordsworth was turning his back on the mercer's shop and his grandfather's repressive discipline. But Penrith is not Cockermouth. The years at Cockermouth were as happy as his schooldays at Hawkshead, and even after the death of his mother, he often used to spend his holidays there with his father. His tribute to the Derwent is too well-known to need quoting, and I believe too that the bare shapes of the fells to the south and east of the town (Grasmere, Melbrake, Skiddaw, Saddleback) so impressed themselves on the boy's mind that they formed the bed-rock on which his thought was to be built. It is not the woods of Esthwaite nor the gentle bays of Rydal which provide the most tremendous and unforgettable images of Wordsworth, but a barer, starker scenery:—"a huge stone", "a huge peak, black and huge", the "sounding cataract", dreary moors,

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and "deep and gloomy woods."

Mr. Sergeant points out that Wordsworth's egalitarian faith was at least as much the result of his contact with the Cumberland 'statesmen' as with the French revolutionaries, but he makes no attempt to trace the development of this society of statesmen, nor to consider the historical, racial, climatic, and physical forces which brought it into being—all of which, surely, are essential to the "regionalist approach". Yet, while I feel that Mr. Sergeant has not succeeded in his task as he himself has defined it, this does not mean that he has not written an agreeable book. It contains little that is new, but it makes available to a more general public the discoveries and speculations of the last 20 or 30 years of Wordsworthian research. It is a book which should be strongly recommended to many of the thousands whose interest in the Wordsworth centenary centred less in the poems than in daffodils rotting on memorial fountains.

Mr. Sergeant, as editor of *Outposts*, has done much to make contemporary poetry available to the public, especially to a provincial audience. In *These Years* he has tackled the job of introducing it to the schools, of trying to dispel the illusion that all poetry ceased when the voice of T. S. Eliot was heard. His method is that of infiltration: he leads the reader from John Masefield and Alfred Noyes to some of the more intelligible productions of most of the better-known names of to-day. For my own part, I would prefer a shock method (let me say, to avoid confusion, that of my own poems the one he includes seems to me an excellent choice). I believe that the young reader is often delighted to find everyday language and everyday life and objects playing a part in poetry. He is not worried about rules and schools, and he responds gaily to Lawrence's tortoises, Carlos Williams's wheelbarrow, and perhaps most of all to W. H. Auden's railways and mines and T. S. Eliot's street lamps and stuffed men. But, maybe, Mr. Sergeant is

right to be more tactful—I daresay most teachers will agree with him. Anyway the book contains a number of very good poems (notably those by Dylan Thomas, Vernon Watkins, and Edwin Muir) which may light a fire in an adolescent heart. I hope all teachers of English will try to see a copy.

NORMAN NICHOLSON.

DOSTOEVSKY: The Making of a Novelist, by Ernest J. Simmons. John Lehmann. 18s.

A GENTLE CREATURE: And Other Stories, by Fyodor Dostoevsky. John Lehmann. 8s. 6d.

Tolstoy's American biographer now gives us a book to contradict Mr. Middleton Murry's assertion that all his life Dostoevsky was merely under the delusion that he was writing novels. Quoting Tolstoy's dictum that art consists mainly in the communication of feeling, as opposed to thought—which was applied to Dostoevsky—he criticizes the author of *Crime and Punishment* primarily as a novelist rather than as a philosopher or thinker. Professor Simmons divides Dostoevsky's characters into three main types: the "Meek", the "Self-Willed", and the "Double" or split-personality. He does not agree that there is a complete break between Dostoevsky's early work and what he did after his return from Siberia but suggests that the novelist's imprisonment proved a period of creative incubation and that his later writings show a logical fulfilment of what had gone before. His conclusions about Dostoevsky's religious and philosophical views would seem to be that, at his death, the novelist held a wavering Faith in God and an unshaken faith in "the Russian Masses."

Professor Simmons's examination, with the aid of notes and letters, of the novelist's creative processes—particularly in the chapter he calls "In the Author's Laboratory"—is lucid and interesting although it is arguable that

treats Dostoevsky and his characters too much of his book as case-stories and only belatedly as exemplars of an inward moral conflict. Though it ridicules the grotesque theory that Dostoevsky had an Oedipus complex relation to 'Mother' Russia he yet rites that the novelist had been made of that repulsive and sexy blue-stockingolina Suslova "a victim of the love-ate emotion of a female 'Double' in real life"—which we may perhaps be forgiven for dismissing as an over-implification of a human relationship in terms of psycho-analytical jargon. Professor Simmons quotes, but would seem not to have digested, Dostoevsky's own words: "Duality is common to us all. Give yourself to Christ and its pain will be alleviated"—which gives us the clue, surely, to the didactic element, the nature of the religious thought, underlying the five great novels. We agree more readily when Professor Simmons attributes much of Dostoevsky's 'Slavophilism' to his unfavourable first impressions of Europe. He opposed an idealized view of his own country to one already formulated from books, and equally inaccurate, of western habits of life and thought. He found, too, advanced political and atheistic ideas that he feared would wreak spiritual havoc among his beloved Russian people.

As an introduction to the writings of the great Russian novelist, or as a 'refresher course', Professor Simmons's biography can be confidently recommended. One slips into this kind of phraseology because, as the reader should be warned, the book is written in readable, but sometimes curious, professorial American—which is not quite the same thing as Fowler's English. The Professor has given us a scholarly treatise. If he had been less confident of "the efficacy of psycho-analysis . . . for revealing the mysteries of personalities in literature" there would have been little in it to criticize.

Messrs. John Lehmann have issued this representative collection of

Dostoevsky's short stories in a translation by David Magarshack who also provides a brief introduction that is useful as a biographical summary but contains a number of facile generalizations, due perhaps to compression, for which it is fortunate that we have Professor Simmons's work as a corrective. It is, for instance, taking a myopic view to express the moral lesson of "The Christmas Tree and the Wedding" in terms, simply, of an attack on "the acquisitive system of society."

Besides the title tale the stories selected include "White Nights", "Memoirs from a Dark Cellar", "The Honest Thief", "The Peasant Marey" and "The Dream of a Ridiculous Man." They are rewarding not only in themselves but as typical examples of the best, and sometimes the worst, of Dostoevsky's writing—prolixity, even here, is a literary vice—and often as portents of an even greater achievement.

Dostoevsky paid tribute to his literary precursor in the famous *mot*: "We have all emerged from under Gogol's 'Cloak'". The abiding tenet the two writers had in common, as we see from these tales and as Mr. Magarshack remarks in his Introduction, was "Gogol's faith in the divine spark in man." This new translation must, I fear, be damned in the phrase "workmanlike". It is the common, if not inevitable, fate of Mrs. Garnett's temerarious successors.

LUKE PARSONS.

In the last number of *The Fortnightly*, Dr. Helen Woodhouse in her article "The Threefold Work of Martin Buber" referred to the collection of Buber's essays entitled *Mamre*, published by Melbourne University Press. The book is also available in England (*Cambridge University Press*. 12s. 6d.).

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

America, Beardsley, country life, the Greek world, poetry, politics, Shakespeare, typography and woodwork are the topics on the table. But the alphabet is no arbiter here. And summer is about; soon the buildings opposite will have gone into hiding behind the greenery in Soho Square; the sun shines, and the return to Italy is still four months ahead. This incipient holiday mood calls first for the countryside, "the great entail" as Ruskin called it.

"How sweet the moonlight"

And who better as a guide than one who remembers always that he inherits the land from God, on loan for life? The joyful debt sparkles through all S. L. Bensusan's studies of woodland ways and gardening lore, bathes his shrewd delineations of rural life and character in a kindly glow, and shines out, warm and healing, from his *QUIET EVENING* (Blandford Press. 10s. 6d.). Maybe the author's very output is to blame, the many books of his recent years causing a taken-for-granted attitude, but it is a fact that lesser men are constantly being sorted out for the lofty commendation of the popular critics. One day, somebody, moved by more than the townsman's sentimental nostalgia for the earthy and elemental, is going to "discover" Mr. Bensusan. Here is one reader who is not waiting for the time when his quiet evening shall close to record again the delight he lavishes now. His latest book is the chronicle of a country year and his wisdom and exact observation take it far above any calendar collection of whimsical sayings simperingly paraded. To take at random: the telling of the sounds and scents of a June night, when "as songs decline flowers take charge," is to be pierced as if by R.L.S.'s celestial surgeon; and to see the drama of the night hours in the snow footprints of January, or the last brave efforts of the autumn rose-bush, in Mr. Bensusan's company is to

realize how poor they are who have it not.

Hardy country

GEORGE HERBERT'S *COUNTRY PARSON* (Faith Press. 5s.) might have been gazing across three centuries at S. L. Bensusan, to contemplate the country gentleman "improving his grounds" and engaged in the "honourable employment" of a justice of the peace. George Herbert, too, had wisdom and insight and the passages from his forgotten book have been most happily chosen here by G. M. Forbes. In 1630 the clergyman needed to put all that sincerity of heart and mind, as well as his skill as a lawyer and a physician, at the disposal of his rural parish. This particular one of Herbert's was Bemerton, deep in Wiltshire, which is one of the counties of *WESSEX* (Batsford. 12s. 6d.). The others are Dorset and Hampshire, with west Berkshire and east Somerset included. The many illustrations in this book underline the enthusiasms of its Wessex-born author, Ralph Dutton, who pieces together the history and associations of the large area, set against varying scenery and architecture. Marlborough, Blandford, Odiham, Avebury, yield their riches no less than do Winchester and Salisbury, Weymouth and Dorchester. There are farming lands, coasts and downs; there are abbeys, great houses and cathedrals, and there are some of the most charming villages in England.

Before the machine age

And here, "we find ourselves at the cottage door . . . Let us enter and listen to the tale that each of the great old bits of furniture about the room has got to tell us," as F. Gordon Ross says in *ENGLISH COTTAGE FURNITURE* (Phoenix House. 12s. 6d.). There are chests and coffer, desks and boxes, forms and stools, tables and cupboards, presses and dressers, beds and chairs, candlesticks and clocks, all bearing their signs of distinctive craftsmanship. The

research has been collated with a passion of zeal which, in this case, is the same thing as enjoyment. To meet one's own pet rascal so innocently engaged is diverting: "It was under the Merry Monarch that the domestic history of bookcases may be fairly said to have begun."—J. B. Morrell, the author of *WOODWORK IN YORK* (Batsford. 30s.), also credits the second half of Charles II's reign with the use of walnut and mahogany, from which "the cabinet-maker gave us the beautiful work so much prized to-day." The furniture here goes beyond the cottage, to the inn, the great house and the Church. This is a sumptuously produced picture book and, indeed, both these volumes teach much by letterpress and even more by their superb photographs and drawings.

Printer and Draughtsman

The same might almost be said of *THE TYPOGRAPHIC ARTS* (Sylvan Press. 21s.). The erudition of Stanley Morison and his clear, terse style are independent of such aids, but the reader's eye can rejoice in the grace of Mature Florentine of 1428, or in Holbein's design for a printer's device, or for the Carolingian Roman lettering which recalls that first dazed moment under the portico of St. Peter's. Half the book is addressed to designers and art students (with an appreciation of the influence of the Kelmscott Press) and the second part to an academic audience, so that the interested layman has the best of both worlds, practical and theoretical.

—Both enter into the typographical detective investigations revealed in *HOW TO DETECT BEARDSLEY FORGERIES* (Limited edition. R. A. Walker, 60 St. Michael's Rd., Bedford. 10s.). This pamphlet makes a companion for *The Best of Beardsley*, that beautiful volume compiled by R. A. Walker for The Bodley Head, hailed ecstatically on this page nearly two years ago. Beardsley's work was certainly unique—for where are his imitators? As for the forgers, its individuality should have made them fight shy of it,

Mr. Walker suggests. He thinks that the inferiority complex rather than profit is behind their choice. To him, the arrangement of dots, lines in hair or borders, and the use of paper, ink and signature out of chronological order are enough to expose the trickery. A Dr. Watson, let us say, should be able to detect it in clumsy hands and profiles which Beardsley always drew so delicately.

How is it made?

Still concerned with practicalities, Beardsley's magic pen gives way to *POETIC TECHNIQUE* (*Poetry Lovers' Fellowship*. 7s. 6d.). Walter De La Mare writes an Introduction to the three essays: "Stream and Structure in English Poetry" by Oliver C. de C. Ellis, "The Composition of English Poetry" by Geoffrey Johnson, and "The Rendering of English Verse" by Christabel Burniston. As the Introducer says, poetry is concerned "with every experience known to mankind. But even the simplest states of experience, of being, are indefinable." And if this goes for poetry too, the four have yet been able to write engrossingly about ways and means, using copious diagrams and examples. The book ends with a warning that the poet can be chased off the stage, particularly in Shakespeare, by the unnamed producer who seems to be striving to "do this as it has never been done before."

Probing Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE SURVEY III (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.), like its predecessors, takes note of all such trends; it is edited as before by Allardyce Nicoll. There are articles on "The Structural Patterns of Shakespeare's Tragedies", on "The Meaning of Measure for Measure" and on "A Stratford Production: Henry VIII". This last is by Muriel St. Clare Byrne who, though probably another of those not referred to by Christian name among the Sunday newspaper devotees, is surely one of the most distinguished

critics of Shakespearian production. The series is proving more helpful to the fundamental study of Shakespeare than the word 'survey' might imply.

Star-spangled manners

On the other hand, Beverley Nichols's *UNCLE SAMSON* (*Evans*. 12s. 6d.) deals with fundamentals in the survey manner. This is not to say that he has not written a most entertaining book about the phenomenon of America. Fear, in all its manifestations on that continent, whether of death, growing old, Communism, Negroes or Charlie Chaplin, is wryly 'surveyed'. Christmas, Father Divine, the craze for noisy ties, comic strips, psychiatry, are all 'surveyed' with hearty laughs spaced between the disarmingly sententious comment. The fact is that he tries too hard, probably from a worthy motive, to be fair. A cheap sneer at America is immediately followed by a cheaper one at Britain. He loves the human race so strenuously in all its oddities, that the reader begins to wonder why the need for all the perspiration. In fine, Mr. Nichols has grown older, but not out of those naughty reportings which were the fruit of unusual intelligence in one so young. Nevertheless, his book is not to be cast aside, and is not likely to be, after a dipping into, for it is disappointing only in the sense that his youthful promise is still youthful promise.

Steps in civilization

After the comic hats and whistles of a cup-final excursion into politics, the reader finds Kathleen Freeman's a stately pilgrimage to the GREEK CITY STATES (*Macdonald*. 15s.). She has chosen nine among the many scattered around the Mediterranean and in southern Italy. An exception, however, is Massalia, founded on the shores of the Gulf of Genoa, not far from where Shelley was drowned 2,400 years later. The others are Thourioi and Abdera whose sites are

now hard to find, the masses of ruins which were Acragas and Miletus, Cyrene of the British Museum statues, Corinth which St. Paul visited in A.D. 51 and with whose people he later corresponded, Seriphos one of the poorest of the Athenian islands, and Byzantium whose importance as Constantinople long outlasted the glory and grandeur of Athens and Rome. The rise and fall of these city-states is recounted in prose that is worthy of such a theme, and Dr. Freeman concludes with an examination of why this independence did not prevent their eventual collapse and why their unity might not have guaranteed survival. The moral is very much to the point in the consideration of present-day disruptions and rivalries.

Round the world in 1949

Which plunges us straight into the modern maelstrom, with the *ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF WORLD POLITICS* (*Faber & Faber*. 30s.) for a rudder. And in good working order it is, from the Aaland Islands to Zionism, and with an appendix chapter on the "British General Election of 23 February 1950." The cross-references perform a proper function in stimulating to further reading, and any bias in treatment of subject is not discernible. Walter Theimer and Peter Campbell have edited not a Who's Who but a What's What of politics. The affairs of countries are presented as they were last year and without history for a background. That is provided by the inclusion of political thinkers and their ideas and, in this connection, it is extraordinary that Colonel Blimp should have a paragraph to himself and Laski not. But neither has the National Council for Civil Liberties; though the Ku Klux Klan is in attendance, eye-slits, hoods, thuggery, murder and all. It is a dull encyclopaedia that has no chinks.

GRACE BANYARD.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

AUGUST 1950

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

BY ALBERT EINSTEIN

I.

DURING the last century, and part of the one before, it was widely held that there was an irreconcilable conflict between knowledge and belief. The opinion prevailed among advanced minds that it was time that belief should be replaced increasingly by knowledge ; belief that did not itself rest on knowledge was superstition, and as such had to be opposed. According to this conception, the sole function of education was to open the way to thinking and knowing, and the school, as the outstanding organ for the people's education, must serve that end exclusively.

One will probably find but rarely, if at all, the rationalistic standpoint expressed in such crass form ; for any sensible man would see at once how one-sided is such a statement of the position. But it is just as well to state a thesis starkly and nakedly, if one wants to clear up one's mind as to its nature.

It is true that convictions can best be supported with experience and clear thinking. On this point one must agree unreservedly with the extreme rationalist. The weak point of his conception is however this, that those convictions which are necessary and determinant for our conduct and judgments, cannot be found solely along this solid scientific way.

For the scientific method can teach us nothing else beyond how facts are related to, and conditioned by, each other. The aspiration toward such objective knowledge belongs to the highest of which man is capable, and you will certainly not suspect me of wishing to belittle the achievements and the heroic efforts of man in this sphere. Yet it is equally clear that knowledge of what is does not open the door directly to what *should be*. One can have the clearest and most complete knowledge of what is, and yet not be able to deduct from that what should be the *goal* of our human aspirations. Objective knowledge provides us with powerful instruments for the achievements of certain ends, but the ultimate goal itself and the longing to reach it must come from another source. And it is hardly necessary to argue for the view that our existence and our activity acquire meaning only by the setting up of such a goal and of corresponding values. The

knowledge of truth as such is wonderful, but it is so little capable of acting as a guide that it cannot prove even the justification and the value of the aspiration towards that very knowledge of truth. Here we face, therefore, the limits of the purely rational conception of our existence.

But it must not be assumed that intelligent thinking can play no part in the formation of the goal and of ethical judgments. When someone realizes that for the achievement of an end certain means would be useful, the means itself becomes thereby an end. Intelligence makes clear to us the inter-relation of means and ends. But mere thinking cannot give us a sense of the ultimate and fundamental ends. To make clear these fundamental ends and valuations, and to set them fast in the emotional life of the individual, seems to me precisely the most important function which religion has to perform in the social life of man. And if one asks whence derives the authority of such fundamental ends, since they cannot be stated and justified merely by reason, one can only answer: they exist in a healthy society as powerful traditions, which act upon the conduct and aspirations and judgments of the individuals; they are there, that is, as something living, without its being necessary to find justification for their existence. They come into being not through demonstration but through revelation, through the medium of powerful personalities. One must not attempt to justify them, but rather to sense their nature simply and clearly.

The highest principles for our aspirations and judgments are given to us in the Jewish-Christian religious tradition. It is a very high goal which, with our weak powers, we can reach only very inadequately, but which gives a sure foundation to our aspirations and valuations. If one were to take that goal out of its religious form and look merely at its purely human side, one might state it perhaps thus: free and responsible development of the individual, so that he may place his powers freely and gladly in the service of all mankind.

There is no room in this for the divinization of a nation, of a class, let alone of an individual. Are we not all children of one father, as it is said in religious language? Indeed, even the divinization of humanity, as an abstract totality, would not be in the spirit of that ideal. It is only to the individual that a soul is given. And the high destiny of the individual is to serve rather than to rule, or to impose himself in any other way.

If one looks at the substance rather than at the form, then one can take these words as expressing also the fundamental democratic position. The true democrat can worship his nation as little as can the man who is religious, in our sense of the term.

What, then, in all this, is the function of education and of

the school? They should help the young person to grow up in such a spirit that these fundamental principles should be to him as the air which he breathes. Teaching alone cannot do that.

If one holds these high principles clearly before one's eyes, and compares them with the life and spirit of our times, then it appears glaringly that civilized mankind finds itself at present in grave danger. In the totalitarian States it is the rulers themselves who strive actually to destroy that spirit of humanity. In less threatened parts it is nationalism and intolerance, as well as the oppression of the individuals by economic means, which threaten to choke these most precious traditions.

A realization of how great is the danger is spreading, however, among thinking people, and there is much search for means with which to meet the danger—means in the field of national and international politics, of legislation, of organization in general. Such efforts are, no doubt, greatly needed. Yet the ancients knew some—efforts are, no doubt, greatly needed. Yet the ancients knew some—efforts are, no doubt, greatly needed. Yet the ancients knew some—efforts are, no doubt, greatly needed. All means prove but a thing which we seem to have forgotten. All means prove but a blunt instrument, if they have not behind them a living spirit. But if the longing for the achievement of the goal is powerfully alive within us, then shall we not lack the strength to find the means for reaching the goal and for translating it into deeds?

II.

It would not be difficult to come to an agreement as to what we understand by science. Science is the century-old endeavour to bring together by means of systematic thought the perceptible phenomena of this world into as thorough-going an association as possible. To put it boldly, it is the attempt at the posterior reconstruction of existence by the process of conceptualization. But when asking myself what religion is I cannot think of the answer so easily. And even after finding an answer which may satisfy me at this particular moment I still remain convinced that I can never under any circumstances bring together, even to a slight extent, all those who have given this question serious consideration.

At first, then, instead of asking what religion is I should prefer to ask what characterizes the aspirations of a person who gives me the impression of being religious. A person who is religiously enlightened appears to me to be one who has, to the best of his ability, liberated himself from the fetters of his selfish desires and is preoccupied with thoughts, feelings, and aspirations to which he clings because of their super-personal value. It seems to me that what is important is the force of this super-personal content and the depth of the conviction concerning its overpowering meaningfulness, regardless of whether any attempt is made to unite this content with a

divine Being, for otherwise it would not be possible to count Buddha and Spinoza as religious personalities. Accordingly, a religious person is devout in the sense that he has no doubt of the significance and loftiness of those super-personal objects and goals which neither require nor are capable of rational foundation. They exist with the same necessity and matter-of-factness as he himself. In this sense religion is the age-old endeavour of mankind to become clearly and completely conscious of these values and goals and constantly to strengthen and extend their effect. If one conceives of religion and science according to these definitions then a conflict between them appears impossible. For science can only ascertain what *is*, but not what *should be*, and outside of its domain value judgments of all kinds remain necessary. Religion, on the other hand, deals only with evaluations of human thought and action: it cannot justifiably speak of facts and relationships between facts. According to this interpretation the well known conflicts between religion and science in the past must all be ascribed to a misapprehension of the situation which has been described.

For example, a conflict arises when a religious community insists on the absolute truthfulness of all statements recorded in the Bible. This means an intervention on the part of religion into the sphere of science; this is where the struggle of the Church against the doctrines of Galileo and Darwin belongs. On the other hand, representatives of science have often made an attempt to arrive at fundamental judgments with respect to values and end on the basis of scientific method, and in this way have set themselves in opposition to religion. These conflicts have all sprung from fatal errors.

Now, even though the realms of religion and science in themselves are clearly marked off from each other, nevertheless there exist between the two strong reciprocal relationships and dependencies. Though religion may be that which determines the goal, it has, nevertheless, learned from science in the broadest sense, what means will contribute to the attainment of the goals it has set up. But science can only be created by those who are thoroughly imbued with the aspiration towards truth and understanding. This source of feeling, however, springs from the sphere of religion. To this there also belongs the faith in the possibility that the regulations valid for the world of existence are rational, that is, comprehensible to reason. I cannot conceive of a genuine scientist without that profound faith. The situation may be expressed by an image: science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind.

Though I have asserted that in truth a legitimate conflict between religion and science cannot exist I must nevertheless qualify this assertion once again on an essential point, with reference to the actual content of historical religions. This qualification has to

do with the concept of God. During the youthful period of mankind's spiritual evolution human fantasy created gods in man's own image, who, by the operations of their will were supposed to determine or at any rate to influence the phenomenal world. Man sought to alter the disposition of these gods in his own favour by means of magic and prayer. The idea of God in the religions taught at present is a sublimation of that old conception of the gods. Its anthropomorphic character is shown, for instance, by the fact that men appeal to the Divine Being in prayers and plead for the fulfilment of their wishes.

Nobody, certainly, will deny that the idea of the existence of an omnipotent, just and omnibeneficent personal God is able to accord man solace, help, and guidance; also, by virtue of its simplicity it is accessible to the most undeveloped mind. But, on the other hand, there are decisive weaknesses attached to this idea in itself, which have been painfully felt since the beginning of history. That is, if this being is omnipotent then every occurrence, including every human action, every human thought, and every human feeling and aspiration is also His work; how is it possible to think of holding men responsible for their deeds and thoughts before such an almighty Being? In giving out punishment and rewards He would to a certain extent be passing judgment on Himself. How can this be combined with the goodness and righteousness ascribed to Him?

The main source of the present-day conflicts between the spheres of religion and of science lies in this concept of a personal God. It is the aim of science to establish general rules which determine the reciprocal connection of objects and events in time and space. For these rules, or laws of nature, absolutely general validity is required—not proven. It is mainly a programme, and faith in the possibility of its accomplishment in principle is only founded on partial successes. But hardly anyone could be found who would deny these partial successes and ascribe them to human self-deception. The fact that on the basis of such laws we are able to predict the temporal behaviour of phenomena in certain domains with great precision and certainty is deeply embedded in the consciousness of the modern man, even though he may have grasped very little of the contents of those laws. He need only consider that planetary courses within the solar system may be calculated in advance with great exactitude on the basis of a limited number of simple laws. In a similar way, though not with the same precision, it is possible to calculate in advance the mode of operation of an electric motor, a transmission system, or of a wireless apparatus, even when dealing with a novel development.

To be sure, when the number of factors coming into play in a phenomenological complex is too large scientific method in most cases fails us. One need only think of the weather, in which case predic-

tion even for a few days' ahead is impossible. Nevertheless no-one doubts that we are confronted with a causal connection whose causal components are in the main known to us. Occurrences in this domain are beyond the reach of exact prediction because of the variety of factors in operation, not because of any lack of order in nature.

We have penetrated far less deeply into the regularities obtaining within the realm of living things, but deeply enough nevertheless to sense at least the rule of fixed necessity. One need only think of the systematic order in heredity, and in the effect of poisons, as for instance alcohol, on the behaviour of organic beings. What is still lacking here is a grasp of connections of profound generality, but not a knowledge of order in itself.

The more a man is imbued with the ordered regularity of all events the firmer becomes his conviction that there is no room left by the side of this ordered regularity for causes of a different nature. For him neither the rule of human nor the rule of divine will exists as an independent cause of natural events. To be sure, the doctrine of a personal God interfering with natural events could never be *refuted*, in the real sense, by science, for this doctrine can always take refuge in those domains in which scientific knowledge has not yet been able to set foot.

But I am persuaded that such behaviour on the part of the representatives of religion would not only be unworthy but also fatal. For a doctrine which is able to maintain itself not in clear light but only in the dark, will of necessity lose its effect on mankind, with incalculable harm to human progress. In their struggle for the ethical good, teachers of religion must have the stature to give up the doctrine of a personal God, that is, give up that source of fear and hope which in the past placed such vast power in the hands of priests. In their labours they will have to avail themselves of those forces which are capable of cultivating the Good, the True, and the Beautiful in humanity itself. This is, to be sure, a more difficult but an incomparably more worthy task.* After religious teachers accomplish the refining process indicated they will surely recognize with joy that true religion has been ennobled and made more profound by scientific knowledge.

If it is one of the goals of religion to liberate mankind as far as possible from the bondage of egocentric cravings, desires, and fears, scientific reasoning can aid religion in yet another sense. Although it is true that it is the goal of science to discover rules which permit the association and foretelling of facts, this is not its only aim. It also seeks to reduce the connections discovered to the smallest possible number of mutually independent conceptual elements. It is in

* This thought is convincingly presented in Lord Samuel's book *Belief and Action*.

this striving after the rational unification of the manifold that it encounters its greatest successes, even though it is precisely this attempt which causes it to run the greatest risk of falling a prey to illusions. But whoever has undergone the intense experience of successful advances made in this domain, is moved by profound reverence for the rationality made manifest in existence. By way of the understanding he achieves a far-reaching emancipation from the shackles of personal hopes and desires and thereby attains that humble attitude of mind towards the grandeur of reason incarnate in existence, and which, in its profoundest depths, is inaccessible to the man. This attitude, however, appears to me to be religious, in the highest sense of the word. And so it seems to me that science not only purifies the religious impulse of the dross of its anthropomorphism but also contributes to a religious spiritualization of our understanding of life.

The further the spiritual evolution of mankind advances, the more certain it seems to me that the path to genuine religiosity does not lie through the fear of life, and the fear of death, and blind faith, but through striving after rational knowledge. In this sense I believe that the priest must become a teacher if he wishes to do justice to his lofty educational mission.

(This essay is one of Professor Einstein's collection "Out of my Later Years" which will be published in England some time next year.)

BENELUX URGENCY

BY J. T. BROCKWAY

THE term Benelux stands for an idea, a plan, one that is still unrealized but nevertheless well on the way towards fulfilment. The idea is the complete economic union of the three sovereign States of Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxemburg. Together, the three countries comprise an area of 26,000 square miles and a population of 19,000,000. Although, therefore, relatively small in size, even when combined, they form one of the most densely populated and most highly industrialized corners of the earth. The spirit of their peoples, too, is one of prodigious industry.

Belgium, whose agriculture supplies the home market, with a little of some things left over for export, is predominantly a manufacturing country with large metallurgical and textile industries; the Netherlands has an important export trade in agricultural and horticultural produce and its industries are in a state of post-war expansion, main products being textiles, metal products and electrical equipment; while Luxemburg, whose agriculture has to contend with certain disadvantages of soil and climate, depends for its wealth on a highly developed iron and steel industry providing it with 80 per cent. of its export trade. Whereas Belgium and the Netherlands are roughly equal in size and population, the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg represents only 1/22 of the total area and 1/63 of the total population. This, and the fact that a form of economic union has already been in existence between the Duchy and Belgium since 1922, mean that the negotiation of the plan has chiefly concerned the adjustment of the economies of the two larger countries. It does not, however, mean that Luxemburg is in any sense a negligible factor. Benelux is an idea formulated and negotiated by three equal partners who intend to preserve their sovereignty but who have agreed to work together for their common good. Small, perhaps, in scope, but large in implication, it is also one of the best things to have come out of the recent war. The limitations of its scope are, indeed, a recommendation; it has thereby a far better chance of success than the more ambitious but less practical political aims the world has set itself since 1945, and one small success is worth any number of grandiose failures at any time—but particularly at this moment in the history of western civilization.

The first step was taken with the announcement on September 5, 1944, that the three Governments in London had agreed upon a customs union to come into force immediately after the liberation of their territories. The idea of economic co-operation between the three countries was not altogether new. After the failure of the League of Nations' economic conferences of 1927 and 1930 to call a halt to that economic nationalism which had developed apace since the 1914-1918 war, they had gone ahead with a plan of their own and had signed the Treaty of Ouchy providing for a gradual reduction of their mutual import duties and for consultation before any one of them took measures which could have a harmful effect on the economy of the others. Other countries were invited to join the agreement. None did. On the contrary, the British Treaty of Ottawa, concluded shortly afterwards, enshrined the spirit of economic nationalism and made the Treaty of Ouchy unworkable. Even in those days it was evident—except, of course, to protectionists—that national economies do not and cannot exist in a vacuum and that protectionist measures taken by one country, or group, inevitably had a deleterious effect on others and only aggravated world economic *malaise*. It took a war to give progressive ideas their chance, and, working in close co-operation in exile in London, the Governments of Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxemburg seized that chance.

The announcement of the decision to form a customs union came at a moment of high optimism. Belgium and Luxemburg were already cleared of the enemy; Allied troops had just crossed the southern border of the Netherlands; complete liberation was expected in a matter of days. In October 1944 came a reverse. The success of the German counter-attack at Arnhem prevented the Allies from crossing the Waal, and the northern part of the Netherlands—that is, the richest, most thickly populated provinces—remained in German hands until the very last days of the war in Europe. Those last seven months of occupation were disastrous. They witnessed a German reign of terror aimed at the deliberate plundering and devastation of the Dutch economy and the reduction of the people, especially in the centres of industry, to a state of physical and nervous exhaustion. In the meantime, however, Belgium and Luxemburg had become an Allied base and Belgium, in particular, enjoyed an astonishingly rapid economic revival. The consequence was that at the moment of liberation there was so great a disparity between the economic condition of the Netherlands and that of its more fortunate neighbours, that the proposed customs union had to be postponed. Further, whereas Belgium and Luxemburg were moving towards a free economy, the Netherlands' Government saw itself obliged to introduce a very thorough-going system of government direction and control. Thus, at a period when, according to plan, the economic

structures of the three countries should have been moving towards integration, they actually moved apart.

The difference between the post-war economic situation in the Netherlands and that in Belgium was not entirely due to German destruction in the last seven months of the war. There were differences of character too. Belgium specializes in producers' goods and these have been in great demand on the world market since the war; its industrial centres were practically intact. So were its overseas possessions. Its currency was hard—the strongest, with the exception of the Swiss franc, on the continent. It had no dollar problem. The Netherlands, on the other hand, less industrialized and poor in raw materials, depended largely on its agricultural produce, its shipping trade and its overseas investments to cover its essential imports. All three sources of income had suffered severely. It had to feed itself and its industries on foreign credits while the work of reconstruction went on, and this it is still doing. Its industrial production as a whole now exceeds the pre-war level. In December last the index figure (1938 : 100) was 140. Its agricultural production has just about reached the pre-war level. By 1949 it had got so far as to cover 70 per cent. of its imports by exports—the pre-war level*, but shipping services and overseas investments which previously filled the gap still lag behind pre-war levels. In particular, the highly important transit trade through the port of Rotterdam with Germany and central Europe is still far from being rehabilitated. In 1949 the country's total transit trade amounted to about 18 million tons as compared with the 1938 figure of 50 million.

Despite this unexpected disparity between the post-war economies of the Netherlands and the Belgium-Luxemburg union, the plan to form a customs union was not abandoned. The three Governments conferred to discuss the project in April 1946 and from this conference onwards the idea of an economic union, far surpassing a mere unification of the customs, took definite form and soon came to be known as the Benelux plan. Since that time the three countries have been continuously at work preparing for the ultimate union. This preparatory work has been carried out by means of three specially appointed councils, for customs regulations, for trade agreements, and for the economic union itself, and by intermittent ministerial conferences in the different countries to discuss and decide upon the councils' recommendations. At the same time the Benelux Comité, with headquarters in each of the three capitals, has developed general interest in the plan, by spreading information, by organizing congresses for the unofficial discussion of economic matters, travel and tourism, sport and so on, and by holding popular Benelux exhibitions and demonstrations.

* In 1950 this figure has so far declined : in May it was 57 per cent

January 1, 1948, saw the first concrete result of these efforts. On that date goods began to pass between the three countries free of customs duty while uniform duties were imposed by each country on imports from abroad. As far as customs duties were concerned the three countries now formed a unit. In European politics they were already beginning to function as such. Agreement had still to be reached, however, to bring excise duties on such products as salt, sugar, spirits and certain taxes, such as the turnover or purchase tax, into line before a complete customs union could be said to have been effected. And then, though customs duties had been removed, this did not mean that goods passed unimpeded between the three countries. Import and export were still subject to the granting of government licences and the necessary foreign exchange. The restrictions were manifold. Rationing and government control were still in full force in the Netherlands and there was a period when a difference of opinion arose as to the appropriate steps to be taken to achieve uniformity. There were those who argued that Belgium should, in some measure, apply similar controls and that Benelux must necessarily be a directed economy; while others insisted warmly that the aim and very spirit of Benelux was a free economy in which government interference had been reduced to a minimum.

This difference of attitude did not arise simply from the divergent economic situations in the two larger countries. The Netherlands and Belgium had a history of disagreement behind them dating from the Eighty Years War of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, disagreement which the attempted political union of the two countries in 1815 had only sharpened, leading to open hostility and separation again in 1830, and which has its roots in a difference of national temperament. The Dutch tend to feel themselves superior to their more carefree neighbours in the south; while the Belgians are often impatient of the Dutchman's plodding thoroughness. Freedom of enterprise suits the more easy-going, southern spirit of the Belgians, while the Dutch of the bleaker, sea-threatened north, despite their love for freedom and their intolerance of a foreign invader, have a pronounced inclination for writing out rules for themselves and then proceeding to follow them, cost what it may, to the letter. They like to have everything neat and tidy, for the sake of neatness and tidiness. In addition to this, government direction as instituted in the Netherlands since the war, tends to perpetuate itself, to become a habit of thinking and acting. At the same time, the Belgians are more continentally-minded than the Dutch, who look not only inland, but also out across the North Sea to England, their best customer in the post-war period.

Be this as it may, it was the liberal view which prevailed and two of the first things the ministerial conference at the Château

d'Ardenne in June 1948 agreed upon were that the rationing of consumers' goods should cease as soon as possible and that each country should reduce State subsidies on production and consumption. Besides these, it was agreed to aim at a joint investment policy, to speed up the attempt to correlate fiscal and social policy, and to pursue an economic policy in each country which would maintain the monetary equilibrium.

It was rapidly becoming clear that an economic union, even between three relatively small countries, two of which were already united economically, was a very complicated business. At one time it was hoped that the Union would come into force on January 1, 1950; experience showed, however, that not only was the problem of adjustment an extremely complicated one, but so much depended on economic developments in the world outside that it was impossible to keep to any definite time-table. The ministerial conference at the Hague in March 1949 decided all the same that a so-called 'pre-union' should come into force on July 1, 1949, though the actual agreement was not signed until the following conference in Luxemburg in October, whereupon it came into force with retrospective effect as from July 1. From then onwards the licensing restrictions on the passage of goods between the three countries have been progressively removed with the result that early in 1950 about 90 per cent. of Dutch imports from Belgium had become free of licence and about 85 per cent. of the goods passing in the other direction. In 1949 the Netherlands was Belgium's best customer, taking 760 million guilders' worth of her exports, while Belgium became one of the Netherlands' best customers, taking 507 million guilders' worth of exports as compared with the figures of 615 million and 111 million taken by the U.K. and the U.S.A. respectively. In 1950 this inter-trade has increased still further.

Important though this step was, it did not mean that the exchange of goods had become completely free. To effect this it is necessary that the respective currencies should be freely convertible. At the moment this is not so, owing to the economic disequilibrium and the shortage of Belgian francs in the Netherlands. This imposes an automatic limitation on inter-trade and the solution of the monetary problem is the next immediate task which awaits Benelux negotiators. So far the excess of Dutch imports from Belgium over exports to that country has been covered by generous Belgian credits, but to these some limit must be set. The position would be eased if the Netherlands could meet the deficit—which it cannot afford to pay for in gold or dollars—by using its favourable balances with other countries. It has, for instance, built up a considerable credit balance with western Germany in the past year. But here we leave the Benelux field and enter the field of the European payments union

being planned by the O.E.E.C. in Paris. Then, too, in order to free the movement of capital, the rates of interest, higher in Belgium than in the Netherlands, would have to be equalized to prevent a flow of capital from the one country to the other, and until this could be arranged, some measure of government control would have to be maintained.

But even the freeing of the exchange of goods, currency and capital, and the equalizing of excise duties, are only preliminaries. It is essential that in order to create conditions of competition on equal terms in the Benelux area, the social policy, the wages and the insurance contributions required of workers and employers should be brought into line as far as possible, though this does not necessarily mean that a completely uniform system should be adopted in each country. The same applies to taxation, too.

The ideal of full economic union means that the Benelux countries will ultimately form one producing unit and one consumers' market and, as will have been seen, to produce a unit out of previously independent economic systems requires an enormous effort of adjustment. It requires more: a willingness to make some temporary sacrifices. In the levelling-up process there are bound to be losers and gainers, if only for the time being. For example, agricultural prices are lower in the Netherlands than in Belgium, owing to specialization in the former country, and in a united economy some Belgian farmers would certainly suffer from Dutch competition. On the other hand, the metal industries are more specialized in Belgium and would press on the younger metal industries in the Netherlands. Salaries and social insurance are higher in Luxemburg than in the other two countries and adjustment would necessarily affect some people unfavourably. The success of Benelux ultimately depends on the willingness of the potential losers to accept temporary disadvantages for the general good, and it is the task of wise and bold statesmanship, not merely to negotiate the technical and administrative adjustments required for the union, but to persuade people to accept inevitable sacrifices. Such a task calls for courage. This is the real core of the problem just as it is the real core of the problem of co-operation in the whole of western Europe. It is necessary to make a great effort of the will to discard the ingrained, but dangerously outmoded, notion of economic sovereignty—the notion that every nation should be free to apply what measures it likes in its own protection without a sense of moral responsibility for the harmful effects on other nations and an intelligent realization that harm done to others is ultimately harm done to oneself. And this does not only apply to nations, but to groups within nations, too.

That a new spirit, a new understanding of the necessity of co-operation, exists among the peoples of the Benelux countries is

certain. It is also certain that the longer the delay in achieving the economic union, the weaker that spirit grows. Apart from the numerous and praiseworthy activities of the voluntary, unofficial Benelux *Comité*, the plan has tended, so far, to be developed rather too exclusively in the official sphere. Provision has not been made for consultation of the parliaments and heads of industry in the respective countries *before* decisions are taken. This means that the parliaments are confronted with the decisions of the ministerial conferences, which they can only endorse or reject. The result is that the people as a whole feel themselves left out of the picture and come to regard the plan as something above their heads. This is unwise. If the popular imagination had been caught more progress might already have been made. The plan cannot, it is true, be expected to arouse a spontaneous show of high popular enthusiasm. It is really only a matter of good housekeeping and housekeeping, even when it is good, is not the kind of thing people usually get very excited about. All the same there is a vague general consciousness that the plan means better living for everyone in the Benelux area and the respective Governments would do well to clarify and inform that consciousness. The main lines are simple enough and the attractions are many. The best possible use will be made of the combined resources of all three countries to effect an all-round rise in the standard of living. Hampering, expensive—and ultimately disheartening—controls will disappear. People, as well as goods, money and capital, will be able to move freely over the frontiers; already, as a result of action taken by the Benelux *Comité*, no passports are required. And then, united, the three countries could exercise far more influence in world economic affairs. At the moment their combined international trade would vie with that of Canada for the third place in the world.

But Benelux has far more than a regional significance. Its success would set a fine example in a western Europe dangerously weakened by economic bilateralism. Its failure could have a serious repercussion on western morale. For how, if the attempted integration of a small part of western Europe is to meet with failure, can we hope to achieve the desired integration of the whole? Some feel, indeed, that the fulfilment of the Benelux ideal is the first, essential step towards a united Europe, a plan which offers something more concrete than the work being undertaken by the Council of Europe at Strasbourg and the O.E.E.C. in Paris. They see Benelux as a limited centre block about which a united western Europe can be built up, and especially as a means of bringing together Great Britain and France, whose joint participation alone would, they feel, afford sufficient safeguard for the assimilation of a rehabilitated and powerful Germany into a new European comity of nations.

Benelux is important, too, because the idea is based on the belief that the real problem of co-operation in western Europe is economic, not political. It says in fact: put your housekeeping in order and the rest of your family differences will solve themselves . . . and you will be strong.

All the same Benelux cannot exist in a vacuum. Neither will it attempt to. That would, of course, be impossible, for all three countries are important exporters, depending for their livelihood on world trade. For this reason the development of Benelux has from the beginning been extremely sensitive to affairs beyond its frontiers. The devastation of the German hinterland, events in Indonesia, the devaluation of the pound sterling all impeded progress. Again, without Marshall Aid what progress has already been made would have been impossible. Indeed, the ministerial plan for the coming into force of the pre-union in July 1949 waited upon the granting of the 1949-1950 allocation and in the protocol, issued after the ministerial conference of October 1949, it was stated specifically that the economic union, which it was hoped to bring into effect as from July 1, 1950, was dependent upon the expected continuation of Marshall Aid until 1952.

July 1 is now past and the economic union is still not a fact. In the meantime agreement, in principle, has been announced on the plan for a European payments union and there is the Schuman plan discussion in Paris. Although both schemes will intimately affect Benelux, that plan cannot wait indefinitely on events outside. Should it wait too long for its full materialization, Benelux might eventually find itself superseded by a larger plan. The economic situation, both in the Benelux countries themselves and in the outside world, is always fluid. There is always the chance that it might change for the worse instead of for the better. Competition on the world market is becoming keener as post-war shortage disappears, a development which makes the unification and rationalization of production and marketing in these predominantly exporting countries really urgent. Some sacrifices will have to be made. You cannot have your cake and eat it too. It is simple to say what should be done when one does not bear the responsibility for the results. One may, however, venture to say that if the full economic union is to come at all, it will have to come soon. For its coming that boldness of decision and that readiness to make sacrifices will be required which were not lacking in western Europe in time of war.

(The author writes from Holland, where he lives and works.)

JAPAN AND KOREA

BY O. M. GREEN

TIME'S revenges have seldom been better illustrated than now when the once despised and enslaved Korea is the cause of throwing completely into the background the prospects of a peace treaty for her former lord Japan. It is five years on the fourteenth of this month since Japan laid down her arms: a peace treaty, there or thereabouts, might be a suitable birthday present. The Japanese are fully ready for it, and the Western democracies not much less desirous than Japan herself, that she should have it. On June 18 Mr. Dulles, Washington's adviser on foreign affairs, Mr. Johnson, Secretary of Defence, and General Omar Bradley arrived in Tokyo to discuss the lines of a peace treaty with General MacArthur. Only eight days later the communists let loose war in Korea; and Mr. Dulles' notes, and the draft scheme provisionally agreed upon by the British Commonwealth, went into pigeon-holes.

Whatever the end of the Korean crisis it must mightily affect Japan. In the dread event that the northern communists might prolong a guerrilla warfare until the drain on America's strength of trying to resuscitate the southern Government became too costly in view of the world situation to continue, Korea, only 100 miles away across the Straits of Tsushima, would be a formidable base either for open invasion or for infiltration by communist agitators. If, on the other hand, the Korean communists are smashed the ultimate settlement can hardly fail to reach far beyond Korea alone; in which case there must be many increased advantages to Japan, in trade, in political influence, perhaps in the rôle designed for her by General MacArthur of "spiritual leader of Asia."

The Japanese were wont to speak of Korea as "a dagger pointed at the heart of Japan." Looking back now, it is easy to see how their determination to get that dagger into their own hands dates from their first treaty with Korea in 1876. It is interesting to recall that the Regent of Korea did his utmost to prevent the treaty from being signed just as, during the King's minority, he had contemptuously rejected all foreign overtures for the opening up of the Hermit Kingdom. How much subsequent trouble might have been spared if that name had remained true! It is unnecessary to detail the

growing rivalry between China, the suzerain of Korea, and Japan for control of the miserably effete Korean monarchy, whose confusion the Japanese did their utmost to stimulate, culminating in the Sino-Japanese war of 1894-1895, which left Japan the dominant power in Korea, but with a new rival in Russia. It is a horrid story, stained with murder, outrages by hired roughs and worst of all the assassination of the Korean Queen, the one brave resolute figure among the decadents of the Seoul court. The Russian menace was scotched—its revival only proves anew that Russian imperialism is always the same under any colour—by the war of 1904-1905. Five years later Japan, quietly and without exciting the smallest ripple of disquietude among Western governments, annexed Korea, making it a province of her Empire.

It is only fair to say that the benefits of Japanese rule in this ramshackle country were many. Organized administration was introduced, roads and railways built, schools founded (though the teaching of the Korean language was forbidden), new industries created and fed by a huge electrical power station in the north (the cutting-off of all power from this source by the northern communists in May 1948 greatly increased the economic weakness of the south) and agriculture was developed. Korea is rich in gold, copper, anthracite, tungsten, crystal, and in her fertile valleys and plains; and Japan meant to make her pay, which meant new employment for the Koreans.

On the other hand, Japan treated her new subjects as helots, in curious contrast with her treatment of the Formosans who look back on the days of Japanese rule with regret. Against the tyranny of the Japanese police, Koreans had no rights; their properties if needed for Japanese schemes were flagrantly confiscated; and the least sign of resistance was bloodily crushed. One Japanese statesman alone, Prince Ito, stands out for his efforts to give the Koreans humane and liberal government; his reward was to be assassinated—by a Korean. No Korean was admitted to any but the lowest ranks of the Japanese administration. This was the most lasting injury that Japan did to Korea as it meant that, when the southern republic was so rashly launched upon the untried seas of independence, it was entirely devoid of a trained civil service, or indeed of anyone who had the slightest experience of governing. Two years earlier General Hodges, the U.S. Commander, had created a tentative Korean administration as a training ground in autonomy. But neither his prayers nor his scoldings ever got the least trace of practical work out of it.

The contrast between the Americans' failure in Korea in spite of

their boundless generosity and assiduity and their success in Japan is all the difference between the two peoples. United in shouting for independence, intensely proud of their ancient culture, the Koreans appear incapable of subordinating the pettiest individualism to the common good. There could hardly be a worse sign than that at the general elections last May over 2,300 candidates representing about 130 factions put up for 210 seats in the National Assembly. The inborn readiness of every Japanese to sacrifice himself and all his private feelings to the good of Nippon need not be dwelt on. Disciplined and obedient, the Japanese instantly laid down their arms at the Emperor's command and their prosperity to-day is the reward of their equal readiness to obey "King" MacArthur.

Looking back on the past five years, Japan's recovery falls broadly into three periods. The stunning effect and mental paralysis caused by defeat had not really worn off until the end of 1946. In the following year production began to rise and the admission of foreign merchants in the summer, hampered though they were by irritating restrictions, had a good effect on Japanese enterprise, which was immeasurably stimulated in 1948 by General MacArthur's announcement that Japan was not to be stripped of any more plant for reparations.

But the real recovery dates from the visit of Mr. Joseph M. Dodge, a leading American banker, early in 1949, who bluntly pointed out that the Government's intended budget was bogus, that taxes were not properly collected, expenditure swollen by hidden subsidies and pay-rolls grossly over-loaded. The Government was compelled for the first time to frame a budget which showed the true state of the national finances; tax-collection was stiffened up; vast numbers of employees (on the railways alone over 1,300) were told to find other work; and thus the inflation of the currency was checked and it was possible to fix the yen at 360 to the American dollar.

Such rigorous austerity meant a temporary check to business and no little popular resentment (of which more presently). But this was handsomely recouped before the end of the year. Japan's exports in 1949, at a total value of U.S. \$510,000,000 were twice those in 1948. Of this total 54.4 per cent. was textiles. Although Japan has under 4,000,000 spindles compared with her pre-war 12,000,000 she exported 750 million square yards of cotton cloth, as against 940 million by Great Britain and 880 by America.

The reverse side of the picture was that her imports last year were 27 per cent. more than in 1948 bringing the total of her dependence on America since the war to no less than \$1,350 millions. Yet even with this huge indebtedness (and, be it remembered, her out-

standing loans from Great Britain) there appears no reason why Japan should not face the future confidently. In the past 18 months she has signed useful trade agreements with 14 or 15 countries, obtained a lucrative contract for railway engines for Siam, built and sold a \$7½ million worth of ships (her ship-building yards now have a capacity of 800,000 tons), exported three times as much machinery, chiefly textile and electrical plant, in 1949 as in 1948, and astonished the world by her production of cameras of the highest class far cheaper even than the German, with other optical instruments and electrical apparatus.

Even as compared with only a year ago, the appearance and demeanour of the Japanese people have strikingly improved. Housing, as in every land, is still bad. But food is plentiful, the streets well lighted, the shops well stocked and, once again, Japanese girls can dress in the gay colours which they love and which always gave so picturesque a touch to the Japanese scene.

A notable sign of the revival of the normal Japanese mind was the severe rebuff given to the communists in the elections in June for the Upper House, in which they only secured four seats, a terrible downfall from their sensational capture of 35 seats in the general elections for the Diet eighteen months earlier. To some extent, it was their own fault. The encouragement given by General MacArthur in 1946 for the formation of trade unions (to inculcate democratic practice) enabled the communists to get a grip on about half the 2,000 unions that came into existence; and the discontent caused by the wholesale dismissal of State employees enjoined by Mr. Dodge last year seemed to them a golden opportunity to enlarge their power. But the orgy of sabotage on the railways and riots which they provoked disgusted the Japanese public, which was further alienated last January by the pointed interest shown by Russia in the communists' programme of action, and by the violent insubordination of the 2,000 Japanese war prisoners whom Russia recently sent home after steeping them in Marxism. Since the elections in June the banning from all share in public life of the whole communist executive, ordered by General MacArthur, has reduced the party to impotence. Opinions are divided as to its future. But short of some world upheaval involving Japan, it is very difficult to picture her the prey of a political system so alien to all her history, instincts and training.

Another feature of the June elections was the remarkable success of the socialists in winning 61 seats with twice as many votes as a year ago. Herein one may perhaps see some fruits of the American teaching of "de-mok-ra-sie". In the main Japan has never understood that teaching, and as General MacArthur resigns the

management of affairs into her own hands and her own prosperity rises she quietly puts it aside. Yet something sticks. The marked development of liberal thought in Japan throughout the 1920's is not to be forgotten, and it seems very unlikely that Japan will revert to control by an ultra-conservative group—there are no more soldiers now to enforce it as in the 1930's. The tendency of political life seems rather towards a fairly advanced Liberalism (nominally Socialism) and the fairly circumspect Conservatism (voiced by nominally democratic liberals) of Mr. Yoshida's supporters. Japan was ever quick to learn from abroad, and while she is puzzled (and irritated) by the over-zealous rank and file of the prophets of American democracy, defeat and the spirit of the age have certainly taught her much.

No people can be more dismayed by the outbreak of the northern Koreans than the Japanese. So high were their hopes of an early peace treaty, so confident their belief in their own deserts, that voices were heard demanding the return of the Ryukyu islands as "historically" Japanese-owned, and even protesting against America's retention of bases in Japan, which, in view of Japan's defencelessness, the American defence chiefs would certainly have insisted on. There was some demur to Mr. Yoshida's announcement, just before the June elections, that Japan was ready to sign a peace treaty with anyone willing to recognize her as an equal, but it was not strong enough to have had any weight. Among the speculations as to why Russia has let loose the northern Koreans on the south, one has not seen it suggested that the intention was to frustrate America's design for a peace treaty without Russian and Chinese signatures. If so, it certainly seems to have succeeded. To-day the Japanese are no more thinking of peace: their prevailing anxiety is to avoid being involved in the Korean mess.

One question, however, must ere long be squarely faced, with or without a peace treaty. That is the appalling increase in Japanese population, already over 80 millions and rising by an average of 1,500,000 a year. It is calculated that the Japanese islands can support in reasonable sufficiency of life not above 50 millions, and there seems little room now to enlarge her cultivable area. Emigration is the only apparent answer, and certainly there are waste lands overseas that would accommodate them. But even if the owners of those lands were willing to admit the Japanese, the size of the fleet required to carry off Japan's annual increase of population would be staggering. The whole problem has been repeatedly glanced at but no real attempt has been made to solve it. Yet it has only to be stated to show that somehow an answer must be found.

What becomes on reflection more and more clear is that settlement

with Japan and settlement with Korea must go hand in hand—indeed if possible it should reach still further afield. At the time of writing the ultimate issue in Korea is uncertain. First, the Americans must drive the northern Koreans back over the 38th parallel. It must be shown that aggression cannot be allowed. But however much the north might be weakened, a mere restoration of the *status quo* is no settlement. Japan and Korea are so closely linked by nature and history that they have inevitably been thought of as twin outposts against the spread of Communism. But to continue to think on those lines merely means the prolonging of military occupation and in the end more war. A new approach to the whole problem is imperative.

The first step surely is to ascertain what Communism really means, in Korea, China, Indo-China and elsewhere in Asia. There is much reason to think that the adulation of Russia is superficial and that Communism is only Nationalism "writ large". It feeds on the poverty and hunger of the voiceless millions, and the ultimate cure is a better living for them. But schemes of economic aid must continue to be hampered until order is restored and some degree of harmony. Is it beyond the resources of statesmanship to bring the rival factions together to evolve among themselves an acceptable system of government for their respective countries? In its heart the East may dread Russian expansionism, which has a bad record in Asia, hardly less than does the West. "Asia's affairs," said Mao Tze-tung recently, "must be managed by Asians themselves." There appears no other way.

THE MYTH OF THE TWO SPAINS

BY R. M. NADAL

A CURSORY view of some of the outstanding features of modern Spanish history can hardly avoid leaving an unfavourable impression. The events of nineteenth century Spain especially make painful reading. There were long spells of absolutism broken by short-lived liberal governments, victims of their inefficiency and blind attachment to theories; a series of *pronunciamientos* aimed at the installation or suppression of 'democratic' régimes; civil wars in which the cleavage between the two Spains found violent expression; a succession of constitutions which seemed to justify the saying that constitution-making is the favourite Spanish pastime, and in foreign relations, the intervention of the Holy Alliance in 1823 to reinstall Ferdinand VII, and the catastrophic war with the United States in 1898. The twentieth century offers a picture hardly less discouraging; political assassinations and anarchist outbreaks in industrial and agricultural districts; successive crises in the Moroccan protectorate, reaching a climax in 1921 with the revolt of Abd-el-Krim and the defeat of the Spanish army; in 1923 the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, mild in many aspects, but putting the clock back to the nineteenth century; seven years after a new *pronunciamiento* converting the cold war of the Second Republic into the hot strife of another civil war with foreign intervention, ending in a neo-totalitarian dictatorship, and war and dictatorship more embittered than any in the sad history of nineteenth century Spain.

When the partisans of the present Spanish régime argue that Parliamentary democracy is not an article for export to the Peninsula, that on the other side of the Pyrenees liberalism degenerates into libertinism, that whatever the failings of a dictatorship it is at least able to maintain peace and order among a people anarchical by nature, that social and economic injustice have always been distinctive features of the country—the general reader, little acquainted with Spanish history, may be tempted to agree with this propagandist viewpoint. Yet an impartial study of the history of Spain from the eighteenth century onwards may well reveal a long struggle to incorporate the country into modern Europe, a striving for freedom within the law, an urge towards tolerance and the "common life" (the untranslatable *convivencia*). But it has been more than a struggle and a search. Interposed between the ugly features which

so attract the attention of the casual reader of Spanish history there stand out two periods of progress and reform marked precisely by *convivencia* and the rule of law. One was in the eighteenth century with the mild despotism of the Age of Enlightenment, flourishing under Ferdinand VI and Charles III, only to decline sharply under Charles IV. The other, even more impressive in many aspects, covered the period 1874-1936, swerving to the right under the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera in 1923, and then to the left under the Republic installed in 1931.

Are we to consider these periods as a result of the pressure of foreign ideas or as a return to a national tradition rudely interrupted? Much light on this and other Spanish problems is to be found in a short book by Sr. Menéndez Pidal recently translated into English*. With all the authority of this greatest living historian of Spanish culture, we are presented with this conclusive statement: "The struggle between different tendencies should be carefully noted . . . but to the truce in the struggle, when the two opposing forces managed to unite in harmony, we owe the most fruitful moments of our national life."

Sr. Menéndez Pidal contemplates with a mixture of nostalgic pride and hopeful confidence some of those fruitful moments—the Hispanic century of the Roman Empire, stretching from Mela and Seneca to Trajan and Hadrian; the Spain of Saint Isidore, under whose influence was produced the last flowering of Latin Mediterranean culture. Later we meet with Alfonso VI in whose reign was initiated the substitution of Visigothic script by French. In the days of Alfonso VII Archbishop Raymond of Toledo encouraged the founding of schools where Arab, Jewish and Christian scholars collaborated in a series of works, which when communicated to the learned centres of Europe, opened a new era in medieval science. Later came the extraordinary figure of Alfonso X "the Learned". In his court he gathered the scholars of the three religions, eager to sift the wisdom of the East as of the West. He was the first European king interested in secularizing culture; his works were translated into French and had an influence on Dante, his astronomical tables were studied in Europe and noted by Copernicus himself.

Thus the twelfth and thirteenth centuries constitute what Sr. Pidal calls one of the peak points in the history of Spain. Then, as before and after, the underlying character is tolerance. In those centuries Spain assimilated the influence both from the East and from Europe, establishing a link between the heterogeneous cultures of Christendom and Islam. There is no better symbol of that period than the exquisite miniature found in Alfonso X's *Cantigas de Santa*

* R. Menéndez Pidal, *The Spaniards in their History*. Translated by Walter Starkie. Hollis and Carter. 16s.

María of which Professor Starkie reminds us in his introductory essay. "The more elaborate miniature gives us a vivid picture of the court at a moment of great literary activity. The King is seated on his throne, holding a book in his hands and dictating to the scribes who are at his feet, a short distance away are the clerics . . . then still further, the minstrels with their instruments. The minstrels are not only Christian but also Moorish and Jewish."

Following on this, Sr. Pidal sees a period of gradual decadence caused by the break-up of the middle ages, reaching its nadir in the reign of the degenerate Henry IV, but succeeded by the amazing renaissance under the Catholic kings. Acutely he points out the reasons for such a dramatic change: the selective powers of both Isabel and Ferdinand, and their firmness in choosing the right man for the right place, indifferent to their personal sympathies or to the personal opinions of the one chosen. Their action led to the re-establishment of the rule of law; to the conquest of Granada and the discovery of America; to the reform of religious institutions under Cisneros; the admission of the middle class into high administrative posts, and the anti-isolationist policy which attracted to Spain all the modern currents of European thought. Evidence of this last is a decree of 1480 enacting that works of the intellect should be imported into the country free of customs dues.

Ranging over the centuries thus described, the reader will find a certain difficulty in discovering the historical basis for the modern struggle between the two Spains. So far from tolerance and *convivencia* being rare in Spain they appear almost as national characteristics. The periods of depression to which Sr. Pidal refers as "long low waves" are not much longer or lower than in any other country of Europe. One is tempted to say, with all respect, that in dealing with the theme of the two Spains Sr. Pidal shows signs of suffering from "occupational disease".

This most brilliant scholar, whose books have won him a world-wide reputation as a medievalist, has applied to *The Spaniards in their History* the same method used in tracing the origins and development of the Spanish ballads. Though fully aware that all national qualities are "as it were two-faced" and that "although the characteristics survive through the centuries this does not mean that they are unchangeable," Sr. Menéndez Pidal sets himself to show how the fundamentally Spanish features as seen in connection with to-day's problems, have been present through every period of the nation's history. His unmatched knowledge of Spanish literature and history is brought to such topics as "Moral and Material Austerity", "Idealism", "Individualism", and "Centralization and Regionalism". (For a proper understanding of the so-called Catalan problem nothing could be better than Sr. Pidal's book). But to one

reader he is not so convincing in the chapter devoted to the burning question of the two Spains. One ventures to suggest that the violent clash between tradition and progress, between isolationists and Europeanizers, far from being a constant of Spanish history, is a comparatively modern phenomenon due exclusively to the violent upheaval produced in Spanish history by the Reform and Counter-Reform. Therein lies the root of a cleavage that has cost nineteenth and twentieth-century Spain so much blood and tears. Of course it is possible to find in the history of Spain previous to the sixteenth century examples of a clash between the spirit of tradition and that of reform because it is a clash which is present in the history of every nation and, as Unamuno never tired of saying, in the mind of each individual. But that would not seem to be the origin or character of the conflict between the two Spains.

The implanting of religious intolerance—source of all forms of intolerance in Spain—begins at the end of the fifteenth century: expulsion of the Jews, enforced baptism of the Moors of Granada, and, in contrast to the confident optimism of twenty years before, what amounted to a censorship on books in 1502. At the beginning the censorship was mild, and a case could also be made for the sad measures against Jews and Moors. They were inspired not by racial hatred but by the fact that the unity of the Catholic faith was almost the sole basis of the modern Spanish State recently created.

Aiming at the spiritual unity of Europe, the Emperor Charles V embarked Spain on the great crusade of the Counter-Reform which had such disastrous results on the future of the country; disastrous not so much because it failed, or because in the subsequent wars Spain lost her European hegemony, as because when defeated in Europe the Counter-Reform movement turned against Spain herself all its energy and combative spirit. Nobody, saint, priest, monk or laic (however fervent a Catholic he might be), was sure of escaping accusations of weakening the faith. A most rigid censorship raised a wall between Spain and Europe. The cultural isolation of the country was accomplished. If in spite of all this the cultural greatness of Spain took place during the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries it was due, as Sr. Pidal remarks, to the fact that at the beginning "the withdrawal from the rest of Europe, no matter how active it was, only existed in matters that touched high politics and religion, while in the general sphere of culture the isolation tendency did not prevail until a late period." When the full effects of the isolation were properly felt by the generations brought up under such conditions—about the '30's of the seventeenth century—the cultural decline of Spain equalled her political decadence.

The coming of the Bourbons in 1700 and the consequent War of Succession with British, French and Austrian armies fighting on

Spanish soil brought about a change of atmosphere. Then began the eighteenth century struggle against intolerance and isolation to which reference has been made. The absolutist and bureaucratic State sought the alliance of science. Science, not exactly anti-religious but independent of the Church, began to emerge as a new power, and an *élite* was called on to share in the functions of government formerly performed by theologians and jurists. Soon the effect was visible throughout the country, and drastic reforms were carried out under the rule of Ferdinand VI and Carlos III. But in the Church itself signs of a change of attitude were not lacking. The great promoter of reforms and tolerance in the country was a Benedictine, Fray Jerónimo de Feijóo, a man of encyclopaedic knowledge, a true forerunner of the modern Christian Democrats. With undaunted courage he fought against superstition and ignorance, and in favour of cultural contact with the rest of the world. The dream of those select spirits who in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries clamoured for a strongly Catholic, yet tolerant Spain, seemed about to be realized. There was every hope that the transition from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century would be smoothly accomplished, but the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars had effects in Spain more disastrous than elsewhere. The Revolution frightened the rulers, barriers were once more raised against Europe, and the partisans of isolation gained the upper hand. The Napoleonic wars threw the country into a turmoil. The survivors of the Age of Enlightenment found themselves faced with the appearance of uneducated masses as a political force. Soon they were overcome by those whom they wanted to serve. Eighteenth century *convivencia* came to an end, and the clash between extremes filled the stage during the greater part of the nineteenth century.

One cannot help feeling that the phrase "The Two Spains", coined by the arch-romantic Larra, is apt to degenerate into a cliché. It postulates an unbridgeable division which one finds hard to accept, even bearing in mind the struggles of the nineteenth century and the present state of affairs. In periods when extremists are in power it has always been possible to detect amongst many who seem to conform a genuine desire for peace and collaboration, checked only by the fear of being accused of deviationist activities. An opportunity to work in harmony was afforded to Spain after the restoration of the monarchy in 1874, not because of its monarchical basis, but simply because the new constitution of 1875, with all its defects, gave the nation 50 years of internal peace based on tolerance and the rule of law. This is the second of the two modern periods of *convivencia* previously referred to. In those 50 years the progress made by Spain almost amounts to a renaissance, all the more striking because it followed a long struggle.

The great advance in the field of literature is generally recognized. But this was only part of a wider movement which covered all forms of cultural activity. In painting and music the output was equally remarkable. The work of the universities and other centres of learning showed fine fruits of scholarship. And it is perhaps in this field that we find the best proof of the possibility of minds of the most opposing tendencies uniting in harmonious effort. Even in the very different political field, the clashes between opponents in the Spanish Cortes were perhaps a little more violent than in the British Parliament but certainly no more so than in the French Chamber. It must not be overlooked that the same period witnessed striking developments in the economic and social aspects of national life.

Accepting this picture of a period of harmony, too often ignored by supporters of the present régime, we have then to ask what events led to the disruption which followed. Broadly put, the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, possibly against his will, led to an extremism of the right; the Republic, to the disappointment of many sincere supporters, threw itself into the arms of the extreme left. It may be seriously advanced that this situation would not necessarily have led to open conflict had it not been for the re-appearance of the ghost that has haunted Spain at intervals since she lost her European hegemony—foreign intervention. A typically Spanish issue was over-shadowed by international implications. During the civil war one side believed that the fight was for independence against Communism; their opponents were equally convinced that the struggle was for freedom against fascist totalitarianism. When the civil war ended and foreign intervention abated it soon became clear that the control of the nation was passing to forces which could hardly represent even the victors' side. Confined in the strait-jacket of modern totalitarianism, the spiritual heirs of sixteenth and seventeenth century intolerance were again at work.

Imbued with a deep sense of his nation's history Sr. Menéndez Pidal is anything but a pessimist. Discussing the transformation that took place under the Catholic kings he underlines that it was achieved among the very generations which—silent perforce—had lived in the corruption of Henry IV's reign. In the very Spain of to-day—perhaps interpreting the feelings of many of his compatriots unable to voice them—the venerable figure of Sr. Pidal, with 80 years of untiring work for culture behind him, has been able to raise his voice, not for any party or political creed, but for freedom within the law and for "toleration, that priceless fruit of the experience of the noblest peoples."

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COLOUR CHAOS IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY C. W. M. GELL

THE controversy over the marriage of Seretse Khama and a series of riots in and around Johannesburg during the last few months have directed the attention of the world to South Africa's racial policy. In the Union itself there is a growing concern on the part of individuals to find some way of overcoming the ever increasing distrust with which the coloured races regard the white. It is unfair to judge all white South Africans by the policies of the two major political parties, although it is of course these which are the chief cause of the present unrest.

The declared policy of the Nationalist party at present in power is "*apartheid*", which appears to mean segregation. But any attempt to extract a more precise definition meets with studied vagueness and contradictory explanation. *Apartheid* was, in fact, an effective battle-cry for an irresponsible minority but something of a liability when the Nationalists surprisingly found themselves in power in 1948.

The measures taken by the Government during the last two years to implement this policy amount to a number of small administrative pin-pricks—the suppression of Indian representation (which the Indians had always boycotted), separate entrances and exits at the railway stations, separate seating in trains and buses (where this did not already exist), separate counters in the post offices. These in themselves might have aroused little resentment; although it must have been exasperating for the girl of coloured parents who was recently ordered to the tail of the European queue in a post office after reaching the head of the coloured one, because she looked white.

Even the prohibition of inter-racial marriage by an Act directly affects few people, although there are many South Africans who believe it to be morally indefensible. The demand for inter-marriage from either side of the colour bar is extremely small and it is not now commonly remembered that the first people to object to Seretse's then proposed marriage with Ruth Williams were the regent and elders of the Bamangwato with a unanimity which was only much later broken. The Mixed Marriages Act will interfere most with the relations between poor whites and half-castes—what are known in the Union

as "coloureds"—and even here formal marriages are not common. In the great rush before the Act came into force the highest daily number of such marriages in the large city of Durban was reported to be five. It is generally conceded that the Act gives legislative sanction to an attitude common to black and white, and inevitable in a country where the offspring of such unions are ostracized by both races. Together with an amendment to the Morality Act, making illegal all unmarried intercourse between the races, it is an attempt to stabilize the "coloured" population at their present number of just under one million.

How such legislation can be enforced is yet to be proved and the Mixed Marriages Act has already led to a test case. It was found impossible in the Act to define a coloured person. Any attempt to do so by tracing descent through several generations would cause great embarrassment to many well-established "European" families, and the Minister announced in Parliament that, if a person looked European and habitually associated with Europeans, he or she might be so regarded. Relying on this, a Roman Catholic priest married a woman to a white man, although he knew her father was coloured. He has been fined £20 by the magistrate and the appeal is pending.

The Act has been uniformly condemned by all clergy outside the Dutch Reformed Church on the grounds that it puts them as marriage officers in an impossible position and some have even gone so far as to hand in their licences. As to the amendment to the Morality Act, the English press in the Union has given wide publicity to the recent statement of the Archbishop of Cape Town that, while all churchmen regard extra-marital relations as sinful, not all sins should be made into crimes by the law.

But these comparatively petty infringements of individual freedom and equality before the law derive their real significance from what is thought to be the underlying policy of the Nationalists. The logical outcome of *apartheid* would be complete territorial, social and economic segregation, and to the credit more of its moral than its practical sense the Dutch Reformed Church, which might be described as the keeper of the Government's conscience, has just pronounced in favour of such an extreme measure. But Dr. Malan has countered this by an immediate denial that he intends any such thing and, as a humorist has remarked, his supporters now know where they never stood. Indeed it would be highly unrealistic to expect the European population to give up sufficient land to create a viable Bantustan or to deprive themselves voluntarily of low-paid native labour on which all South African industry and agriculture depend, even if the natives were to agree to live in permanent quarantine.

The ineffaceable impression, therefore, remains—and it is almost daily reinforced by the speeches of Nationalist leaders—that the

basic policy of their party is to preserve the "*baaskap*", the mastery of the white people, by the permanent economic and social subjugation of the coloured races and the removal from them of even those few political rights they possess. Thus, and also because it will increase the Nationalists' chances in five to ten Cape constituencies Dr. Malan proposes, when he can overcome Mr. Havenga's scruples about the "entrenched clauses" or dispense with his support, to remove "coloured" voters from the common roll in the Cape Province—a legacy from the liberal pre-Union Cape Parliament—and to abolish the three European M.P.s who represent the Cape natives and, not unnaturally, habitually oppose the Nationalists. To the same end, natives may not form trade unions—they are not eligible for membership of the white men's unions—and skilled native workmen are only to be allowed to work for and among their own people, ostensibly for the benefit of the native community but really to prevent them competing with more expensive white labour. Indeed, economic *apartheid* has gone so far as to exclude natives from even the menial of Government services, such as cleaners and messengers—a form of extravagance (for no white man would work for a native's wage) which the country's strained economy cannot at present afford. The converse, the exclusion of white men from, say, the positions of drivers and conductors in native buses, is not however enforced and the natives are represented on the administrations of their own locations (townships) in an advisory capacity only.

The policy of the United party, led by General Smuts, is based on the report of the Fagan Commission. But this report is neither well known nor much understood, and it cannot compare as an electoral argument or as an appeal to native opinion with the suggestive, if not very explicit, slogan of *apartheid*. In fact, it is doubtful if the United party really has a policy, being apparently driven from expedient to expedient under the pressure of necessity. Even its general attitude of paternal benevolence towards the coloured races is suspect and its record suggests that its concessions to the underprivileged are often without much practical substance.

Actually there is little difference between the basic aims of the Nationalists and the United party on the racial issue. The Nationalists are the more consistent, the more brutal in application and, perhaps the more certain to bring racial conflict in the near future. Their open hostility to any advance by the natives is forcing the latter to become politically-minded and may, if applied long enough, bring a measure of unity to the numerous Bantu tribes and factions. The United party seeks the same objective of perpetuating white dominance by the possibly more successful and rather less inhumane method of yielding slightly when the pressure mounts—the traditional rear-guard action of the British conservative. Where the Nationalists

provoke active antagonism, the United party tries to mollify, ameliorate or turn aside; but, if the one may postpone the outburst rather longer than the other, it is very doubtful if either can prevent it. Neither party appears to recognize practically that the value of white civilization does not lie in its whiteness, but in its ethical qualities. Unless a policy has a declared and reasonable objective, how can it command the confidence of the repressed majority?

Here lies the stumbling block for any liberal native policy in South Africa. There are many Afrikaans as well as English speaking South Africans who profoundly disapprove of the Nationalist policy and do not find that of the opposition much more hopeful. The correspondence over the Seretse affair displayed a surprising liberality side by side with the most emotional and unreflecting prejudice. But the liberals are voices crying in the wilderness of fear, mistrust and selfish interests—yes, even of hatred. Their appeal to treat the natives as men, capable of cultural and social advance and eventually of political responsibility, is answered with contempt for the *kaffirs* or is misrepresented as Communism or Socialism, which are anathema to a primarily individualistic and conservative white population. Even the Labour party is confined to white or privileged labour and is not, therefore, socialist. No one whose programme ultimately envisages equal or parallel rights for the coloured races, stands the least chance of election in the average South African constituency. The late Jan Hofmeyr was an exception, and the denunciation of his native policy by the Nationalists lost the United Party many votes in 1948, even from among those who usually supported it. It is this steady refusal of the overwhelming mass of the South African electorate to see that some of the lessons of India, Indonesia, Viet-Nam and even Nigeria and the Gold Coast might apply to them, that engenders pessimism about the future of race relations in the Union.

In explanation, if not extenuation, of this attitude, it must be stressed that South Africa does not present an exact parallel with any of these countries. The same attitude is becoming evident in the Rhodesias and, with much less justification, in the East African colonies. For in the Union white men have been resident for as long as the present Bantu tribes; both European and Bantu won the country by conquest from the original bushmen and Hottentots, and finally fought each other. Unlike the British in India or West Africa, South Africa is the home of its white population and has been so for many generations. On all historical grounds the country belongs both to black and white. In India the British were less than one in every two thousand: in South Africa almost one in every four is a white man. There is no indigenous civilization and the social and cultural atmosphere is that of a white country served by helots. Naturally the existing civilization would be endangered if a vastly

preponderant coloured population, mostly uneducated and irresponsible, were suddenly enfranchised.

But, whatever the extremists may allege, no sensible person advocates that. Equally, it is becoming obvious that there is no stability in the *status quo*. The visibly increasing tension in the Rand towns which has thrice already this year culminated in bloodshed (on May Day twenty natives were killed in a series of riots and acts of hooliganism and an ever larger force of white men will be needed to prevent repetitions) must show to all but the wilfully blind that something is very wrong. Frustration, homelessness, the consequences of illicit liquor selling by those who may buy spirits to those who may not, political agitation and often plain criminality are exacerbated by the calculated and aggressive hostility of the ruling politicians and the frequently insulting and brutal behaviour of the police, whose very difficult task is made no easier by having always to appear as the agents of racial oppression.

Certainly much could be done by the avoidance of needless discourtesy and by purely economic measures such as better housing and sanitation for the locations. But the history of all other States ruled by a racial minority suggests that the demand for better economic treatment and opportunity will inevitably be followed immediately by the demand for political rights as the only effective safeguard for fair economic treatment; and, secondly, that the only possibility, of averting violence and prolonged ill-feeling is to direct one's policy towards a declared objective.

What is required is to recapture the trust and confidence of the coloured peoples: to secure their co-operation and assistance, which is impossible if the Government refuses to meet their representatives, in devising a progressive educational programme, in a much wider sense than the mere achievement of literacy, to make the natives gradually into ethical and responsible citizens. What is lacking is the money, of course; but, more fundamentally, an honest acceptance of the objective and the recognition by a sufficiently influential number of white South Africans of the moral obligation and the practical long-term advantages of such a policy. Without such purpose, and an abundance of patient good-will, the problem must remain insoluble and charged with tragic potentialities.

(The author, a retired Indian Civil Servant, writes from South Africa where he lives.)



IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA

BY AN ENGLISH VISITOR

IT was while I was in Canada recently—on my first visit—that I was told of the English parents who during the war evacuated their small son to Vancouver, B.C., and cabled his hosts: "Please meet John on disembarkation at Halifax." To which request came the reply: "Meet him yourselves; you're nearer." True or apocryphal, the story serves to drive home the idea of the enormous size of Canada. "Canada is a very large country," Canadians keep on telling a newly-arrived visitor. "Larger even than the United States," they frequently add, with apparent inconsequence but evident satisfaction.

I was at first puzzled by this emphasis upon size. Certainly, Canada is huge. But there is no particular virtue in hugeness as such; and to the uninstructed visitor from England who has been conditioned from birth to the belief that a landscape should consist entirely of buildings and cultivated land, quite a distressing amount of Canada—even in those parts where railways run—seems to be just a regrettable hiatus, mere waste space, of no conceivable use to anyone for any purpose. But that, as I was quickly to learn, is the profoundest of errors.

Any Canadian can tell the uninstructed English visitor that absolutely every square yard of those millions of acres of apparently good-for-nothing land is a potential gold mine. Not literally gold, of course, though that is always possible, as witness Yellowknife on Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territories, but mineral wealth of one kind or another, in great quantity and of high quality. In particular, oil. In the Western Provinces, within five minutes of the start of any conversation you will be told about the discovery of oil in Alberta, and of what this is going to mean to Canada. And you will be told that it is not only in Alberta that there is oil, that prospecting is going on in Saskatchewan on a scale unparalleled in history, not just speculatively, but because "the opinion of experts is that all the signs point to rich oil resources being present." And in southern Manitoba, too.

Always it is oil that is mentioned first. But you will be told also of the vast deposit—how vast no one yet knows—of high-grade iron ore that runs, perhaps for hundreds of miles, along the Quebec-

Labrador boundary. And you will be told that Premier Joseph R. Smallwood of Newfoundland is openly staking his political future on the exploitation of this and the discovery of similar rich mineral deposits in Canada's tenth province.

Gradually, as I listened, it seemed to me that the pieces began to fit together, so that I came to understand (or to think I did) why Canadians talk so much about the size of their country. No part of the reason is a mere childish delight in bigness. I would say it is compounded chiefly of three elements: anticipation, pride, and relief. Of these the last is, I should think, quite the least important; yet there must be, I imagine, in the minds of many Canadians the thought that their huge areas of barren land need no longer be written off as permanent financial millstones hung round the nation's economic neck: great spaces where no one can live because nothing will grow, yet through which must be driven, and thereafter maintained, expensive and unprofitable roads and railways.

No, these waste lands are going to be very, very rich; hence the joyful anticipation. These assets, when fully developed, will make Canada what every Canadian ardently desires it shall be—a wealthy, powerful, and completely adult nation.

It is hard to describe adequately the pride Canadians feel in their country. You thrill to this feeling as you stand with them while they sing *Oh Canada*. You sense it in the eager way in which they ask you if you like Canada, and in their unfeigned delight when you reply, echoing their own words: "It's a grand country!" You understand it perhaps most of all when chance-met acquaintances tell you, in the privacy of a train, an aeroplane, or a hotel bedroom, how they have "made good" in this land of freedom where the sky is the only limit for individual initiative and enterprise.

Which brings me to the most important point of all. Above everything else these new discoveries, actual and to come, represent to Canadians a challenge. One does not have to be very long in Canada to realize how welcome that challenge is, and how eagerly Canadians are taking it up. Rightly or wrongly, I seemed to find the key to their response in another sentence I was constantly hearing from Canadian lips: "Canada is a very *young* country." Occasionally, these words were meant as apology for immaturities and crudities Canadians felt to be evident in the national life, especially on its cultural side. But far more often they seemed to me to mean: "Yes, a young country, and therefore not yet come into its strength. But wait until it does!" And there is everywhere, so far as I could judge, a superb confidence that Canada is on the point of coming into her strength.

There are obstacles to be overcome. The main ones are lack of population and lack of financial resources. The two are, of course,

closely linked. Over and over again I was told how many more people Canada wanted, and almost always in nearly the same words. "We may be 14 millions by the next census" (due in 1951); "we could do with 50 millions." (I don't think the second figure has any special significance; it's just a round figure, large enough to strike the imagination and point the contrast between the actual and the ideal, yet not too large to be completely outside the realm of practical politics.)

Although the Canadian population, especially the Roman Catholic part of it, is increasing steadily by natural causes, every Canadian knows that the optimum population for the country can come about in his lifetime—or in that of his children—by one means alone: large-scale immigration. And every Canadian I met was eager for this to take place. And for it to include a very considerable British element. (Admittedly, the Canadians among whom I moved were largely of British stock.) Two-thirds British immigrants and one-third from other countries was an estimate I heard more than once. And over and over again I was asked: "Why does Britain make it so difficult for her people to emigrate to Canada?"—referring, of course, to the restrictions* imposed in 1948 on the export of sterling to the dollar area. According to what I was told, the present regulations make it virtually impossible for families to emigrate, because they will simply be unable to get anywhere to live. If you have the money, I was assured, you can quickly build a house anywhere in Canada; if you haven't, your chances of getting a home are almost nil.

But alongside this very warm desire to have a considerable proportion, if not a majority, of immigrants from "the old country" I heard expressed grave doubts as to how present-day British immigrants would "fit". Apparently, you either "fit" in Canada or you don't; if you do, everything in the garden will be lovely, but if you don't the only thing to do is to pack up at once and go back whence you came. The term "fit" seemed to me to have two quite distinct connotations. The first, and much the easier to understand, has reference to occupation. When Canadians talk about large-scale immigration the last thing they have in mind is unselective immigration. On the contrary, in precise terms, they want miners, lumberers, and farmers, in that order, with perhaps a few highly skilled technicians and craftsmen to help with the starting and development of the secondary industries Canada needs so badly.

In other words, in the main they want 'he-men': men capable of heavy and sustained manual labour; men who are prepared to rough it out in a mining or lumbering camp, or to start from scratch

* These have been somewhat relaxed, though the total amount (£1,000) which may be taken has not been increased.

(literally) on second- or third-rate agricultural land and create thereon farms that will pay. (The Ukrainian immigrants near Winnipeg are doing this last most successfully, and earning great respect thereby from their fellow Canadians.) And they want women who will be prepared to share with their husbands all the hardships of the early stages. Now many Canadians seem to think that we in Britain have gone all soft and urbanized, and so would be unable to stand up to either the Canadian climate or Canadian work. It is a curiously unanalysed belief; people who express it are ready almost in the same breath to voice awestruck admiration for the way in which we "stuck it" during the war. More than one of them told me Canadians could never have endured our privations.

I never experienced during my five weeks in Canada the slightest direct antagonism to the present British Government; in fact, the prevailing opinion was that Labour had done "a damned good job" in most difficult circumstances. But I did again and again meet a vague sort of suggestion that the "Welfare State" might be in large part responsible for this alleged softness of our physical fibre, and of our moral fibre too, for the implication seemed to be that our young men and women would not be able to face the hardships of primitive living and back-aching toil even if they had the muscle to do so. Naturally I did my utmost to reassure the doubters about the British capacity to be tough. I pointed out that most of us were but two or three generations removed from the soil, and suggested that our urban veneer only thinly concealed the stoutest of yeoman stock. I hinted that in two world wars British troops had not shown themselves notably less able to endure hardships than others.

I found people very willing to listen and even to be convinced. It was therefore most unfortunate that just as I was in the thick of it the 'press' right across Canada began to feature prominently a summary of the Birmingham survey *Eighty Thousand Adolescents* which emphasized all its depressing conclusions. This seemed to confirm the doubts of my Canadian friends, not all of whom were able to understand my explanation that it was because these kids were cooped up in cities and denied all opportunity of real adventure that they were so aimless and apathetic. Perhaps the lack of comprehension was due to the fact that Canadian cities are so much more physically spacious than ours. Or perhaps a Canadian youngster who feels cooped in simply moves out. Canada still has an expanding frontier.

The other connotation of "fit" is far more difficult to explain. It is easy enough to say that it means "get on well with the chaps" but extraordinarily difficult to suggest exactly what qualities the Canadians have in mind as adding up to a "good mixer". Perhaps it is because they are—or seem to a visitor—so exceptionally easy-going and easy to get on with themselves. I can, however, assert

with confidence one attribute they will not tolerate. They are terribly afraid that English immigrants (the fear does not, apparently, extend to Scots, Irish, or Welsh) will affect to be "superior". Unfortunately, there is much more basis to this fear than most of us in England care to admit. It is undoubtedly one of our national failings to regard all people born outside Britain as "lesser breeds without the law," and the failing is all the more deadly because the attitude is often quite unconscious even when most evident. I have often been indignant, for example, when in Germany I have seen fellow-countrymen of mine listen with barely concealed impatience to a German explaining the workings of a German institution, until they could stand it no longer, and had to burst out with: "Now, of course how we do it in Britain is this . . ."

That sort of thing simply will not do in Canada. Canadians won't take it from a visitor; in an immigrant it is fatal. This is not to say that they are uninterested in how we do it in Britain; on the contrary, they are intensely interested, but they are interested in it objectively, as a different way of life. They are not prepared to admit that there is any way of life in the world superior to their own. Yet they are well aware that their way of life is still in the making. And perhaps that is a main reason why they are so insistent that anyone coming to make his or her home in Canada must be prepared, not merely to accept the Canadian way of life, but to become an integral part of it and to be as proud of it as any native-born Canadian. I even heard it suggested that it was not a good thing for immigrants to make, or even to plan to make, holiday visits to the country whence they derived. They should make a clean cut, once for all: forget that they were English, Poles, Ukrainians, Chinese, or what you will, and be simply and solidly "good Canadians".

Is there any element of insecurity among the ingredients which go to make and sustain this variously expressed Canadian pride in Canada? I have no right to express an opinion, my tour was so brief; but if this conjecture be correct, can there be any doubt as to the cause of the feeling? It is impossible not to notice how frequently so many Canadians look, not fearfully but rather enviously over their shoulders at the United States, which has so many people, so much money, such fine roads, such glittering opportunities . . .

Recently some press notices in Great Britain laid emphasis on alleged signs that Canada wanted to break away from the British connection; the writers would have been much better occupied in noting how inflexibly determined Canada is not to become in any way a dependency of the United States. The warmest friendship exists between the two peoples, but—I quote a Canadian*—"always these two points of view have persisted: our desire to emulate the

* Dr. Anna M. Robinson, in *The Commonwealth and Empire Review*, April 1950.

Americans, and our even stronger desire not to be dominated politically, economically, or culturally, by them."

If anything of the feeling of insecurity which I imagined I sensed persists it has its roots in a dual fear : of the consequences of the huge and increasing invasion of Canada by American capital, and of the lure the United States has for young Canadians of intelligence and ability. But, if a transient visitor may express an opinion, I believe the feeling to be passing and that it is being replaced by that superb confidence in the future of Canada which I have tried to indicate throughout this article. Canadians are convinced that Canada is, as Mr. Douglas Dodds-Parker put it recently in a letter to *The Times*, "the country which has probably the greatest potential for development in the world"—except that most of them would omit the word "probably". In that faith they are going forward unafraid of any rivals or competitors.

ACCIDIE

BY GORDON SYMES

O H, more than in autumn, madly flinging
Her darling assets of youth to the winds
—Than in winter, who frigidly binds
Frail hopes to the earth—is a man bowed down by the space and
Age of his travels, now, in the mists beleaguering
This no-man's land of the seasons.

Most strangely are towns translated. Their traffic
Breathes like a sigh. Shops' faces strain through a false
Twilight like tears. The sky bends down too close.
Men's eyes quarry the pavement or would disentangle
From distance something ominous, as if
Stone walls held back the jungle.

We are galled with queer regrets, as momentary
Rains scribble the streets, for a wind to wipe
Blank from sight. Old wars, passions, migrations,
And worships, older than conscience, suddenly
Ache in our bones. And the heart's orientation
Is not towards spring, but sleep.

UNESCO AND PEACE

BY OWEN HICKEY

BUT for the Director General's surprising behaviour at the end, the fifth general conference of Unesco, which took place in Florence last month, would have passed without excitement. Having been going for nearly five years the organization has settled upon its main lines of work, and general conferences have become largely occasions for scrutiny and confirmation. Not that self criticism or new ideas are lacking, but these on the whole fall within the determined policy. The inevitable eruption over the representation of China had been weathered, unbrotherly exchanges between Israel and Iraq had been almost stopped, and business was being dispatched with the courtesy and care befitting such a learned gathering when the Director General, Dr. Torres Bodet, interrupted one of the committees, when the conference was within five days of finishing, and announced explosively that he had lost confidence in the organization as it now operates and that he intended to resign. The consternation was sad to witness. For two days work was virtually suspended while the leaders of the conference negotiated and conferred (skilfully as it proved) in private. A unanimous vote of confidence and request to withdraw his resignation was arrived at and Dr. Bodet, protesting that it was not a question of confidence in himself but in "a certain conception of the general course of conduct of the Organization", somewhat inconsistently conceded to the request and agreed to remain in office.

His exact motives throughout this demonstration are difficult to arrive at. The logical sequence of the short speech with which he began it is obscure. It arose out of a debate on what direct contribution Unesco could make to the peace of the world as it is to-day threatened. Three resolutions were before the meeting—one to outlaw atomic bombs, another to draw up scientific reports on the effects of modern warfare, and a third to call a congress of intellectuals to devise ways of mitigating "war psychosis". These were wisely being rejected as useless and likely to do the world no good and Unesco some harm. It was emphasized that Unesco's entire programme had peace as its end and it was by persevering in its ordinary work that it could contribute most. To announce a special drive to reduce the immediate danger of war and then give birth to designs

such as those suggested would bring it quickly into disrepute. Here the Director General intervened.

In turning its back on the realities of the moment through fidelity to its programme, he said, the organization lost sight of its responsibility. He pointed out that this was the first time there had been such unanimity about the efficacy of the programme. If it was so good it was utterly under-financed; the disproportion was only too apparent between the budget of \$8.2 m. accorded by member States to this programme which should serve the cause of peace and the sums spent on armaments in the same 59 States. Contrary to his hopes, Unesco seemed to have become stabilized for several years and it was vain to envisage an improvement in future programmes if the response of members could be no more favourable. Either Unesco's programme was good and its execution was bad or its execution was all right and the member States no longer pulled their weight by useful contribution to the work. In either case he asked the conference to look for his successor. He still believed in the principles of Unesco but not in the altogether feeble action of the member States.

Two complaints emerge from this none too coherent speech. First, the intention of many delegations to see the annual budget stabilized at about its present figure he interpreted as a sign of half-heartedness. Secondly, the debate on this topic of direct action for peace, which he considered of the first importance, had seemed to him disappointingly negative. It had consisted in turning down three proposals and in insisting, rather disingenuously considering previous criticism, on the efficacy of the programme as it stood. Dr. Bodet favours some sensational action by Unesco, bearing directly upon the restless situation of the world; but what form this action could take he has been no more successful than anyone else in indicating.

The speech he made when withdrawing his resignation two days later hinted at a third, more sinister, cause of uneasiness. He insisted that Unesco must avoid above all becoming partisan in policy.

By reason of its nature as a Specialized Agency of the United Nations, Unesco . . . can only act on the basis of the principle of universality. That means that we must take care to become neither auxiliaries nor victims in the disputes by which the world is torn.

His warning was not inappropriate in view of an earlier speech by Senator William Benton.

Senator Benton, though one of the first supporters and counsellors of Unesco, was not on this occasion a delegate. He flew from the United States to Florence in order to deliver an address to the conference which, as the circumstances would suggest, was important. He said in effect that Unesco must stop vainly trying to bridge the gulf between Russia and the west: that it should no longer remain

neutral in the cold war but should enter with determination on that side in which its ideals were acknowledged.

This did not express the view of the United States delegation, for Senator Benton was speaking for himself. Nevertheless, he is one of the most influential friends of Unesco in the United States and his words carry weight. From the United States delegation, however, came three proposals admitting a principle which, if abused, would allow Senator Benton's hopes and Dr. Bodet's fears to be realized more easily. The principle is that the secretariat should draw up plans for specific projects for which funds would be sought outside Unesco's budget, not merely from private but also from governmental sources. The three projects authorized were for a scientific research centre in western Europe, increased educational work in Germany and an expanded programme of instruction in human rights. All are eminently suitable things for Unesco to be doing, but it is clear that most of the money, except perhaps in the first case, will have to come from the United States. So long as Unesco shapes its policy independently of that of any *bloc* of nations it is a matter for congratulation if it finds governments which are ready to put up money for its execution. But the temptation to be influenced by the preferences of a willing patron is strong and subtle.

These appear to have been the three main anxieties in the Director General's mind at the time of his resignation. Also, the continuous criticism in detail which the work of the secretariat and the executive board receives at a general conference, and which is by no means cancelled out by the eloquent but more general tributes, must be irksome to a man of Dr. Bodet's temperament. Moreover, he was ill in the early months of this year and was evidently in poor health at Florence. But more important than an analysis of causes is the fact that his tempestuous behaviour can only have damaged the organization he serves. For Unesco now has a director general who has declared in no uncertain terms his lack of faith in it as it now works. The fright they got wrung from the delegates a rather nebulous resolution to do better. But even while this was being approved it was several times reaffirmed that although the 1951 programme could in future be improved upon it was essentially on the right lines.

This incident loudly calls attention to a certain constitutional ambiguity from which Unesco suffers, and which has escaped much attention hitherto. It was created first and foremost as an instrument to achieve peace. It was however to operate by stimulating the proper development of education, science and culture. The assumption is that the latter methods lead directly to the former aim; an assumption for which there seems little warrant. Believers in Unesco must accept this dogma, for to dispute it is to dispute the possibility of the success of the organization. It is however possible for different

people to entertain a belief in different strengths, and without actually rejecting it a person may allow it to shape his conduct very little. Within Unesco it is possible to pursue what are laid down as its methods attaching a high value to them for their own sakes and being concerned only as a secondary consideration with their effect on world peace. It is also possible to assess the value of Unesco's work by considering only its contribution to the final aim. The difference of opinion between Dr. Bodet and the majority of delegates is the outcome of this double interpretation.

The first article of Unesco's constitution begins: "The purpose of the organization is to contribute to peace and security . . ." To achieve this it will, among other things, "give fresh impulse to popular education and to the spread of culture" and "maintain, increase and diffuse knowledge." The preamble also contains these words: "The States Parties to this Constitution, believing in full and equal opportunities for education for all, in the unrestricted pursuits of objective truth, and in the free exchange of ideas and knowledge . . ." These are fine ideals and have long been cherished by men of noble ambition; but whether they improve the chances of peace is another matter. To assume that they do not would be as hasty as to assume that they do. Neither connection is self evident.

It would however seem to be disregarding the evidence of history to maintain that the better educated (in the ordinary sense of these words) a nation becomes, the more pacific it becomes. "Tensions" between people is a favourite concept with Unesco, yet whatever exactly it may mean it clearly cannot exist if the peoples live in almost total ignorance of each other. On the contrary, the more they become concerned with each other the tauter these "tensions" are liable to become. If their interests beyond local matters are confined to the supernatural they can hardly entertain warlike designs against each other. Yet this is not considered a desirable state for men to be in. Literacy and the ensuing intellectual curiosity are looked upon as gifts all men should be helped to possess, and one of the largest tasks Unesco undertakes is the promotion of these where they are lacking. It is however the literate who fall prey to all Unesco understands by "tensions", and though a mind thus equipped is more open to the influence of good men, it is also more accessible to the unscrupulous.

Again, Unesco is much concerned that the people of one nation should understand thoroughly the people of another, because the better the knowledge, the warmer the friendliness towards each other, or at any rate the less the desire to fight. This may often be the case but there is no reason to suppose that it always is. An accurate insight into the temperament and habits of other people may dispose an intolerant person very evilly towards them, or may

lead a belligerent person to despise them. Neither of these cases makes for peace.

It would probably be replied that Unesco does not sponsor education indiscriminately, but the kind of education which leads to international understanding, which is also of a kind that leads to good will. Parts of the constitution bear this out.

The purpose of the Organization is to contribute to peace and security by promoting collaboration among nations through education, science and culture in order to further universal respect for justice, for the rule of law, for the human rights and fundamental freedoms which are affirmed by the peoples of the world, without distinction of race, sex, language or religion, by the Charter of the United Nations.

It is not easy to interpret this involved sentence but it seems to refer to promoting collaboration only of a certain kind; the kind that will further universal respect for justice, etc. If this is so, it runs into two difficulties. The first is that this will compromise its activities authorized by other sections of the constitution, the one cited, for example, "to maintain, increase and diffuse knowledge". According to the accepted morals of scholarship, the only test that should be applied to this knowledge is the test of truth. It is now suggested that an additional test is necessary—one of "peace value." This kind of dilemma is most keenly felt in the case of science. Unesco will have to decide, for instance, whether it will try, if it is able, to circumscribe the research carried out in the scientific centre it intends to establish in western Europe, excluding any work which might be turned to the development of weapons of man.

The other difficulty this selective approach to its work poses is that of knowing the precise effects of any of its undertakings, whether it will reduce, increase or make no difference to the chances of war. Much more experiment would be required to determine this than has preceded the launching of any programme so far. The dissemination of the Declaration of Human Rights, which it was decided at Florence should be intensified, was spoken of throughout as a sure stroke on behalf of peace. But too much insistence on the rights of man may have the very opposite effect as neither the French nor the Americans should have forgotten.

Even if the hazardous nature of the connection between Unesco's great aim and the methods which have been laid down for its achievement is not admitted—and within Unesco it is not—there is still room for a difference of emphasis between those who keep their eyes fixedly on the ideal of peace and those who give more weight to the intrinsic merits of its different activities. This issues in a difference of opinion about the organization's policy. The former understandably become troubled in conscience as the threats to peace continue to grow while Unesco's counter-influence is scarcely perceptible. Hence the Director General's demand for some

immediate and striking action to restore the situation; but the demand meets a barrenness of suggestion as to what this action can possibly be. Those who take the other view are not frustrated in this way. It is no surprise to them that Unesco's work expands while the international situation deteriorates, for they do not look for peaceful fruits at once or even in this generation. They measure its value otherwise than by the uncertain gauge of peacemaking, acknowledging that the preservation of peace is not the only worthwhile thing in the world.

(The author was present at Unesco's fifth general conference at Florence.)

JULY IN SOHO SQUARE

Day after day the pink-shirted boy stood on a plank above the door of *l'Eglise Protestante Française de Londres*, tilting a dark and unselfconscious profile as he chipped. Courage and energy were in the braced and upright stance, and surely pride of purpose and lurking triumph too. Scrawls of red chalk plotted the path of his chisel and beneath its steady thrust the pallid stone took rounded shape.

In the shadows of hollowed curve and quartering, bones and flesh began to glow. It is 1550 again; Huguenots, sturdy and industrious, are on their way to freedom, and England's scholarly young Edward VI, only three years before his death, is granting them asylum.

Hour by long hour the sculptor tapped, and passers-by hung on their stride and stayed, absorbed as he, to watch this thing being made with hands and the firm brown hands that made it.

I can always leave off talking
When I hear a master play,

said Browning's Venetian, and in silence these refugees from a conveyor-belt world listened while the careful hammer knocked. Did they also faintly catch the heartbeat of the primeval and forgotten—or perhaps a nearer throb of jungle drums? For, no matter how grim, tired or careless their upraised faces, the response was plain to see from the windows of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*. No place here to be despising Philistines; rather it was to greet the child—eternal, elemental and ageless—who still looked through their wondering eyes.

Across the road the giant plane trees whispered, and were part of the forest again. Man, the creator-craftsman, had built a temple in the clearing, and the smell of privet bloom was swinging, gently swinging through petrol-haunted air.

G.B.

THE ENGLISH PARISH

BY B. M. G. REARDON

AT last year's summer session of the National Assembly of the Church of England a measure was approved for the purpose of parochial reorganization. Its aim is to make better provision for the cure of souls by simplifying the procedure for the union of benefices and the holding of benefices in plurality. It is already being put into effective operation with the appointment by diocesan conferences throughout the country of pastoral committees whose duty it is to make, under episcopal direction, a general survey of each diocese, and after consultation with the incumbents and parochial church councils concerned, to offer such recommendations as may be deemed necessary or desirable for the end in view.

The Parochial Reorganization Measure* will merely facilitate a process which has been taking place for a number of years, since in country districts especially a large proportion of the clergy already occupy livings which have been united or are held in plurality. We need not look for sweeping alterations in the near future; revolution of any sort is alien to the spirit of the Established Church. Yet of any sort is evident and will become more so. The tradition of a resident priest in every parish, however small or remote, is passing and the consequences for the life of rural England will be far from negligible. The squire already has gone, and although the spiritual needs of country people will be provided for so long as there are men ready to enter the Church's ministry, the parson will be a less familiar figure than he was wont to be in generations past. Even now, with his town training, his more strictly professional standards, and his omission to farm his own glebe, he is not the natural countryman that his grandfather was.

The introduction of the measure raises, in fact, the question whether the parochial system, like so much else in our national inheritance, has not to a large extent become obsolete and unserviceable. The parish is an institution of immense antiquity and was created with a view to conditions far different from those which generally obtain to-day. For long centuries, in a relatively stable world, it reflected and assisted the existing relationship of Church and society, but in modern times the great growth of the population, the impetus of the

* 12 & 13 Geo. 6 No. 3. H.M. Stationery Office.

social revolution and the waning influence of traditional religion have confronted the national Church with problems for the tackling of which new means must somehow be devised. Is it not fettered with an organization which, on the one hand, wastes its already depleted resources, and, on the other, has ceased to correspond with the need of the people? What answer is to be given? The Church requires, surely, new equipment? The late Bishop Hensley Henson, never a man to shirk what he believed to be the logic of events, declared that "at every point we come back to the necessity of such a drastic handling of the parochial system as is hardly distinguishable from its abolition."

That system, in principle, envisages a small population wholly composed of professed and practising Christians owning but one ecclesiastical allegiance. The first condition now obtains in the country only, the second nowhere, the third extremely rarely (if at all) anywhere. Great urban areas are parishes merely in respect of geographical extent. The vast majority of the inhabitants have no church connection; many are either ignorant as to which their parish is, or, knowing, are indifferent: the question only becomes material when the banns of marriage are to be called; their parish church they have very likely never entered, and their parson, not improbably, is unknown to them even by sight. To him, for his part, is committed the cure of ten or fifteen thousand souls of whom not more than a fraction are other than titularly Christian; and of these again only a proportion constitutes his congregation. If he is so fortunate as to have an assistant—and in this the key-factor is less the necessities of the parish than the incumbent's ability to provide a sufficient stipend (and, of preference, a house to go with it)—he can then to some extent share his ministerial duty of visiting the multitude of his flock, of whom in truth it is the ninety-and-nine who have strayed. If he has no assistant he must cope with the job as best he can, after the claims of church, church hall and parsonage study (not to mention the kitchen) have been met out of his merely human quota of time. That visiting, in such circumstances, has fallen into abeyance is occasion for regret but not for surprise. Nevertheless he still has it on his conscience that he is the *parish* priest and that his pastoral obligations are not limited to the few churchgoers.

However, until recently at all events, the enterprise of creating more new parishes in the developing areas has continued apace, regardless of the fitness or otherwise of the traditional organization or of the great cost involved in building and endowment, or of the difficulty of finding sufficient men to work them. But perhaps we are beginning at last to realize that the method is false and that the twentieth century is not the twelfth.

In the countryside the parochial system has not broken down in the

same way. A population of five hundred is by no means too small in itself. The parson can know his people as individuals and familiarize himself with the personal circumstances of each. It is not only that regular visiting is easily possible; he lives alongside them, meets them daily, sees them 'in the round'. The problem here is that there are not nearly enough priests to fill all these ancient benefices nor stipends large enough to secure them even a modest livelihood. Fifty or sixty years ago there was no dearth of candidates for the ministry, while a country parson was certainly not impoverished with an annual income, though he were to have no private means of subsistence, of £400. Yet in the interval not only have taxation and the cost of living soared but in very many cases the actual stipend is smaller. The Tithe Act of 1936, for example, has lessened the value of benefice incomes by between 20 per cent. and 25 per cent. The consequence is that for ecclesiastical purposes two parishes, and sometimes more, have had to become as one, redundant parsonages have been sold, and the parish priest, for many of his parishioners, is a non-resident.

Naturally, the countryman does not like it. Even if he attends his parish church not more than once in a twelvemonth—at the always popular 'Harvest Festival'—he yet resents the change which has deprived his village of its 'parson'. His attitude is scarcely logical, but the difficulty thus created renders the country priest's work by so much the harder; for even though the population be small the actual proportion of churchgoers is not greatly in excess of that in the towns.

The disappearance of ancient country (and city) parishes is to be lamented. Yet facts are facts and must be resolutely faced if the work of the Church is to go on. At the end of the seventeenth century, for a population of only five and a half millions, there were ten thousand clergymen. In 1900, for a population of 32 millions, there were 20,000. To-day, for a population of 45 millions, there are no more than 15,000. Fifty years ago 585 men were ordained in one year; last year the number was 362. Upon the question of finance it has to be considered that there are benefices with a gross income of £300 (and even less) per annum, with the compulsory occupancy and maintenance of a house—not unusually—large, inconvenient and in inadequate repair.

The abolition of ancient parishes, at all events as independent units, serves as a reminder of how long a continuous history the Church of England possesses. The antiquity of its institutions is such that their existence is commonly taken for granted. The parochial system goes back in fact to Saxon times—England was being divided into parishes before King Alfred was born—and arose from the need for a local, as distinct from a monastic or segregated

clergy. The monasteries possessed the flower of learning and piety, splendidly represented by the Venerable Bede, a historian of whom any age or nation might be proud ; but apart from them the opportunities of Christian instruction and even for the ministration of the sacraments were casual and infrequent. Certain central churches—the 'Old Minsters'—were founded to assist the Christianizing of the countryside, but they were too few to be effective, and their clergy could exercise no pastoral supervision of the scattered populace. Moreover, the ancient pagan cults had had a local priesthood of their own, and with the disappearance of this priesthood the Christian missionaries were looked to to provide an equivalent service. Thus, as the local lord had nominated the pagan functionary, so it fell to him, on his conversion to the new religion, to nominate a Christian successor. He whom the lord named, therefore, the bishop ordained. But upon the priest's ordination the bishop's concern with him ceased; he was not one of the bishop's men, but was answerable to his secular master. The area he served became his 'parish', where he lived for the most part a rough, isolated life, without direction or oversight, his job, apart from the tilling of his land, being to do for the people what they could not do for themselves, namely, to administer the means of grace.

With the passing of the centuries the bishops, who now began to keep registers of their activities, gained greater control over the parish clergy, while the authority of the feudal lord diminished. The number of the parishes after the Norman Conquest rapidly increased and no village was thought to be too small to have a church and a priest to serve it. But although the authority of the bishop grew during the middle ages it never succeeded in depriving the parish priest of his essential independence. To this day it has not done so, a fact to which the parson's 'freehold' bears age-long witness: a beneficed priest is still comparatively immune from control or interference, and is secure in his office ; his patron, having once nominated him, has no further powers, and although his bishop may not like him and may even disapprove of him, he cannot (save in extreme cases) eject him.

The Reformation revolutionized the old order, but the structure of the medieval Church was left intact, including the parochial system. Nor did even the Puritans, although on their doctrine of the 'parity of ministers' they pressed for the abolition of the hierarchy, seek to change this ; rather, they conceived the Church as a federation of parishes, each of which was to be a wholly independent unit. The life of the Church of England became, and has since remained, essentially parochial. The clergy, except for those residing in the universities—the nearest approximation to the old monasticism—have always been parochial clergy ; to-day, for the great majority of them, no alternative form of clerical vocation, apart from the mission field, is open.

The great abuse of the eighteenth century, and patent evidence of the secularity by which the national Church was gripped, was of course pluralism. The granting of a licence for pluralities was a right inherited by the archbishops from the pre-Reformation Papacy and all too readily exercised. It seldom, if ever, took account of parochial needs and was secured by those sufficiently fortunate to hold the strings of social influence. The responsibilities of office were taken lightly enough and the pluralist was commonly a permanent absentee as well. Many a parish never saw its rector and had to be content—though in an easy-going age the laity were not too exacting in the matter of their pastors—with the services of an ill-paid drudge whose supreme concern lay in cherishing the hope of eventual, albeit long delayed, preferment. We ought not, however, to omit to do honour to the exceptions, for the devotion, if not the amiable follies, of Parson Adams could hardly have existed only in a novelist's imagination.

The nineteenth century marked a quickening of consciences and the Church did not escape the general reformism. Pluralities were abolished and clerical residence enforced. An Act of 1836 created a permanent Ecclesiastical Commission with powers relating to the disposal of the Church's revenues. The incomes of the bishops—in certain instances of princely size—were reduced, and a large number of cathedral and collegiate offices—the most of them mere sinecures—suppressed. The monies thus sequestered were used either for the augmentation of the endowments of existing benefices or for the foundation of new ones. In the same year also the clergy were relieved of the difficulty and vexation of collecting their tithes in kind, a rent charge being substituted therefor. (We have seen, exactly a century later, the curtailment of this too, a direct cause of the situation which a return to the system of pluralities is devised to alleviate). Indeed the Victorian period was the Church of England's Indian summer ; its clergy were numerous and educated, its parishes well staffed, its influence pervasive in almost every class of society. It is to this age that we still look back as though to the true and normal state of English religious and ecclesiastical life. But perhaps after all it was exceptional.

It is a commonplace that the Church to-day, like every other ancient institution, is finding its spirit and its structure alike tried and tested as never before by the whirl of change which besets our time. The Victorian age—which its children thought so revolutionary—seems to us in retrospect like a tranquil lagoon compared with the rough seas on which we voyage. The parish with its gentlemanly, upper-middle class parson, so delightfully reflected in the pages of Anthony Trollope, served well enough then—but (it should be remembered) in the country and the country towns only. It had

become an anachronism in Manchester and Birmingham. Still more is it an anachronism to-day. Can it really be said that the vast conglomerations of brick and mortar—the creation, most of them, of latter years—with which every city in the land is more or less encompassed, present, when chopped up into ecclesiastical parishes numbering many thousands of souls each, a naturally suitable basis for the work of a priest, single-handed, or with only a young and inexperienced neophyte for helper? Even in the overseas mission-field the worker has the encouragement and support of his fellow missionaries. He is rarely (one imagines) in these days the solitary apostle which he generally is in an English parish.

Is it not time, therefore, that the national Church made some really resolute effort to free itself from a tradition that has become only hampering, and make clear, to itself and to the world without, that new conditions demand of it new methods? Is it not intrinsically absurd to suppose that the spiritual need of, say, 15,000 largely unbelieving people can be met by means identical with those once devised for the pastoral care of 500 faithful? If so, then what alternatives may we look to?

No possible system can be an instrument for the conversion of England in a few years. But even if the institution of the parish itself be not drastically overhauled we have need of a more mobile ministry.* The existing system of 'freeholds' confers security at the price, too commonly, of men in the wrong jobs unable to get out of them. Ten years might well be the maximum period for the tenure of a benefice, with five or seven as the normal. This would mean virtual abolition of the freehold, and with it, of course, further restriction of the patron's rights. And why not? There would, naturally enough, have to be safeguards for the material interest of the parson, with no concessions to the whims and fancies of disgruntled individuals among the parishioners. But given such safeguards it is probable that the clergy would in the main welcome a method that made of 'preferment' a rational thing, which at present it is not. As matters traditionally stand a clergyman finds himself in a new living by a kind of accident. All manner of persons—quite apart from the Crown, the bishops and public bodies of various sorts—have the inherited right of appointment. Happily, advowsons may not now be bought and sold, but the lay patron is seldom in a position to make, of his own selection, a wise nomination; he may not be much interested in his responsibility, or is possibly not even a Christian except in a merely conventional sense. It is common knowledge that more often than not the lay patron leaves the actual choice of an incumbent in the hands of the diocesan bishop, but there is a decided

* The report of a committee on "The Mobility of the Clergy" has in fact lately been presented to the Church Assembly. Its recommendations are wise as far as they go.

feeling among the clergy that it is undesirable for the bulk of clerical appointments to rest, in practice, solely at the latter's discretion; episcopal opinion is not always unprejudiced or perfectly informed. In fact the whole question of patronage will, sooner rather than later, have to be tackled at its roots. As a legacy from the past it is unco-ordinated and haphazard in its working, and impedes any really fit disposition of the Church's manpower.

The larger towns would, I think, better be treated as 'districts' with a central 'parish' church, the other churches, formerly independent, being subordinate to it. The ministry of evangelization and pastoral oversight might thus be envisaged and planned as a whole, the incumbent's assistants being chosen, so far as possible, for variety of capacity and function. Thus, a man with marked preaching or teaching ability, or the natural 'youth leader', could be assigned such work as his specialty. Unmarried men would preferably live in community, under some suitable form of rule. They should at any rate be spared the inconvenience and embarrassment of 'digs'. Plainly, the status of unbeneficed clergymen would have to be improved. At the moment—although the shortage of assistant curates has introduced allurements in the shape of higher stipends and rent-free houses—it is usually the desire of the unbeneficed to acquire a living as quickly as they can. An unbeneficed parochial clergyman who has been long in Orders is looked upon as *ipso facto* a failure. But under some such alternative system as here suggested this would be altered. The professional status of assistant priests would be redefined and their security in office assured. There would be a recognizable order of promotion with a corresponding scale of payment. Parishes would lose their 'vicar', but the advantages in the new arrangements would in time become manifest. We might at last indeed begin to see the fruit of our labours. The existing system has been simply left on our hands; it would never, as its critics justly argue, have been invented to meet a situation like that in which we actually find ourselves. There would however be many places where the old parishes might continue intact, as still of use. Change would be most apparent where the population was either dense or sparse.

A further point. Ordinands are now, almost to a man, recruited from town dwellers. At present the occupants of all the numerous country livings have had their training, perforce, in towns, and many come to these benefices without knowledge or understanding of country life. It is not their fault. There is simply no provision for the post-ordination training of specifically country parsons. Were the new 'parish' of the future to include a town and its surrounding countryside, or were it, again, to be constituted from a small group of existing country parishes, thus forming a sphere in which young men

could receive special training, this acknowledged defect might easily be overcome. It is unfair and unwise to regard church life in the country as a mere backwater unworthy of serious attention.

Are such changes as these feasible? They certainly are possible. They would of course take time. The important thing is, to begin with, that public opinion should be made ready for them. Conservatism, inertia, prejudice will at once resist them in strength. Probably among the most hostile would be those whose interest in the Church's work is most perfunctory—the ill-informed non-worshipping members of the 'C. of E.', who nevertheless are forward, when occasion arises, to express emphatic views. Others, too, would have to be brought to see the need—the good and faithful, but 'parochial' of outlook. Far greater changes took place in the sixteenth century and the public mind then, on the whole, was astonishingly quick to accept them. To-day's necessities are upon us. What is suggested is no new Reformation, but certain clear-sighted and judicious readjustments of means to ends.

(The Reverend B. M. G. Reardon's parish is in Devon.)

CANTERBURY BELLS

BY A. V. STUART

WHITE angels, glimmering in the gloom
Of my blue twilight room,
Climbing the Jacob's ladder of your stem
To the heaven from which you came,
Yet leaning earthwards fondly too, to gaze
Where the polished table reflects each innocent face
In a milky dapple of bloom.

White bells, whose slender clappers ring a chime
Beyond this world of time,
A tenuous peal, remote and faint, yet clear
To the quiet attentive ear.
Strange ye should wither, stainless emissaries, given
Here as foretaste of heaven!
Live then a little longer, climb and chime
In the mirror-music of my adoring rhyme.

THE TRUE GUARDIANS OF OUR CULTURE

BY J. MACALISTER BREW

IT was an article in a Sunday newspaper that started it. "One of the most beautiful walks in all London," it began, "starts from Greenwich Pier." So on a Saturday afternoon of blazing sunshine we set off from Westminster. "We ought to have taken a water-bus," said my companion, "if only as a tribute to A. P. Herbert." "We'll come back by one" I said, abandoning the thought of our return tickets in reckless tribute to the lavish beauty of the twinkling river.

There is always a wealth of human interest on these river steamers—but always a certain consistency about the ingredients. This afternoon was no exception, although the company was enriched by a party of girls from a youth club. In rich cockney they called to one another—and to the young woman in charge of the party. "Miss—another—and to the young woman in charge of the party. "Miss—Sylvia's feeling sick." "Oo miss, do they still keep prisoners in the Tower?" "Miss, where do they 'ang them?" "Miss, ain't down 'ere and let the water run through your fingers." "Miss, ain't it beautiful?" "Ave a sandwich." "Miss—Miss—Miss"—young demanding adolescents, greedy for life and experience, they stand on the bridge between the purely physical life and the kingdom of the spirit. Their development is always interesting and sometimes beautiful but how wearing to spend a Saturday afternoon in a hiss of Misses. It was fortunate perhaps that their leader seemed too young and carelessly beautiful to be anything else but resilient. By the time we had arrived at Greenwich all but she were convinced that "Miss" is the ugliest word in the English language.

On a summer's day Greenwich Pier is like a pocket handkerchief sea-side resort. Old men sit on the benches—and a group of even older men drink mugs of tea around the refreshment buffet. But we walked out along the river in the spirit of the past, for here Shakespeare acted before the Queen—here Chaucer and Dr. Johnson walked. Here Evelyn, Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren worked. Here Raleigh spread his cloak for Queen Elizabeth, and here King Charles started to build a lovely home for his Queen—and through the massive gates of the Royal Naval College Nelson's body was carried for the last time. There might have been something saddening about the dignified tranquillity of this sublimely lovely block of build-

ings were it not for the girls' club party, who, impervious to this vast court of memory, had found the steps to the little pebbly beach and hurled themselves down like so many jet 'planes.

We walked slowly along, into the Royal College grounds, into the Chapel (one of the most impressive entrances to any private chapel) and then past the Queen's House to the building which is devoted to the Nelson relics. As we reached the doorway several small boys in wolf club uniform came out, walking along sedately as though overawed by what they had seen, or else dazzled by the sunlight. Suddenly, in the way of small boys who are at least three-quarters animal till adolescence, two started to run; a third for no apparent reason snatched the cap from his companion and one of those good-tempered puppy fights caused solely by pure affection barred our way for a few moments.

In the entrance hall of the museum there stands a display case showing all those many varieties of knots which only sailors, scouts and guides can ever find fascinating, though doubtless many would be useful if only we could learn how to tie, or untie them. But this afternoon was not the time to learn; the whole case was surrounded by hot and grubby little cubs, reverently and earnestly pointing out the rapturously intricate details to one another. Two large and very hot cub mistresses were trying to get them unglued from the cases. Surely only great devotion to a cause would allow any woman to sacrifice so much outward grace for inward ease as that uniform demands, and then freely offer up a perfect Saturday afternoon to such unpredictable creatures as eight-year-old boys. They are not even tied to these creatures by the compulsive loyalty of blood relationship.

We walked on into the rooms where all those many relics of Nelson have been so lovingly collected. Now we are in the thick of a company of older boys. It is a school party—and one recognizes all the various types of the lower fourth—so well known to us from school stories—though this is no boarding school but a form or so from a secondary modern school. Here is the necessary fat boy—in rather long shorts—bursting at every seam and with a lemonade bottle sticking out of a protestingly sagging pocket. Here is the fair-haired blue-eyed smiler—so too appealingly representative of British boyhood at its best that it is difficult to believe that he is real. He is one of the few that are sensibly dressed—khaki shorts and shirt, with a haversack for his sandwiches.

Here before the blue coat which Nelson was wearing when he received his fatal wound at Trafalgar, stand three boys. They bear the indefinable mark of having been born and brought up in the back streets of a town—it is something to do with the way their hair is cut and left without a parting so that forlorn fringes fall over their

foreheads. Two of them turn away; the third, a thin-legged boy with a very new cap firmly wedged behind ears definitely designed for the purpose of keeping caps on, looks furtively round with the air of one of the more desperate of the forty thieves—and then gently touches the faded orders sewn to that small brave coat.

A much too thin little boy with sandy hair and spectacles is breathing mistily over the glass case which contains, among other wither-wringing mementoes, the scrap of paper on which Nelson first wrote a message with his left hand. There he stands gulping his pleasure down and then looking round in an off-handed way as though trying to hide any evidence of enjoyment from everyone, including himself. A crowd of boys, pushing and shoving in the purest friendship and ecstasy, stand round the sofa on which Nelson lay to have his arm amputated. "Oh sir, was it really this one?" "Sir, it says the blood's still on it." "Sir—Sir—Sir"—we retreat and start the long trek to the comparative silence of the tea rooms.

Much later we embark on the river-bus. The school party is already on board. There are three masters in charge—and not one too many for the constant chorus of "Sir's". "Sir—be sure to take the exact time we start." "I want to log our time both ways," says a little boy with a greasy note-book (most of them have greasy note-books and stubby pencils). "Sir, look at my map I've drawn." "Sir, can I get the driver's autograph?" (he does too). His note-book is full of lists—car numbers, engine numbers and just "lists of things"—all are grist to the mill of any boy between ten and fourteen. "Sir—can I go below for some pop?" "Sir—Sir".

One of the masters has brought his wife and grammar school son along with him. The boy is conspicuously neat and aloof, while his mother's toilet has obviously been achieved on the sole principle of providing her with "nothing that would spoil." They seem a curious pair to belong to this good-tempered "Sir" who walks about in a leisurely fashion sharing himself with one group of boys, and then starting it all over again with the next. The sort of man who would protest to the death against any form of sweated labour for his charges, and is yet permitting himself to be exploited shamelessly—a restful creature spreading calm and information wherever he stops to talk. His wife is rigid with tension. She looks as though she is always struggling to create it. From where she sits she cries out busy-bee warnings to every boy who passes—to no purpose; they are all afflicted with the deafness of indifference.

How unlike the prototype of all Mrs. Murphies, who joins the river-bus at the Tower. ("Sir—why does it open?" "Sir—are those people walking at the very top?" "Sir—how does it work—is it hydraulics?"—this from a well-patched much too tidy boy with a little cardboard attaché case, a child who is rapidly being educated to

know more than all the rest of his family ; they will be proud and he ashamed—and ashamed of being ashamed). Mrs. Murphy has the wide grey eyes and black hair of her race. She is dirty, beautiful, and comfortable, and has four children with her. Baby is shoeless and pantless, wrapped in a blue blanket which slips and reveals all it is meant to cover. She embarks holding a two-year-old by the hand and yanks her on the seat by her arm. (If it were your child or mine and we did that, the arm would come out of its socket.) A four-year-old clutches at her skirt and a five-year-old follows absent-mindedly but close to heel. All have their mother's wide grey eyes and dark hair, and all dusty and dishevelled they cluster round her.

Kathie the four-year-old bends double over the rail and nearly takes a header into the water, but it is we—not Mrs. Murphy—who are disturbed. If any of her children fall into the water, "sure by all the Blessed Saints some kind lady or gentleman would pull them out. Johnny my eldest has been rescued three times." Perhaps it is as well that all the little Murphies wear a miniature St. Anthony. We are going under the bridges now : London Bridge, Southwark, Blackfriars, Waterloo and Hungerford. There is no man with a megaphone on the water-buses to tell the river's story, but the schoolboys have their lists, and as they approach they call out the names to the nearest "Sir" and then shout and shout for joy of the echo. Kathie Murphy looks disturbed by all this violence but Baby is quite unmoved.

The school party disembarks at Charing Cross pier ; a "Sir" in front counts, the two remaining "Sirs" only leaving when all are checked. They straggle off, hotly pursued by the tight-lipped wife and superior son. With war whoops and tremendous footfalls the wolf cubs emerge with their cub mistresses ; they have been below all the time. School party, girls' club outing, and wolf cubs—they have all had a Saturday afternoon in Greenwich and have gone the royal way by water. To shrill calls of "Sir" and "Miss" they melt away in the dying loveliness of a summer evening.

If education is indeed an adventure of the human spirit surely these selfless ones who give their free time to these young adventurers are the leaders of it. Saturday after Saturday countless "Sirs" and "Misses" such as these, make it possible for hundreds of young people to live in the country of joy for at least an afternoon, and help them to walk some way at least in the direction of power and beauty.

Many of their charges would seem at a casual meeting splendidly resistant to education—but we have to breed from stock, and these men and women have learned to co-operate with the human material that comes within their influence. They are of the happy band with no desire to mould society according to some self-designed pattern of good. They pass no hasty judgments on those younger than them-

selves, and make no effort to impose their will on the growing minds of the boys and girls they thus take a-visiting.

The magnitude of their devotion can only be appreciated fully if one realizes that there is a fixed formula of hazards which all who embark on a school journey or a club outing have to negotiate. There is always one member of the party who is sick in whatever mode of transport is used ; always one who will lose purse, sandwiches, coat or cap. By a law of capillary attraction a nettle-bed, cow-patch, stream or lake will suck the most complaining member of the party into its stings, dirt or wetness. Someone will always cut themselves on a lemonade bottle, one will *almost* be left behind at the starting point, and two will always be missing until the very moment that transport is due to make the return journey. And no-one—least of all those who fall into these diverse troubles—will really give a damn about these discomforts and none will guess what a nervous strain is imposed on the organizers of the party. To the young the leader is a *deus ex machina* in whom all trust and confidence is placed—why should they worry ?

And what reward comes to those whose selflessness, courage, kindness and commonsense make these journeys possible ? Among the last to leave the river-bus is a father and a little girl : "Oh Daddy—haven't we had a lovely day ? Did you ever do this when you were a little boy 'bout my age ?" "Yes, Darling, I came with the scouts once." In that sentence is the reward of those who pour their free time like a libation at the feet of the coming generation.

For many of those screaming girls and tumbling boys will in their turn take their children—or a similar band—to stand in embarrassed reverence before Nelson's coat or in ecstasy before what one of the girls called "the *real* picture of what was in our blue history book." It is these unassumingly brave people organizing educational visits, school journeys and club outings who perform one of the most lasting educational tasks. These are the true guardians of our culture. The day will linger in the memory of many of these seemingly unaware creatures now living so fully in the present. And because of this, their children and their children's children will make the pilgrimage to Greenwich, or to many another of those glories of our race—where beauty of outward form and greatness of spirit combine to persuade even the least of us to work for a while, at all events, on the side of the angels. They are tired on Saturday nights, these unassuming men and women, but in their quiet way, having gone down to the sea in ships, they too have indeed done business in great waters.

(Dr. Brew is Education Adviser to the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs.)

JURA : THE PROBLEM ISLAND

BY JOAN CURL

A TRAVELLER on his way for the first time to any of the Hebridean islands is bound to feel considerable curiosity, not because the Hebrides are *terra incognita*, but because they are constantly being brought to the notice in a variety of ways and in many contrasting lights.

There is, on the one hand, the romantic approach, fostered by numerous writers both Scots and English. Across the misty sea lies another world, a world of fairies and poets, of seers and sweet singers. "The Isles that Time Forgot," says the steamship company's handbook, and "The Isles of Youth", still harking back to Tir n'an Og and ignoring the dual facts of present-day development and of continued depopulation, which the realistic approach underlines.

The reader of newspapers receives a different set of impressions. Panels and commissions investigate and report upon the state of these distressed islands; ships are wrecked on their rocky shores; milk brought by steamer from Inverness to Stornoway turns sour and is dumped overboard; high tides prevent a doctor from reaching his patient; a child is born in a 'plane on its way to Glasgow; the Harris tweed industry is being killed by the purchase tax; hydro-electric schemes will save the islands from destitution; a Minister of Transport feels cold and "uncomfortable" on the crossing from North Uist to Benbecula and promises that a bridge shall be built.

A land where it is always either raining or blowing or both, yet enjoying intervals of glorious technicolor; a barren land, whose poverty-stricken natives (living under primitive conditions) wrest a meagre subsistence from hostile sea and grudging soil; a land of rough justice and bitter feuds (*vide The Brothers*); of characters dour or jolly whose motive power is "the water of life" (*vide Whisky Galore*); a land where Jacobitism is not dead, and where Scottish nationalism adds new grievances to the still-rankling old ones.

Bewildered by this mass of contradictory information, no wonder the traveller feels more than ordinarily curious as he gazes westward until the grey shapes low on the horizon assume height and form and colour, and he steps at last from the gangway on to Hebridean soil.

Much depends, of course, on the particular island visited. Lewis and Harris are thickly populated; they suffered no clearances and therefore no break in continuity. Barra and the Uists are plentifully sprinkled with new two-storeyed white houses. The farms of Islay have big fields, good buildings and spacious farmhouses. Through-out the Outer Isles there is much official and semi-official activity; electricity has arrived, a new spinning-mill, a new bakery and a seaweed-processing factory have recently been erected. Every tiny school has its up-to-date canteen. The stores are well-stocked and the hotels full of anglers. In spring and summer a cloud of inspectors floats from isle to isle—Min. of Ag. and Fish., lighthouses, postal, insurance, school medical and dental.

Jura is different from any of the others. They spring their surprises, but Jura provides what one expects from a Hebridean island. First, a dramatic skyline, only surpassed by those of Skye and Rhum. Secondly, an air of mystery. Even while you watch, that fretted silhouette—apparently cut out of pale blue paper and pasted on the horizon—veils itself in mist. Clouds roll down out of the immense sky and envelop the hills; grey curtains of rain sweep visibly past. Then a shaft of sunlight pierces the clouds, a patch of black moorland turns emerald and a rainbow appears, so delicately beautiful against the threatening background that the Little People themselves might well have hung it there.

The great rounded hills of Jura dominate the landscape, afflicting the nervous visitor with a suggestion of brooding gloom which can be almost as disturbing as the livelier malevolence of the Coolins. They are trackless, trodden only by the red deer. The emptiness of the island as to humans—only 240 in 160 square miles—and the knowledge that the dark hills are alive with deer, gives the feeling of being in one of those African game reserves, where every bend in the road may conceal a ferocious animal. A thousand years ago, Jura was named Dyrey (Deer Island) by the Norseman, and a seventeenth-century traveller dubbed it "a horrid ile and a habitation fit for deere and wild beasts." So one's first impression—of a land forcibly emptied of its human tenants and filled up with deer in their place; in other words, a land which suffered exceptionally in the nineteenth-century clearances and has remained ever since in the condition to which it was then reduced—is not altogether correct. The red deer have always been the most numerous inhabitants of Jura, and the island was no worse treated in the clearances than other parts of the Highlands.

There are, of course, the usual ruined homesteads in glens now desolate, but it was not the deer which drove their people forth. Rather was it the impact of economic circumstances; the land could not support the population, even at contemporary subsistence level.

Some had to go, and their holdings were divided amongst those who remained. The land was in good heart, carrying large stocks of Highland cattle, and the islanders who stayed on did well for a time. The continual decline in the pound's purchasing power, however, combined with the steady rise in standards of living to create a vicious circle in which crofters and farmers are still caught up. More and ever more land is needed to increase turnover, and one factor at least is of the opinion that in less than twenty years the Highlands and Islands will be farmed wholly on ranch lines.

The present state of Jura is that by far the greater part of the island is divided between five estates, each averaging about 20,000 acres. There are a few tenant farmers, and five crofting townships. Anyone wishing for a glimpse of the old Hebridean scene has only to leave the road by a wet and stony track just beyond the village (there is but one road and one village), and cross a flowery field, rising slightly and then descending to a stream. On the further bank, over ford and stepping-stones and through a gate consisting of a single bar, lies the township of Kiells. It is invisible from the road, but can be seen from the steamer as a tiny cluster of grey huts like a native kraal, surrounded by its striped fields and common grazing, and protected by a high deer fence. Cottages and byres of stone, thatched or slated, stand haphazardly about. Hens, ducks, cats and dogs scratch around in the mud and the cattle dirt, the dogs ready to leap upon the prying stranger. An air of picturesque poverty hangs about such a place that seems to bear out the factor's gloomy prophecy. On the other hand, when one takes into account the numerous subsidies and grants available to crofters, and the negligible rent and rates which they pay, together with the good prices now obtaining for cattle, one cannot help wondering whether after all that prophecy is not unduly pessimistic.

Few men in other islands attempt to live by crofting alone. They regard a croft as an inexpensive home, which provides them with milk, eggs and potatoes in return for part-time labour ; they combine this with a paid job (roadman, postie, lorry driver, ferryman) or with the profitable sidelines of lobster fishing or ghillying for the anglers who pack the hotels during the season.

In Jura there are very few such jobs to be had. Is the answer the introduction of some light industry, or of commercial afforestation, or the development of the tourist trade ? It has been said that Jura men, like the men of Skye and also of Ireland, are apathetic at home though energetic enough in exile. Would they exert themselves to make any of these a success ? Across the narrow Sound lies busy, prosperous Islay, its prosperity based on farming, distilling and visitors. Jura's agriculture belongs either too much to the past (crofting) or too much to the possible future (ranching). Its one

distillery is in ruins, and it makes next to no provision for the tourist. Its one so-called " inn " (comfortable in a very simple way) is just a farmhouse, whose staff consisted in June 1949 of one young girl who appears to be ' fey ' but is probably merely unaccustomed to strangers. There are no licensed premises on the island. All fishing, shooting and stalking is private. Is it possible that the five lairds of Jura are antipathetic towards visitors—like the owner of Rhum, the island which does *not* like to be visited ?

Heaven forbid that any Hebridean isle should be ' Butlinized ', but Jura could very well be made attractive to holiday-makers with hardly any diminution of its wild charm. Its climate is invigorating, with the clear light and lovely colouring typical of the Hebrides. It has some exquisite beaches, where the flowers run down to the sand and the rocks are cushioned with seapinks. It has an almost land-locked bay, just inviting small boats ; it has mountains to climb, wild life to watch, caves to explore, and much to interest the geologist and the botanist. Islay has a golf-course, why not Jura ? And why not ponies for hire, as in the days when Queen Victoria discovered the Highlands ? As for access and communications : the Glasgow steamer calls three days a week in each direction, while for anyone in a hurry there is a daily air service from Glasgow to Islay and a ferry between the two islands. And a team of Post Office men have for months been erecting poles and wires along the island's one road, for the benefit of twenty-odd subscribers !

It was once suggested that the Highlands and Islands should be declared a national park, and a great outcry was raised by people who assumed that implied the prevention of all development and the perpetual preservation of the *status quo*. But this is not the case, as those who work to establish national parks have always emphasized. A flourishing tourist industry in Jura would stimulate all kinds of ancillary activities, while allowing more scope for the individual enterprise preferred by the Highlander to a regular job.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

ISLAMIC SOCIETY AND THE WEST

By H. S. DEIGHTON

IT would be difficult to name a subject of academic study more likely to be of practical and immediate importance to the future of mankind than that of the peoples and societies, loosely, if conveniently, termed oriental, who make up the greatest part of it. This is especially true of the study of their relationship with those peoples whose way of life has been largely determined by the intellectual developments which took place in western Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. As the result of their own achievements, the western peoples have given rise to a state of affairs in which for the first time, the peoples of the world are one in destiny, if not in will or in standards of value. It would not be too much to say that the future depends upon the ability of the oriental peoples to absorb enough of what is essential of western ways and techniques, to enable them to stand on their own in the modern world, without betraying their traditions and becoming rootless Levantines—in the worst sense of that term—and developing the destructive bitterness which, in such circumstances, so often goes with the loss of self-respect.

Fortunately for the western peoples—whose own future is at least as much at stake in this matter—their characteristic genius for careful investigation can be, and is, applied equally to human as to material phenomena. The orientalist is as much a typical product of the western environment as the atomic scientist, and perhaps, hardly less important. Some years before the outbreak of war in 1939, two distinguished British orientologists, Professor H. A. R. Gibb, who

holds the Laudian Chair of Arabic at Oxford, and Mr. Harold Bowen, set out to study* the effects of the impact of western ideas upon the eastern peoples nearest to the centres of western development and most immediately affected by Europe. The inhabitants of the Muslim, Ottoman Empire, which, at the outset of what historians call the modern age, ruled, from Constantinople, the lands of the Eastern Mediterranean, including the Balkans, littorals of the Black Sea and the entire southern shore of the Mediterranean, from Sinai to the Straits of Gibraltar.

The original conquest of this vast territory by the Ottoman Turks was, it is becoming apparent, almost as much the result of religious enthusiasm as had been the original, and hardly more extensive, Arab conquests of the seventh century. As they rose to empire, the Sultans lost their intimate contact with the religious forces which had been the instrument of their triumphs and leaned more heavily on Persian and other precedents for imperial rule. They magnified their office and instituted the famous *Devşirme*—the so-called “blood-tax”—itself as the authors show, in contravention of the Sacred Law of Islam. With the slaves thus acquired, the Sultans created what was surely, in its greatest days, one of the most efficient instruments of government that history records—and the, for years, unbeatable army of janissaries.

The system revolved around and depended upon the Sultans and when, after the middle of the sixteenth century, the quality of the Padishahs declined

it fell into decay. But, for long inviolate and then slowly dwindling in size, the Empire continued in being until 1918, a subject for the strictures, the exasperation and, eventually, for the rather reluctant admiration of centuries of western commentators. Even the later, degenerate, Sultans did not lack good lieutenants—the names of Sokolli Pasha and of the Kuprili family (to give them in their familiar form) are famous, even in European history. Readers of this book will learn why it was not possible for a Grand Vizier, even of this quality, to be the equivalent of a good Sultan. They will learn much more too, of incidental interest to the reader of European history—the origin of the Sublime Porte, and why the Reis Effendi came to be thought of as the Ottoman foreign minister, as well as many greatly more significant things—as, for example, how it was that no one could do for the Ottoman Empire, in the face of western material superiority, what Peter the Great and his like, did for Russia—and what was done for Japan in the nineteenth century.

For the authors, who started with the intention of studying the effect of western ideas upon Islamic society in the Eastern Mediterranean since 1800, found themselves obliged to undertake a major work of scholarship in establishing the circumstances at that time. In consequence of this they have written, in spite of the fact that it is analytical and not at all narrative in form, what is very much the best account of the Ottoman Empire that has appeared since historical studies took their modern shape. Another volume is to come, dealing chiefly with religious and cultural institutions, to complete the initial task. The authors have chosen a subject of the first importance to students of contemporary affairs and incidentally have undertaken to fill a large gap in modern historical literature. They have provided the first volume of the prolegomena to what may prove to be one of the major works of British scholarship in the twentieth century.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

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THE STRUGGLE FOR GERMANY,
by Drew Middleton. *Allan Wingate.*
12s. 6d.

GERMANY: WHAT NOW?
Potsdam 1945 - Partition 1949, by
Basil Davidson. *Frederick Muller.*
12s. 6d.

The moment, five years after the smashing of Hitler's fortress, is well chosen for an assessment of the mind and mood of Germany to-day and the effects of Allied policy. Such a critique of the German ward-in-chancery, rather than a study of the German factor in international politics, is attempted in both the volumes under review. Mr. Drew Middleton is a top-flight American journalist who has worked in the Soviet Union and (for the *New York Times*) in Germany and was present at the meetings of the Council of Foreign Ministers which marked the rift between east and west, leading inevitably to the partition of Germany. He gives us an honest, unpretentious record of impressions without going at all deep into the ‘problem of Germany’. Mr. Davidson, one of the younger generation who has made his mark in British foreign political journalism, has evidently thought much more about the problem. But there is a strange formlessness about his book (written, presumably, in too much of a hurry), and the facts are too patently arranged to fit his thesis, that of the typical leftwing intellectual: the western powers bear the responsibility for the partition of Germany by their failure to implement the social changes agreed upon at Potsdam and, specifically, by their repudiation of the reparations-and-industry Agreement of March 1946.

Mr. Davidson takes his stand on the Potsdam Agreement which, he says, “presumed, though it did not promulgate, far-reaching social changes in Germany.” Such a treatment of the body politic, he argues, was prescribed by any objective diagnosis of German history and of the state of mind of the Germans after thirteen years of

Islamic Society and the West, by H. A. R. Gibb and Harold Bowen. Volume 1: *Islamic Society in the Eighteenth Century*. Part 1. Oxford University Press. (Issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs.) 25s.

Hitlerian intoxication, as it was dictated by any intelligent appreciation of the Allies' mistakes after the 1914-1918 war. Fear of social change it was, he reminds us, which preserved, under Weimar, those reactionary middle-class influences which were, ultimately, to find in Hitler their instrument; the same fear, he concludes, has occasioned the falling-away from the original U.S. policy directive JCS 1067, which envisaged a radical transformation of German society and a growth of a new society based upon these changes. Early in 1946, according to Mr. Davidson, American opinion swung round to the view that German 'big business' influences must be preserved at all costs and a bulwark established against Bolshevism; the attitude of France was, anyway, an effectual barrier to German unity, and Britain's middle-of-the-road policy was necessarily ineffectual. The subsequent development has followed naturally, with the West German State as 'nobody's child', and the Allies concerned, above all, that the blame for partition should appear to lie with the Russians. Mr. Davidson goes so far as to say that "the West German State is the negation of all that the United Nations fought to achieve." When he goes on, in his last pages, to offer "tentatively" as remedy the neutralization of Germany and a four-power peace treaty involving the withdrawal of all occupying troops, with adequate guarantees, it would be no wonder if many dismissed him as a political simpleton. Actually, it probably only means that he is one of the misguided Marxist brethren whom Mr. Morgan Phillips, on behalf of the Labour Party, recently repudiated.

Mr. Drew Middleton, on the other hand, is convinced that the shift in American policy was no premeditated one but the direct consequence of the breakdown of the "joint policy" posited at Potsdam and of the 'cold war': no deep-dyed sociological decision—and certainly not "the result of pressure in Germany by what left-wing

writers describe as "big Nazis" and "powerful Ruhr industrialists". He is illuminating on the effect which German efficiency and technique had on the Americans with their non-political engineer-mentality serving under Military Government; and he is eminently sensible on the revival of German nationalism. That the Germans place economic security every time above the exercise of civil liberties; that they cleave naturally to authoritarian forms and methods of government and do not take easily to our ideas of democracy—such conclusions may appear to us somewhat naïve, but they are none the less soundly based. The author brings out very well the consequences of the destruction and disruption without parallel in the Germany of 1945—which we are apt now to forget. What the Germans have experienced in two wars, he is convinced, has had a lasting effect on their outlook. This new Germany can be made 'safe for democracy' by incorporation in Western Union, and, if this is done, the Russians, who have laid up for themselves such a store of hatred—and do make many mistakes—must lose the struggle.

WILLIAM RYDAL.

ESSEX, by C. Henry Warren. *Robert Hale*. 15s.

COUNTRY MAGAZINE: Book of the B.B.C. Programme. *Odhams*. 10s. 6d.

It may be said of Essex that "you must love her, ere to you she will seem worthy of your love." In the past few years several books have been devoted to the county by writers who follow the precepts of Mr. Gradgrind. Very many facts with very little illumination have gone to the making, while the county has waited for the historian it deserves, the man equipped not only with industry but with deep, sympathetic understanding of the country scene and those who fill it from Waltham to Bradwell, from Saffron Walden to Canvey Island.

After studying the Essex scene for more than sixty years and reading a great part of the books devoted to it, I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Henry Warren's contribution to the 'Country Books' series of Messrs. Robert Hale is the best modern expression of both features and character.

Time and again the reader forgets the guide-book side; he is carried away by the rich and sympathetic narrative, the charm of the writing, the feeling that this book is a love child in the best sense of the term. Mr. Warren's contribution to Essex is the outcome of a study that is nearly complete, a sufficing knowledge of architecture, a love of wild life that has saved him from being a sportsman, and such a quiet eye for points of interest that the reader never loses touch. *Novit qui Deos agrestes*; his understanding is as kindly as it is shrewd. He has followed change without enthusiasm, noting with regret the destruction of Essex woodlands, the passing of rural industries and craftsmen at the bidding of the machine. But he has preserved something from the latter day change and great praise for help given is due to Mr. John Tarlton of Fairstead whose photographs are pictures.

Mr. Warren deals in discriminating fashion with history and legend so that each helps the narrative; his many technical descriptions are clear and easy to follow. The writing itself is excellent prose and comes near to poetry at times. In short the author is to be congratulated and having said so much it is permissible to be slightly critical. He must not claim the oxlip as the monopoly of Bardfield, he must not suggest that the primrose will grow freely in Essex; the Blackwater Estuary is no longer a sportsman's paradise and the murderous puntgun is passing; we have to thank the aerodrome at Bradwell for this, the one redeeming feature of an ugly intrusion. A 'cosset' pig is not necessarily the "cad" of the litter; in his enumeration of the loveliest villages of Essex he has overlooked Henham and

like all other writers he ignores the canal that runs from Heybridge Basin to Chelmsford through some miles of serene pastoral country on its way past Little Baddow, a village that he too passes by. He says nothing of the lovely river Roding from its rise by Easton Park to its fall in a slum, or of Stone Hall with its once famous Garden of Friendship, or of the Wellingales and their twin churches. But we may hope that in later editions of his delightful book he will atone for these trifling omissions and will resume his attacks upon those who forgetting that Essex is the walker's countryside have closed field paths and ploughed up tracks that are a public right.

If other 'Country Books' are of like quality, both the publishers and Mr. Brian Vesey Fitzgerald, the general editor, will have acquired merit.

It is a far cry from this serious and engaging work to *Country Magazine*, a miscellany, shrill, amusing, self-satisfied, touching the surface of country life at many points but nowhere penetrating. This is not the fault of Mr. Dillon, the Editor, an excellent and shrewd chronicler of small beer, nor of the ladies and gentlemen who smile their content from the letterpress. In the section on sport the ugly side is discreetly ignored and here Mr. Evans of Usk makes the most attractive contribution, but to extract something enduring from 300 subjects in 250 pages is an impossible task; had they been infinite riches they would have suffered from too little room. Yet for townsmen at least this book should hold an appeal, particularly if they have been followers of *Tit Bits* and *Answers*. Doubtless all the material was worth broadcasting, the people responsible for selection may be relied on; whether the greater part was worth printing is another matter. Some may think that the records "to no such aureate earth have turned as, buried once, men want dug up again."

S. L. BENSUSAN.

THE STORY OF AN ORCHESTRA, by Boyd Neel. *Vox Mundi*. 10s. 6d.

The repertoire of music available to a string orchestra to-day, with and without other soloists, is considerable. The words "for strings" are familiar ones on our concert programmes, and there are many small orchestras formed to play nothing else. It comes as something of a surprise therefore to discover that no more than eighteen years ago most of this music was virtually unknown in this country and much uncomposed. There were no string orchestras and very few items for the medium ever figured in full orchestral programmes.

The field was thus clear for a new-comer to conquer, but it is a major mystery why it was left to a keen musical amateur, then a busy general medical practitioner in London, to divert his energies to this task in the face of discouragement and lacking all resources save enthusiasm. This fascinating story of struggle and achievement is now told by Boyd Neel himself, in a style fluent but unpretentious.

He quotes candidly from glowing press notices he and his orchestra began to receive almost everywhere, not in a mood of personal triumph but always on behalf of his team; he knows they are worthy of praise. He tells us little about himself, and though his book is nominally about the orchestra one feels that if he had allowed more of his personality to come through it would not have been an intrusion.

It is sobering to read Boyd Neel's reflections on the much-vaunted musical renaissance in this country and his somewhat bitter comments on those who repeat that heresy. One cannot blame him for making his point at length, and more than once in his book, for financial considerations have made him acutely aware of the truth of the situation. It has needed continued sacrifice by all concerned to keep his orchestra going for eighteen years, and even now it stands on the brink of a precipice. In the Foreword to the book Mr. Benjamin Britten voices a

plea on its behalf, and concludes: "I suggest it is our pleasure, privilege and duty to support this gallant enterprise, whether as players, composers or members of the audience." Readers of this book will surely concur.

PHILIP H. MORRIS.

A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE, by H. Heathcote Statham. Revised by Hugh Braun. *Batsford*. 21s.

In Victorian times, architects were busily and enthusiastically preoccupied with "styles". Buildings and monuments of the past were classified and docketed under the heading of one style or another. Indeed, the obsession was carried so far that the contemporary method of design often consisted of close, affectionate research into the manner and idiom of a previous period. "Within the memory of man there have been many 'battles of the styles', and yet, so far as can be seen, the style that has been almost entirely neglected has been the most important of all—that of our own age." Heathcote Statham wrote this in 1912. "It is a tragic paradox," he goes on to say, "that we should have become so self-conscious that we should have lost all real understanding of ourselves; that we should be so informed as to historical achievement that we should become almost incapable of achieving history." In recent times, nothing comparable with the range and scope of Heathcote Statham's great survey has been attempted; consequently it remains, many years after its first publication, a standard and authoritative work.

This new edition has been revised and expanded by Hugh Braun who describes himself in his preface as "a professional architect with a taste for historical research." The professional architect has little time to spare from his practice; therefore most histories of architecture have been compiled by the amateur, "more concerned, perhaps," writes Mr. Braun, "with aesthetic variations than structural problems. This is, however, of little consequence at the present time; for nowadays the study

of historical architecture is a matter for amateur enjoyment rather than professional instruction." For, as Heathcote Statham points out: "The student who is content to stop short at a consuming interest in archaeological facts and data, is not by way of developing into an architect." The architect of to-day no longer looks for designs in pattern books of styles and orders. Instead, he is in search of ways to express contemporary living; thereby he is contributing to the histories of architecture that will come to be written by the amateurs of the future.

"Architectural History is no drama before which the curtain may be lowered between the acts, for the action is continuous and the stage is never empty." Heathcote Statham uses these words to describe the plan and intention of his book. It consists of eight sections, each dealing with a distinct period of architectural development; yet the divisions are related one to the other with such care that the continuity of the whole record is preserved. Judged by any standard, it is an impressive work, comprehensive in its scope and detailed information. Above all, because it is alive with the author's delight in his subject, it is not only a valuable book to refer to, it is an enjoyable book to read. The new edition is lavishly illustrated with over six hundred photographs, most of which are clear and descriptive.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, by Mark Van Doren. *American Men of Letters Series*. *Methuen*. 15s.

To produce a critical biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne that should stand comparison with Henry James's classic (1879), to seek to penetrate the thought of the man who wrote, "God has imparted to the human soul a marvellous strength in guarding its secrets, and he keeps at least the deepest and most inward record for his own perusal," requires in the writer not courage alone but, what is rarer, the gift of creative imagination and such "intuitions of

another order" as the author of *Elected Silence* noted in Mark Van Doren, his Professor of English at Columbia University. In his preface Mr. Van Doren admits the difficulty, and then with the disarming comment on his subject, "I am very fond of him," effaces himself, leaving the stage to the uncanny presence of this "person talking to himself in a dark room."

The tale marches with speed. The child Nathaniel, "beautiful and bright", immersed in *The Pilgrim's Progress* at six, in Spenser at nine, petted, secluded, haunted always by a grim Puritan ancestry, becomes the handsome Bowdoin student of "high and delicate" honour, only to withdraw into that Dismal Chamber in the tall, old Salem house for thirteen lonely years. Success, marriage, deep happiness follow, yet the tale ends, in an intensely moving last chapter, with death as a prisoner's release. Fascinated, we turn back to study the inscrutable beauty of the 1840 portrait reproduced here.

Admirers of that "lovely, lonely book" may seek first the chapter on *The Scarlet Letter*. They will not be disappointed but they will miss the force of Mr. Van Doren's contention that the book is the culmination of earlier tales analysed in previous chapters with loving if fierce clarity. The best of them in his view—*Young Goodman Brown*, *Rappaccini's Daughter*, *Ethan Brand*—contain severally the elements that once only fused completely to produce in the novel that "passion-less quality", that "perfect balance", the expression of "that rare thing in any literature, an utterly serious imagination," confronted by "the horror it saw in every human heart." The protagonists, he suggests, "Sin, Guilt, Isolation, Pride were not the husks of Hawthorne's thought; they were its deep, warm centre," hence the overtones and the pertinence of the comment, "without his allegory Hawthorne would be nothing." The "centre"—but in the periphery what straining to be "not a soul but a citizen," what "nostalgia for the

ordinary"! "Out of touch with time," his biographer notes, "and he will be out of touch with any time," his concern being in Goethe's phrase "with things that are abiding."

In a book of luminous intelligence, oddly persuasive, and subtly evocative, Mark Van Doren has added a worthy third volume to the *American Men of Letters Series* initiated by Joseph Wood Krutch's fine volume on Thoreau, and Emery Neff's discriminating study of E. A. Robinson, the poet.

GRACE A. WOOD.

THE FORSAKEN GARDEN. An Anthology of Poetry: 1824-1909. Edited by John Heath-Stubbs and David Wright. The Chiltern Library John Lehmann. 8s. 6d.

The Victorian Age never really found itself in poetry. The Elizabethans, the Augustans, the Romantics—these give themselves fully to us, but as we turn over the standard nineteenth-century poets we feel that only half of their rich, complex, and contradictory world is expressed. Their true poets were the novelists—Dickens, Thackeray, Emily Brontë. The honest attempt of Tennyson and others to face the doubts and potentialities of the time were not continued by those who followed. Their doubts led them away from life, among the Preraphaelites with paste-board apples and posturing grief.

The verse of Swinburne, Housman, Dowson, and Wilde does not really speak for the last years of the nineteenth century. But though the virility and fecundity of that extraordinary age rarely found full expression in its accepted poets, it did show itself in the lighter verse—a fact that has been appreciated by the compilers of this tremendously entertaining anthology. They include plenty of work from the major poets (usually the less-hackneyed pieces), together with much fine minor verse, and they add a splendid selection of street ballads, music-hall songs, and hymns. These not only give body to the mixture, but they help to give a new meaning even to the well-known works.

The young ladies of the early Tennyson seem more alive when we have met the delightful fifteen-year-old who is going to be married on Monday and knows why; and the doubts and social questioning of the mid-century poets take an extra point from the irony of "Bacon and Greens."

At the same time the editors remind us how much good, quiet rural poetry was written in those days when the Industrial Revolution was changing the English scene. First of all the heart-breaking naturalness of John Clare:

I hid my love in field and town

Till e'en the breeze would knock me down.

And beside this is the work of many lesser-known, or, at least, lesser-read, poets: Charles Tennyson-Turner, William Barnes, and Benjamin Hardacre whose lyric might have come from the poetry column of a newspaper:

I like the sunny, flowery month of June,

Fit time for bard to celebrate in ballad;

A time when soaring larks their songs attune;

A time for lamb, potatoes new, and salad.

This song of sunburnt mirth was already lost to the more sophisticated poets. They were too much aware of the spreading factory suburbs, and the decline of the parish. They saw the countryside in an evening light, and felt affinity not (like the eighteenth century) with the Greeks but with the Romans, the beginning of the end of an era. Tennyson caught the double chord of pride in what was left and sadness for what was to go in those two organ preludes of lovely sound: "To Virgil" and "Frater Ave Atque Vale."

My only complaint is that the editors do not really do justice to the hymns. "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning" is here, but there is none of those 'Alexander-ines' which I personally detest in church but which carry the true hassock-and-lavender smell. Nor are there any of the grand evangelical choruses with which General Booth challenged the devil in his own tunes. But it would be a poor anthology which did not set you itching for something more, and this, on the contrary, is a very good one.

NORMAN NICHOLSON.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

enters a new year. Misgiving and a reluctance to embark upon the tentative, in August 1946, overpowered pride and joy in the prospect of handling every month the most precious of all cargoes. To-day these sensations are still opposed, and this notwithstanding kind letters and gratefully received encouragement. In fact, so far from banishing the fears like Isaac Watts who

Let every trembling thought be gone,

their ascendancy is used as a talisman against seven of the deadly sins of reviewing: omniscience, the two that might be telescoped as slipshoddiness, sycophancy, impatience of the author's point of view, being smart at his expense and the special impudence that criticizes what has not been read.

It all depends

In this mood of re-dedication *THE MEANING OF BEAUTY* by Eric Newton (*Longmans, Green*. 15s.) is companion and monitor both. It would be hard, and unprofitable too, to outrival Mr. Newton when he is defining the boundaries of a word that in its personal applications is boundless. He tests his thesis, that "beauty in Nature is a product of the mathematical behaviour of Nature . . . beauty in art is a product of man's love of . . . the mathematics of Nature," on an examination of Veronese's *Mystical Marriage of St. Catherine*. This is neither a book to be rushed at and read in a sitting nor one to be skipped. It engenders thought, always of slow gestation, and, if there are pauses for reflection, it can clarify some hitherto intuitive visual appreciations. In the process, the illustrations, some of whose originals are already known—in Antwerp, Chartres, London, Paris, Rome—take a new part in the life of the mind; others, from Florence, Siena and Venice, throw bright beams

on pleasures near at hand. In the search for good taste the format, paper and binding of the volume do not lag behind; without its dust jacket, it is itself capable of evoking responses from a common factor which men call beauty.

Huxleyan gifts

In attractive form too, the conclusions of another acute mind are being re-published by *Chatto & Windus*. Those on the table which are among the 23 so far announced of the "collected works of Aldous Huxley" are *EYELESS IN GAZA* (8s. 6d.), *DO WHAT YOU WILL* (6s.) and *BEYOND THE MEXIQUE BAY* (8s. 6d.). These were read on their first appearance in 1936, 1929 and 1934 respectively, and there is probably something dire in the fact that the first, and chronologically the latest, was so almost forgotten that the dog splashing blood as it fell from the plane was the sole recollection of an entire re-reading. Yet not only were the essays and travel journal remembered vividly but also the delight they previously gave. In a haunting and curiously poignant phrase Wilde said he put only his talent into his work and his genius into his life. Can it be that Mr. Huxley's talent is reserved for his novels—and that is why, glittering like the coloured balls our mothers tied on Christmas trees, they are as brittle and ephemeral? For surely his belles lettres—and even his journey pieces are essentially these—may be recognized as the product of genius. In them, curbing his disgust with humanity curbs the petulance too, and with no loss of Attic salt. And his prose is as clear cut as the observation is accurate.

Storing facts

This passion for accuracy prompts him to castigate the *Encyclopaedia*

Britannica of the 'thirties for its treatment of Central America. On turning over the pages of the *BRITANNICA BOOK OF THE YEAR 1950* (£2 10s. 0d.) there is no sign of "editorial ineptitude" in this record of the events of 1949. Indeed, so comprehensively have Walter Yust, the present Editor-in-Chief, and John Armitage, its London Editor, surveyed the world, that trying to find omissions is like gambling, a mug's game. There is a biography of the first President of the Korean (southern) Republic and, elsewhere, a history of the peninsula which is invaluable to an understanding of the current conflict. Even Aldous Huxley would revel in the section on medicine; it is cheering news that the very scarce adrenocorticotrophic hormone seems to have much the same effect in the treatment of rheumatism as cortisone itself, which costs per patient about £1,500 a week. Or is it?

As Mr. Armitage remarks in his preface, the entry on country life is charmingly written, nor are articles on fruit, horticulture, sugar, tobacco, or vegetables omitted. Arts, crafts, games, technical advance, Anna Magnani, Louise Brough, national income, what you will, are here. The only discovered touch of bias is in a sentence of "Liberal Movement" on the British Parliament and proportional representation. The illustrations are many and splendid, full of historical importance and social significance, but the most endearing is one of Danny Kaye listening to George Bernard Shaw as they sit in the garden at Ayot St. Lawrence.

Science and God

Is Mr. Shaw saying with Newton: "... diverting myself, in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary," as the search for the "great ocean of truth" continues? In *ISAAC NEWTON* (Max Parrish, 6s.) E. N. Da C. Andrade communicates to his reader his enthusiasm and reverence for a man who changed "the current of human thought

so that all that comes after him bears evidence of his spirit." The century which has seen a decline in religious beliefs also shows an increasing interest in the structure of the universe, and Professor Andrade, himself Director of the Royal Institution, with his study of this man's work will appease an obvious hunger.

Doctor-philosophers

So also will Kenneth Walker, a Hunterian Professor of the Royal College of Surgeons, with *MEANING AND PURPOSE* (Penguin, 1s. 6d.). He investigates Darwinism, the influence of Freud, Bergson's "creative evolution", the pseudo-religions and new developments in physics. To see how he reaches the conclusion that man cannot live by science alone is to keep hopeful company with a surgeon-philosopher-sociologist who here reports his "total human experience, the outcome of his intellectual, emotional and intuitive life" and thereby lessens the threat for intelligent man of "a dead, imbecile universe." —Also good company is Alfred Cox, formerly Secretary of the British Medical Association, as he leads the way *AMONG THE DOCTORS* (Christopher Johnson, 12s. 6d.). From being a young physician whose first patient in Gateshead chose him because he looked kind—no bad reason—he gradually passed after years of general practice and "organizing" to the administrative side of his long career in medicine. His work with the B.M.A. sent him to Canada and South Africa, and to South Wales where the "Schemes" made a point of owning the doctors. The account of the die-hard element in the Association over the Insurance Act of 1911 is reminiscent of a more recent and still reverberating battle, with Mr. Bevan wholly lacking the charm of Lloyd George. In an engrossing book about the orthodox, the chapter "Among the Heterodox" is not less so than the whole. In this a kindly light is shed upon the quack by Dr. Cox who says: "Anybody can practise medicine if he can find patients

and does not pretend to be registered."

The wind on the heath

Which turns the mind to magic cures and thence to *GEORGE BORROW* (*Arthur Barker*, 6s.) by Martin Armstrong, who quotes the boy's headmaster: "Borrow, are you suffering from jaundice, or is it only dirt?" as he inspected a face stained with walnut juice to simulate a Gypsy's. This revelation of the *poseur* is an integral part of a biography which will probably scandalize those who base their notions of the man on their romantic feeling for *The Bible in Spain*, *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye*, assisted by such critics as Saintsbury and Augustine Birrell. Nevertheless, he who learned languages with such determination and mastery, who walked 112 miles to his interview with the British and Foreign Bible Society in 27 hours at a cost of 5½d. for ale, milk, a roll and two apples, and who loved a nomad's life, and best of all when he had lost it, is still not confined only to the inferiority complex "which drove him to fritter away much of his creative power." This much Mr. Armstrong has made clear in the most perspicacious contribution to the study of Borrow's life and work yet read.

"No coward soul"

Some of the essays in *WHERE ANGELS PASS* by Daniel-Rops, translated from the French by Emma Craufurd (*Cassell*, 9s. 6d.), show the same perception and unsentimental sympathy. Besides those on poetry in its various aspects, and particularly an appraisal of "the island of light" created by the work of the young Patrice de la Tour du Pin, there are interpretations of Rilke, Rodin, Holderlin and Kafka. But it is the chapter on Emily Brontë that gives a chief delight. Seen through the foreigner's eyes she can only grow in stature; like a French film in which one is bound to learn more of human nature and to recognize its validity, this essay catches facets of the Hawthorne genius better than some

more ambitious pieces have contrived to do. And as it is impossible to learn too much about Emily, and Charlotte, and Anne, and even Branwell, here is cause for gratitude.

Mrs. Carswell

One regards Donald Carswell also as a benefactor for gathering together his mother's unfinished autobiography, other posthumous papers, letters and "fragments" in *LYING AWAKE* (*Secker & Warburg*, 15s.) and most of all for his Introduction. Catherine Carswell's writing in retrospect stands up sturdily among the taller, more flamboyant plants in the herbaceous border of literature between the wars, especially those around the red hot poker (*kniphofia aloides* which has given rise to many hybrids) who was D. H. Lawrence. But it was hard to see the personality of Catherine Carswell in flower—to know what she was like—and twenty years after, it is revealed in all its warmth, wisdom, commonsense and humour. She could be caustic and still kindly, and self-analytical without being a bore. "I am embarrassed", she said, "by the multiplicity of my interests—of my likings I might add." Perhaps, had she spared more time from these to devote to her literary work she might now have been better known—and less regarded as a choice spirit. Yet, one cannot learn for the first time that she was the dramatic critic of the *Glasgow Herald* about 1909 and after of *The Observer* without regretting that she did not persevere in a sphere which by taste and temperament seemed to be ideally hers.

Ceasing to till

And who should know better how to present "Round and About Broadway" on a visit to America than the former B.B.C. Dramatic Director and the present Head of Drama in its Television Department? This chapter in Val Gielgud's *ONE YEAR OF GRACE* (*Longmans, Green*, 10s. 6d.) is inevitably a magnet to an inveterate theatregoer but the whole book is

satisfyingly tilted towards his special preoccupation with plays, either broadcast or on the stage. A twelve-month holiday took him and his critical faculty lightheartedly all over the United States and the result is a livelier and more shrewd commentary than many a professional globe-trotter would be able to produce. His plunge into escapism was without the negative element that so often prompts it, and Mr. Gielgud's questions—either of life or of that part of it which is drama-producing—have not been dustily answered.

The sun's bright children

E. M. W. Tillyard sets out to solve some of the posers set by SHAKESPEARE'S PROBLEM PLAYS (*Chatto & Windus*. 8s. 6d.). Starting from the premise that of the four under discussion *All's Well that Ends Well* and *Measure for Measure* are the schizophrenically troublesome children and that *Hamlet* and *Troilus and Cressida* "are full of interest and complexity but divided within themselves only in the eyes of those who have misjudged them," he points to the unifying characteristics in them all. They share a concern with certain struggles, like that between good and evil, or in religious beliefs, or in the points of view of age and youth, or in human nature as it is rather than as it might be. Thus he brings "these apparently disparate works into sharp focus." Dr. Tillyard's name is synonymous with scholarship but to Shakespeare lovers or students or both, it is not the kind that intimidates. And the rewards of analysing each play by his methods are worth trying for.—Frederick S. Boas is another scholar whose work repays attentiveness. QUEEN ELIZABETH IN DRAMA (*George Allen & Unwin*. 15s.) keeps close the

contact with Shakespeare. He and his Queen shared a taste for classical legend and history and her poets and playwrights were not ashamed to own the debt. The place of Elizabeth in drama which is the subject of the title essay is traced as near as Clemence Dane's *The Lion and the Unicorn*, and in 1948 University College, Oxford, closed the *Masque of Hope* with Nevill Coghill's assertion that "she was Shakespeare's friend. Her proudest title."—Still we tread the boards as Giles Playfair's KEAN, published in 1939, is now reset and issued by Reinhardt & Evans (12s. 6d.). It is all the *Manchester Guardian* called it before: "... sound, thoroughly documented, dignified, well written..." Edmund Kean's rise was what is known as meteoric and his end at 42 was like the fall of the rocket stick, charred, no longer useful, or lost. Yet how one would have liked to compare his *Richard III* with Sir Laurence Olivier's! (Here, in November 1946, one was aching "to compare his *Lear* with Mr. Olivier's.")

An indispensable

With the influence of the first paragraph potent to the last line here, there is just room to say, masochistically, that in a book of such excellent advice to playwrights, photographers and composers as THE WRITERS' AND ARTISTS' YEAR BOOK 1950 (*Adam & Charles Black*. 7s. 6d.) there is no scope for admonishment to reviewers. Yet they, like the rest of the world, are constantly trying to place their work and therefore need its services as much. These, in such practical ways as helping the author "to select his publisher with discrimination," it gives unstintingly.

GRACE BANYARD.

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DECEMBER, 1950



REARMAMENT AND DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY

BY RENATE RIEMECK

GREAT efforts are being made to bring the German Federal Republic into closer relationship with the free world. The discussions of the Schuman proposals have shown Germany admitted almost to partnership among those very nations who were forced to defend their freedom and their integrity from German aggression. Recently German delegates joined the Council of Europe at Strasbourg and were welcomed as friends and the statesmen of the western world are debating the rearmament of that same people whose potential strength was not long ago regarded as a constant menace to her peaceful neighbours. The collapse of the Nazi régime seemed to have marked the final debasement of Germany in the potential life of Europe; now, after only five years, there is a dramatic change of attitude on the part of the democratic powers to western Germany.

There is no doubt that this strange reversal is largely the result of Russian imperialism and ironically it might be said that the German Federal Republic owes its political recovery to the efforts of the Soviet Union. The Korean situation made it clear to the nations of western Europe that in present circumstances the most urgent political need is to be secure from any kind of aggression. The preservation of peace depends on the military strength of all peace-loving countries in the free world. The defence against attacks by totalitarian powers is linked with the formation of a close political union of these nations. It has become clear that no such union can become effective without the inclusion of a free German people. But is there no danger in the proposed rearmament of Germany before such a unification has taken place? The earnest consideration recently given by leading members of the Council of Europe to the idea of German rearmament imply some serious problems which cannot be ignored. As long as the defence of Europe depends on national governments the rearmament of Germany has of necessity to be set up on the lines of national policies. One cannot do more than outline some of the most evident difficulties.

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First there is the obvious consideration whether Germany is able

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to spend money on national forces and fortifications. Secondly one has to ask whether or not Germany is willing to co-ordinate her foreign policy with that of the western European family of nations. Thirdly one has to determine how far Germany can be considered a democracy in the western use of the word.

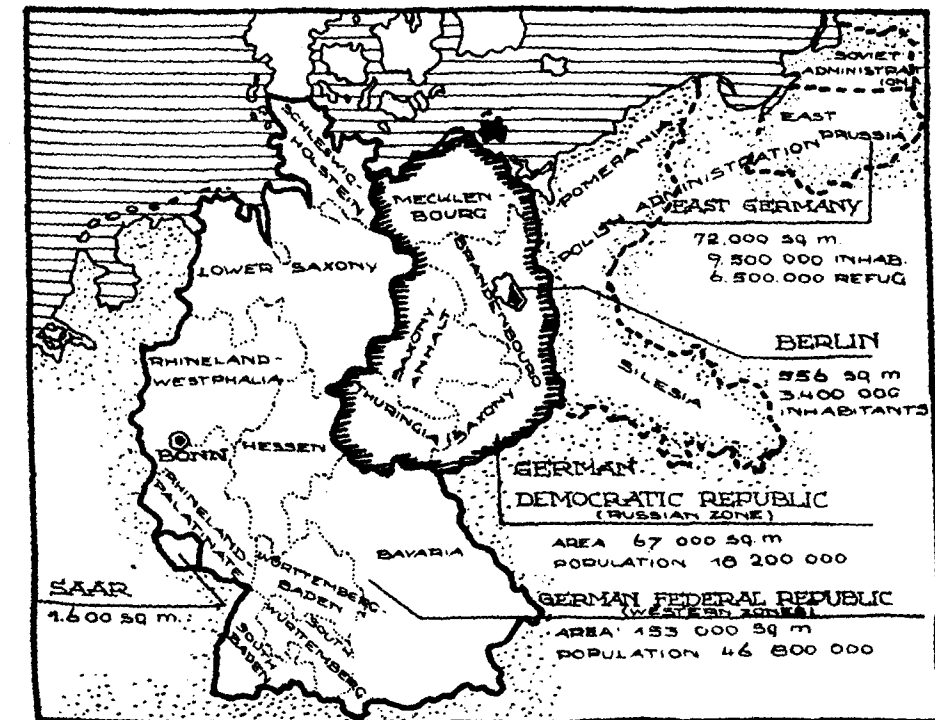
These three questions are linked together. To answer them is to be reminded that post-war Germany inherited an indescribable crop of troubles after the collapse of Hitlerism. By 1945 German industrial centres had practically ceased to exist; whole districts had been reduced literally to rubble. The flow of trade, which had already suffered by reason of the artificial self-sufficiency of Hitler-Germany, had come to a standstill. The industrial revival of Germany which has taken place in the last twelve months owes its origin to American investments and Marshall Aid. Of herself Germany is not able to solve the economic problems which are the direct outcome of the total devastation the Nazis had left behind them.

One has to realize that Germany has lost one-third of her area. By the Potsdam agreement in 1945 three German provinces came under Polish administration—East Prussia, East Pomerania and Silesia—and this deprived the industrial areas of Germany of their former source of food supplies as well as of coal from the Silesian mountains. Movement of population from these districts has caused the problem of overcrowding in the West German Republic. Before the war there were 9,500,000 inhabitants in these three provinces which covered an area of 72,000 square miles. The whereabouts of 2,500,000 men are unknown. Half a million starved or perished during the last months of the war; 6,500,000 fled from their burning villages and towns when the Russians on their march to Berlin pursued the disintegrated German armies. A large number of eastern Germans who hoped to retain their jobs or properties by staying in their native country were forced by the Poles to leave their homes and these also entered overcrowded western Germany. This means that there are 9,000,000 German refugees living in a reduced and impoverished country, and this number is enlarged by 2,600,000 German-speaking displaced persons driven out from Yugoslavia where Maria Theresa had planted them along the Danube or from Russia where Catherine the Great had settled them near the Volga. These people have now to experience terrible conditions of living. Millions still live like cave dwellers in the cellars of bombed houses. Hundreds of thousands are housed in desolate barracks or camps. These conditions inevitably promote impatience and dissatisfaction or lead to resignation and a fatalistic paralysing despair.

The German Government in Bonn, established after the first general election in 1949, has done little to improve their material existence. That government's economic policy relies on the incentives of free

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trade, and is directed towards capital development within a framework of private enterprise. The social problems which arise from the low standard of living endured by so many are waiting on economic recovery for their solution. In particular the problems arising directly from the conditions in the great camps of refugees are being left to the end of the queue of post-war difficulties in Germany. The discussions on German rearmament are Utopian if they ignore the background of acute social distress.



A national defence programme must have fundamental economic consequences with which Germany cannot cope unless she reverts to the familiar totalitarian methods. She cannot provide an army except at the expense of basic social necessities. The defence of democracy or, in the case of Germany, the establishment of a true democracy does not depend only on military preparedness but upon the recognition that economic welfare is also to be defended. The neglect of the basic necessities of the community as a whole, especially in the German situation of to-day, must inevitably create a certain type of political chaos producing either Communism or Neo-Naziism. The refugees are becoming conscious of the part they could play in the political life of the country. There are clear signs that in the next

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general election these 11,000,000 will act as a new political power organized in a new kind of party. But what will be their party programme?

Some weeks ago there was an election in Schleswig-Holstein, one of the districts—*Lands*—of the Federal Republic. The votes cast at that election indicate the big change to be expected. To the surprise of the Government in Bonn and of public opinion in general, the results in Schleswig-Holstein showed that a small unknown and unimportant group—which was set up only some months before the election—had suddenly become the second largest party of the *Landtag*, that is, the Parliament of Schleswig-Holstein. This group, which calls itself "The Association of Refugees and Outlaws", *Block der Heimatvertriebenen und Entrechteten*, was able to outnumber all other parties with the exception of the socialists who were returned as the largest party but actually lost almost half their supporters in the last election. The Christian Democrats and the Liberals—the parties of the coalition of the present West German Government in Bonn were heavily outnumbered by the new party. And within a few weeks after the election in Schleswig-Holstein sections of the Association of Refugees and Outlaws grew up all over Germany like mushrooms after the rain.

What makes this election an uncomfortable but most important event in the political life of Germany is the fact that hundreds of thousands of the impoverished peoples and a large number of middle class people who consider themselves as "outlaws" of the new democracy, gave support to a handful of inexperienced people who run a party without organization, without programme and without ideas, and who started an election campaign on the mere catchwords: "Things can't go on as they are", but failed to produce a constructive programme.

This is the danger to be faced. The election in Schleswig-Holstein revealed the weakness of political life in Germany. There is a new social class—the class of the dispossessed victims of the war—who constitute so large a proportion of the society that they are the balancing factor in a parliamentary democracy. It is these people, living in misery and despair, who are willing to give support to any kind of political adventure. The present situation in Germany has a striking similarity to the eve of Hitler's *coup d'état*, when mass unemployment and economic crisis paved the way for totalitarianism. The leaders of the Association of Refugees and Outlaws are no Hitlers. They do not know their direction and certainly were themselves surprised by their success. It is unlikely that as a party they will last. But democracy has not taken a sufficiently firm hold in Germany and any skilful demagogue would be able to make this

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fluctuating mass of discontented electors' an instrument of his intentions.

* * * *

It is from this point of view that the rearmament of Germany is an acute danger to the slow progress of democracy in the country. The refugee has not given up his hope of repatriation. He still believes that one day he will be able to leave the over-crowded west and go back to Silesia, East Prussia and Pomerania. But he knows that there is no chance that the iron curtain could be lifted and the problem of the Polish administrated German provinces solved by diplomatic means. And though the average German knows what war means—a great proportion of the refugees would welcome the military comeback of Germany, not only as a means of defence against the Communist menace, but also because they hope that Germany would thereby be enabled to recover her former possessions beyond the Oder river.

There are already prominent Germans, whose background shows considerable sympathy with Naziism—together with a number of nationalistic groups—even in the Federal Parliament in Bonn, who are planning the military revival of Germany. The speeches of certain foreign politicians have done much to encourage them. The majority of Germans have seen the face of war too closely to sympathize with ambitious militarism. But what will happen if these groups seize the opportunity to combine their challenge with the illusionism of "the outlaws"? Nothing is certain in Germany; it is necessary to make no mistakes about it. German soldiers in a European army would stand for freedom and the individual rights of western civilization. But German forces on the lines of a national army would not defend German democracy. For democracy is a devalued term in the German language and the existence of a parliamentary system is no proof of the development of the democratic way of life or the popularity of democratic ideals in Germany.

Twice in their history the Germans were given democracy, and twice it was the result of a lost war and was set up in a period of chaos that traditionally follows the fall of imperialism. The liberal-minded German democrats of the nineteenth century never succeeded in gaining the victory over the authoritarian principles of the political structure of Germany and so it happened that in 1918 democracy was presented as the questionable gift of a breakdown. Unfortunately a very large proportion of the people called democracy to account for the evident economic and political difficulties of the post-war period and at last the discontent culminated in the overthrow of democracy by the Nazis in 1933. The experience of mass unemployment and economic depression under the democratic system just before Hitler

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came to power and the specious prosperity after 1933 when totalitarianism seemed to produce economic welfare, made many Germans believe that democratic methods were unable to meet the particular problems of the country. The Nazis had no esteem for the rights of man and did nothing to nourish the respect for democratic ideals.

In 1945 democracy entered Germany with the armies of the western nations and all the controls and regulations that traditionally restrict the freedom of a defeated people. Why should the Germans love democracy? Democracy does not happen; it has to grow. And it takes time to grow. The problems of this new democracy are incomparably greater and in some ways much more discouraging than those of the first German Republic. Germany will not be able to meet them without the aid of the western nations.

But what happens in Germany is critical for the future of the world. Both the social need of the German refugees and the defence against military attacks by totalitarianism are matters of international concern. If Germany is to become a democracy in the western sense of the word she must not be thrown back upon the nationalist principles of past days. The only sound policy is to bind her into a close political union of free peoples. And upon the fashion in which this union is formed will depend the establishment and the survival of a democratic way of life in Germany.

(Dr. Riemeck is a German historian and Lecturer at the Oldenburg Training College.)

FORMOSA

BY MARC T. GREENE

SWIFTLY-CHANGING conditions in the Far East have made of the island of Formosa (Taiwan in the old Chinese) a focal point, possibly the focal-point. Whoever controls the island, which is about half the size of Ireland and one of the most fertile regions of the tropical Orient, will be in a challenging position. He will hold the outer bastion of the China Coast. He will be able to protect that or to menace it. Even more important, he will, in the words of Dr. Bridges in THE FORTNIGHTLY in 1876, be "interposed as a protective fortification between the Asiatic Coast and the broad expanse of the Pacific." Which is really to say, between Asia and the western world, since Formosa is the most important of a long line of islands constituting a natural bastion.

It is also a true paradise of natural wealth as well as beauty. Of it Dr. Bridges wrote: "The outline of the mountains is at once beautiful and fantastic. Domes and peaks and wall-like precipices succeed each other in striking variety. A brilliant verdure clothes their sides, down which fall cascades that shine like silver in the tropical sunlight." Commodities of value all the way from coal to camphor comprise the natural resources of this marvellous island. An English engineer named Tyzack commenced mining coal in 1877. During the past three-quarters of a century the world's main source of supply of camphor has been here. Tea and sugar are the other most important products, but there is also an abundance of rice and wheat, sweet potatoes, taro, millet and maize, barley, indigo, ground-nuts, jute, hemp and oil. In fact, only Java rivals Formosa as a natural treasure-house.

Upon this richness, as well as the strategic importance of the island, the Japanese had looked covetously long before the war with China in 1895 made it possible to gain possession. One of the first provisions of the Treaty of Shimonoseki was the ceding of Formosa to Japan. This the islanders, mostly Chinese deriving from Amoy and Swatow ancestry and some 150,000 "wild" mountain aborigines, stubbornly refused to accept and maintained an anti-Japanese guerrilla warfare for many years. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that the Japanese brought a large measure of political tranquillity and material progress into a land where conditions had long been chaotic and widespread

rebellion frequent. The savages were either subjugated or driven into the mountain wildernesses around which the Japanese threw an extraordinary cordon of barbed wire and even electrified much of it. On the whole, the period of Japanese sway, between 1895 and the end of the late war, was the most prosperous, materially, that Formosa has known, and the standard of living of the people the highest. Nor did the rulers bear down as heavily on the islanders as they did on the Koreans. They seemed to have understood the independent spirit of the Formosans and even to have fostered it, perhaps with the intent to alienate them entirely from the homeland and the traditions of their ancestors.

By 1941 it is likely that the actually savage, head-hunting aborigines really existed in little more than legend. About 50,000 were still classified as "untamed" but the fiercest of all the mountain tribes, the Taiyals, had finally yielded to the repeated punitive expeditions the Japanese sent against them. More and more aborigines came down to the coast, mingled and inter-married with the Chinese, and in remarkable numbers and with surprising zeal even embraced Christianity. This the Japanese used every measure to prevent, but during the 1939-1945 war a kind of underground movement developed among the mountain tribes, and when the missionaries returned in 1946 they found to their amazement that by themselves, without any missionary support and despite Japanese repression, more than 7,000 aborigines whose own fathers were head-hunters, had embraced the Christian faith, largely under the leadership of a small group of their own people whom the American and British missionaries had converted just before the war. At the head of these was the Rev. James Dickson, of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission. Since the end of the war this work has continued with increasing energy and expanding results.

Such is the physical and cultural background of this island of which few people knew much or had any interest in until it became the Far Eastern focal point that it is at the moment. Since the first Europeans, the Dutch, occupied it more than 300 years ago, it has been little more than a name to the western world, and a name at that mostly associated with tea. Not one person in ten could have said with any exactitude where it was or to whom it belonged.

But when from its air bases Japanese planes descended on the Philippines and Hong Kong at the same time, on the morning of December 8, 1941, the name of Formosa appeared large on the front pages of newspapers all over the world. Its southern tip no more than 400 miles from the Philippines, only a few score miles of sea separating it from the Chinese mainland and not much more from Hong Kong, its strategic importance was suddenly obvious.

To-day it may be the key to the whole Far Eastern position. In

the hands of the Communists, which but for the Korean war it very likely would have been in by now, it as good as cuts off the West from most of China. On the other hand, held by the West, or even friendly-disposed to it, Formosa challenges the Communist position on the mainland. It cannot be said, however, that the masses of the Formosan people are at present friendly toward the western world and especially toward America.

The Formosans, never very amicably-inclined toward China notwithstanding their extraction, have long clamoured for independence, or at least for a measure of self-government. In a country of vastly different character, knowing a standard of living out of that country's opulence that was considerably in advance of the rest of Asia, they have in late years felt no common bond with continental China. Much inter-marriage with the independence-loving hill peoples has also helped to inculcate a spirit of intransigence toward foreign rule. In short, the Formosans thought they saw in the late war and its outcome their chance at last. They had endured much; now that era was ended, and the conquering, liberty-loving West would yield them the long-sought boon.

What actually happened? They found themselves turned over to China, the very last thing, save only a return to Japan, that they wanted. Vanished were their visions of independence, their hopes of political autonomy so long cherished and so long deferred. Then, atop that disappointment, down comes pouring a horde of Chinese military, the fleeing Nationalists, the shattered remnants of a movement which, in 1927 had seemed to promise to the whole Chinese people a new era but which had degenerated into a mass of corruption, incompetency and greed.

To-day a conservative estimate is that there are half a million Nationalists quartered and billeted upon the once—but no more—prosperous Formosans. They arrived by any and every kind of craft that would float, many of which were sunk or permitted to sink as soon as their cargoes, human and material, were ashore. The craft can be seen now cluttering the harbour of Keelung, the port of Taipeh. The Formosans contemplated all this with dismay. The Nationalists not only made drastic demands upon the island economy, steadily reducing the native standard of living until to-day it is generally estimated at 50 per cent below normal, but at once commenced a kind of "press-gang" method of "persuading" young Formosans to join the Nationalist ranks. It has been stated by some reporters of the position that there have been many "volunteers" to Chiang Kai-shek's armies. That is arrant nonsense; quite the contrary is the case. Moreover, why should young Formosans volunteer? To fight with one Chinese group against another? For what purpose? To what end? These are some of the questions

any Formosan would ask; nor would any ideological argument have weight with him.

The fact is, as this correspondent discovered at once when he was in Formosa a few months ago, that the islanders are very ill-disposed toward the Chinese Nationalists, mainly for the foregoing reasons and also for various others. They do not want to engage in quarrels among the continental Chinese. They do not want to engage in any quarrels. They want, as indeed most Asiatic peoples do, to see an end of fighting in whatever cause, and an opportunity to pursue in their industrious fashion their own affairs, mostly economic; to raise their rice and millet undisturbed; to labour at a good wage, as Asiatic wages go, in the many potentially prosperous productive industries of their island.

They therefore have been, on the whole, in no state of mind to aid the Nationalist encroachers—as they regard them—in resisting a possible Communist attempt at invasion. Indeed, it was the opinion of more than one European in Formosa, as expressed to the present writer, that the Communists might even look for a measure of welcome, on the ground that nothing could be much worse for the Formosans than their country in the grip of the Nationalists, and possibly a change would be an improvement.

Europeans, mostly living in or about Taipeh, believed before the Korean war that a Communist invasion attempt would certainly come before the end of the present year, and that partly in view of the islanders' state of mind, it had a considerable chance of success. But with the start of the Korean war and the taking over of the island defence by America the possibility of invasion is of course ruled out at least as long as that defence continues.

The Communist contention is that America practically inaugurated a state of war against Communist China when the announcement was made that interference with Formosa could not and under existing conditions would not be tolerated. But, except from the Communist view-point, the position taken by America is not only sound but inevitable. Had it not been taken a Communist attack on the island was practically certain long before now. Its chances of success were two-to-one. With Formosa in Communist hands, the whole United Nations position would have been menaced. Actually we would have been out-flanked. Therefore, only one anxious to see the entire Far East—including Hong Kong—in Communist hands can question the necessity of present American—or really United Nations—strategy in respect of Formosa.

But if the Communist menace, apparently checked in north-eastern Asia but still to be dealt with in the south-east, can finally by any means short of general war be contained, protection by America of Chinese Nationalism dominant in Formosa would be inexcusable.

It could aid nothing or nobody but a corrupt and discredited régime corruptly and discredibly led. And it might have serious consequences. At best it would certainly lead to revolts and guerrilla warfare against Chiang Kai-shek throughout Formosa, disrupting the once prosperous and still potentially prosperous island economy and alienating the Formosan people from the West.

Any such alternative as a "neutralized" or "internationalized" Formosa would be an insult to its people, and certainly resented as such, being obviously a move of expediency without consideration for the feelings and the national pride of the islanders. We must assuredly protect Formosa, just as we are engaged in protecting others. But we cannot turn their country into an international fortress with them no more than tolerated dwellers in it.

Liberal opinion in the United States was shocked by General MacArthur's action in going to Formosa and assuring the discredited Chiang Kai-shek of friendship and support. This school of American thought was wholly with President Truman in his rebuke of the Supreme Commander's assertion about the Formosan "life-line". Nevertheless, it is understood and appreciated by all informed and thoughtful people that these are times that often compel strange fellowships. The present writer is personally acquainted with General MacArthur and understands, or thinks he understands, some of that redoubtable person's actual sentiments. There are exigencies and crises, when, as hardly requires pointing out, high-level moves are necessary which may at the time, and in the absence of full understanding, appear to the man in the street as of a muddy complexion. During the war, in more than one theatre of it, affiliations were demanded and compromises found necessary that were moves of the bitterest expediency, no more, involving no moral recessions and implying no future commitments. There are leaders who are tactful and subtle enough to carry out such a policy successfully. General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, able and determined yet stubborn and uncompromising, was an example of failure—or rather refusal—along these lines. Douglas MacArthur, among whose many attributes of greatness are tact, a deep human understanding and farsightedness, owes at least part of his success to his ability to face difficult situations and deal with difficult people and to reconcile both.

The problem of Formosa's future is admittedly a perplexing one. The contention is unanswerable that if, after consolidating our position in Korea, we withdraw from Formosa and it is presently taken by the Communists our "life-line" in the East is broken. On the other hand, the argument persists that the Communist Government is the Government of China and therefore that to oppose force to any of its acts is to declare war upon it. Here, of course, the advocates of

"neutralization" find their strong point. Since we can neither defend Formosa nor abandon it, the only possible course is to declare its "neutrality" and insist upon that, to the point of force if necessary. Yet again, what would that be, in the face of a Chinese Communist attack, but virtually to declare war upon the latter?

It is possible that, were the Formosans to be granted independence, they would go all out to resist a Communist invasion, something they certainly will never do as long as the alternative is continued Nationalist dominance. In that resistance they could be aided by the United Nations, as the South Koreans have been. Such a course might, or might not, mean general war. Nobody can say until it is tried.

The fact is, that the solution of the problem of Formosa is not in sight, and must obviously depend upon the future course of events not only in the Far East but in the whole world. Our procedure there, that is to say the procedure of the United Nations, must be according as that course develops. We must meet such challenges as arise when they arise, being of course prepared and better prepared than we were in Korea. But apart from all that we must respect and appreciate the wishes and the aspirations of the Formosans themselves, granting them if not complete independence, at least as much as the exigencies of the situation may permit, holding out to them some hope that the present situation, which is practically the maintenance of their country as an armed camp for the remainders of the Chinese Nationalist army and the last hold of corrupt Chiang Kai-shekism, will be terminated as soon as possible.

(The author, an American, has recently returned from Formosa, being accredited as a special correspondent to both the military and civilian branches of the Occupation Authority in Japan.)

NATIONALISM IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY L. E. NEAME

THE news that South-West Africa had elected six Nationalists to sit in the parliament of the Union of South Africa probably passed almost unnoticed in a distracted world. Yet the verdict of the once German territory may have a far-reaching effect upon the future of the African sub-continent. It doubles the Malan Government's majority in the Union's elected Chamber and may enable it to entrench itself in office indefinitely.

In South Africa the wheel has turned full circle. Fifty years ago the government was wholly British. To-day it is wholly Dutch—or, to use the modern term, Afrikaner. In 1900 the British swallowed the two Boer Republics. Now the two Boer Republics have swallowed what was once British South Africa. For the first thirty-eight years of its existence, all the governments of the Union contained representatives of the English section of the population. When they were Prime Ministers, Botha and Smuts had clear majorities in the legislature but they gave three seats in their cabinets to men of British descent. Hertzog, though he had the reputation of being anti-British, always included two or three Englishmen in his ministries. To-day Dr. Malan's cabinet has none. For the first time in the history of the Union there is in office a government composed entirely of Afrikaners.

The first objective of the Nationalists is to entrench themselves permanently in office. To do so they intend to get rid of the three representatives of the natives sitting in parliament and remove from the common register the 45,000-odd coloured voters who usually support the Opposition. This dual design has been held up so far because Mr. Havenga, the leader of the small Afrikaner Party, considers that there is not at present sufficient public sanction for ignoring the entrenched clauses in the Act of Union demanding a two-thirds majority for such changes. So to Dr. Malan the reinforcement from South-West Africa was invaluable. With it he can put his measures through without the support of Mr. Havenga for it is now probable that in the event of a show-down most of Mr. Havenga's eight followers would decide to throw in their lot with the National Party to which they owe their seats. Thus the election in the South-

West gives Dr. Malan's party a new lease of power. Afrikaner nationalism may now rule the Union for many years.

Few of those who forty years ago hailed the formation of the Union as a "fresh start" in South Africa imagined that it would end in the triumph of Afrikaner nationalism. But with the easy wisdom that follows the event one now sees that that result was almost inevitable.

In the first place when the Union was formed there was no clear indication of the numerical strength of the two races who were to build up the new South African nation. In his memorandum suggesting the uniting of the four colonies, Lord Selborne said that "the populations of British and Boer descendants are as far as can be ascertained approximately equal." Sir George Farrar, the leader of the English party in the Transvaal, thought that the English in the country "were numerous enough to make a government if they chose to vote together." All such estimates were falsified when in 1921 the census returns showed for the first time the race composition of the white as determined by parentage. The figures made it clear that the people of Dutch descent outnumbered the British by five to three and also constituted a majority of about 14 per cent. over British and foreign combined.

The optimists of 1910 also forgot nationalism. Not only were the Dutch in a majority but in most of them there burned that fever of which George Bernard Shaw once wrote: "It will listen to no reformer, to no philosopher, to no preacher, until the demand of the nationalist is granted. It will attend to no business, however vital, except the business of unification and liberation."

Botha and Smuts strove to foster a spirit of tolerant South Africanism offering full opportunities to both races. Afrikaner nationalism would not listen to them. In 1912 Hertzog, preaching a narrower racial gospel, broke with them. He marched into the wilderness alone. In twelve years he was Prime Minister. In 1934 Dr. Malan, rejecting the Hertzog-Smuts fusion, went forth into the wilderness preaching a "purified" Afrikaner nationalism. He had only a handful of followers in parliament. In fourteen years he was Prime Minister.

Even now the fever of nationalism has not run its course. Some of those who march under Dr. Malan's banner will be satisfied with nothing less than republican secession and the sweeping away of the British parliamentary system which Dr. Malan himself holds to be "unsuitable" for South Africa. To the short view, therefore, the outlook has never seemed darker for South Africans accustomed to the British way of life. The pronouncements of extreme Afrikanerdom on the language question, and the demand for a more rigidly disciplined society, fall ominously on the ears of people bred in an atmosphere of tolerant and broadminded administration.

A dozen years ago that sequel might have been inevitable. Then triumphant Afrikanerdom might have marched on to its long-proclaimed goal—a republic outside the British Commonwealth. After all South Africa from a population point of view has never been British. In its political field to-day there is no British party. There is no man of English descent who could aspire to be Prime Minister. And yet the era of racial politics may even now be ending, or at least on the point of undergoing a notable transformation. A greater danger than the antagonism of the two white races has begun to emerge. The old conflict between Britons and Boers is ceasing to be the major issue in the sub-continent. It has in any case been decided in favour of the Boers, leaving the British to fight only a rear-guard action.

For the problem of the future is not whether the British or the Boers are to dominate South Africa. It is whether both can survive the upsurging of black nationalism. The African kaleidoscope is assuming a new shape. The message to get rid of the white man was secretly preached fifty years ago in the Ethiopian churches. Numerous witnesses before Milner's great Native Affairs Commission of 1902-1903 testified to a small scale inculcation of the spirit of revolt. The cloud that was then no bigger than a man's hand is beginning to cover the sky. Communism has infiltrated into South Africa not so much as the doctrine of Marxism as the gospel of Africa for the Africans. The uprising of the coloured races in Asia is being welcomed by the non-whites in Africa as a portent of things to come in their own continent. The African natives are claiming equality—political and social and economic. They are asking for the sweeping away of all colour bars and discriminatory conventions. They demand the right to rise to the utmost limit of which they are capable in the community in which they find themselves. The denial of these claims is creating a growing feeling of frustration and resentment which provides a rich soil for the sowing of the seeds of Communism.

If power is to follow the counting of heads, a race that is in a minority of four to one cannot hope to retain its supremacy indefinitely. The white people in South Africa are not prepared to risk their future upon the uncertainties of the polling booth. Three hundred years ago they began to colonize an empty land. They have no other home. They will not let their right to remain be decided by the black peoples who have infiltrated into their homeland.

Afrikanerdom has always rejected assimilation. It does not deny the right of non-whites to raise themselves in the scale of civilization. What it insists upon is that there must be no danger of ultimately transforming a white civilization into a black. Dr. Malan and the Nationalists propose to solve the problem by a policy they call *Apartheid* (separation). They claim that it provides fairly for all the

inhabitants of a multi-coloured land. In theory it is vertical separation replacing what may be roughly described as horizontal separation. *Apartheid* places no ceiling over any race in its own home. The individual is free to rise to the top of his own racial compartment. He will not be able to rise to the top of anybody else's. In their own areas the natives and the coloured people are to manage their own affairs under their own officials; and if they choose they may establish their own industries.

Apartheid is a long-term policy. Dr. Malan admits it may take fifty or even a hundred years to bring it into full operation. If it is to be fairly applied the natives must obviously be given adequate reserves—at present they cover an area larger than England—and be helped to create a suitable economic structure within them. On that guarantee most of the natives would probably accept *Apartheid* for they realize that as permanent residents in a white community they are likely to continue to suffer the disabilities always imposed by a higher race upon a backward people.

The idea of having separate areas in which white and black may work out their future is not new. It was suggested long ago by missionaries in South Africa and officials in Rhodesia. In THE FORTNIGHTLY of August 1907 Sir H. H. Johnston, an acknowledged authority on Africa, wrote: "South of the Zambesi basin, the ultimate future of the land is for the white man . . . Little by little we must endeavour to plant the Negro surplusage of South Africa in the more tropical regions of the continent, little by little to direct the steps of the descendants of the Kaffirs and the Basuto back to the lands from which their ancestors migrated. . . . The ideal (settlement) no doubt would be for white, black and yellow to grow up together with equal rights and equal possessions in that healthy part of South Africa which is suited to the white race. But although the black man and the yellow man may, and no doubt will, mingle their blood in the future, it is doubtful whether the white race will consent to fuse into a hybrid type. But it seems to me, with what practical knowledge I have of Africa, that it is doubtful whether black and white can co-exist in the same community with equal rights. The white man is not bidding for a very large share of the Dark Continent. The rough justice of this planet will probably accord him that share without the permanent stain of wrong-doing, if he will safeguard scrupulously the almost exclusive right of the Negro to the possession of the soil and the greater share of the profits in tropical Africa."

The members of Dr. Malan's Government are held up to opprobrium abroad as men who are striving to plant in the African sub-continent the Naziism that has been uprooted in Europe. Vague idealists in many lands, as well as the notorious expositors of human freedom who broadcast from the Kremlin, fulminate against the

tyranny seated in Pretoria. But what lies behind events in South Africa is not an attempt to enslave primitive peoples. It is an effort to establish a white race in a black continent—and that, as Lord Balfour once remarked, is "something that has never presented itself in the history of mankind." Although the cry of Africa for the Africans is becoming increasingly vocal there has long been—and there still is—a white man's Africa in which a European race has as much right to survive as those whose aim it is to eject it.

The policy of *Apartheid* may not be wholly practicable, but the principle underlying it is approved not only by the majority of the white people in the Union but by the Europeans in the Rhodesias, Kenya and Tanganyika. In those territories there is no desire to implement British socialistic ideology, or to base colour policy on the exhortations of the General Assembly of the United Nations.

But Afrikanerdom contained in a racial air-bell cannot sustain white civilization in a black continent. The defenders of white man's Africa must include the territories to the north of the Afrikaner stronghold. The Afrikaners may—understandably enough—have no love for the British; but the instinct of self-preservation should induce them to come to some accommodation, not only with the English in their midst, but with those who man the outer defences of the white race. Afrikanerdom will never preserve its own kingdom by carrying on a cold war against another body of Europeans equally concerned with holding their ground in the face of the rising tide of African nationalism.

The urgent need to-day is not to consolidate the Afrikaners, or to consolidate the British, but to consolidate the white race in the sub-continent. If resurgent Afrikaner nationalism will realize that truth, and act upon it, the two white races might even now make a "fresh start" upon a soil more likely to bear fruit than that upon which the Union of South Africa was hurriedly set forty years ago. The fate of white man's Africa depends upon whether Afrikanerdom can subordinate purely racial sentiments and ambitions to far-sighted statesmanship.

(Mr. Neame was formerly the editor of the Cape Argus and is the author of General Hertzog.)

CANADA'S MACKENZIE KING

BY LESLIE BISHOP

DECEMBER was a month of memories for Mackenzie King and, like so many of us, he was inclined to sentimentalize over what G. F. Bradby called the "eternal" past. It was his birthday month, for one thing. It was also the birth-month and the death-month of his friend Henry Harper who, next to his mother, seems to have been the greatest influence on his life.

As fellow undergraduates at Toronto in the 'nineties, King and Harper were two thoughtful young men who admired the intellectual honesty of Matthew Arnold and held with Browning that life was earnest. They enjoyed one of those ardent friendships of righteous youth planning, in unanswerable logic and valiant optimism, to change the world. Side by side they marched proudly under the banner of a newborn nation. Their attitude was well expressed by some words which Harper wrote in his diary and King later quoted: "Idealism is not folly. It prevents folly. It is the main hope of a delirious world."

Shortly after King was appointed Canada's first Deputy Minister of Labour in 1900, he sent for Harper and appointed him secretary of the embryo labour department. They worked together during the early years of King's public life, sharing a flat in Ottawa. In holiday mood, they explored the rolling Gatineau country in the neighbourhood of Kingsmere lake, a scene where

The mere like a pearl lustrous and still
Is clasped in the double shade
Of the wood and the hill,

and where the future Prime Minister chose his summer home.

King received from Harper both help and recognition—re-assurances of the value of his work as a conciliator of industrial strife. When he was called away from the capital, to mediate in a dispute, the letters from his friend were a constant encouragement. As he was returning from the west in December 1901, he was heartbroken to read in a newspaper that Harper had been drowned in the Ottawa river while attempting to rescue a girl in a skating accident. A brilliant life had ended at 28. To make the public aware of his friend's self-sacrifice he organized a subscription for a monument. It took the form of a bronze statue of Galahad after the painting of Watts, a reproduction

of which had hung on the wall of Harper's study. He wrote a memoir of Harper*, a book informed with love, and dedicated it to his mother. In it he expressed the basic ideas of the philosophy which he had shared with his friend and which was the matrix of his social attitude.

Perhaps King came to identify himself, too, with the Galahad tradition†—to picture himself in his own mind as a "just and faithful knight" who fought (invariably) on the side of the angels. That may have been what Ibsen would have called his "life-lie". It would help to explain the self-confident ruthlessness with which, on occasion, he drew his "good blade" and "carved the casques" of his political opponents. His was the destiny of living on—to lead the Liberal Party of Canada for 29 years—to be Prime Minister for a total of 21, "longer than any other head of any freely elected government at any time."‡ What was the original impulse behind this extraordinary career?

His reason for entering public life is well known. His mother wanted him to follow in the footsteps of her father, William Lyon Mackenzie, the "rebel" leader of the 1837 rising. More than that, she was determined that her elder son should succeed where her father had failed. She felt that the family must square its account with Canadian history. Isabel Grace Mackenzie King was an unusual woman. The Forster oil painting shows her seated, reading, her face illuminated by the firelight. Mr. Reginald Hardy** quotes an Ottawa lady who, as a child, saw Isabel King:

Once in a while, the stage-coach would sweep by, and a beautiful woman would be riding in it, her long white hair streaming out behind her in the wind. It was Mrs. King, and we used to pretend that she was the Queen of the Fairies. She had a strange, ethereal beauty about her that impressed us deeply.

Her charm was the pretty shell of a tenacious character that clung to the rock of faith amid the storms of life. To the qualities of a Scottish Presbyterian, she united a stoicism acquired during early years of poverty and uncertainty when her father was driven from pillar to post, a fugitive expatriate. The humiliations of those years had burned themselves into her mind and strengthened her resolution. She ordered her son to fight an election, even as she lay in her last illness. Isabel King had made him what the Canadians call a 'perfectionist'. In his own life, and in the sweep and range of his policies, he tried to implement the principles of an intelligent, twentieth-century Christianity. To the Victorian mind, there was no

* *The Secret of Heroism: A Memoir of Henry Albert Harper*, by W. L. Mackenzie King. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, 1906. (In August 1950 this was reported to be still out of print.)

† Others identified him with it. Marie Sylvia in her memorial poem, translated in the *Ottawa Citizen*, August 5, speaks of him as a "knight".

‡ *The Times* leader, July 24, 1950.

** *Mackenzie King of Canada: A Biography*, by H. Reginald Hardy. Oxford University Press, 1949.

incompatibility between righteousness and shrewdness, and Mackenzie King was as shrewd as he was righteous. He had to be clever because he had to succeed. He became more of an opportunist than he would have cared to admit. He was obliged to compromise at times and the noble sentences that flowed fast and clear in youth were lost in a bog of qualifications. He was to learn that "the (Canadian) public remembers purple passages." He was so much misinterpreted that, in self-defence, he developed an ultra-cautious way of speaking, at times mere phrase-balancing—by which he could not be committed to anything definite. (His greatest opponent, R. B. Bennett, used a sort of bantering persiflage as a defence against unexpected questions.)

Like other perfectionists, he had his faults. He was inclined, in later years, to be sanctimonious. It is a tall order to be perfect in politics and it is not surprising that he lapsed occasionally. One action in which he fell below his usual high standard of public conduct was his dismissal of Colonel Ralston from the defence ministry during the conscription crisis of 1944.* Here, the need for overseas reinforcements should have been the only issue but personal factors entered in. Colonel Ralston, in trying to force Mr. King's pace on conscription, was, in fact, making a bid for the premiership and many Canadians would have been glad to see him get it. Mr. King appears to have seen him in the light of a dangerous rival, which indeed he was—and to have dismissed him from the Cabinet in self-defence. Immediately afterwards, he himself introduced conscription for overseas service.

It was round the last phase of Mr. King's career—from the Ralston "resignation" in 1944 to his own retirement from the premiership in November 1948—that much of the criticism centred. For instance, Mr. B. K. Sandwell wrote in the *Toronto Saturday Night*, just before Mr. King's retirement:

Nobody has disputed Mr. King's control over the (Liberal) party since he brought it to power; nobody has successfully challenged any decision that he has made. The office of Prime Minister has become in his hands more important than it has ever been with any of his predecessors; or rather his use of its functions has been so dexterous, so incomparably astute, that he himself became more important, more influential, more powerful, than they had been.

One of his most formidable qualities was his ability to be always right on the basis of principle—not an endearing characteristic but a strong one in a public man. The strange thing was that the unexceptionable principles so frequently dovetailed neatly into party interests. It may be that the weight of his personal authority, which

* Mr. King's side of the episode is given in the Hardy biography, Chapter VI. Colonel Ralston's side is given by Mr. Grant Dexter in his review of Mr. Hardy's book appearing in the *Winnipeg Free Press*, Dec. 31, 1949. Mr. Dexter's version was endorsed by the *Ottawa Journal* in a leader, January 7, 1950.

grew with his years in office, came eventually to occupy a disproportionate place in the machinery of government. There is no more dangerous potential autocrat than he who is unshakably convinced of his own moral superiority. The critics were doing what they felt was their duty in warning the public of the danger. Nevertheless, little evidence has yet been produced to show that, even at this stage, Mr. King strayed very far from the path of common sense. He had so long, and so sincerely, studied the democratic procedure that it had become almost second nature with him. In any case, the checks were too formidable for him to become much of an autocrat. He was obliged always to follow a policy that would satisfy both English and French Canada. Both had sensitive and vigilant publics, with widely differing criteria. He was always within range of the searchlights of the press of both sections. He was subject to the corrective influences of the Catholic and Protestant churches in general and of his own Nonconformist conscience in particular. Some English-speaking critics were, quite properly, concerned over the extent of his cumulative influence but Quebec usually recognized his impartiality and altruism. The picture of him preserved in many French-Canadian homes was that of the young man—the visionary. Whatever delusions of grandeur he may, or may not, have cherished, the motivating force remained the same at the end of his career as it had been at the beginning—his idealism. It was idealism of a practical kind; he had a deep-rooted, an inherited, sympathy with the sufferings of humanity; he had also a realistic sense of what could be done to relieve them.

During post-graduate study at the University of Chicago, he had lodged at Hull House Social Settlement and seen the work that Jane Addams and her assistants were doing to alleviate the condition of immigrants. Shortly afterwards, on a Harvard travelling fellowship, he visited Europe, spending some time in the Passmore Edwards Settlement in London. This was the period when he attended meetings of the Fabian Society and became friends with several British social workers including Ramsay MacDonald and Gertrude Toynbee. His first contact with the Laurier government, as a young man, was when he brought sweated labour on government clothing orders to the notice of the Canadian Postmaster General. He was responsible, directly or indirectly, for most of Canada's social and labour legislation.* His government were responsible for Family

* His achievements in this respect were summed up by Blair Fraser in *Maclean's Magazine*, September 1, 1950, in these words: "Take a look at the King record: Fair Wages Resolution, 1898 (to forbid sweatshop practices on government contracts; this was introduced as a result of Mackenzie King's articles in the *Toronto Mail and Empire*). Railway Disputes Act, 1903. Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, 1907. Bill to establish eight-hour day on public works, 1910 (Mr. King introduced it and it passed the Commons but the Senate killed it). Combines Investigation Act, 1922. Old Age Pension Act, 1927. Unemployment Insurance Act, 1940. It may have taken a long time, but it adds up to a lot."

Allowances in 1944—before they were introduced in Britain. He went about as far with progressive legislation as the economy of Canada would safely permit—certainly as far as the Canadian electorate, with its geographical differences, separatist tendencies and individualistic agricultural communities would allow.

King was a great conciliator. "In my public life," he said to Emil Ludwig,* "I have sought to make toleration and moderation guiding principles." He laboured to reconcile the races of Canada, to harmonize the conflicting claims of different sections of the country. His skill as an industrial mediator was unusual. During his term as Deputy Minister of Labour, he settled more than 40 labour disputes and, in subsequent years, played a part behind the scenes in settling many others. Canada's Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, which he fathered, compelled investigation of a dispute and the making known of the facts before any strike or lock-out could take place. It was the first legislation in any country to provide for a compulsory "cooling-off period". The main principle of the Act was, in his own words, "investigation while work is continued, with reliance upon Public Opinion as the court of final appeal."†

In common with the majority of his fellow Canadians, he was a pacifist by instinct. (In the phrase of the *Montreal Daily Star*: "No more un-warlike a man ever lived.") Yet, when war became inevitable in 1939, he led Canada into it, within a week of its outbreak, as a united nation. This was a greater feat than it might appear. The 1914-1918 war had aroused bitter racial misunderstandings and even in 1938 some Canadians feared that the outbreak of another war in Europe might be followed by civil war in the Dominion. He preserved the country's unity in face of the fierce strains of the long conflict. This was, in his own opinion, the finest achievement of his public life. ‡

King worked for Anglo-American understanding. He worked, not only to maintain the British Commonwealth but to broaden its articles of association, so that all its member nations—India, Eire and the rest—should feel happy in the partnership. If he rejected what seemed to him exclusionist tendencies, it was because he wanted always to keep the door open for a wider grouping of nations, based not on accidents of race or language but on a common adherence to the principles of civilized conduct.

(The author, an Anglo-Canadian, is a former London Correspondent of the Winnipeg Free Press.)

* *Mackenzie King: A Portrait Sketch* by Emil Ludwig. Macmillan Company of Canada, 1944.

† He gives his formula in *Industry and Humanity: A Study in the Principles Underlying Industrial Reconstruction* by Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King. Re-issued with a new Introduction by himself in 1947. Macmillan Company of Canada.

‡ *The Times*, November 15, 1948, dispatch from Ottawa correspondent.

FROM LIBERTY TO FREEDOM

BY LYDIA SICHER

IT may seem a shocking boldness to attempt, on psychological grounds, a distinction between words that are generally accepted as synonyms. The intriguing nuances and shades of words, however, reveal far too much of the inner life of individuals and peoples not to fascinate the psychologist whose dialectic method of working brings him into continual contact with language as the living and dynamic expression of inner processes. The word, long recognized as a powerful means of hiding the truth, exercises the magic of giving away what it hopes to conceal: the inner structure of social relatedness between one individual and another, one individual and the world.

"In the beginning was the word"—but the word carries a message, it is spirited, meaningful; it uncovers for him who has learned to listen for it the soundless phenomena in the depth of the human psyche.

It does not seem possible really to break down a barrier between individuals or peoples without having acquired a sharp ear and a feeling for their language since speech constitutes the means of communication on the level of culture. There is no doubt that on the purely biological plane of human existence, actions do not need to be accompanied by any verbal understanding; all existential needs like hunger, thirst and sex can be satisfied without it. On the level of essentiality, however, where the word is fraught with meaning manifesting itself in deed, the problems of living together involved in group life, work, and love require for their solution understanding of oneself and of others, exchange of ideas, and immersion into the mental and physical resources of the world, all of which are crystallized in language. A drink from this well alone allows a broadening and, at the same time, a deepening of one's own personality.

A sensitive feeling for language is almost an indication of a delicate touch for physical phenomena. Words, as well as actions, connect the individual with the world in which his striving is the expression of his inner self. Sympathy established with another individual through ear and eye is the basis for understanding in any human relationship. It is especially valuable in the work of the medical psychologist who has to help his patient to achieve self-fulfilment.

Interest in people and interest in language appear to be so closely connected that the difficulties some people have with their speech show a very audible lack of desire to communicate with others, while a professed incapacity to master even the fundamentals of a foreign language can often be taken as a symptom of neurosis.

* * * * *

The special attention paid to differences between so-called synonyms should not be considered simply as a hobby ; it originates from a longing to penetrate the secret realms of social contact with human beings for the sole purpose of finding, in this deeper union, a way that would lead from liberty to freedom. No time in history saw less freedom or less liberty than the present. One feels almost compelled to drop the conviction that there is a great difference between these two synonyms and to admit that, after all, the desire for finding more delicate nuances is nothing but a useless play on words. Two words, however, cited in every dictionary as synonyms of freedom and liberty, unmask the seriousness of the difference : there was never a time of greater "independence", never one of greater "licence", "the latter also called licentiousness" (Webster).

Yet, never in all history were the music of these words, freedom and liberty, carried more often on the wings of the winds. Atmosphere, even stratosphere must resound with the echo of the voices screaming these words in despair, pronouncing them as a hope, or as mockery ; they ride the air full of the rattle of tortured individuals for whom death brings the liberty that life and their fellow men have denied them ; they sound from the lips of human beings in agony, as a curse, as a promise, as an ecstatic prayer that after the holocaust liberty may return and freedom be born.

But in the meantime licence has taken over, licence to enslave, to torture, to starve people, to refuse them aid in time ; all of it not the effect of freedom or liberty, but of independence, this alluring myth of independence that is not a synonym but an antonym of freedom.

That liberty can be corrupted to licence is a proof that in their inner structure these two conceptions cannot be used interchangeably. While liberty means possessing a right, licence includes the notion of taking it. The static passivity of having and the dynamic aggression of taking are different in motion and direction. Even in legal terminology a "licence" is a special permit or a distinctive privilege ; it serves its holder to pursue a private advantage. The underlying specialization of licence shows up in language ; it is "taken" or "given", it is handled like any merchandise for which a certain price has to be paid, either in money or by exchange equivalent. There is always an individualistic, egocentric connotation of it, none that would, *a priori*, lead to the inclusive conception of a second individual.

Licence "in violation of propriety" (Webster) turns into liberty's greatest enemy. The borderline is easily overstepped, since anything that can be "taken" depends for its ultimate value on the use that is made of it. Usage proves that licence belongs to the existential values, that it is a material, not a physical good. What can be "taken", can also be "taken away", its value is temporary, not permanent.

The danger of the misuse of licence, however, does not lie with the fact of its being a privilege. It starts from an educational inadequacy to awaken in the small child that social interest which alone prevents him from resenting responsibility as a burden, rather than identifying it as the birthright of personality. On the way from infancy to childhood many an individual deviates from the open road towards a sense of at-oneness with mankind into the blind alley of self-centred isolation. If this mistake remains, as so often happens, uncorrected, this mortal sin against the spirit with all its consequences, narrows the individual's world to the slender proportions that he may hope to master. And he believes "he is" what, in reality, or phantasy, "he has". In all neurotic people this confusion of "having" and "being" comes clearly to the surface. People speak of "being something" which they can only "have" or want to have —power, position, money and so on—in the belief that identification with the desired objects can transform them as persons into what their idol represents to them. They fail to recognize that the "subjection" of the object necessarily requires abjurement of the "I" and its relinquishment of the "it". The fear of "being a failure", the craving after "being a success", both typical experiences in neurotically distorted lives, grant personality to the deed and destroy the doer.

The confusion with regard to having and being shows in the usage of synonyms. Psychologically the difference has far greater importance than linguistically : one *has* liberty, but one *is* free.

Any possession, however, is outside the individual, vital as the possession may be. It is never inseparably connected with the "I" of the individual, it is never an integral component of the personality. This makes what one can have as mortal as the body itself. It is fugitive, not eternal. And it can only be a means, a tool, never an aim. Liberty as an aim is as worthless as money as an aim—or power, health or peace. Liberty as a means is a potentiality that can be used to accomplish values which do not lie on the existential plane, like liberty itself, but on the essential one. Liberty, like any other object that can be possessed, can also be lost. It can be given, it can be fought for, it can be taken away, or thrown away and it can even be bought.

That liberty as such is nothing but the indication of a physical,

not of a psychic, state is shown by the use that can be made of the "exemption from slavery, bondage, imprisonment and control of another" (Webster)—as in the case of the killer who has never been detected, the crook who always manages to just keep out of jail, the alcoholic, the whole legion of neurotic people who are physically without restraint, yet tied to their wrong ideas, their wrong aims. The psychical slavery of the individual, who is physically at liberty, is the work of the individual himself. Afraid of being enslaved by obligations, the socially ill-adjusted person prefers the shield of his fictitious personal value, to making himself of use in the world. The neurotic struggles for self-aggrandizement to the detriment of inner growth while maintaining an unfulfilled duty towards himself. Here again, liberty has been chosen, and freedom sacrificed.

In contrast to liberty, freedom is not a physical coincidence but an inner process. It belongs therefore not to the existential, but to the essential values and, as such, is the creation of the individual within himself; not as a result of having liberty, but even in spite of imprisonment and fetters. One can be free in a concentration camp; one can have all the liberty in the world and be a slave. Freedom means disenfranchisement from oneself, from self-centred bondage; it means the courage to face oneself in all one's imperfections, and the courage to carry on, in spite of them; the courage to improve and to fill one's place in the world, and "the status of the will as an uncaused cause of human choice" (Webster).

The freedom to choose is, doubtless, mankind's greatest potentiality: to be able to choose liberty instead of bondage, the most precious inherent quality of the "I". That there are so many people on this earth who are or would be willing to let liberty ride and to choose more primitive values is a sign how little freedom has been achieved, how much social ill-adjustment is still ruining the world. To be free, one has to choose to tear down one's inner barriers, one's narrowness, one's fears for one's own personal value, one has to choose a life within the world, not a reduction of the world to one's own insignificance. The identification with the object, then, becomes meaningless, because the object is no longer chosen according to the increase of personal value that could be derived from it; what is aspired towards is integration, which is not a thing in itself, since to suppose it were would be as much of a verbal absurdity as to conceive of goodness or badness in a vacuum. There is no such thing as personal integration on a desert island or in thin air. Integration is the harmonious concord of the whole individual together with the extra-personal entirety of the world. As tone and overtone are dependent upon each other, the individual and the world in which he moves, choosing, working, loving, creating, are an inseparable unit.

This, however, makes independence an antonym of freedom. In this sense of the word, independence stands for being alone, thrown on to oneself and, as with liberty, it excludes physical and psychical inter-connection. Independence, as the slogan of our time, has led us to the present ordeal. The isolation of every neurotic personality, multiplied a million times in numbers of people afflicted with the psychical and social aberration of "separatedness" has built up the fiction that life can be lived independently of this earth. As long as a neurotic style of life strangled the development of the person into a personality, isolation can be understood, from the fear of the individual that in contact with the world his own worthlessness could be discovered, or that he could be deprived of one of the "have" possessions that in his opinion bestow upon him, and him alone, the grandeur with which he identifies himself. To preserve the fiction of one's own value, the world has to be sacrificed to personal vanity. Without awareness of the consequences of such a mistake people and peoples sought to protect their liberty by independence—and were engulfed in the yawning abyss, which they had overlooked, beneath their feet.

Again, the error seems to originate in the confusion of having and being. To have independence is to grasp the air. To be independent means to rely upon oneself. Self-reliance is no possession, it is the inner creation of the person, and necessary and fundamental for the unfolding of the bud freedom into full bloom. Only the self-reliant person dares to entrust himself to life, he does not fear failures and he does not crave success. He seeks self-fulfilment which only can be achieved together with others and in interdependence.

* * * * *

Had the world not been inebriated with the lust of misunderstood words, it would not be now in chains. The tragedy of man is largely based on the belief that words alone can solve the problem, that they are identical with the deed. But words will not make the discord of the present day into harmony. One can liberate people by giving them liberty, one cannot give them freedom. This everyone has to achieve for himself, in the individual soul as well as in the mass-soul.

Alas, too many birds of ill omen are flying about; their dark wings obscuring the sun of hope and desire. Far too few people have learned to choose anything but themselves. Far too many have not even started to tear down their inner chains, their prejudices which are a sign of their fears, their superstitious belief in power, whatever power involves and in whatever form it presents itself to them. In their minds liberation does not mean liberty for the world, it does not entail any conception that the world has a claim on everyone that lives in it to make himself free in order to help others to become free.

Until the human race frees itself from wrong beliefs in personal power, narrowness of soul and our enslavement by prejudices bred from our own sense of inferiority, we shall have to pay more and more blood money.

This is the price for claiming independence, for wanting liberty at the expense of the liberty of others ; for the failure to recognize that liberty alone has not an inner value ; too many who have it on a physical plane are content with it and fool themselves into the conviction of being free. No one is free who has not even started to fulfil himself, who has not even begun to seek his integration into the world, who has not learned to be independent in order to serve and accomplish inter-dependence.

This problem is of vital importance since on its solution depends the future of the world. That it is an educational and re-educational problem does not make it easier. As long as individual and people are willing to pay *Danegeld*, they will find out over and over again that "the end of that game is oppression and shame" and that the individual "and the nation that plays it, is lost."

The sword will not ultimately save the world from slavery, nor can any other material means protect liberty from being taken away ; only the spirit of free people can create a world at peace.

(Dr. Lydia Sicher is a medical psychologist writing from America where she practises.)

WHERE ANIMALS RULE MEN

BY WILLARD PRICE

WE think of men as dominating animals and plants ; but in some parts of the world animals and plants exercise considerable domination over man. This is true especially among primitive peoples.

How the life of the savage is influenced by his fauna and flora is illustrated graphically on the grim, rain-soaked island of Ponape in the western Pacific. Where there is much rain there is much vegetation, and where there are many growing things there are many eating things. In rank, dank Ponape, animal life is vigorous. There are no dangerous four-footed animals—they have never been able to get there from the mainland. But it would perhaps be easier for an airman dropping into the interior of Ponape to defend himself against an occasional tiger than against the myriad of small barbed stinging things he would encounter. The worse they are the more honour the native pays them, regarding them as semi-divine beings that must be propitiated with offerings and spoken of with the greatest respect.

There is the lowly centipede. It is common in the thatch and under the reed-grass flooring of the huts, and it can inflict a painful bite. The Ponapeans have a name for it that they think but do not speak. This is because of some forgotten religious taboo. Just as the Japanese would not call their Emperor by his name, Hirohito, so the Ponapean must never use the actual name of certain sacred animals. Evasive polite names are substituted. The centipede is supposed to be inhabited by a spirit that will be deeply offended and retaliate with a severe nip if you fail to use the proper ceremonial titles. And the peculiar thing about these titles is that it is thought more respectful to give the centipede a different name by day and by night. During daylight you must not fail to call it *Man-en-ran*, The Creature of the Day, and after dark it should be referred to as *Man-en-pong*, The Creature of the Night.

The native goes to a lot of trouble to mollify the animal gods. Time-consuming rites are necessary to keep peace with the vicious spirit that is supposed to reside in the macho, a particularly unpleasant green eel. It is quite as much at home in the air as in the water. It

may be encountered by anyone wading through the salt-water marshes that belt the island of Ponape. When it does not find what it wants under the surface, it climbs a mangrove tree and waits to pounce upon any prey passing below. While we were in Ponape a man bitten by a macho was brought to the hospital. He died after two days. The doctors were sure they could have saved him if it had not been for his superstitious belief that anyone bitten by the macho must die. The belief has a curious origin. Long ago a cruel chief murdered his wife and children. His neighbours drove him into a swamp where he escaped by changing into an eel. This, according to the native legend, was the origin of the deadly macho. Just as the murderous chief killed anyone who offended him, his reincarnation is thought deadly. Non-believers can be bitten by the macho and live.

There is another savage eel to be found in fresh water. It sometimes attacks persons fording or bathing in the mountain streams. Here again, the real name, *it*, is taboo and the animal is addressed by the more respectful name, Kamichik, The Terrible One. On the Kiti uplands, 3,000 feet above the sea, there is a lake filled with this writhing death. Christian natives of Mortlock identify this eel as the serpent of the Garden of Eden.

Almost universally anything snake-like has always been much dreaded, and sometimes devoutly worshipped. Serpents are imagined, in many eastern countries, to have magical curative powers. We saw a farm boy in Japan bringing home two snakes to his mother as a cure for her pleurisy; and in Korea we saw snakes brewed for sufferers from tuberculosis.

The lizard is lord of many quaking hearts for he is the abode of the devil. The Ponape natives spend much effort trying to please the evil one in the savage, red-spotted black lizard known as *kieil*. And it would seem most unfortunate that the god of carpentry should choose to live in a mean tree-lizard, so that if a man wishes to build a house or a canoe he must first seek out this animal, no matter how hard to find, and pray for success. Otherwise he fears that the lizard-god will come in the night and destroy what he has done during the day.

There is an alligator-like skink that haunts burying grounds and feeds upon corpses—which distresses the natives, not because the bodies have been eaten, but because the spirits of the dead men will be angry and will return to avenge themselves upon their relatives.

A prickly green lizard called *man-tau-och*, meaning "animal-go-up-ivory-palm-tree," possesses an uncanny ability, it is said, of making any man who climbs this lofty tree become dizzy and fall. So a native will not go up a tree in which this animal is seen.

Birds also control man. On the primitive island of Yap, in the

Pelew group, the native will obey certain signs that he reads in the motions of the albatross. This bird is supposed to be a warning god. He will go miles around to avoid coming near the orra, a black nocturnal bird supposed to be the god of death and disease.

In the not distant Philippine island of Mindanao the limokon is a bird of prophecy. If you hear its cry on your right, you may go on; if on your left, you must turn back or your trip will lead to disaster. On a jungle journey of great importance I was much provoked when my guides stubbornly refused to proceed when they heard the voice of this winged oracle. There was nothing that could be done about it; the limokon had spoken. We turned back. How seriously this superstition interferes with the normal life of the forest folk can easily be imagined.

We perhaps think of superstitions as harmless notions—such as our reluctance to go under a ladder—fancies that really make little difference. They are more than that to the primitive. They are the ruling force in his life. They can easily spell death. For example, in Sumatra a tiger was allowed to ravage a village at will, killing many people, because it was supposed to be the walking home of not one but many spirits that would wreak terrible vengeance if the tiger were molested. Finally it was necessary to kill it, but only with elaborate ceremonies during which the villagers humbly asked the tiger's pardon. The skin was preserved as a fetish.

The denizens of the sea extend their dominion over the human beings on the shore. The shark is a god and must be obeyed. The blue starfish, say the Ponape folk, will bring rain if it is plucked out of the lagoon—and that would be a pity since Ponape already gets more rain than it wants. If an expectant mother eats a certain spotted fish, the baby will be spotted.

The coral shelves of the Ponape lagoon are the home of The Favourite Wife of the Flame Tree, as the sea-slug is respectfully called. The variety found here is able to sting the flesh with its feelers and eject a poison that will cause blindness. This is one source of *bêche-de-mer*, a dainty much prized by the Chinese.

Yap fishermen stand in awe of the god of the sea. They do not dare go forth until they have made a proper offering to the god. They send out one fisherman who catches a single fish and brings it back to the All Men House, which projects into the lagoon. We stood on the platform of the All Men House one morning and watched the ceremony. The one fish was cut into eighteen pieces, for eighteen men were to go fishing. Then the eighteen men lined up at the edge of the platform and each threw his bit of fish far out into the lagoon. The idea is that if the first fish is eaten, the god will consider the fishermen greedy and will give them no more. But if the fish is returned to him, he will be generous.

The superstitions of fishing interfere decidedly with normal life. During the special fishing season of six to eight weeks, the fisherman must stay in the All Men House, rather than in his own hut. He dare not go home under any pretext. He must not so much as look at his wife; if he does it is believed that a flying fish will bore out his eyes. If she brings him food she must stand with her back to the club house. He may then come out, stand with his back to her, and receive the gift. But if they so much as touch fingers, the sea-god will wrathfully upset his canoe.

Perhaps the most feared aquatic divinity is the sting ray. Its real name in Ponape is *Pae*, but that must not be spoken. It is referred to reverentially as "Queen of the Sea Bottom". The queen, as becomes royalty, does not exert herself unduly. She lies passively on the bottom and waits for her dinner to be served. She is protected by a bared bayonet projecting upward from her tail—and if a wading native steps on this poisonous saw-toothed blade, the outcome may very easily be fatal. The natives' superstitious dread of the sting ray is so great that the Yap wizard can capitalize on it and use it in his eerie business. He makes a wand of the vicious spine. By waving it in the air while chanting an incantation, he can either curse or cure. If you wish your neighbour to die you have but to pay the wizard's fee and he will wave the doomed man to death. If he does not obligingly die, the wizard will supplement his magic arts with something less magical and more effective—possibly the ministration of a little poison, or the placing of another sting ray, point up, in the victim's bed where he may roll upon it in his sleep. On the other hand, if you are ill, and have the necessary fee, the *machamach*, as the wizard is called, will wave a sting-ray wand and cure you. If you are not cured you will not dare admit it.

So the gods of the sea govern men. But the gods of the soil also have a good deal to say. So much, in fact, that they are largely responsible for the slow march toward extinction of the Yap native. In the midst of plenty, the Yap farmer suffers from malnutrition—because of superstition. A Yap chief gave us some breakfast. "Won't you eat with us?" I asked. "We never eat in the morning," he replied. "Not until noon?" "Not until night," he corrected me. The reason is that if the farmer goes out to his farm with a full stomach the god of the soil will know that mankind cultivates plants only to devour them. To keep this a secret, a man must eat nothing till night. Then, fatigued, he often eats too much and suffers from indigestion. The high Yap mortality is credited partly to this abuse.

An offering of fruit is made to the god of the fields by the Bagobos of Mindanao. When sowing seed a clapper is kept sounding to please the god.

Not only the dirt but the stones have their jealous gods. On Yap

possibly the strangest money in the world is used—stone coins varying from six inches to twelve feet in diameter. These coins have their value because they are believed to be the incarnation of a god who will be angry if modern money is used. It is rather startling to see a villager struggling down to the store under a thirty-pound piece of rock to buy a can of tobacco. There is, of course, no easy flexibility of trade with such currency. Nor are these stones unique in being considered divine. Many spirits make their homes in rocks.

Trees, too, are the homes of vengeful spirits, and the plantation owner is much hampered in his work by many taboos. Before cutting down a tree, he must give the spirits several days' warning so that they may move to some other tree. Americans complained because the "scorched earth policy" was not applied to the rubber plantations of Malaya and Sumatra during the Japanese advance. If native workmen had been ordered to cut down the rubber trees they would probably have refused—for the process would have made homeless vast numbers of spirits who would then have sought revenge.

When Micronesians were commanded by the Japanese to cut down a tree they whispered a little prayer in which they informed the spirits that the Japanese were to blame. The Mandelings of Sumatra, in the same way, used to throw blame on the Dutch Controller, saying: "Spirit who lodgest in this tree, take it not ill that I cut down thy dwelling, for it is done at no wish of mine, but by order of the Controller."

The savage's taboos regarding food are often amusing to the stranger, but very serious to him. We offered a Yap chief some choice bananas. "I cannot eat them," he said. "My wife is going to have a child." The expectant father may not eat bananas or turtle meat; or coconuts if they have fallen from the tree. If he violates these rules, the child will be stillborn.

Magical objects must be made of the right material, otherwise they have no potency. If you see a long comb projecting from the hair of a Yap islander, you know that he is one of the nobles. But the comb must be made of mangrove; there would be no nobility in any other wood. The necklace that shows a girl is of marriageable age must be of the lemon hibiscus. A palm leaf placed over a man's door when he leaves home will deter any thief from entering. A palm leaf put around one's wife will make her taboo to other men. No other leaf will do.

The god of the coconut is a stern dictator. He forbids that the proud Yap coconut should be made a common thing, violated by any person who chances to be hungry or thirsty. It must be reserved for one person alone, so each member of a Yap family has his own trees. When a child is born, two or three trees are assigned to it—hence-

forth no one else may eat the fruit of those trees. If there is too much for the child, the rest must rot.

It is so also with taro ; each person has his own potato patch. If mine yields heavily and yours not at all, I throw taro away while you starve. Harsh is the rule of the plant gods. With the land split up into tiny individual sections, some cultivated and some neglected, an efficient agriculture is impossible. And a balanced diet is out of the question.

Taboos make woman's work hard. Suppose a Yap housewife has six persons in her family. She must collect the taro or coconut for each person from his own bit of land, keep them separate, cook each lot in a separate pot over a separate fire. The spectacle of a woman running about her yard keeping six fires going under six pots is a sight to remember. If the owner of a given plot of land dies, the land must be abandoned for one year. Nuts drop from the trees and rot. They must not be touched. They will be needed by the spirit of the departed until he gets his plantations going in the land above the sky. If they are stolen he will go hungry and will inflict terrible punishment upon the living.

Fear. Fear. Fear is the constant refrain of savage life. Dread of the gods of sun and moon, of wind and sea, of rock and soil, and particularly of man's closest and best neighbours, the animals and plants. Rousseau depicted the "son of nature" as free and happy. How many "sons of nature" had he personally encountered? The savage does not understand his surroundings. To be ignorant is to be afraid. Animism, which places a malicious spirit in every growing thing, is man's first effort to explain nature. When man learns, animism fades, science takes its place. As his scientific knowledge grows, so grows his realization that nature is his friend.

MR. ELIOT'S COCKTAIL PARTY

By J. MIDDLETON MURRY

NOT unfairly *The Cocktail Party* calls itself a comedy, but its theme is the unusual one of salvation. Its relation to Mr. Eliot's previous play, *The Family Reunion*, which could hardly be called a comedy, is also unusually intimate. In this essay, I propose to consider this relation.

The dramatic theme of *The Family Reunion* is the progressive liberation of a man from "the awful privacy of the insane mind." It is never clearly revealed in the play whether Harry's belief that he has murdered his wife is, or is not a delusion. What is revealed is that the cause of his misery lies in the distant past, in the loveless relation between his father and mother, from which his father had sought release in love of his mother's sister, Harry's aunt, Agatha. He had, rather naïvely, plotted to kill his cold and dominating wife. And it is powerfully suggested that this murderous impulse of Harry's father towards his wife is repeated, more terribly, in his son, who is thus under a 'curse'. To my sense this introduces a perplexing and unsatisfactory element into the play. I am never sure whether the 'curse' is conceived as a real power of evil ; therefore I am never sure whether Harry is truly liberated from it. It seems to me that this perplexing element in the play derives from Mr. Eliot's intention to re-enact part of the theme of the *Oresteia* in a modern setting. There is an element in the Greek dramatic myth which cannot be reconciled with a fundamentally Christian scheme of salvation.

Nevertheless, if we imaginatively eliminate from *The Family Reunion* this perplexing suggestion of an hereditary curse, and read it as the drama of the emancipation of a son from the devastation wrought in him by the loveless relation between a weak but kindly husband and a self-righteous and dominating wife, by means of the continuing and purified love of his father's sister, it becomes not only moving but convincing too. We can believe alike in the condition of awful isolation in which Harry is imprisoned, and the reality of his liberation from it.

In *The Cocktail Party*, the theme is again salvation ; but now the subjects of salvation, Edward, Lavinia and Celia, do not suffer under a 'curse'—at any rate, not one that is mysterious, questionable and

ultimately incomprehensible. The cause of their misery is not in the distant past, like Harry's, neither do they labour, like him, under any dreadful delusion. Their condition is ordinary. In consequence there is no need of oracular utterance in the play: there are no mysteries to conceal or reveal. This is, no doubt, the chief reason why *The Cocktail Party*, as compared to *The Family Reunion*, has achieved a great and deserved success with the general public. It is, from first to last, eminently credible. Even the paradox by which the at first sight futile but richly comic Julia and Alex are subsequently revealed as confederates with Reilly in the work of salvation strains our credulity only enough to make us meditate its significance.

At the same time, when we come to essentials, the relation between the two plays is seen to be close indeed.

The affinity between Celia's process of salvation and Harry's is evident, and the relation between her previous state of mind and his obvious. If we abate what is extraordinary in Harry's condition and consider it as one which might, without straining, be universalized, we have more or less exactly Celia's condition.

Celia: No . . . it isn't that I want to be alone,
But that everyone's alone—or so it seems to me.
They make noises, and think they are talking to each other;
They make faces, and think they understand each other.
And I'm sure that they don't. Is that a delusion?

Reilly: A delusion is something we must return from.
There are other states of mind, which we take to be delusion,
But which we have to accept and go on from.

Celia's condition is awareness of isolation, and a sense of sin—not for anything she had done—

But of emptiness, of failure
Towards someone, or something, outside of myself;
And I feel I must . . . atone—is that the word?

That is, in essence, Harry's condition at his moment of enlightenment. But Celia has also an affinity with Agatha. She has had a love-affair with Edward, which she does not repent, and which she describes in retrospect very much as Agatha describes her love for Harry's father. Celia says:

I haven't hurt her.
I wasn't taking anything away from her—
Anything she wanted.

which is almost identical with Agatha's words to Amy: "What did I take? Nothing that you ever had." And Celia's description of her experience of love:

I have thought at moments that the ecstasy is real
Although those who experience it may have no reality.
For what happened is remembered like a dream
In which one is exalted by intensity of loving

In the spirit, a vibration of delight
Without desire, for desire is fulfilled
In the delight of loving . . .

reminds one of Agatha's: "There are hours when there seems to be no past or future . . ." The affinity between Celia and Agatha is perhaps not to be stressed, but it is sufficiently marked to warrant the suggestion that Celia is, in some sort, a combination of Harry and Agatha: a combination which is natural enough, for the spiritual relation between Harry and Agatha is intimate indeed.

But in *The Cocktail Party* the guidance which in *The Family Reunion* arises as it were spontaneously between Agatha and Harry, or rather comes to them:

Oh, mother,
This is not to do with Agatha, any more than with the rest of you.
My advice has come from quite a different quarter,

is objectified in Reilly's advice to Celia. This makes for more explicit dramatic action; it is also necessary in so far as Agatha and Harry are combined in Celia. The dialogue between Harry and Agatha would have to be soliloquy in Celia, were it not for the creation of Reilly. And Reilly has something more to say than is said, or hinted at, in the dialogue between Harry and Agatha. There is now a second possibility other than the life of expiation and dedication. Reilly says to Celia:

If that is what you wish
I can reconcile you to the human condition,
The condition to which some who have gone as far as you
Have succeeded in returning. They may remember
The vision they have had, but they cease to regret it,
Maintain themselves by the common routine,
Learn to avoid excessive expectation,
Become tolerant of themselves and others,
Giving and taking, in the usual actions
What there is to give and take. They do not repine;
Are contented with the morning that separates
And with the evening that brings together
For casual talk before the fire
Two people who know they do not understand each other,
Breeding children whom they do not understand
And who will never understand them.

Celia: Is that the best life?

Reilly: It is a good life. Though you will not know how good
Till you come to the end. But you will want nothing else,
And the other life will be only like a book
You have read once, and lost. In a world of lunacy,
Violence, stupidity, greed . . . it is a good life.

But Celia clings to her vision, and rejects, not without regret, the good life that Reilly offers.

I feel it would be a kind of surrender—
No, not a surrender—more like a betrayal.

You see, I think I really had a vision of something
Though I don't know what it is. I don't want to forget it . . .
I couldn't give anyone the kind of love—
I wish I could—which belongs to that life.

So Celia chooses the second way, which Reilly describes to her.

The second is unknown, and so requires faith—
The kind of faith that issues from despair.
The destination cannot be described ;
You will know very little until you get there ;
You will journey blind. But the way leads towards possession
Of what you have sought for in the wrong place.

That pilgrimage is indistinguishable from Harry's ; and Celia's
actual destiny is a factual and painful fulfilment of Harry's conjecture.

Somewhere on the other side of despair.
To the worship in the desert, the thirst and deprivation,
A stony sanctuary and a primitive altar, . . .
A care over lives of humble people,
The lesson of ignorance, of incurable diseases.
Such things are possible.

The difference, if difference there is, between Celia and Harry—
abating the Orestean pattern, which is irrelevant when we are con-
sidering the poet's doctrine of salvation—lies in the fact that the
vision to which Celia clings is a vision vouchsafed to her in the
illumination of love. Although it is not certain that Harry's vision
was of this kind, there is some evidence to suggest that it was. For it
is central to the drama of *The Family Reunion*, as I read it, that
liberation comes to Harry through Agatha's love and his recognition
of it, both as a fact in the past and an illumination in the present.
That is the purport of his cry to Agatha :

And what did not happen is as true as what did happen
O my dear, and you walked through the little door
And I ran to meet you in the rose-garden.

The rose-garden is the symbol of the same ecstasy of love which
Celia describes, when

what happened is remembered like a dream
In which one is exalted by intensity of loving
In the spirit, a vibration of delight
Without desire, for desire is fulfilled
In the delight of loving.

Agatha, with Harry's father, "only looked through the little door
when the sun was shining on the rose garden." But when she has
told her secret to Harry she "walks through the little door" and he
"runs to meet her in the rose-garden." I do not think it is pressing
the poet's symbolism too hard to interpret passing through the little
door as the attainment of love beyond desire, and looking through
it only as the vision of love as it comes to one entangled in desire.
Agatha's love for Harry and Harry's response to it are an instan-
taneous and eternal passing through the little door.

I would surmise, too, that Harry's "running to meet Agatha in

the rose-garden" is the experience he describes at the moment of
its happening in the words :

Look, I do not know why,
I feel happy for a moment, as if I had come home.
It is quite irrational, but now
I feel quite happy, as if happiness
Did not consist in getting what one wanted
Or in getting rid of what can't be got rid of
But in a different vision. This is like an end.

Or, if the experiences are not identical, they are complementary.
There is, therefore, some solid ground for supposing that Celia's
experience is, at the spiritual level, indistinguishable from Harry's.

What is new, in the scheme of salvation in *The Cocktail Party* as
compared with *The Family Reunion*, is Reilly's insistence that there
are two ways. The possibility of a return to ordinary life with "a
different vision" is not even faintly indicated in *The Family Reunion*.
There the ordinary life, as presented in Harry's other aunts, his
uncles, and his brothers appears to be one of stupid mechanism.
The vista opened in *The Cocktail Party* is new, though it is not new
in the history of mysticism, in which the mysticism of descent as
distinguished from the mysticism of ascent has always had an
honourable place. Reilly is true to the tradition when he answers
Celia's question : "Which way is better ?"

Reilly : Neither way is better.
Both ways are necessary. It is also necessary
To make a choice between them.

The absorbing interest of *The Cocktail Party* and that which to
my mind makes it the more significant play is that the possibility
of the transvaluation and transformation of the ordinary becomes
the main theme : it is not merely suggested but dramatically
demonstrated in Edward and Lavinia. I think the doctrine itself is
truer, or at any rate more comprehensive, and I think the drama gains
greatly in power—even in the power to affect "our deeper organiza-
tion"—because there is no penumbra of spiritual uncertainty to
perplex. *The Cocktail Party* is a very fine play indeed.

On one point it leaves me, not indeed perplexed, but questioning.
I accept the necessity of choice between the way of renunciation and
the way of acceptance ; and I can believe that this is the spiritual
decision. What I am doubtful about is the doctrine of human love
which is somewhat more than implied in *The Cocktail Party*. The
love of Celia and Edward was a self-deception.

And then I found we were only strangers
And that there had been neither giving nor taking
But that we had merely made use of each other
Each for his purpose. That's horrible.

The discovery is humanly true, and no doubt frequent. But can
it be universalized as the inevitable and inexorable destiny of lovers ?

MR. ELIOT'S COCKTAIL PARTY

That Celia is tempted to universalize it is natural enough in her moment of disillusion.

Can we only love
Something created by our own imagination?
Are we all in fact unloving and unlovable?

But Reilly himself appears to accept this. The best of love between a man and a woman, along the way of acceptance, is that

They do not repine;
Are contented with the morning that separates
And with the evening that brings together
For casual talk beside the fire
Two people who know they do not understand each other.
Breeding children whom they do not understand
And who will never understand them.

Call it tolerant affection. Either that or the impersonal ecstasy described by Celia, which makes her think at moments

that the ecstasy is real
Although those who experience it may have no reality . . .
But what, or whom I loved
Or what in me was loving, I do not know.

If there is love, there are no persons; if there are persons, there is no love. Such appears to be the doctrine. There is plenty of high authority behind it—in fact an august and venerable tradition. And yet I do not believe it to be true. Often, terribly often, apparently true: a doctrine that fits the facts of experience in nine cases out of ten, or 99 out of a hundred. But for all that not universally true, either factually or metaphysically. To make the best of a bad job, by accepting the fact that we are all unloving and unlovable is not the best thing that may happen to those who do not choose the way of renunciation, or the best they can achieve. They can learn to love each other as persons; and become lovable in the process, which has its own discipline of renunciation. The process is described in some words of Katherine Mansfield's:

For a long time she said she did not want to change anything in him, and she meant it. Yet she hated things in him and wished they were otherwise. Then she said that she did not want to change anything in him and she meant it. And the dark things that she had hated she now regarded with indifference. Then she said that she did not want to change anything in him. But now she loved him so that even the dark things she loved, too. She wished them there; she was not indifferent. Still they were dark and strange but she loved them. And it was for this that they had been waiting. They changed. They shed their darkness—the curse was lifted and they shone forth as Royal Princes once more, as creatures of light.

I believe that also is a real possibility between lovers. There is not much room for it in Mr. Eliot's doctrine of love.

However that may be, it is immaterial to the value of *The Cocktail Party*. That seems to me definitely superior to that of *The Family Reunion*, for two main reasons: first, that the scheme of salvation

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is satisfying and universal, and second, because (in consequence of this) the dramatic action is unconfused. Both plays have for their theme the necessity of salvation; but whereas in *The Cocktail Party* what we are to be saved from is clear, in *The Family Reunion* it is not. The eventually liberated souls in *The Cocktail Party* recognizably belong to the human condition: they are such as you or I. But Harry under the curse is not. His condition is extraordinary. That, it seems, would not matter if his extraordinary situation could be felt to be truly symbolic of the human situation at large; as it might be if he had not been persuaded that he had murdered his wife.

It is not easy to be sure of one's own judgment in such matters. To say that such a condition as Harry's cannot be symbolic of the human condition is obviously excessive. The inexplicable and mysterious sense of implication and responsibility for "the giant agony of the world" which comes to us all, in moments of awareness, may be symbolized by an extreme private agony such as Harry's: it is obviously not impossible. The problem is really one of the dramatic adequacy or plausibility of symbolism. This is, I think, what Goethe was pondering when he wrote:

There is a great difference between a poet who seeks the particular for the sake of the universal and one who seeks the universal in the particular. The former method breeds Allegory, where the particular is used only as an example, an instance, of the universal; but the latter is the true method of poetry. It expresses a particular without a thought of or a reference to the universal. But whoever has a living grasp of this particular, grasps the universal with it, knowing it either not at all, or only long afterwards.

In these terms, the difficulty of *The Family Reunion* arises from the difficulty of getting such a living grasp of the particular who is Harry. A condition of mind in which a man verily does not know whether he murdered his wife or not, or for what cause, is impossible for us to enter, to feel as though it were our own. It is insanity, not only in the legal, but in a deeper sense. And the suggestion that this insanity is explicable and 'curable' by the victim's knowledge that his father had meditated murdering his wife is spiritually confusing. It recalls the appeal of Baudelaire.

La ville fourmille de monstres innocents . . . O Créateur ! peut-il exister des monstres aux de celui-là qui sait pourquoi ils existent, comment ils se sont faits et comment ils auraient pu ne pas se faire ?

It is as though the poet claimed to know, and to reveal, the genesis of criminal lunacy. This is inordinate; and my mind baulks at the causal connection he suggests. The extremity of Harry's condition is not explained by the origin of wretchedness he discovers. Neither can we believe that he believes it is. He remains the innocent victim, even the innocent monster. What is revealed to him explains why he should be miserable and in exile, but not why he should have been mad, or a murderer.

But it may be said : why distinguish ? Harry's sense of isolation and exile is itself a suffering endured by an innocent victim. Screwing it up to the pitch of madness and murder does not alter this ; it intensifies the suffering but it does not make the lesser suffering deserved. The answer is, surely, that isolation and exile is the common human condition. To become aware is to become aware precisely of this. And even though Harry's wretchedness had a particular origin, it is nevertheless to this extent aptly symbolic of the state of man, just as Agatha's love is symbolic of the means of man's deliverance. But the further condition of madness and murder is not symbolic, in the same way : neither can it be made symbolic by suggesting it is causally linked with a father's desire to murder.

Again, it may be said, this is the mystery of Evil. Then let it remain a mystery. As Mr. Eliot himself has said : "The mystery of Iniquity is a pit too deep for mortal eyes to plumb." The poet made a mistake in offering a half-explanation, which is no explanation. If the cause why Harry murdered, or believed he had murdered, an apparently unoffending wife, was that his father had meditated murdering an offending one, and this causal connection due to the operation of inflexible laws, "unalterable in the nature of music," we can only say that the music is no music to our ear. The laws of Argos and England refuse to be reconciled. Something has come between.

Anyhow, there is no such radical perplexity to disturb and confuse one's reaction to *The Cocktail Party*. In it the drama seems to arise directly out of the scheme of salvation and the new recognition that there are two ways of salvation is not only spiritually true, but it makes possible a dramatic contrast which is finally convincing as well as immediately effective. Compared with it, the contrast in *The Family Reunion* between Harry and Agatha and Mary on the one side, and Harry's aunts and uncles and brothers on the other seems artificial and strained, so that we seem to be offered a truly desperate choice between complete renunciation and complete idiocy. But in *The Cocktail Party* the double contrast between Celia on the one hand and Edward and Lavinia on the other, and between Edward and Lavinia in their former and in their latter condition, is at once illuminating and satisfying. The drama that has been unfolded is recognizably within the limits of the human condition ; and it is the more dramatic for that. *The Cocktail Party* represents as great an advance on *The Family Reunion* as *The Family Reunion* did on *Murder in The Cathedral*. Considering how original *Murder in the Cathedral* was, that is saying a very great deal.

DRAWING CLOSER

BY JOHN HARTCUP

Rustle of brittle leaves, presage of winter's coming,
And hearth, once more, takes on its ancient meaning
As we draw closer. Perhaps we see things clearer
On these winter evenings ; when the wind whines
And the tiles chatter, the loose latch frightens.

Imagination grows with strange association
And sterile winter, breathing more poignant spring,
Makes drip of icicle seem more urgent.
The would-be-kissed, drifting toward the mistletoe,
Recalls the bee's embrace of nectar-laden flower.

The frail form of a rouged-cheeked dowager
Likens the slender shape of rose incarnadine,
Whose petalled cheeks tell of a menace passed,
For they are moistened from the last grey strands
Plucked from the white cloud of her hair.

The mice scurry in the wainscot, while the cat yawns.
We think of storms and pray for men in small boats.
But like a wasteful human the cat leaves its fish ;
And we heap more coal on the fire to sense contentment ;
Sweat of cramped miners dries in our understanding.

Like children we would wish to feel we held,
Within our empty shells, the ocean's might and moan ;
But we are quite alone and drawing closer
To the long, much feared, predictable :
The barren garden just behind the curtain.

WARRINGTON AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY MOVEMENT

BY GEORGE A. CARTER

THE year 1848 has been described as a year of revolution, and the foundation then of the first rate-supported public library in this country is but one tiny event among the many revolutionary changes that were taking place. Social problems, created by the rapid growth of industrial towns, had become acute. The hurried measures effected to combat the disastrous outbreak of Asiatic cholera in 1831-1832, for example, were felt to be inadequate for preventing further outbreaks, with the result that a long struggle took place in both Houses of Parliament between 1838 and 1848 over the steps necessary to deal with the sanitary and housing conditions largely responsible for periodic epidemics. And although the Public Health Act of 1848 was only the beginning of modern sanitary legislation, it was also a sign that the public conscience was slowly being stirred into the realization that far reaching reforms were necessary to solve the terrible problems created by the new social conditions.

Poets, philosophers and political agitators, like Wordsworth, Cobbett and Carlyle, had noted and deplored the decline in the general quality of life, and the slow stirring of the public conscience resulted in the grudging acquiescence of successive parliaments to the expenditure of small sums of public money, both nationally and locally, on such public amenities as schools, public parks, public baths, museums and public libraries. Thus towns adopting the Museums Act of 1845 were permitted to expend a rate of a halfpenny in the £ on the establishment of museums for the instruction and amusement of the inhabitants of those towns, and the Public Libraries Act of 1850 permitted the expenditure of the same amount on libraries. These Acts were not passed without considerable opposition, which arose largely from a fear of allowing towns to spend public money. There were other causes. Doubts still existed as to whether the public ought to be instructed and amused. A character in Sheridan's eighteenth century comedy *The Rivals* had described a circulating library in a town as "an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge." Sixty-five years later, in 1840, when the Warrington Mechanics' Institution held an art exhibition, a man whose patronage had been sought refused his support because the exhibition was an attempt to

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diffuse knowledge, and he warned the Institute not to hold the candle to the devil lest he blow it out. Another man also disclaimed acquaintance with the sponsors because, as he said, "the Mechanics' Institution makes everybody infidels."

It is surprising, therefore, that Warrington should have been the first town in Great Britain to levy a rate for the purpose of establishing a public library, and when it is realized that this was done two years before the first Public Libraries Act had passed the Commons in 1850, the event becomes astonishing. It would be easy to ascribe to the founders of the Warrington Municipal Library an altruism which subsequent events do not justify, and it would be just as easy, though equally unjustifiable, to explain the foundation of the library simply as an act of self-interest. What actually happened in 1848 was that a number of subscribers to the Old Warrington Circulating Library, which had been founded in 1760, held a meeting to consider a number of printed proposals relating to its future.

This library had been used in the eighteenth century by the distinguished men and women who had been attracted to Warrington by the Warrington Academy, which, to quote Dr. McLachlan's recent book on the subject, "stands forth as a forerunner of the modern university colleges and universities; as an eighteenth century centre of scientific and literary activity; and, last but not least, as a citadel of religious and political freedom." Dr. Joseph Priestley, the scientist and philosopher, was a tutor at the academy and he was also a member of the committee of the circulating library. Others associated with both the academy and library were Dr. John Aikin and the poet Mrs. Barbauld, while the first person to hold office as the librarian of the circulating library was William Eyres, the distinguished Warrington printer.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, however, the academy had long been closed, and the circulating library was in grave danger of disintegration through lack of funds and lack of interest. Then, in 1847, Warrington became a municipal borough and a number of men saw a method of saving the library from total extinction. Perhaps some of them merely wanted to save it for the subscribers, but there were others who genuinely desired to provide a new public amenity for the town. As a result of the meeting of the subscribers in May 1848, the library passed into municipal control. A rate of not less than 4d. in the £ was to be levied and, when the library was opened to the public on November 1, 1848, no similar institution existed anywhere else in Great Britain.

Despite the enthusiasm of those who desired so ardently to establish public libraries, it is quite evident that the early Victorians were determined not to allow themselves to be carried away by enthusiasm when the financial aspects were being considered. A speaker in a

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B.B.C. talk on the early Victorians said : " They wanted a system of administration which should be efficient without expense." The report, published in 1849, by the members of the " Select Committee . . . appointed on the best means of extending the Establishment of Libraries freely open to the Public" expressed the pious hope that it would only be necessary to provide buildings from the rates, and books would flow in to fill them by way of charitable donation. For the next 70 years financial restrictions rested upon the public library movement like a chilly hand, so that full development of an efficient service was impossible. This disability was not removed until 1919 and it is only in the last 30 years that some towns have been able to shake off the traditions of three-quarters of a century in order to provide a service that is both desirable and efficient. In other towns the traditions still remain.

The founders of the Warrington Municipal Library appear to have been rather more realistic in their attitude towards the cost of maintaining it than were their contemporaries in the parliament responsible for the first Public Libraries Act, for it was clearly stated from the outset in Warrington, that funds to provide a building should be raised by public subscription, and that the library rate should be supplemented by the annual subscriptions of all to whom books were to be issued for home reading.

For more than 40 years after a public library was established in Warrington, the only privilege accorded to members of the public in return for the library rate, was free admittance to certain reading rooms on certain days of the week, when books and periodicals could be consulted and read on the premises, providing the seeker of knowledge asked the attendant politely to hand him the book or periodical desired. For almost 40 years, no voice was raised against the policy of the library committee in issuing books to subscribers only. Indeed, why should anyone have protested? The Acts of Parliament had not stated that books should be issued free of charge—and much more to the point—very few of the inhabitants were able to read during the first few decades of public library activity in the town. In providing libraries before schools the cart had been placed before the horse, and the Education Act of 1870 had been on the statute book for sixteen years before an editorial article in a Warrington newspaper drew attention to the fact that, in other towns, books were loaned by public libraries without charge, while in Warrington the ratepayers were denied this privilege. This editorial unleashed a flood of correspondence which lasted for five years; public meetings were convened to consider the matter; heated discussion took place in the council chamber; comments on the struggle appeared in newspapers all over Lancashire and, finally, the noise of the dispute reached the House of Commons, where a

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question was asked by Mr. Bradlaugh and a reply given by the Attorney General. The dispute was settled in the case of Warrington by the inclusion, in a local Act, of a clause permitting a 1½d. rate to be levied, and for the rest of the country by the sentence in the Public Libraries Act of 1892 : " No charge shall be made for admission to a library or museum provided under this Act for any library district, or, in the case of a lending library for the use thereof by the inhabitants of the district."

Within the year following the " freeing " of the Warrington Municipal Library, the number of books issued for home reading was more than doubled, and the next important change did not take place until the year following the removal of the rate restriction by the 1919 Act. In that year, not only was the restriction imposed by inadequate finances removed, but the library was converted to the open access system, so that bewildered people were able to enter the lending library in order to choose their own books from the shelves. So great was the response of the population to the removal of this barrier between books and people, that a further extension of the building became necessary ten years later. To-day, although the population of Warrington is only four times greater than it was a century ago, of the library is now 340 times greater than it was in 1848, the use of the library is now 340 times greater than it was a century ago. Most of this development has taken place during the last 30 years and this is not peculiar to Warrington, for the number of books issued from the public libraries of Great Britain and Ireland has increased from 95½ millions in 1919 to over 300 millions in 1949. Such astonishing growth can only be explained by the improved finances of libraries following the passing of the 1919 Act.

A century ago there was neither a public library system nor a system of compulsory education in Great Britain, and although the cart was placed before the horse when libraries were provided before schools, it is painfully obvious to all that British libraries were not permitted to keep pace with the general development of education between 1870 and 1919. British librarians were not responsible for the rate restrictions imposed upon them for the first 70 years, and they have done much to improve the library services of this country since the restrictions were removed. Yet none, I think, would claim that improved financial resources have caused all our progress or, that all the barriers between books and people have been broken down. Now that books must be issued free from lending libraries, and people are free to enter libraries in order to choose their own books; now that most people can read, and all library committees are free to levy whatever rate seems necessary in their locality and now that a great voluntary scheme for the loan of books from or library to another has been created, it would seem that the public library system of the country is perfect. Yet most readers w

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realize at once that this is not so. There are still many areas of the country where only a token service is provided ; there are still library authorities who refuse to levy a rate sufficient to provide a reasonably efficient service, and there are many people who cannot even know what is meant by a reasonably efficient service. The public service of this country is still local, so that a man may live within a mile of an efficient library, and yet may not be permitted to use that library because he does not live in the area of the authority providing the efficient service.

Librarians are very conscious of the defects and weaknesses in the service that is provided. They are very proud of the tremendous achievements of the past hundred years, and none realize better than they that the yardstick used to measure achievements—the recorded number of books issued—is the poorest way of assessing the value of the library movement. Recorded issues do not tell us how many books have been read, nor the influence that books have exerted on their readers. That is why librarians are pleased whenever they see in autobiographies statements which indicate that the writers owe much to the fact that they have used public libraries. Neville Cardus, for example, says in his autobiography :

Given a library and a cricket pitch, both free of charge, I was obviously blessed with good luck beyond the lot of most boys rich or poor. Here at any rate was the material I needed.

This is pleasing to the librarian, not as a record of something that libraries have really done, but rather, as an indication of the potentialities of the library movement, a movement that is alive and capable of materially affecting the lives of all its users.

(The author is the Borough Librarian of Warrington in Lancashire.)

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

BY EVELYN P. HOPE

ON Tuesday evening, July 28, 1750, Johann Sebastian Bach died in the house adjoining St. Thomas's School, Leipzig, where he had been cantor for 27 years. A paralytic stroke was the immediate cause of death, but at 65 he was worn out with work and worry, and had been blind for some months. In later years he had earned a good income. The comfortable house (dining-room, parlour, study and six bedrooms, beside the servants' quarters) contained his modest luxuries—a considerable library, including 80 theological books, the nicely veneered clavier, the tall candlesticks and silver plate, the leather chairs, his gold-mounted agate snuff-box, silver-hilted sword, silver-mounted stick and the portrait of his father, whom he lost so young.

Lissgen (Elizabeth), the only one of his daughters who ever married, had, at his desire, come home with her husband, Johann Christoph Altnikil, Bach's former pupil. It was but a year since he had, as he put it, "acknowledged God's grace and bounty" in their happy marriage. Now Lissgen mourned her three-months-old son as well as her father. The eldest daughter, Catherina Dorothea, was living at home, as were also a mentally deficient son of 26 and three younger children (of the 20 children of his two marriages, only nine survived him). His beloved Anna Magdalena, now nearly fifty (though but seven years older than Dorothea) was with him as he had wished. Little did she guess in what extreme poverty most of her ten remaining years would be spent or how soon and for how long her genius husband would be almost forgotten.

He was buried on Friday, July 31, very early. The day was one of continuous church services, and his scholars of St. Thomas's School were also choristers and could be spared to attend their master's funeral only before six o'clock in the morning. No memorial was erected, and the grave was unmarked for over a century. Bach's headmaster, Johann August Ernesti, made no reference to him in his next annual speech. His employers on the Leipzig council could not wait till he was buried before filling the vacant appointment. They met on July 29 ; one of them said : "The school needs a cantor, not a *capellmeister*." (Bach had been *Capellmeister* to Prince Leopold of Cöthen, and the Prince had allowed him to keep the title when he

went to Leipzig.) They passed no resolution of regret or of sympathy with his family; they would not even consider the candidature of the son in Berlin; they hoped they would not get another cantor like the last, and we may be quite sure they never did.

The Leipzig councillors had never had much opinion of their intractable cantor and third master of St. Thomas's School. They appointed him in the first place only after two better known musicians had turned the job down. Always there was friction. When he examined boys for musical scholarships to the school the council awarded half the scholarships to candidates whom he had not recommended. When the old rector of the school died, and the council met to consider a successor, one of them said: "Let us hope we are more fortunate with the rector than with the cantor." At a council meeting on August 2, 1730, seven years after Bach's appointment, one said he was stubborn, past all hope of amendment, and another, that he did nothing (which was the wildest slander) and refused to explain his conduct (which was true enough and characteristic). At that meeting the council decided to impound part of his income. However, Bach has left on record his opinion: "My masters," he says, "are strange folk with very little care for music." Nor was it with the council alone that Bach could not get on. The rector appointed in 1730, Johann Matthias Gesner, was an old friend and colleague of Weimar days. He admired Bach and did much to smooth over the differences between him and the council. But he, unfortunately, moved on after four years, and with his successor, Johann August Ernesti, Bach had at least one battle royal. Ernesti, who as senior master had been jealous of Bach's authority, appointed over the head of his cantor a most unsuitable choir first prefect. Bach refused to allow him to act, carrying on the dispute for some months, and going so far as to turn the 23-year-old youth out of the choir in the middle of a service.

All his life his independence of character had brought him into conflict with authority. In his first appointment, as a young organist of 18 at Arnstadt, his employers disliked the way he played the hymns. They said he put the congregation off their singing, and also preluded too long; thereafter he preluded no more. They gave him four weeks leave of absence to go to an annual festival of music at Lubeck, more than 200 miles away—it is said that he walked! He was absent 16 weeks, and when he returned they complained. He replied that he had left them a competent deputy in his cousin Johann Ernst, who afterwards succeeded him. They protested that he had allowed a woman to make music in the church—probably Maria Barbara, whom he afterwards married.

He was glad to leave Arnstadt and get an appointment as organist at Mühlhausen. But he found the people there even less apprecia-

tive. If, however, Bach was independent where his work was affected, he could be equally obstinate in his loyalties. The Mühlhausen appointment was followed by that of *concert meister* and organist to the Duke of Weimar. The Duke appreciated him and treated him generously, giving him much more money than he had ever earned before. But unfortunately the Duke had a *bête noire*, his own brother, and later the deceased brother's family. Now Bach had been for a short time in the employment of that brother and had taught a brilliant son. The family had been kind to him and neither interest nor threats could induce him to give them up. It came to such a pass that he insisted, with more importunity than tact, on his desire to leave the Duke's service, and the Duke held him for a time against his will, even putting him under house arrest.

His next appointment—his last before Leipzig—was that of *capellmeister* to the Court of Prince Leopold of Cöthen, who treated him as a friend and always appreciated him, even after the relationship ended. Bach wrote, years later, from Leipzig, to his old friend, Georg Erdmann:

Cöthen's gracious Prince loved and understood music, so that I expected to end my days there. But my *serenissimus* married a Bernburg wife, and in consequence, so it seemed, his musical inclination abated, while his new Princess proved to be an *amusa*. So it pleased God to call me here as *Director Musices* and Cantor of the Thomasschule. At first I found it not altogether agreeable to become a simple Cantor after having been a *Capellmeister* . . . however . . . having particularly in mind my sons' studies and after invoking divine guidance, I at last made up my mind to come to Leipzig, performed my Probe, and received the post.

Perhaps there were other reasons. Maria Barbara had died suddenly at Cöthen. Bach left her quite well when he went, as was his duty, on a journey with Prince Leopold, and returned to find her dead and buried. She left him with four small children—three had died in infancy. After a year-and-a-half he married again most happily. But it may be that Cöthen had painful memories, and his sons did go to the Thomasschule at Leipzig and later to its university.

What did the rest of his world think of the composer whom Schumann described as the man "to whom music owed almost as great a debt as religion does to its Founder"? Nothing at all as a composer! This man, neither tall nor distinguished looking, seemed but one more of a large family of working musicians, one more "Bach"—the synonym at Erfurt for an organist till long after the family's association with the town had ended. In those days, when printed music was not so easily available, it was usual for an organist or *capellmeister* to write music regularly for his choir or his band. Bach did just that, and a dozen men of his day were more highly regarded as composers. Little of his music was published in his lifetime, and the small and inadequate church choirs to whom he had

taught his glorious cantatas ceased to sing them at his death. Indeed there is some evidence that his music, in the quick and flexible tempo in which he himself conducted it, was liked by the general public as little as it was understood. One of his pupils tells the story of the first performance of *St. Matthew's Passion*. Several high officials and ladies of rank, seated in one of the galleries, started to sing the first chorale, but as the music proceeded they put down their books in disgust, saying: "What does all this mean?" and one old lady, a widow of consequence, said to a town official who escorted her from the church: "God help us if it is not for certain a comic opera!" Telemann, perhaps the foremost musician of the day, and a personal friend, said when Bach died that he would be remembered as the father of famous sons as he could no longer be famous as a performer.

And there we have it. If Bach won little recognition as a composer, his brilliance as an organist, and his knowledge of that instrument and of the clavier were far famed. (There were five claviers in his house when he died as well as a dozen other instruments, and some of his own invention). He was often called in as an expert to examine the work of an organ builder and afterwards give a recital on the new instrument. He got his first organ at Arnstadt in this way, and it was on a similar errand that he first visited Leipzig, six years before he became cantor there. Sometimes there was a banquet; no less than sixteen dishes were served when he visited Halle in 1716. And there is a delightful account of an occasion when he and Anna Magdalena were entertained handsomely at the *Stadt Stockholme* in Cassel. A servant was provided, travelling expenses were paid and the fee was 50 *thalers*—half a year's salary at Leipzig.

Critics of his own time called Bach "the prince of organists." Gesner writes: "Rhythm is in every limb of him, all the harmonies are gathered up in his sensitive ear . . . I tell you this Bach of mine . . . is worth any number of Orpheuses." While a friend of Handel's in London expressed the opinion that if anyone could surpass Handel as an organist it must be Bach at Leipzig. Bach never met Handel, though he greatly desired to do so. However, a competition was arranged between him and Louis Marchand, a famous French organist, at Dresden. The appointed time arrived and Bach with it, but not the Frenchman. He had heard Bach secretly and fled the town that morning.

Bach's sight-reading was a marvel. He liked to fix the band parts of a piece of music on the book board, and improvise an organ or clavier accompaniment as he played them; and it was a family joke that someone had once produced a piece of music in which he stuck. His extemporization was equally famous; two hours on one theme was quite usual. "I thought this art was dead, but I see it still lives in you," said Reinken, the famous organist, to hear whom many years

before Bach as a chorister had tramped from Lüneburg to Hamburg. The occasion of Reinken's praise was Bach's visit to Hamburg about the vacant post of organist at the *Jakobikirche*. Unfortunately, whoever accepted the appointment was expected to contribute to the church funds. So Bach never had that organ or, indeed, any organ with more than two manuals. He never had money to spare. "If I may say so respectfully, frugal as is my household, I have not enough to live on," he told his Mülhausen employers. However, Pastor Neumeister of the *Jakobikirche* took the opportunity in a sermon that Christmas to tell his congregation that even if an angel from heaven had descended to compete for the organ of their church, he would have been rejected unless he had brought money with him.

Asked to explain the secret of his powers, Bach said: "There is nothing wonderful about it; you merely strike the right note and the organ does the rest." He liked to sit in some church and listen to a fugue by another organist. He would whisper to a friend his guess as to how the theme would be developed, and nudge with delight if he proved right.

Yet, though he was often away from home examining new organs or giving recitals—much to the annoyance of his Leipzig employers, who thought that at least their leave should have been asked—Bach was essentially a home bird, never so happy as when he was with his beloved children and his adored wife. She was always adored, whether she was Maria Barbara, the cousin and sweetheart of his youth, or Anna Magdalena, the young professional singer who came to him at the age of 20 and made the last 29 years of his life bright with her love for her *Liebster*. It was to Anna Magdalena that he gave the two famous silk-bound music books in which he had inscribed songs he had written for her, little pieces with which he was teaching her the clavier, and even a list of theological books—one wonders whether she ever read them. Who has not been touched by the tenderness of *Bist du bei mir* or the passionate devotion of the poem written to her four years after their marriage, in which he begins by declaring himself her slave and ends

What wonder that my mouth and heart
With joy are overflowing.

For his children he could not do enough. When his eldest son was nine years old he started to make the famous *Little Clavier Book for Wilhelm Friedemann Bach*, beginning with the clef signs carefully drawn, and then some "ornaments", followed (under the letters I (n) N(omine) J(esu)), by the child's first exercise in fingering, to which he added others of increasing difficulty. The book grew to 71 pages, and all the boys in turn used it. He composed quite a lot of music with the same object. Probably the five claviers were

needed for several sets of little fingers to practise at one time.

"All my children", he writes to Georg Erdmann, "are born musicians: from my own family, I assure you, I can arrange a vocal and instrumental concert; my wife in particular has a very clear soprano, and my eldest daughter can give a good account of herself, too." Many were the musical evenings he enjoyed with his family in the long first-floor parlour overlooking the promenade at the back of the Cantor's House.

When he had given his sons the best education that Leipzig could offer, he sought suitable employment for them. Wilhelm Friedemann was perhaps the most brilliant musician of his remarkable family. In 1730 Bach describes him as a *studiosus juris*. In 1733, when the boy was 23, his father applied for him for the post of organist of the *Sophienkirche* in Dresden, where Bach himself had given an organ recital two years before and won much praise including an adulatory poem in the local paper favourably comparing him with Orpheus. Bach took Friedemann to Dresden, and when the boy, who excelled all other candidates, received the appointment, his father remained with him for nearly three weeks.

In May, 1736, Bach wrote to friends at Mühlhausen, proposing his third son, Bernard, then just 20, for the post of organist of the *Marienkirche* there, and himself took his son to Mühlhausen to perform the necessary tests. Bernard was appointed, but before long debts compelled him to leave Mühlhausen, and he asked his father to write for him to Sangerhausen, where the organist of the *Jakobikirche* had died. Bach, who did not then know about the debts but paid them when he did know, got in touch with an old acquaintance at Sangerhausen. "So in God's good providence," he wrote, "it may come about that you will be able to fulfil on behalf of a son of mine the goodwill you showed to my unworthy self thirty years ago, when, too, the post of figural organist was vacant." Again Bernard was appointed, and again he got into debt, this time so seriously that he disappeared. Bach wrote again to the man whose interest he had solicited, and to whose house he had taken Bernard to lodge only a year before, promising to pay these debts also, and begging that the appointment might be kept open a little longer. He writes:

So loving and tender a father as yourself will understand the grief and sorrow with which I write this letter. I have not seen my, alas, undutiful boy since last year, when I enjoyed so many kindnesses at your hands . . . What can I do or say more, my warnings having failed and my loving care and help having proved unavailing? I can only bear my cross in patience, and commend my undutiful boy to God's mercy, never doubting that He will hear my sorrow-stricken prayer, and in His good time bring my son to understand that the path of conversion leads to Him. I . . . beg you . . . to accept my assurance that I have done all that a true father, whose children lie very close to his heart, is bound to do to advance their welfare.

Yes indeed, and not for Bernard alone. In his efforts and journey on his sons' behalf, Bach must have remembered the struggles of his own youth. Orphaned at the age of ten, he lived till he was 14 with his eldest brother, who sent him to school, and helped him with his music. Then came the scholarship to Lüneburg 150 miles away and the long tramp there, with only the boy Georg Erdmann for companion, except for such lifts as they could get. "I worked hard," he said later. "If you are as industrious as I was you will be no less successful."

In a life of hard work (the church cantatas alone numbered nearly three hundred), gratifying successes and bitter disappointments, Bach had many faithful friends. The godparents of his 20 children included patrons, colleagues and relatives. For the great Sebastian was a very faithful Bach. He compiled in 1736 a genealogy of his family, with 18 pages of brief notes on 53 of them, starting with his great, great grandfather Veit, the miller of Wechmar who used, he says, to take his guitar into the mill, and play while the corn was grinding. He adds: "A pretty noise the pair of them must have made! However, it taught him to keep time, and that, apparently, is how music first came into our family."

The members of this remarkable family, which can be traced for seven generations, were practically all musicians. They had a pleasant custom of spending a day together once a year at Erfurt, Eisenach (Sebastian's birthplace) or, occasionally, Arnstadt, for most of them lived within easy reach. Carl Philipp Emanuel, the son at Berlin, of whose two boys Bach was so proud, tells us that they used to start with a hymn and then "spent the day in frivolous recreation. Best of all, they liked to extemporize a chorus out of popular songs, comic or jocular, weaving them into an harmonious whole while declaiming the words of each. They called this hotch-potch a *Quodlibet* and laughed uproariously over it." The great Sebastian never missed these gatherings. The hymn would be no mere formality. One of his pupils, Johann Gotthilf Ziegler, tells how his master instructed him "when playing hymns not to treat the melody as if it alone were important but to interpret the words through the melody." He was deeply religious; well pleased for so many years of his life to devote his gifts to what he calls, "the object which concerns me most, the betterment of church music." It seems natural that the last music he dictated to Altnikol was a choral prelude; and during his illness he quoted from the hymn with which it was headed:

Before Thy throne, my God, I stand,
Myself, my all, are in Thy hand;
Turn to me Thine approving face,
Nor from me now withhold Thy grace.

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NICHOLAS BERDYAEV

By B. EVAN OWEN

NEW brands of philosophy imported from the continent usually receive a cool reception in England. We are more favourably inclined towards the bleak sterilities of logical positivism than towards the introspective morbidities of the more esoteric branches of existentialism.

In the thought of Nicholas Berdyaev, the Russian philosopher who died in 1948, there is, however, much that commends it to our liberal, humanist and Christian traditions. It has affinities with the existentialism of Kierkegaard and subscribes to the Mounier personalist manifesto of 1936. But it is antithetical to Sartreanism and opposes the belief in God-manhood, derived from Soloviev, to the impersonal theology of Karl Barth.

In its social implications it proceeds from a constructive analysis of Marxist doctrine, accepting to a large degree Marx's rejection and denunciation of capitalism, while denying the validity of his rejection of the spirit as an independent, creative reality. Berdyaev's philosophy is complex and often contradictory, but to the critics who hold this against him, he replies, "... my vocation is to proclaim not a doctrine but a vision. ... I work and desire to work by inspiration, fully conscious of being open to all the criticisms systematic philosophers, historians and scholars are likely to make. ... (But) is not Nietzsche open to the same criticism?"

*Dream and Reality** is an absorbing study of the growth of the writer's spiritual and philosophical development and throws considerable light on the apparent inconsistencies in his thought; but it is something more than a philosophical treatise. It is salutary in its

sane and balanced attitude towards the social and political system that is turning Berdyaev's beloved Russia into a concentration camp and is bedevilling all attempts at permanent peace-making.

Recent events, as Professor Hyman Levy indicated recently, have resulted in a violent reaction against Marxism which is swiftly degenerating into a hatred of everything Russian. No doubt, as Shaw wrote of the post 1918 anti-German hysteria, it will wear off, and the worst it threatens will prove impracticable. But time is not necessarily on our side and we would do well to listen to the voice of one who was a sufferer under both the old and the new régimes in Russia, yet did not lose his faith in the historic destiny of his country, which he sees as one of conciliation between east and west, in conformity with Russia's peculiarly favourable geographical position, midway between the two spheres of political influence.

Berdyaev was imprisoned four times and lived through three wars and two revolutions in Russia. He saw the spiritual renaissance in Russia in the early years of this century and he lived through the advent of Russian Communism. During the last war he was an exile in France and refused to flee to America, sharing the humiliation and travail of enemy occupation. During his years in France he was profoundly disgusted by the attitudes adopted by fellow Russian *émigrés*, who "caroused on national self-adulation and concocted plans for a glorious Russia."

His own love of Russia and his people grew with the years, and he felt all the agonies of exile when the German armies invaded Russia, but he abhorred the growing nationalism that threatened

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to divide the world again into armed camps. He believed Russia to be, on account of her history and her freedom from the more binding results of civilization, the most essentially universalist nation in the world. That the realization of Russia's universalizing mission was shrouded in the mists of the future and that first must come the agonies of national repentance and a renunciation of all alien elements in her way of life was not sufficient cause for Berdyaev to abandon his hope for the future. In his insistence on the historical destiny and universalizing mission of Russia he revived many features of nineteenth-century Russian thought and re-states a theme which, as Dr. Lampert has pointed out in a recent study of Berdyaev, "... lies at the basis of the Slavophil philosophy of history."

In regard to his attitude towards Marxism and as a comment upon the strictures of those critics who could not understand why he had not repudiated it altogether, Berdyaev writes:

I identified myself with Marxism only in so far as this did not involve me in the acceptance of social and economic determinism, and, whatever the truth and prophetic power of Marx's critique of *bourgeois* society and its assumptions, he could not shake my faith in the ultimate freedom of the spirit. I fought for this freedom in the very midst of the Marxist world, just as I fought for it amidst the Russian Orthodox. ... The Marxist movement ... was born of a new vision, it brought with it not only emancipation from the routine of populism, but also a new purpose and a new conception of man. ... Marxism, at that juncture, was in fact a signal for the spiritual as well as the social liberation of man.

We may disagree with his assessment of the value of Marxism, but we cannot but be grateful for a man who does not allow the distorting mirrors of contemporary abuse to blind him to what he sees as its essential and permanent revelations.

Berdyaev did not regard himself as either a pure philosopher or a pure theologian, he was something of both and called himself a "religious philosopher". This attitude which, in its independence, aggravated Gabriel

Marcel into calling him an anarchist is typified in the fact that perhaps the greatest influence upon his thought and way of life, was a novelist. Dostoevsky was, for the young Berdyaev, the most important of "a number of thinkers and writers who nourished my love for the freedom of the spirit, who confirmed this love and attended its fruition in me."

In his life and thought, Berdyaev was a symbol of our time, for he embraced all the dilemmas that confront our world within the complexity of his philosophy. He was a Russian noble whose mother was half-French and who was socialist, Christian and, for Marcel was right, a spiritual anarchist. His significance lies in the fact that he achieved a synthesis of all these diverse elements; it may be the synthesis for which we are seeking with a growing sense of futility.

THE ANATOMY OF PEACE, by Emery Reves. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

When this book was first published five years ago, it attracted a good deal of attention. It has since run into many editions in many languages. It is a stimulating and challenging book, of which a new edition for English readers is therefore welcome. It is reprinted without alteration, for, as the publishers tell us, Mr. Reves "could find nothing whatever to change in the original text."

His main theme may be summed up in two propositions. The first is that "the institution of the sovereign nation State has been dead now for several decades", but unfortunately it is still alive, and as long as it lives, there can never be peace in the world. No attempt to preserve peace by agreement between sovereign States can possibly succeed. Treaties of peace have ended in further wars. The League of Nations failed, and the United Nations will likewise fail. Neither capitalism, Communism, Fascism nor religion holds out any hope of success. This critique of modern society is expounded with much force and eloquence.

* *Dream and Reality*. An essay in autobiography, by Nicholas Berdyaev. Geoffrey Bles. 30s.

To remedy this state of affairs there is only one method :

The only way to prevent future world wars is through regulation of the inter-relationship of nations, not by unenforceable treaty obligations, which sovereign nations will always disregard, but by an enforceable legal order, binding all nations, giving all nationals equal rights under the established law and imposing equal obligations upon each.

That is Mr. Reves' second proposition, but when it comes to applying it, he is disappointingly vague. He says that the "sovereign people" must "now delegate part of our respective sovereignties to bodies capable of creating and applying Law in international relations." But how is this to be done ? Mr. Reves has no belief in the governments which the democratic peoples have elected to express their views. They will never recognize the fundamental changes which are going on or the need for reform—which seems to suggest that the peoples themselves are unlikely to recognize them either. He does not believe in the United Nations "as a first step." He thinks that "nothing is more futile than to work out detailed plans and prepared drafts for a constitutional document of a world government." What then is left to do ? Mr. Reves answers we have not yet reached the stage of conceiving a universal democratic legal order. We have got to formulate a new set of principles, which will arouse the enthusiasm of the peoples of the world and stir them to demand a new world order. They must be based on pure reason, from which we have strayed into mysticism and transcendental emotions. We hope that Mr. Reves will set his hand to the task.

But this process of conception and popularization is bound to take a long time. To destroy deep-seated emotions is not easy, nor is it easy to create a mystique of rationalism, which may be a contradiction in terms. In the meanwhile we have got to go on trying to prevent war in a world of sovereign States, and by doing so we may find the road to a better international society.

HAROLD BUTLER

CHINA AND THE SOVIET UNION,

by Aitchén K. Wu. Methuen. 25s.

Readers of Dr. Wu's *Tartary Tumult* will need no assurance that his new work like the former one, is distinguished by careful research and exact detail. Indeed the only objection might be that there is almost too much detail. But the whole stands as an unapproached record of the longest, most cynically pursued diplomatic brigandage in history. As early as 1626 Count Vladislavitch, sent as ambassador to Peking by Catherine I., returned with maps and documents to show how all China could be conquered. "This extraordinarily ambitious scheme," says Dr. Wu, "was the inspiration of Russian aggression in the second half of the 19th century"—and ever since, he might have added, the land-grabbing at China's expense pursued by the U.S.S.R. being at least equal to that of the Czars and far more damaging to China's real interests.

The way was opened by Muraviev who, between 1858-1860 when China was too much weakened by the T'ai-ping Rebellion to resist, wrenched from her the whole Pacific littoral down to Korea since known as the Maritime Provinces, an area nearly as big as France. From this point the headings of Dr. Wu's chapters—Russia's Occupation of Manchuria, Chinese Eastern Railway, Outer Mongolia, Crisis of 1929 ; and worst of all the deplorable Yalta Agreement—are like a peal of tocsins, each one sounding a fresh humiliation and spoliation of China.

It is true that in the first enthusiasm for the new heaven and earth which the Bolshevik Revolution was to inaugurate, Moscow announced the surrender of all Russian concessions and rights in China. Yet within less than four years the Soviet was taking advantage of the confusion in Outer Mongolia to detach that vast territory from China ; since 1924 Outer Mongolia has been virtually one with the U.S.S.R., tightly shut off from all visitors. One interesting event which Dr. Wu seems to have overlooked

is the concession wrung by Moscow in June, 1949, from the phantom Nationalist Government (then at Canton on the eve of its last flight) for an exclusive Russian monopoly of all air transport and air stations in Sinkiang. The Sino-Soviet Treaty concluded by Mao Tse-tung in Moscow last February, is curiously silent on this invasion of China's sovereign rights.

Of this famous treaty Dr. Wu reproduces all the available information. What secret clauses there may be no one knows. But the more one studies it, the more one sees that Russia gave nothing but promises. Dr. Wu's own comment is as damaging as any he quotes: "The Chinese People's Government will have to be on their best behaviour towards the Soviet Union for the next two years for fear that the promises might be revoked." One would like to have every member of the Peking Government made to read this striking book, though there is little doubt that secretly they are well aware of the tale it tells. Why, oh why, has Western policy somehow thrown China into the arms of her worst despoiler ?

O. M. GREEN

ESSAYS IN SOCIAL THEORY, by

G. D. H. Cole. Macmillan. 15s.

Professor Cole was one of the precursors of the present welfare State. He was a great socialist force in the Oxford of the 'twenties and 'thirties ; some at least of his vast output of red-bound books were on the shelves of most reading men ; and not a few of the undergraduates whom he influenced now echo his teaching in Parliament from the Ministerial benches.

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The book includes an excellently argued, though extremely debatable, chapter on "The Aims of Education". This was privately circulated in 1942 but is now published for the first time. It is an abler piece of educational writing than one usually meets.

After the Tragino incident followed the far better planned and more profitable raid on Bruneval, made in conjunction with seaborne forces to remove vital parts from the local radar station. Mr. Saunders tells the story with that special gift for speed and lightness which makes him so successful a chronicler of events of this kind. He has a happy knack, too, of introducing anecdotes to describe the character of the men of whom the airborne forces were composed. Among those selected for the Bruneval raid was a Scottish corporal who had, we are told, somewhat augmented his service pay at pontoon and who insisted on carrying the winnings with him into battle. During the action "a splinter struck Corporal Stewart on the head and laid him low. Mindful of his pontoon winnings, he called out to his nearest comrade, Lance-Corporal Freeman :

The tale which Mr. Richardson tells began also with a parachute descent, though an involuntary one. Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry was shot down over St. Omer while on a bombing sortie shortly before Dunkirk. Though wounded and captured, he managed to escape from a column of marching prisoners, and thereafter, through a series of adventures, made his way through Paris, Orleans, Tours and Perpignan into Spain. Twice during his journey he was picked up by

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German soldiers and each time got away again. A story of exceptional determination, endurance and cunning is occasionally marred by over-telling. But the book is a most readable record of the individual qualities which enabled so many British soldiers and airmen to escape through France into Spain, and of the courage and loyalty of the French peasants who fed them and helped them on their way.

GORDON WINTER

INVITATION TO MOROCCO, by Rom Landau. *Faber*. 18s.

NO WOMAN'S COUNTRY, by Michael Langley. *Jarrols*. 15s.

"Perhaps," says Mr. Landau, "it is due to its isolation among mountains and to its cloistered architecture that Fez has been able to keep its past so jealously." But Mr. Landau has most successfully delved for us into that past, not only of Fez but the whole of Morocco. And he has most interesting things to say of the present conditions; it seems that to-day three-quarters of the men in the Foreign Legion are, for various reasons, German. As soon as they find out that they are addressing an Englishman they try to enlighten you on French inferiority and their own superiority, ignoring the fact that when, as prisoners of war, they were unwilling in 1945 to return to the defeated *Vaterland*, France gave them employment, food and clothing.

But even the neediest Moroccans are charitable; Mr. Landau was entertained by a group of students who live in a very primitive manner, but no beggar departs empty-handed. Great was the contrast when he sojourned for a time with the sons of that magnate Thami el Glaoui, at whose bidding nearly a million men will march and, fortunately for the French, he is devoted to that country. This grand seigneur of the Atlas is likewise devoted to Mr. Churchill who sends him specially bound and autographed copies of all his books. When the Resident-General during the war insisted that the Pasha

should meet General Hauer, the head of the German mission, Thami el Glaoui arrived an hour late, uttered a platitude and vanished.

Mr. Landau was left in almost complete liberty by the French authorities as to whom he might contact; he makes no secret of the fact that everything does not strike him quite favourably. His verdict on the French administration is altogether different from what it tells us of the Spanish zone. It is proclaimed that this zone is the most coloured country in Africa with compulsory education; but there are not enough schools to enable even a small minority of native children to receive any education whatever; and public health, hygiene and economics are treated in the same fashion as public education. During the Khalifa's extravagant wedding in 1949, which is reputed to have cost some £150,000, it was announced that there would be an amnesty for 260 political prisoners. What actually took place was that 260 native labourers were picked up at night by the police and thrown into prison; after three days they were released. Among them, as it happened, was the jobbing gardener of a friend of Mr. Landau. His book is most convincing and extremely interesting.

Mr. Langley is a far less practised writer, so that while reading his account of various journeys through the length and breadth of the Sudan one feels rather like the gentleman who sat in the corner and was engaged in pulling out plums. There is, to continue the metaphor, a great deal of nourishing material in the pudding. Mr. Langley takes us to naked pagans and to austere Commissioners, one of whom, after a dinner to some guests, would leave them, go into the kitchen and eat porridge. When questioned on this eccentricity he replied that it saved time in the morning. Mr. Langley weighs up the pros and cons of Sudanese independence and of the part that Britain will continue to play in the Nile Valley. It is exhilarating to read of the progress of the Sudanese peoples since

his death at Khartoum in 1885. Many of the 58 illustrations, all of them photographs by the author, are works of art. One of them shows us a man and an officer round a vast drum "that sounds like the heart of an Army." Mr. Langley was determined to get to the heart of the matter and there is, one feels, no aspect which he does not consider. For once there are fascinating pages on the Darfur and the Sultan Ali Dinar, who put his money on the wrong horse in 1914. As the outcome of these events at that time he probably went arrayed in a red cloak, he wore red when he was angry, blue or green if he was pleased. He was a potentate, but one of his 120 sons complained to Mr. Langley that after being for twenty years in hospitals and six years in the army he is not even a lance-corporal.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES AND OTHER STUDIES IN SEVENTEENTH CENTURY DRAMA, by Clifford Leech. *Chatto and Windus*. 12s. 6d.

The prominence given on the jacket to Dr. Leech's book to the words "Shakespeare's Tragedies" may perhaps interfere with the full recognition of its wide scope. The first four chapters, forming a connected group, deal with tragedy in its general aspects. And it is one of the most helpful features of Dr. Leech's survey that he ranges within its ambit Greek as well as English drama from *Gorboduc* to *the Conquest of Granada*. Moreover, incidental light is thrown from plays of to-day by Shaw, Chekhov, Eliot, Sartre and others—even from the film of *Henry V*.

In his opening chapter on "The Implications of Tragedy" Dr. Leech starts from Aristotle's view of it as effecting a catharsis of the emotions through rough pity and terror, and rejects as inadequate the variant deductions therefrom by Dr. J. A. Richards and Professor Ellis-Fermor. The equi-

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brum of tragedy consists for him in a balancing of "Terror with Pride". In this or some kindred conception lies its justification, not (as he emphasizes) in the plea constantly put forward by both Elizabethan dramatists and critics that it has a didactic and reformatory value.

In his chapter on "The Tragic Picture" Dr. Leech would confine nearly all the pre-Civil War tragedies of lasting value to the first dozen years of the seventeenth century. He excepts only Marlowe's plays before, and partially Middleton's and Ford's after. But this is to undervalue the resounding impact of Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy*, on the one hand, and on the other of Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* with its uniquely prolonged hold upon the stage. It is true, however, as he points out in discussing "The Tragic Style," that it was not till the beginning of the seventeenth century that dramatic speech had moved for the most part away from its earlier formalized framework to "a naturalness of utterance that makes us think of the men and women of the plays as speaking without preparation."

He brings out well, with apt illustrations, the function of comedy interpolated in tragic drama, but it is surprising that he should speak of comedy and madness as associated not only in the Elizabethan mind but in ours to-day. As far as madness comes within the limits of theatrical presentation, as distinguished from mere eccentricity, it belongs, by right, to the tragic sphere.

Part II deals with less closely related theories. Timon is seen by Dr. Leech, from an unusual standpoint, as related not to the protagonists in the tragedies but in the dramatic romances because like them he acts spontaneously and not in part from external influence. In his discussion of *The Tempest* Dr. Leech reacts against the "aura of sanctity" with which criticism has invested it. Prospero is in his eyes "a kind of celestial schoolmaster who teaches obedience to his will and considers that his pupils have profited

if only in that." The chapter on "The Caroline audience" portrays it as midway between the popular Elizabethan and the courtly Restoration types, with its distinctive gentility mirrored in the prologues and epilogues to the plays of the period. After a discussion of the varied types of love as a dramatic theme during the Caroline age the volume ends with an interesting comparison between the plays of Shakespeare and his Spanish contemporaries Lope de Vega and Calderón. Though some of Dr. Leech's conclusions may be challenged his study, in forcible, at times epigrammatic, style, and amply documented, will be of value to all students of drama.

F. S. BOAS

THE DOG LOVER'S WEEK-END BOOK, by Eric Parker and A. Croxton Smith. Seeley Service. 12s. 6d.

If you are seeking a delightful though silent companion for the autumn or winter fireside when, the day's work done, you are free to relax and permit memory to stray, pick up *The Dog Lover's Week-end Book* and render hearty thanks to that great interpreter of our countryside Eric Parker. In smaller measure praise A. Croxton Smith, his collaborator, who will supply all the information you require about coursing, kennel clubs and the growth of dog shows, matters of perhaps subsidiary importance to real dog-lovers but of great value to business men and women. Mr. Parker's story travels from neolithic man to Plato, Plutarch, Pliny and Sir Edwin Arnold by way of "Ossian", mention of whose name may remind profane readers of Mrs. Betsey Prig's comment on Mrs. Harris: "I don't believe there's no sech person." We are told that man and dog have been united for 15,000 years. Indeed Mr. Croxton Smith thinks this period is not long enough. Apparently the art of domesticity originated in Asia, the East where God was born. The dog is not regarded with favour in

the Bible but in the Apocrypha its attendance on Tobias and the Angel is pleasantly recorded.

We find many references to dogs of fiction in this happy volume but 'Jip' the favourite of David Copperfield's Dora is not remembered. There are charming tributes in verse from which we greatly miss Kipling's immortal lines about those who give their hearts to a dog to tear. Every real dog lover is in Kipling's debt, surely he left no owner's heart untouched.

Mr. Parker's knowledge is encyclopaedic, his sympathies deep and widespread; you may sense the kindly emotions that stir his pen. He has nothing to say in praise of the commercial side of dog breeding, an aspect tending to emphasize the unhappy truth that our first commandment should read "business is business", and he pours gentle scorn on the battues of the early part of the century seeming glad to write "not only are big bags no longer chronicled, but they are no longer obtained." There are interesting sections on dogs in war, in Polar expeditions and in the police service, but the veterinary material is not valuable.

Of dog stories, some of them exceedingly tall, there is a fine collection. They remind me of a remark by Socrates in the *Phaedo* of Plato: "No man in his senses would affirm that the truth is exactly as the story tells."

The show bench, the show, the club, the docking, the business in dog breeding—all these must find their place in the modern scheme of things, but they add little to the happiness that dogs bring to man. Having a plebeian mind, when I have to replace a favourite, and the term has applied to all my dogs in turn, I go to the Dogs' Home in Battersea and choose one of the many forgotten animals that are waiting so eagerly and anxiously to give their affection in return for kindness. A mongrel's love is surely as refreshing as that of the best bred animal ever brought a profit to any breeder.

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BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Although there is symbolical beauty in the scattering of the ashes of George Bernard Shaw over his garden in accordance with his wish, it is disappointing that there should be no Westminster Abbey burial. His fame is safe, nor are the dates of July 26, 1856 and November 2, 1950 ever likely to lose their significance. Nevertheless, future men and women are owed a tablet so inscribed to cover the ashes of genius in a quiet place. There they could have dreamed over the nursery-rhyme tale of one who came to London penniless at the age of twenty, after working four years as a junior clerk in Dublin, and moved through the realms of music, literature, sociology and St. Joan, changing and moulding the ideas of three generations in the beam of his searchlight wit. The material place of pilgrimage will be his home at Ayot St. Lawrence. Here among the great man's possessions legitimate curiosity may be stimulated or gratified, but for the imagination's full freedom there is nothing to equal an honoured grave.

As a new penny

And who is to follow him as the third playwright of the English language? A sad question, with the theatre so full of clever people and the chief claimant not being likely now to develop Shaw's range and depth nor his godlike disregard of the rules. But mention of cleverness makes the hand reach instinctively for **HE WHO PLAYS THE KING**, by Kenneth Tynan (Longmans, 12s. 6d.). This, subtitled "A View of the Theatre", is by one who, unlike Shaw, has had the "right" background: playing Hamlet at 16, editing the *Cherwell* at Oxford, being secretary of the Union, producing *Winterset* and presenting it in Paris while he was still an undergraduate and, with English literature as his chosen subject, writing a play all by himself characteristically called *A Toy in Blood*. Since

he left the university he has been producing plays, notably the Arts Council's *Othello* and *Desire Caught by the Tail*, the Picasso piece at the Watergate. Now, with the appearance of this book which is brimful of cleverness, he is 23 years old. The Preface disarms by stating that he would "like to apologize in advance for a note of smugness, even of insolence, which" he has observed in some of his judgments. Granted, as the ultra-polite used to say. Orson Welles (another clever person—who could forget the immortal simplicity of Miss Rita Hayworth's alleged explanation to the divorce court judge: "I just couldn't take that man's genius"?), writes a long and entertaining Introductory Letter in which he gently chides Mr. Tynan for "the sweeping negative statement unsupported by argument" and finds some inflated enthusiasm begging for pricking.

It is currently reported that nobody loves Mr. Tynan; maybe, like Machiavelli, he would rather be feared, but after reading his book with close attention it is easy to understand why. At all costs he must say the bright thing, if possible with alliteration; he is ferociously intent on knocking down idols; he hardly ever thinks about the play when he is describing—scaptly—the mannerisms of the player. But to leave it at that would be a waste of the space already used by giving no indication that his passion for the things of the stage combined with a coldly detached insight for the mere-tricious thereon, makes a sound body poking through the spangles—as if it were a Bernini, strong, true and exciting—something left over for the maturity about which the author is so disdainful. Just as the second half of his book though too much like a thesis, particularly in "The History of Decline", is so well conceived and written that it promise of a new and shining critic of the drama is plain to see.

The Old Vic

Does anyone remember, I wonder, a letter in the newspaper of which Lionel Hale was once dramatic critic, castigating him for his unkind remarks about an old piece *She Passed Through Lorraine*? Underneath the editor had inserted something like: "Mr. Hale omitted to mention in his article that he was the author of the play." This agreeable recollection is stirred by the publication of **THE OLD VIC 1949-1950 SEASON** (Evans, 7s. 6d.), the reading of which poses again the riddle of why such a playwright in the making as its author was should not have persevered. Too many B.B.C. quizzes perhaps? Yet his dalliance in that medium has not blunted his lively appreciation of the theatre nor his considerable critical acuties. His light but certain touch in *Love's Labour's Lost*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Miser* and *Hamlet* will please and charm readers who have seen his productions and those who have not. For the first, the book and its illustrations will prove to be much more than a souvenir programme. With no Olivier-Richardson glamour, the year's work in the hands of Michael Redgrave, Miles Malleon (and his free adaptations), Walter Hudd, George Benson, the Misses Baddeley, Churchill and Mitchell, and the others, has shown how dispensable the star system is. Lionel Hale missed *A Month in the Country* and Philip Hope-Wallace contributes an essay on Michel St. Denis' production to demonstrate that it was the most successful of the revivals of a difficult play. And the concluding chapter by L. Richards on the tradition and achievement of the Old Vic is timely, now that it has gone home to the Waterloo Road.

Behind the Voices

Another book to delight (in fact all these are going to be acceptable Christmas presents) is the much illustrated **B.B.C. FEATURES** (Evans, 10s. 6d.). Laurence Gilliam, who heads the team of the producers, not only is the editor

here but adds an enlightening chapter on "The Making of a Feature Programme". It is particularly interesting to see the tersely effective styles of two women, Nesta Pain and Jenifer Wayne, in print. Then there is welcome recording of the conversation about W. B. Yeats. There is "The Vermeer Forgeries" with its inability to decide when an old master is not an old master. There are the grim "Last Days of Hitler," a gay Compton Mackenzie in "A Year I remember", and many more which do credit to names increasingly and deservedly becoming household words for the work in this sphere.

The book of the Film

THREE BRITISH SCREEN PLAYS, edited by Roger Manvell with a foreword by Frank Launder (Methuen, 10s. 6d.), gives a different peep behind the scenes. The chosen plays are Noel Coward's *Brief Encounter*, *Odd Man Out* from the

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novel by F. L. Green, and *Scott of the Antarctic*, the screenplay by Walter Meade and Ivor Montagu. A list of technical terms is given to prevent the reader from becoming lost on the sets, and the photographs are evocative of memorable cinema moments. Laura thinking in the train, Johnny trying to repeat the thirteenth of *Corinthians*, the men on the last lap gazing at Amundsen's flag—when the horrified thought presented itself that this sensation might well happen to any one of us—are re-captured here with something of the original intensity. The production methods of Noel Coward, Carol Reed and Michael Balcon with Sidney Cole seem to share tautness and economy, probably engendered by the common needs of very different scripts.

Grammatical structure

If the art of writing cannot be taught, a book like *PRINTED ENGLISH* by Henry Jacob (*Sylvan Press*, 8s. 6d.) can at least tell effectively what blunders to avoid in the formation of a style. Although it deals with such practicalities as adverbial particles, negative prefixes, split infinitives and 'who', 'which' and 'that', the effect of it entire should be severely to prune the excesses. Government-form English could not flourish in its vicinity and printing and editorial offices would be the better equipped for a well-thumbed copy.—There is American-style pruning too:

Next morning George called her up at the office first thing and asked her what about the job. She said she'd take it. He said would a week be all right; maybe he could raise it to twenty-five later. She said it was more than she'd ever made in her life. He said he wanted her to come right around to the Schenley.

It is culled from *U.S.A.*, by John Dos Passos (*John Lehmann*, 15s.), a trilogy of his novels *The 42nd Parallel*, *Nineteen-*

Nineteen and *The Big Money*. This reprint should make another good present, solid as the pudding, and, like it, exhilarating in small helpings at a time. For example, the account of Isadora Duncan and her incongruous death is about enough at a sitting. The book indeed deserves to be called a "national epic", depicting as it does the American way of life, thinking and headlines.

More Christmas reading

The last are entirely absent from the two books left on the table. *DAWSON OF PENN* (*Chatto & Windus*, 18s.) is Francis Watson's sober 'life' of George V's physician. The author's resistance to any of the dramatics of medicine, and particularly to those inherent in the situation of one who finds himself the doctor of four kings, makes the telling of the story all the more absorbing. Here was "the statesman of his profession", a great teacher at the London Hospital with just the suitable sense of humour, and one whose hospital patients were "the fixed element in his career" no matter what calls the mighty might make upon his time and energies, facing such social questions as birth control long before their discussion became fashionable.—The other biography is about the man who had the foresight to appoint Nelson above more senior officers. *OLD OAK* (*Longmans*, 15s.) was the name George IV affectionately bestowed on John Jervis, Earl of St. Vincent, who became Commander in Chief in the Mediterranean in 1795, the Channel Fleet Commander in Chief in 1800 and First Lord of the Admiralty in 1801. The decisive happenings of these years are recounted with the skill, attention to detail and readableness that one expects from so distinguished a seaman as Admiral Sir William James.

GRACE BANYARD

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